

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
1944			TEA AT 5-30 P.M.
Jan. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).	1944	
" 8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	Jan. 1	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
" 9	Halewood (Derby Arms). Lunch, 1-0 p.m., Annual General Meeting (see Com- mittee Notes).	" 8	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 15	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 15	Knolls Green (Bird-in-Hand)
" 22	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 22	Macclesfield (Bull's Head).
" 29	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 29	Brereton (Red Roof Cafe).
Feb. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Feb. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 10TH 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.

Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting of the Club is to be held on Sunday, 9th January, 1944, at 2-0 p.m. at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood. It is hoped that as many as possible will attend..

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

AUTUMN TINTS WEEK-END, 1943.

After two references to the trip Preston and I made on the Sunday of our Autumn Tints Week-end I am shamed into setting pen to paper.

Leaving work at 8-0 a.m. on the Saturday morning I leisurely made my way by the middle road to Wrexham and Ruabon for breakfast. Two hours spent reading the daily rag and then gently rolling into Llangollen along a sun-filled vale.

Lunch over, a steady ride to Chirk, a quick pint, then on to Oswestry. Here a halt in search of a map of the locality. Luck in a 1/2-inch Barts on paper of North Shropshire and I was set for an afternoon's exploration.

Turning right in Oswestry I tackled the long climb up on to the ridge along which runs Offa's Dyke. The sight of a couple of dozen A.T.S. girls taking what appeared to be a pleasant meal on the lawn of a small farm made me think of an early tea.

I made a find, a delightful room looking west to Vyrnwy, a blazing sun pouring in on my tea-laden table. Altogether I spent a pleasant hour discussing the charms of this delightful piece of country with two fellow guests.

After tea a rapid drop on the road to Llawnt and Rhyd-y-Croesan. Into a land of rippling streams, steep hills and delightful views. To me the land of never get there, at each hill top expecting to glimpse Llanarmon but always just over the next one. Till, finally, a fast sweep down into the dusk-filled Llanarmon. A halt at the West Arms to renew acquaintanceship after a lapse of years. The hostelry

bearing the appearance of every degree of comfort. And so to Glyn.

A jolly party gathered together at the Glyn Valley Hotel to help celebrate Bick's 70th and we set to to make a merry evening of it. Commencing with a hearty meal, with every attention from our hosts, we ended, at least the two younger members, by falling into bed dead to the wide. Hoping by the morrow to recover our energetic ideas.

A brilliant morning found us lingering in the Ceiriog Valley far too long to make my projected trip for the day a comfortable one. Still, after a little persuasion Albert fell in line and we set out into the hills to the North. Almost immediately to strike west over the shoulder into the Upper Teirw Valley. Past Bonc. Oh! ominous name.

Our intention had been to make Corwen direct, but alas, at Nantyr we followed our noses into a wild upland valley with, in the far distance, a saddle under the shoulder of Cerig-Coedlog as our objective. For three miles we plodded on through thick heather and sodden ground. Over streams and gullies, first wheeling but finally humping our machines. The heavy going called for frequent halts and Albert's supply of cigarettes suffered heavily.

Neither of us fit, our minds wistfully took us back to our past triumphs over nearby Maen Gwynedd and Nant Rhyd Wilyn. For two hours we had this wilderness to ourselves, even the sheep deserting us, till, crossing the watershed into the valley of the Trystion, we espied smoke. Still we laboured through dense heather and bog till crossing the Trystion we entered a delightful green ride through an extensive wood.

Albert and I were by now deep in memories of other such pre-war trips and though both by now longing for lunch were still able to joke with their owner about his monstrous turkeys. But he didn't seem willing to part.

On to metalled road once more, frequent skids, a tumble for Albert which left him with a very unruly steed. So to Cynwyd and Corwen and

a belated lunch. A sketchy meal, sufficient to carry us on down the Clwyd Valley to Ruthin. Up the pleasant ascent of the Bwlch-y-Parc to the Druid at Llanferris for tea and so home.

SALTY.

OFFA AND THE ANFIELD.

The *Daily Telegraph* of November 11th, 1943, gave great publicity to the search for evidence of the importance of the 1200 years old earthwork named Offa's Dyke, running from the Estuary of the Dee towards the Wye near Hereford, if not even farther. This is now being examined by some authorities at Vron, near Wrexham. A remarkable feature of this line of demarkation during recent years has been that it is so much more prominent in a few places than in many others.

The Anfield has only on rare occasions shown deep interest in same although when it became the habit to go to Bettws via Chirk Tollbar it might well have been an act of respect for this curious feature where the Dyke can be seen climbing up from the Dee near Wynnstay towards Chirk Castle. The early inhabitants of Chirk Castle might well have been puzzled by this intruder. But my early impression in the Anfield was that I seemed to be the only member who looked at the Dyke in passing, although it is a very prominent landmark hereabouts. Perhaps Lawrence Fletcher knew little of it.

The feature newly discovered is that the Dyke at the place examined possessed a hard core which is supposed to account for its long life and this may explain why the Dyke is so much longer lived in many places than in others, namely, why the Core wore away or was destroyed over many stretches.

The most familiar portions to me are in the most northern sections and start at Ruabon, behind the station (north thereof) while the direct road to Llangollen cuts right through it. This part is marked on the map Y Gardden. Ruabon is also the best portion of Watts Dyke, which runs through Wynnstay Hall, thus Ruabon lies

closely hemmed in between both Dykes. The next place where these two appear together being at Oswestry, where Watts Dyke runs through the Old-Oswestry Fortress of Hens Dinas or Caer-o-Gyrvan, while Offa's Dyke can be found near the Race Course. Watts Dyke is usually taken as a corruption of Worse-Dyke.

After Ruabon Offa's Dyke crosses the Dee and is found climbing up to the Holyhead road and crossing the fields towards Chirk Park a little west of the Toll-Bar. Those familiar with the roads skirting Chirk Castle must have seen it hereabouts. Then the Dyke runs close to the Castle and must have puzzled its early occupants. Going to Glyn some of us may have seen it behind the private door into the Park. The Fisheries in the Glyn Valley have probably interfered with its crossing of the river Ceiriog or the village of Brony Garth with its climb out of the Valley.

The best place to examine the Dyke next is the highest part of the direct road from Glyn to Oswestry where a lane connects the road with the Dyke towards the north and drops towards Selattyn, nearer which village a tower has been built to call attention to the Dyke crossing both valley and road. Behind this tower I failed to find any clear sign of it. From the top of the Old Race Course you see the Dyke approaching from Selattyn and running below the Race Course to continue towards Trefonen. South of Trefonen the Tanat is crossed and after that the Vernwy towards the crossing of the Severn. These crossings are further complicated by an ancient Ford as well as by the remains of the Roman Claws Coch which was the important station of Mediolanum and only Offa can tell us how he dealt with all these older obstructions. Enough that Offa came to Buttington (near Welshpool) and landed at Forden and Chirbury and the well-known places near Montgomery familiar to Anfielders. Beyond the Blue Bell Inn Offa's Dyke is distinctly seen entering the grounds of Brampton Hall and the Anfield found it after Bishops Mote near Caer Din and later Edenhope Hill approaching prominently the River Clun near Whitcott

and the Church of New Castle on Clun. This River crossing is so considerable even what there is left of it that perhaps it was named New Castle because the Dyke was the Old Castle. Also the path south of the Clun seemed to me to be made in company of a footway. Garn Bank and Skyberry are places of description farther south and we now approach the River Teme where the town of Knighton has a Welsh name meaning the Town on the Dyke. From the windows of the hotel on the last Anfield Tour there we saw the Dyke climbing the hillside to Furrow Hill keeping well west of Presteign. On the open ground here a Notice Board advertises the Dyke, but for which one almost loses sight of it and now we approach its later stages which occur after crossing the River Arrow near Lyonshall and Castle Weir.

The distance of the Dyke away from any traceable roads is curious and one wonders by what methods the Dyke was approached during building. Farther south the continuation of the Wye and beyond it seems dubious, unless deliberately destroyed at some period.

Dykes at this period were frequently built by Invaders as was the Danes Dyke near Flamborough, for their protection until their foothold was made secure.

Offa lived at Sutton Walls, north of Hereford on an isolated hill clearly seen from the railway and entirely given over to raising crops.

He lived at the end of the Eighth Century at about the time of Charlemagne, with whom he entertained some form of communication.

Perhaps they communicated in Old English, now no longer understandable in this country. Charlemagne may have been a scholar in it.

F.H.K.

A LETTER FROM

—LEN KILLIP.

10/12/43.

DEAR GEORGE,

I have just been reading the December *Circular* which, as usual, gave me much enjoyment. In it I found a particularly fine article by Tommy Sherman, on the Vaagso raid.

Sitting at my ease, lapping up the intimate details, after a rather less than usually shocking lunch, all seemed right with the world. Casually turning a page, there came, like a bolt from the blue, the sentence—"No bomber crew has been briefed as these men were." I lay back for a few minutes to recover my composure, then read it again. Yes, there it was, in plain black and white "Few bomber crews are briefed" would have passed unnoticed, apart from a brief mental confirmation, but "no bomber crews"—dash it all, we can't allow that! Appreciating as I do the natural enthusiasm of a writer for his subject, I feel that loose statements such as the above should not be permitted to pass uncensored. I consider that the honour of His Majesty's Royal Air Force is at stake. With this in mind, I have no alternative but to challenge the originator of this slight to a duel, to take place on the occasion of the first Club "50" after the war, always provided that I shall have trained myself up to Commando standard!

Despite all the above, Tommy, thanks a lot for a really fine first-hand account. Keep it up, old boy.

Having opened the proceedings with "Dear George," I seem to have aimed all my remarks at T.S., however, I don't suppose you'll mind. There's very little news from this neck of the woods, apart from the fact that I hope to get some leave shortly. Bad weather has restricted flying, and I'm well on the way to becoming a "penguin." I must try and get over to see Frank when he settles down; he might be a person worth knowing!

Must push off now, George, so cheerio, and if I don't see you before then, I wish you the very best of Christmases.

All the best,

LEN KILLIP.

—IRA THOMAS.

DEAR STEVIE,

As this is the first letter that I have written to you since you took over the job of Editor I would like to wish you the best of luck in your new role.

As you see from the above address I am now stationed in my home town (did I hear the remark "lucky fellow?") and also I am back in my old unit; for the past twelve months my unit had been an anti-tank regt. of the R.A., and it didn't go down too well with me and after several attempts to get back to the P.E.I. I have succeeded. My sojourn here will not be for long as I may be sent to Warrington for a couple of months and if I am I will be dropping in on a Club run or two.

By the way, this may be of some interest to you and other Club members. Pitch has started the climb up the ladder of promotion and at present is somewhere in the south making a film, so a new star has arisen in the Anfield.

Well, Stevie, remember me to all, and I would like to wish all members a happy and victorious New Year.

Yours,
IRA.

—PETER ROCK.

12TH NOVEMBER, 1943.

DEAR STEVIE,

Sammy has asked me to write to you until he can forward the address of his new abode. As no doubt he has already told you Eric and I happened to bump into Josey whilst we were on leave. We also had a run with the celebrated "Buckshee Wheelers." The run was very enjoyable after such a long break away from cycling. Apparently Sammy is quite peeved because we were not mentioned as being present at the dinner. The reason is quite simple, for we were not in town on that date. It is hardly likely that we will get another opportunity to go out with them, much as we would like to. The "Irons" were pukka light-weights and we soon rode ourselves in and even indulged in the inevitable Tearups. Late on in the morning I began to feel rather unhappy but Eric was riding as though he had never been away from the bike. In the afternoon I was feeling quite fit again and Eric was feeling decidedly saddle sore. The scenery was far from inspiring and the stench from the

villages we passed through was beyond all human imagination. Some of the roads are tarmac but very rough and bumpy, others were merely dirt-track, running through the maize and cotton fields, intersected by numerous smelly irrigation canals and ditches, which are the pride and joy of the country. In all we covered about 80 miles and to quote an old familiar phrase "finished riding very strongly."

Later on in the week we had dinner and did a show with Ken Marshall, Poly., and Johnny Walker, Oval C.C. They are both stationed in town and consequently are pretty fit.

It came as a great shock to me to hear that Sammy had packed up his job and joined forces with the Y.M. Of course he has mentioned it previously but I failed to take him seriously. If he manages to get away from England he will find it vastly different from his peacetime wanderings. It will, however, be more interesting than the particular type of touring that Eric and I have indulged in during the past four years. England will provide sufficient scope for me when we are fortunate enough to get back there. I notice from the *Circulars* that you have been doing quite an appreciable amount of active cycling yourself. However, I believe that I will be fit enough to take you on when we get back home again.

Remember me to all of Ours and give them our best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

PETER.

GEORGE FARR.

23/11/43.

DEAR FRANK,

Just a few lines to let you know that I have arrived in England quite safe and sound, and hope to be able to attend a run or two soon.

I will not be able to attend a run on this leave as I am to be married on Saturday, and the remainder of my leave will be spent in Llandudno.

Regards to the Club,

Sincerely yours,

FARR.

RUNS.

Halewood, 4th December, 1943.

Father set off early to meet Mr. Turvey, who had written to say he would be present at the run. They did not meet because Mr. Turvey was early and father was late and so missed connection.

I left home so as to reach the rendezvous in the shortest time, as it was my first time out after the "flu." When I arrived Messrs. Roskell, Morris, Mandall, Turvey and father were already holding the bar up. The meal, in form of a Christmas dinner, was duly eaten at 6-0 p.m. with great velocity. Both Mr. Roskell and Mr. Mandall let the train go so that they could finish the meal but Mr. Morris dashed off. The party broke up early with Mr. Turvey making for Meols, while we gently pushed off for Hill House feeling very full.

Goostrey, 4th December, 1943.

The weather having taken up, an early start was indicated, but before I had extracted my bike from under sundry other articles in the shed, pumped up, oiled round and given the lights the once over, it had got to be about 3-30 p.m.

All hopes of a round trip were now off and as straight a road as possible was going to be the easiest; however, roads, even though well known, appear in a new light when old King Sol decides to shine and he did his bit this p.m.

My friend, who joined me before I left home, was not so well acquainted with this route as I, so we dismounted by Withington Hall, where the road extends from the direction of Chelford in nearly a straight line until it tips over and banks down "Badger," and so out of sight, to admire the view when who should come beating along but Jack Hodges, down on his grips and as trim as you please.

Later on, as we rode into the Red Lion yard together, we met Bert Green, who already having had his tea, was off to the Wheelers Smoker; several minutes later the Orrells and

then Catling arrived, so that five of us sat down to the very good tea provided.

The talk around the fire in the front room was of the usual miscellaneous character, good fun and time flew, in fact it was 8 o'clock before any move was made.

There were some customary faces missing owing to the aforementioned "Smoker"; however, we hope they had a good time.

Prestbury, 11th December, 1943.

The usual procession was making its way across the road just after 6 o'clock as I came to the front of the White House Cafe after depositing my machine, but oh! how meagre—just two, Bick and Jack Hodges. This was a very poor show for this fixture, which usually attracts quite a nice number. However, we three sat down to table, but no sooner had we been served than Hubert Buckley and his better half blew in—he had been lucky enough to get week-end leave. When we five were under weigh Harold Catling arrived, thus making six and filling up the table nicely—not too bad but we'd like more. We were sorry to see that Bick was still under the weather and very subdued. The conversation turned on "kites" for a time, but Harold asked for information on two two-speed hubs he or a friend had managed to get; these appeared to be of a very old make, one which had not been in production for many years and there was some interesting information given. Had Bick been in form this would certainly have led to some reminiscences, not necessarily about the hubs, but about the time when they were current, but he didn't rise to the bait, so we were denied the pleasure I, for one, had expected. We sat at table until it was time for the train party to leave and then set off for home in brilliant moonlight with no wind—really a perfect evening. The weather during the earlier part of the day had been various—sharp frost until lunch time, then a thaw and heavy local showers in a number of places, of which Prestbury happened to be one, but none of us were drenched.

Dane-in-Shaw, 18th December, 1943.

The Coach & Horses at Dane-in-Shaw is only about twenty-one miles from West Didsbury, and having decided to ride out by the direct route I left home at 3-45. Now in order to cover 21 miles in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours one is required to average exactly 12 m.p.h., and for a fit young tricyclist 12 m.p.h. is merely dawdling. Nevertheless, it was 6-35 before I reached the Coach & Horses, completely whacked and having averaged $7\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h. for the whole journey. The trouble was a most persistent wind which blew so strongly from the south as to make progress almost impossible at times.

Jim Cranshaw and friend were in sole possession when I arrived and as we were already more than an hour late a start was made on the meal immediately. We were joined about 7 o'clock by the Presider, who also reported a phenomenally low average speed. The meal was very good and although the Presider assured us that the substance and quantity served constituted a breach of the laws of the land we all enjoyed a very satisfying meal.

We left about 8 o'clock by which time the strength of the wind was so far reduced as to permit my oil rear lamp to function, but was still strong enough to make the journey home a real sleigh ride.

Holmes Chapel, 27th December, 1943.

Will it ever be possible to revive the ancient glories of the Boxing Day lunch? Not in war-time certainly, but perhaps when the war is over, and our young men are back with us again, we shall once more have a large party, with all that cheery hilarity quite appropriate to youth in the festive season. Meantime, for war-time, we didn't do too badly this year, for 16 of us, 13 members and 3 friends sat

down to an excellent lunch at the Swan. Fortunately, the depressing drizzle which had made movement outside distinctly uncomfortable during the two preceding days, had passed away and we had weather conditions equal to those of a summer day—light fleecy clouds, blue sky, sunshine, and genial warmth, and a wind which didn't matter much either way. Tommy Mandall and George Molyneux came out via Warrington, and Frank Perkins through Chester and Middlewich; we were all sorry that George Stephenson's domestic troubles prevented him and Peter being out and relieved that they seemed to be on the way to being resolved. One exile was there—Ned Haynes, looking very fit and well, but longing—oh! so ardently—to be back again with us for good. He is taking all the opportunities for exploring the Cotswolds, &c., that an enforced residence in Tewkesbury gives him, but he does like Cheshire and Shropshire, and us. Rex Austin and Bobby, Harold Catling and Jim Cranshaw, Bob Poole, Jack Hodges, tired out by the Christmas rush, the brothers Orrell, and the Presider, together with the wives of Ned Haynes, Bob Poole and Rex Austin, with the others already mentioned, made up the party. The meal was a very merry one and we sat on until 3 o'clock, when the party commenced to break up, the Liverpool men naturally wishing to get on their way, and most of the others having tea engagements near home. Two decided to stay out to tea, and after a very pleasant ride round in the warm afternoon, brought up at Prestbury at 5 p.m., only to find the White House Cafe closed. All the other places there were closed too, but by a stroke of luck they managed to get something to carry them on, and finished in the evening in excellent condition. So ended a very enjoyable day; let us hope that as the years go on we may be able to muster larger and ever larger parties for this fixture.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

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BICYCLE CLUB

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Feb. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms).
" 12	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 19	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 26	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
Mar. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Feb. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 12	Prestbury (White House Cafe)
" 19	Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cafe).
" 26	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
Mar. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

‡ THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Messrs. J. J. Salt and F. Perkins have been appointed Delegates to the R.T.T.C.

Mr. G. Stephenson has been appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

The resignation of Mr. H. Pritchard has been accepted with regret.

Messrs. J. E. Carr and G. E. Pugh have been struck off the list of Members for non-payment of subscriptions.

Tours. Llanrwst (Victoria Hotel) has been proposed for Easter. Chirbury (Herbert Arms) has been proposed for Whitsuntide.

The President has kindly undertaken the arrangements. Members who propose to participate should communicate as soon as possible to Fern Lea, Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—

Mr. John Ward, 8 Porlock Close, Offerton, Stockport, proposed by Mr. J. D. Cranshaw, seconded by Mr. H. Green.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A good start for 1944. The response to the Committee's application for outstanding 1943 subscriptions has been fairly satisfactory, but there are still a large number owing, and I hope those to whom it applies will respond promptly to save further expense in postage and stationery.

A Member, who wishes to remain anonymous, placed at my disposal funds to enable me to send £1 to each Member on Active Service at home and abroad as a special Christmas and New Year's Gift.

T. W. Murphy (The O'Tatur) sends a further donation to our Comforts Fund.

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

1942.

J. E. Walker.

1943-

H. S. Barrett.*	H. W. Powell.*
F. E. Bill.*	H. Pritchard.
J. O. Cooper.	W. L. Rich.
J. Egar.*	W. T. Threlfall.
H. Green.*	J. E. Walker.
A. Lusty.	A. Williams.
	L. Oppenheimer.*

1944-

C. Aldridge.	W. Henderson.
R. J. Austin.*	H. Kinder.
R. R. Austin.	L. King.
J. C. Band.*	A. Lusty.*
K. Barker.*	T. E. Mandall.*
H. S. Barrat.*	G. Molyneux.
F. E. Bill.*	E. O. Morris.*
H. Catling.	T. W. Murphy.*
J. O. Cooper.*	L. Oppenheimer.
J. Egar.	W. L. Rich.
C. F. Elias.*	F. Roskell.
C. F. Elias, Junr.	H. Roskell.*
F. D. Elias.	J. J. Salt.
J. H. Fawcett.*	G. Stephenson.
H. Green.*	P. T. Stephenson.
Edwin E. Green.	W. T. Threlfall.
Ernest E. Green.	A. Williams.*
E. Haynes.*	Anonymous.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

JOTTINGS.

Peter Rock.

We are delighted to report that Peter Rock is now back again in Old England, and naturally he is very pleased at being home after four years away. His one regret was at leaving Eric Reeves still out in the Middle East. Letters to Peter will find him c/o 11 Langdale Road, Bebington, Cheshire.

Albert Preston.

News comes from Merseyside (this is written in Norfolk) that our one and only Albert has been dragged into the Forces. More by miscalculation and misluck than anything else he finds himself in the P.B.I., and maybe he is under the eagle eye and stentorian voice of Tommy Sherman himself, for our late Commando is stationed at the same spot. Some news would be appreciated.

We noticed the other day that Tommy Sherman had been assisting "D" Division of the Liverpool Street Savings Group. His picture looked very smart at the "mike" at the handing over of the Savings Pylon, but we couldn't help wondering what the audience would have thought if someone had made him laugh.

* * * *

Congratulations to Bert and Mrs. Lloyd on the arrival of a son and heir. We see from the Hon. Secretary's Report that Bert and Chas. Randall each put in one Club run during 1943. Now, Charles!

* * * *

Congratulations to George Farr on joining the ranks of the Benedicts. We wish them both much happiness in the coming years.

* * * *

Jack Salt has been elected a member of the Committee of the Liverpool D.C. of the R.T.T.C.

EASTER TOUR.

Accommodation has been reserved provisionally at the Victoria Hotel, Llanrwst. Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, 12/-. It is, of course, necessary to book definitely at the earliest possible moment. Will members who wish to be of the party please advise the President at once?

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING,

HALEWOOD, JANUARY 9th, 1944.

Even a world war could not be allowed to interfere unduly with the conduct of the Anfield Bicycle Club, and so the A.G.M. was held as usual on the second week-end of the year, the sole concession to Mars being that the meeting was on Sunday instead of the usual Saturday. Seventeen of "Ours" sat down to an excellent meal, those present being the President (of course), both his Vices, the Hon. General Secretary, the Hon. Racing Secretary, the Treasurer, the Captain and one of his Subs., and common or garden members, George Molyneux, Eddie Morris, Peter Stephenson, Hubert Roskell, Tommy Mandall, Elias, Catling, Len King and Frank Chandler.

Lunch over, the President soon had the proceedings under way, and after the Minutes of the last A.G.M. had been read and approved, Powell presented his eighteenth annual report, which was adopted. As the report should be printed elsewhere in this issue, the only mention necessary is to congratulate the President on having once again attended every possible run, and comparatively new member, Catling, on having gained the attendance prize.

The Treasurer's report showed £291 in hand—rather a lot of money for a cycling club, but it was felt that most of it would be required in the first few post-war years. Subs. were fixed as last year, and the Comforts Fund is to be continued. Parcels cannot be sent now, but the Treasurer will do the best he can, and the meeting was unanimous in the desire that gifts to our Service men be continued "to the utmost."

The next business was the election of Officers, which resulted as follows:

President:—H. GREEN.

Vice-Presidents:—R. J. AUSTIN, G. STEPHENSON.

Captain:—F. PERKINS, 71 Everest Street, Birkenhead.

Hon. Racing Secretary:—J. J. SALT, Crowton, Beacons Lane, Heswall.

Sub-Captains:—K. W. BARKER, J. D. CRANSHAW.

Hon. Treasurer:—W. H. KETTLE, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.

Committee:—H. AUSTIN, H. CATLING, C. F. ELIAS, J. HODGES, L. KING, T. MANDALL, G. MOLYNEUX, W. ORRELL, R. POOLE.

Auditors:—E. O. MORRIS, W. E. COTTER.

Hon. Editor of MONTHLY CIRCULAR:—G. STEPHENSON, 5 Market Place, Prescott.

Hon. General Secretary:—H. W. POWELL, 4 The Laund, Wallasey.

The question of Club Tours and Racing programme was left to be discussed in the calm atmosphere of the Committee room.

A special resolution expressing gratitude to Frank Marriott and Stevie for their shares in the successful production of the *Monthly Circular*

was carried with acclamation, and the business concluded with the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman, Officers, Committee and Auditors for their services during the year.

The time, returned by an R.R.A. timekeeper using a certified watch, was 14 minutes, 27 seconds—surely an all time best!!!

HON. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Presented at the Annual General Meeting of the Members, 9th January, 1944.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,

I again have much pleasure in presenting my Report of the Club's activities for the year 1943.

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

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

The attendances at Club fixtures have again been greatly restricted owing to the continuance of various special duties carried out by most of the remaining Members; however, there is a slight improvement on last year.

The Membership now numbers 150, an increase of four since last year.

This figure is composed of 104 Full, 8 Junior Full and 38 Honorary Members.

Eight Members have been elected during the year, viz., 3 Full, 3 Junior Full and 2 Honorary.

One Member has been transferred to the Hon. List.

Two Members have been struck off.

It is with the deepest regret I have to report the death of Mr. E. Haynes, only a week or two after re-joining as an Honorary Member. He joined the

Club in 1920. Unfortunately in 1927 he had an accident which prevented him from riding any more, yet he was very keen on the Club and for many years he attended runs and races in the car.

There have been 52 Fixtures during the year, with an average attendance of 11.634, an increase of 1.904 compared with 1942. Quarterly average attendances were—January to March 13.692; April to June 12.076; July to September 11.846 and October to December 8.923.

The highest attendance was at Holmes Chapel on 27th December, when 13 Members were out. The lowest attendance was at Highwayside on 19th June, when only 4 Members were out.

Mr. H. Catling has attended 45 runs and gains the First Attendance Prize.

Mr. E. Buckley has attended 28 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	C. H. Turnor	4
H. Catling	45	W. G. Connor	4
R. J. Austin	43	E. Haynes	3
J. D. Cranshaw	37	G. Molyneux	3
E. Buckley	28	N. Turvey	3
F. Marriott	27	P. T. Stephenson	3
R. Poole	24	D. L. Birchall	2
W. Orrell	24	G. B. Burgess	2
J. Hodges	22	F. J. Cheminai	2
G. Stephenson	22	C. F. Elias, Jr.	2
H. G. Buckley	19	J. R. Fer	2
F. Perkins	19	A. T. Simpson	2
F. H. Koenen	17	G. Newall	2
H. Roskell	16	J. C. Band	1
T. E. Mandall	14	D. C. Rowatt	1
C. F. Elias	13	J. R. Band	1
K. W. Barker	12	W. H. Elias	1
G. B. Orrell	12	W. J. Jones	1
A. E. Preston	11	W. H. Lloyd	1
J. J. Salt	11	G. Lockett	1
D. Shaw	10	C. Randall	1
L. Oppenheimer	9	W. L. Rich	1
E. O. Morris	8	J. Seed	1
H. W. Powell	8	C. Selkirk	1
H. Austin	7	E. Snowden	1
R. R. Austin	7	K. Turnor	1
S. del Banco	7	J. R. Walton	1
L. King	7	J. H. Williams	1

A. Williams	7	E. L. Killip	1
W. H. Kettle	5	P. Brazendale	1
F. Chandler	5	J. H. Fawcett	1
E. Webb	5	J. Reade	1
A. Turnor	4		

There have been 6 Meetings of the Committee during the year, the individual attendances are as follows :

H. Green	6	J. J. Salt	4
G. Stephenson	6	H. Austin	3
H. W. Powell	6	C. F. Elias	3
R. J. Austin	5	J. Hodges	3
K. W. Barker	5	H. G. Buckley	2
W. H. Kettle	5	G. B. Burgess	2
L. King	5	G. Molyneux	2
F. Marriott	5	J. D. Cranshaw	1
F. Perkins	4	R. Poole	1

In November Mr. F. Marriott took up a full-time appointment with the Y.M.C.A. This, unfortunately, necessitated relinquishing his position as Editor of the *Circular*. Mr. G. Stephenson kindly undertook the duties of Editorship during Mr. Marriott's absence. The best thanks of the Club are due to both for the excellent way they produced the *Circular* during 1943.

In conclusion I again tender my personal thanks to the President and Members of the Committee for all the assistance given to me during the past year.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

NORFOLK DAYS.

I see most of Norfolk in the mornings. From the village where I stay you can see the drome on the ridge, and the road to it descends slightly before climbing. The nearest way is closed, and I have to continue along a roughish track which has wide grass verges until another road running aside of a long pine wood comes to view. I turn along this to reach the camp five miles and half-an-hour from the village. It is only two miles by the nearer road.

It is usually between 8-0 and 8-15 a.m. when I leave the tiny cottage, warm with its thick walls of flintstone, and wheel the bicycle from the shed. If I am early I hear the church clock striking the hour. The square tower is black against the cold and steely

blue of the winter sky. Trees and the cottages are still in silhouette. Dawn has yet to throw its golden gleams to augur yet another day.

From the baker's "shop" comes the mingling scents of a wood fire, and the warm delicious smell of new-baked bread.

The gate from the cottage opens outward on to the village green, and I can barely see the narrow road which runs across the common. Crisp with frost is the grass, and there is ice on the tiny pools. Almost every Norfolk village I have seen boasts its green, and many have long ponds with swans and ducks. The green of my village is not so favoured.

There is silence this morning. The clip-clap of Joyce's pony bringing the milk along the high road is not yet within hearing. Yesterday it was not so quiet. The hounds from the kennels were baying. It was a loud discordant noise. These dogs do other than bay and hunt. They smell abominably and only the other morning the vile odour pervaded almost the entire village.

In November, when first I came to Norfolk, the wide verges of my lane had heaps of what I took to be tremendous parsnips. Not until later was I aware that these were sugar beet, waiting to be carted to railway and factory. The country folk had a hard time in getting them in November and early December. The beet are uprooted one by one and their tops slashed with a knife. What a task in that raw weather! Even the most "cheesed-off" airman didn't envy the "beet-bashers," and neither did I. And writing of "bashers," I learn that the Norfolk people are known as "swede-bashers." I wonder why?

To a stranger one of the most interesting features of this East Anglian country is the prevalence of flintstone. Almost all of the buildings, no matter whether churches, dwellings or farm out-houses, are of roundish flintstones set in mortar or other binding material. Millions of these stones have been used, and none of the folk here seem to know where they came from. Another aspect of the flint question I noticed the other day when I discarded a rear cover,

The tread was mottled with hundreds of varying coloured sharp stones. Motor drivers complain of the flints, too.

I like Norfolk, even in the winter; I like living in the country. The people are kindly folk and I have yet to encounter "clannishness."

From an insurance office in either Liverpool or London to the wooded tracts and windswept heaths of East Anglia's northern lands is a far, far cry, but there are no regrets, not while the sun still shines on the sodden soil of Norfolk's fields.

F.E.M.

THE DEATH OF COL. CHARLES JARROTT.

This death, at the age of 66, calls to mind the visit in the late nineties of the first two motor cyclists in competition at the Manchester Wheelers Tournament, riding Motor Tricycles on the part of Chas. Jarrott and the younger Edge, both of London, the exciting feature of which consisted of their cornering on these Three Wheelers at high speed in which respect Jarrott proved an adept. The performance was an entire novelty to the audience. Watching the display in the company of C. S. Brooke, who represented the Press, the undersigned, who was then a competitor in the cycle events, was called aside by Brooke, who whispered in his ear with the most dismal expression imaginable and in oracular tones of voice: "We are living in strange times, weird things happen."

The truth of this was obvious, but the remark was unexpected, and our member was unable to find a fitting reply other than show his appreciation.

C. S. Brooke had worked for the propaganda of the Anfield from 1887 in the Cycling Press, although W. P. Cook, after arriving on the scene, would never grant Brooke any credit in his day. No doubt Cook's grievance was that Brooke was "too pre-Cook." Brooke was then living at Alderley whence he sent to the *Manchester Guardian* weekly notices on the local scenery for cycling tourists. From this point of vantage the attractions of Shutlings Low frequently appeared in his notes. The sombre gloom of the

Low was regularly harped upon. It matched Brooke's own looks. His last days were spent in Birmingham on the Staff of the A.A., but he fell foul of its head, who demanded that on his own entree into the office the entire staff should jump to its feet.

F.H.K.

A LETTER FROM

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

23rd January, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for your two letters of 13th October, 1943 and 14th December, 1943, and my sincere gratitude to the Club and the anonymous member who made these very welcome gifts possible.

As you can see from the new address I've managed to get home at last: I expect when Peter and Eric hear they will go green with envy and say the lucky b———, which indeed I am.

I've had some leave, but as my people live in Leeds now, it was not possible this leave to get over and see you. I saw Len, who looks as fit and the same as ever, although I notice he has started to imbibe strong liquor.

England hasn't changed much since we left: we had heard that people were going around looking half-starved and dressed in rags, such does not seem the case to me, anyway. My only complaint is the beer; we've been dreaming of it for four years, and then—this stuff!!

The *Circular*, of which January's issue is on hand now, takes as many days as it used to take months, so don't be surprised if I turn up at one of the runs these days. I'll probably come in a jeep—it's so much easier!

Cheerio for now, and best wishes to everyone.

Yours in sincerity,

SAMMY.

—ERIC REEVES.

18th November, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for the P.O. and letter dated 13th October, just received. The letter was stamped "Air Mail not available," and other letters of

other chaps had "1/1½ refunded" stamped on: yours didn't, which may be due to bad positioning of the stamp. However, I hope it was refunded and you were able to credit the postal a/c. up with the necessary amount. Boat mail seems to have speeded up so there will be a small saving in overheads. On a recent leave Peter and I did an 80 mile ride with the "Buckshee Wheelers," a club formed by a member of the Oval C.C. out here. We didn't give any ground despite complete lack of training so we gave the correct impression of Anfield stamina to men whose knowledge of our policy of producing distance men was up to then obtained from cycling papers. It was a painful but pleasureable ride and the beneficial effects lasted some days you know, the springiness of tread and all that. I only hope the time flies to the day when we can get down to regular doses of the same medicine. Lack of space does not permit a lengthier recounting. Peter or I might eventually get down to an article for the *Circular*. Well, I must close now, so thanks once again. Best wishes to you and all of Ours.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

2nd January, 1944.

DEAR GEORGE,

First, let me wish you, and all Anfielders a Happy, Victorious, and "Back to the Saddle" New Year.

I'm afraid my close proximity to Liverpool is reflected in my neglected correspondence. I've been so busy, lately, catching the "powder" train that, apart from an occasional chat with Frank Perkins, I'm a bit "out of touch."

Bert Preston has made his debut here, but as he is in another Company I've only seen him once.

I hope to be able to "take a powder" next Sunday and put in an appearance at the A.G.M. There are all kinds of duties I might be "nabbed" for, but a bit of careful handling and a couple of beers for the Adjutant should facilitate matters.

Not forgetting a session with Bradshaw.

And now, Sir, a little matter concerning His Majesty's Royal Air Force.

I have heard of "honour among thieves," and I must thank Len Killip for the information that there is honour among the R.A.F."

Congratulations, Len!!

I apologise if my statement has prejudiced that honour.

In those days the Bomber crews were so few, that I agree "Few Bomber crews are briefed" would have been more fitting.

I hope this satisfies Len, because I shudder at the thought of having to ride a "50" just to prove that bicycles don't "take-off" at 10 m.p.h.

Well, George, I think that's about all at the moment, so hoping to see you and many of the other "strangers" next Sunday.

Cheerio for now. All the best.

TOMMY SHERMAN.

P.S.—I haven't been able to write to Frank because I don't know his address, and I've lost his home address also.—TOMMY.

—SYD. JONAS.

28th November, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for another P.O., sent off by you in October. I have also received the October *Circular* and was glad to see that all the Anfield troop are well.

I found that there were two new spare bicycles in the store yesterday and to-day there is only one, as I have acquired one for my own use in my capacity as P.A.D. Officer. Actually, I don't think I am P.A.D. Officer but we put it down as that for the purpose of bookkeeping. I am at least Fire Officer and the machine will help me to arrive at the scene of any conflagration, which God forbid, sooner than if I had to walk.

I can now spend my afternoons riding easily and pleasantly among the orange groves and thus be independent again. I have always managed to have a cycle at my disposal when I have been permanently attached to a place. I once had a brand new Raleigh, but that went

with the building it was leaning against.

Life is quite pleasant here, with an odd dance occasionally and a club nearby. Peter Rock passed nearby just after I had arrived and now he is a long way off.

Dudley Turnor is my nearest neighbour, but as the *Circular* does not print addresses now I cannot find out just where he is.

I see from the *Circular* that we still have a tricyclist riding in the "12." I have not had the pleasure of meeting him yet but hope to do so next year.

You might be interested to note that my last appearance in the sporting world was on October 2nd, when I ran a half and a one mile track race in a shade temperature of 114 degrees. This was my last and positively final effort and I have now retired. Having been in the Army for four years I can now sit and do nothing very well indeed, and will make a good checker and marshall.

With all good wishes to the Club, and my regards to Margery and yourself.

Yours,

SYD. JONAS.

P.S.—Re: your P.S. I am on the General List. They would not put me in a regiment or corps. Don't confuse General List with General's List. I don't think I will ever get on the latter. Syd.

—T. W. MURPHY.

20th January, 1944.

MY DEAR KETTLE,

I am sending you a cheque for a guinea for the A.B.C. Comforts Fund. It is nice to see by the *Monthly Circular* that the little gifts the Club is able to send to its members are appreciated.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

T. W. MURPHY.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of Christmas Cards from W. G. CONNOR and J. PITCHFORD.

RUNS.

Halewood, 1st January, 1944.

At six o'clock the smoke room of the Derby Arms held only four Anfielders—Del Banco, Tommy Mandall and the two Stephensons—drinking various assorted drinks and wondering what had happened to Hubert. At 6-1 they trooped upstairs and sat down to a fine looking boiled fowl with parsley sauce and the usual Halewood trimmings. This Stevie more or less neatly dissected into four portions and they had just started in on them when in walked Hubert. He had fallen into a slumber (not drunken) in the afternoon and missed his train, but nothing daunted he had caught a bus and walked miles and miles (one, at least) to put in his Club run. Good old Hubert. A fifth portion off another bird was quickly found for him and the meal was nicely rounded off by jam tart, biscuits and cheese, and coffee if you wanted it.

As Hubert had to catch his bus there was no dallying after tea. Del Banco, on trike, had to battle his way to the Ferry on his own, while the other three paddled quietly home.

Nominal, Prestbury.

Actual, Macclesfield.

1st January, 1944.

The New Year started well for the Manchester Sub-captain; at 11-0 a.m., whilst still at work he received word that Prestbury was off.

What a day for this to happen, the telephone was there but who was likely to be within call on a general holiday, so he finally decided to try his luck at fixing an alternate run, then getting round to Prestbury and there to collect whoever turned up to conduct them to the Bull's Head at Macclesfield.

At 5 o'clock the powers that be at the Bull's Head were not too optimistic about serving five or six cyclists at about 6 o'clock with tea, owing to the seasonable rush, but they would see; so nothing daunted he set out to collect the Club at Prestbury, and in the meantime to try to fix something more promising.

There was absolutely nothing doing in the more promising line, so after trying

all he knew in Prestbury he decided to buy a bottle of orange cordial (for home consumption) at the local cafe, where had he been able to produce immediately the scattered Club Members, the cafe would have provided a tea, but otherwise they were closing as it was already past the zero hour; sadly he admitted this could not be done, and returned to the street just in time to see the Presider arrive, who, being told the details, exclaimed he thought as much and told of a recent similar experience on Boxing Day, when Jack Hodges and he had just managed a cup of tea and some jam and bread on the last minute (five o'clock) in the very same village.

A call in the Leigh Arms to make sure we evacuated the village in full strength gave us an excuse for one for luck, then in walked Harold Catling to tell us that the White House Cafe was closed and that his was the only bike (trike) in the shed.

We broke the news gently and cajoled him into joining us over the hills back to Macclesfield and the Bull's Head.

In the bar, amongst other interesting things, we found Rex, who by that time was not caring whether the Club run was there or elsewhere. By some clever staff work the four members and the prospective one were soon seated in the dining room and a good meal was enjoyed by all.

Thus it may be recorded that this the first Club run of the year one thousand, nine hundred and forty-four, was attended by Bert Green, Rex Austin, Harold Catling, Jim Cranshaw and the prospective member, John Ward.

Goostrey, 8th January, 1944.

The aftermath of the holiday season led to a smaller attendance than is expected at this old-established haunt of the Club, those present being the Presider, Rex Austin, Harold Catling, both Orrells, and Jim Cranshaw and friend. The journey out was uneventful, the welcome and the tea above reproach, and the homeward journey, helped by a blustering south-wester, was easy for most of us, in spite of the rain, which was encountered en route.

Parkgate, 15th January, 1944.

A bright sun, but very cold wind, as we rode slowly from West Kirby to make a lane turning off the Chester Road to the Deeside—good fire, big black dog, tea and toast and scones and good views of the Welsh Hills and the sands of Dee, an early start home with the wind on our tails. I did not see any other members, but F.D.E. on his official run enjoyed his outing with me.

Parkgate, 15th January, 1944.

Receiving a mid-week call from the one and only Peter Rock, now returned to the land of the Anfield for at least a short space, it was decided that we should foregather on the coming Saturday at Parkgate for the Club run.

My wife and I decided it called for a walk. So mid-afternoon found us making our way over Heswall Links, then down to the river and along a very sparsely populated promenade.

On reaching Prosser's it seemed we would be the only ones present. Then Blotto arrived. Elias Senior and Junior had taken tea early and departed. Still no Peter. Our eyes were forever wandering to the door expecting at any moment to be greeted once more by Peter's cherubic grin and rosy cheeks. Alas, we were to be disappointed, so tea was called for, and 6-30 saw us making for the bus and home. Sid. to wheel out his steed and potter back across the Wirral.

During the ensuing week a post card from Peter was received, apologising for his non-appearance. Pre-holiday plans demanded too much of his time and we only hope he enjoyed his stay in the Lake District. See you again, Peter.

Knolls Green (Brown Owl), January 15th, 1944.

Starting from Stockport, we made our way by the Park Road to Cheadle Hulme to join the Cheadle-Wilmslow road at the Waggon and Horses, where we turned left and after a few hundred yards again right just by the end of a row of cottages; at Styal village we again turned left and immediately right again, so following the lane down to Quarry Bank, a very old cotton

mill built by one Gregg, late of Belfast, Ireland, in the early part of the eighteenth century and lately handed over to the National Trust along with land on both sides of the river Bollin, to be preserved for the benefit of posterity.

Passing on foot over the river Bollin to climb the steep opposite bank we regained the hard road just above Oversley Ford on the Altrincham-Wilmslow Road, here we turned left and then taking the first on the right we passed the top end of Lindon Common to join the Mobberley-Wilmslow road at Knolls Green so skirting Mobberley Park, the home of Sir Notar Barclay, which has also just passed into the hands of the National Trust.

At Knolls Green we turned left and right nearly at once; it was just here we encountered Peter Stephenson, all the way from Huyton: we hailed him, and it was just as well we did, for he was heading for the "Bird-in-Hand" at Knolls Green, wrongly directed by an error in the *Circular*.

The Brown Owl is in Warford Lane just over the little bridge which spans the brook, there is a sign at the gate of the short lane leading up to the house.

Miss Bardsley is always ready to smile a welcome, the old lady however eyes us with some suspicion, the very frightened looking waitress seems to expect a very big explosion at any time, but on the whole notwithstanding the very slow service, the food one gets is good, extremely well-cooked but naturally a little short, but not too expensive.

Bert Green fed first and was off to do his fire-watching duty before the last of the main body put in an appearance.

Don Shaw on a splendid creation of chromium plate, told of his experience on Boxing Day, Wilf Orrell on tricycle shewing signs of fog he had encountered on his way out, Rex arrived whilst we sat around the fire, he was well wrapped up against the elements: he also was anxious to be away early so no time was lost after tea and the party split up by about 7 o'clock. Peter Stephenson had the farthest to go and we hope that he had no

further trouble with his lights after that first technical hitch he had in the yard of the Brown Owl before leaving. Jim Cranshaw, along with the prospective member, also hurried home, both to do a spot of duty before morning.

Macclesfield (Bull's Head), 22nd January, 1944.

I made the journey out to this run by rattle, and arriving just after 5 o'clock, stood talking to a local while waiting for opening time: in due course a new member arrived next, and then Harold Catling and Don Shaw, so we made our way indoors to the tank.

We were just finishing a quick one when the Presider rolled in and so we were ushered into the dining room, where our meal was served in quick style.

After the meal was disposed of we made our way back to the tank and took on more liquid refreshment and enjoyed our usual varied and amusing conversation until about 7-30 p.m., when the party broke up. The Presider was making a call at Cheadle Hulme and I expect the remainder eventually arrived home safe, although a little damp. Harold Catling, by the way, informed us that he had had notification to expect being called up any day now.

Members present were Bert Green, Don Shaw, Harold Catling, and a new member who's name I don't know, and Bob Poole.

If a new venue could possibly be found (outside Macclesfield) I think the change would do us good, as the impression I got on Saturday last was that we are not wanted.

Parkgate, 29th January, 1944.

Although this run was not well attended, it was to a degree momentous in events and circumstance. Marriott had arrived home the previous evening on a flying visit from East Anglia and had asked me to call on him. It was a grand day from a cycling point of view, so I sallied forth on my newly unearthened two-seater and made for Prenton.

Frank expressed great pleasure at seeing me but viewed the tandem with utmost suspicion. However, I was undeterred, so after calling up Frank

Perkins, who was on duty, I managed to cajole our long, lean, lithe, ex-editor into agreeing to stoke for me. It has been said, as long ago as 1932, that there has never been such a display of the grotesque as that given by Frank, draped most unbecomingly over the greater portion of a tandem. Who his partner was in those days I cannot recall, but it is hardly likely that we could cut a prettier picture. Even after I had highered my wife's saddle as much as I dared, it was still low enough for him to appear to be a greater collection of joints and angles than anything ever contrived by Heath Robinson. To cut my story short, we progressed well after a very shaky take-off. It was a pleasant day for riding and after a lot of back-seat driving, turn left here; turn right here, which, of course, was quite unnecessary, we arrived at Parkgate.

Time was still early, so we whiled away half-an-hour along the 'Prom,' in the hopes that others would turn up. We were disappointed and only Marriott and Rock sat down to dispose of a plentiful supply of hot buttered toast, jam and tea.

Williams, and bald, bespectacled, but barely bronzed Birchall called in while the meal was in progress. On the journey home a call was made at Cavendish Drive, where we met Rigby Band enjoying a few days leave.

Members present were Marriott, Rock, Williams and Birchall.

Brereton, 29th January, 1944.

At one stage this looked very like being a poor sort of do. The Red Roof Cafe is a new place to us and the rules

there were unknown. A post-card telling us that they couldn't serve any meals after 5 p.m. reached the Sub-captain much too late to allow of his advising anyone and so, when the party began to arrive at the rendezvous they met with a rebuff—a very courteous and reasonable one, but still it meant no food. The possibility had been foreseen and it would have been fairly easy to make use of an alternative some distance away. However, it wasn't necessary to travel far; a lady about the cafe advised the Presider to try the Bear's Head. This house used to cater many years ago, but for a long time it didn't, and two of us entered the bar without much hope. A request for something to eat met with a smiling assent, but we still thought it would probably be meat pies, of which some were on display, and beer. But it was better than that; we got a satisfactory meal, nicely and cheerfully served, and we shall be there again. For the information of any member who may be passing this way, the house has now set itself to cater. The day was a good one—mild, with some wind against on the outward journey, but more helping on the return, or so it seemed as we bowled along towards and beyond Knutsford at a lively pace. This will unfortunately be our last ride with Catling for some time; he will have reported for the Army before this is read. We shall miss him, for he has attended very regularly. The other members out, in addition to those already mentioned, were Wilf Orrell, the Sub-Captain, Bob Poole and we had with us also Jack Ward, a prospective member.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

CASH SUMMARY FOR 1943.

DR.

CR.

1942		1943		1942		1943			
£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.		
251	17 2	To	Bank Balances from 1942	272	9 4	By	Printing and Postages	78	19 7
20	8 10		Cash Balances from 1942	1	0 10		Sundry Payments	1	15 0
			Entrance Fees	0	15 0		Gifts to "Ours" on Active Service	54	0 0
			Badge Deposits	0	14 0		Bank Commission and Cheque Book	0	4 0
16	12 6		Arrears of Subscriptions for 1942	10	15 0		Bank Balance	294	11 2
4	15 0		Subscriptions and Donations in advance	4	15 0		Cash Balance	3	2 4
3	12 9		Bank Interest	3	14 9				
83	1 6		Subscriptions for 1943	78	11 0				
70	7 7		Donation for 1943	59	17 2				
<hr/>				<hr/>				<hr/>	
£450	15 4		£432	12 1	£450	15 4		£432	12 1

LIABILITIES.

1942		1943			
£	s. d.	£	s. d.		
15	8 3	To	Prizes not yet selected	15	8 3
8	10 0		Subscriptions and Donations in Advance	4	15 0
			Printing Account outstanding	7	0 2
265	5 11		Balance	291	3 7
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£289	4 2		£318	7 0	

ASSETS.

1942		1943			
£	s. d.	£	s. d.		
272	9 4	By	Bank Balances	294	11 2
1	0 10		Cash	3	2 4
0	14 0		Badges	0	3 6
15	0 0		Subscriptions outstanding and good	20	10 0
			Silver Shield and Sundries in hands of Hon. Treasurer		
<hr/>				<hr/>	
£289	4 2		£318	7 0	

Audited and found correct—

W. E. COTTER.
E. O. MORRIS.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

5TH JANUARY, 1944.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Mar. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms).
.. 11	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
.. 18	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
.. 19	Halewood (Derby Arms). Committee Meeting. Lunch, 1-0 p.m.
.. 25	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
April 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Mar. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).
.. 11	Prestbury (White House Café)
.. 18	Brereton (Bear's Head).
.. 25	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
April 1	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 10TH 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.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:—Mr. J. Hodges, 59 Queens Road, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport. Mr. F. Perkins, 11 Kingsley Street, Birkenhead.

As it has been decided not to publish Service Addresses in future Mr. F. Marriott and Mr. A. E. Preston's address can be had on application to

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A Member who desires to remain anonymous has placed funds at my disposal to send a generous gift to all Members on Active Service.

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

1943.

S. H. Bailey.	G. Newall
A. Howarth.	L. C. Price.
W.C.Humphreys.	E. J. Reade.

1944.

Anonymous.*	J. Hodges.*
H. Austin.*	A. Howarth.
S. H. Bailey.	W.C.Humphreys*
S. J. Buck.*	J. Long.*
F. Chandler.	A. Lucas.
K. B. Crewe.*	L. C. Price.
E. M. Haslam.	W. C. Tierney.

PETER ROCK.

The curly-headed one, after a month's leave, hied him early in February back to his unit in Essex, with the great idea that if he could get his bicycle down there he could have an occasional week-end with Frank Marriott. Only a mere century of miles separated the two, and it seemed easy. As we write the meeting has not taken place, and as Peter has moved up to Sid Carver's region probably now it never will. Not in Suffolk, anyway.

ALBERT PRESTON.

Soon after we closed for press last month news arrived that Albert was in Bradford on a course. We gather that he has left the P.B.I. for pastures new, and he even admits to liking it!

EASTER TOUR.

Eight members have indicated that they will be at Llanrwst at Easter. Will others who wish to attend please advise the Presider at once?

Accommodation has been booked at the Nesselcliffe Hotel for Whit. As it is limited those wishing to be of the party should let the Presider know at the earliest possible moment.

THE TALE OF A TANDEM TRIP.

Almost twelve years ago, just after the memorable (to me) "100" of 1932, I succumbed to Syd Jonas's cajolings and offered to push him out to Farndon on his tandem. Those who remember that day will never forget it. A perfectly elegant rider on the front (no "flannelling" meant Syd.) and a perfectly inelegant streak draped over the rear wheel. Why J.S.J. should ever contemplate me as a crew I don't know, but then he often attempted the seemingly impossible and got away with it.

That ride to Farndon will ever linger in my memory, chiefly for the fact that I would persist in looking over his right shoulder. I knew I was sitting wrongly on the wretched thing but I couldn't do much about it, and so, looking to anyone riding behind as a living "V" we reached home.

That finished me with tandems forever, until

The day came on a sunny Saturday in January this year of grace when I hurried home from my activities in

Norfolk to see Peter Rock. You read of his idea of things last month, and I hadn't time to include my story in the same issue. Peter, looking very well, I may say, was to call for me at 3-0 o'clock, and as my bicycle was far away in East Anglia I very naturally concluded that there was no cycling for me that day. Even when the curly-headed one landed at my door with the tandem I just presumed that he had not a single machine available. But when he said that I was coming to the run on the said outfit I was equally certain that I wasn't. I banked my hopes on the low saddle, not realising for a moment that such an unearthly length necessary for my streaky figure could repose in the short length of seat tube. But it did, and every other objection of mine was countered by Peter. So it came to pass, with the little fellow on the front, and the lanky one on the back, we set off from Prenton towards Parkgate.

The first bit of back seat driving was when we left our house and wobbled, the second came very shortly afterwards when I put the brake on with the lever on the rear bars. "What are you playing at, can't you trust me?" To be quite candid, I couldn't. We turned corners very gingerly, and once Peter asked if I would look round to see if anything was overtaking. I couldn't have done that for all the money in the world! And when he turned instead I felt worse still!

There was a minor nark when, with more back seat driving, I tried to show him the way to Parkgate. "Turn right here," and later "This is a Halt Sign." "Even if I have been away for four years," he emphasised, "I still know the way to Parkgate, and I can still read English!" So I relapsed into silence, only to resume

moaning when he started pedalling at least 15's down the hills to Parkgate.

You are already aware of what happened there (and I can only record my regret at such a low attendance. I enjoyed the run, but that wretched twicer had to be taken home. And I must admit that I enjoyed it. It was a perfect evening and my pleasure was only marred by Rigby Band's guffaw when he heard of me being Peter's crew.

But no more tandems. I am just not made for them—or they're not made for me!
F.E.M.

TWO IN WALES.

Peter and I had booked at Dinas Mawddwy from the Saturday night, but as I thought he was too young and he thought I was too old to do the whole journey in the day, we prevailed on the Golfing One at Chester to put us up on the Friday night. We spent a very pleasant evening there, meeting an eminent member of the Chester police from whom my young companion with his usual bashfulness, scrounged a pair of cycling shoes for the week. I believe that's how the policeman got them in the first instance.

Saturday morning dawned wet and windy and we tarried rather a long time looking at maps and railway guides and arguing which way to go. In the end I had my way and we rode through Chester and along the main road towards Wrexham, but by the time we got to Rossett Peter was fed up with the traffic on the main road and persuaded me to forsake it for the road up to Llandegla.

The weather cleared for half-an-hour before we got to the Crown and we were able to shed our wet capes and dry out in the wind. The Crown gave us a good lunch for 3/- but soon after

we left down came the rain again and the wind blew us nearly to a standstill. Down on to the main road, just past Corwen and then left for Bala where we docked about 5 p.m. and got a decent meal at the Post Office Cafe. We still had the Bwlch-y-Groes to tackle and neither of us knew what it was like—and it rained and blew harder than ever.

We struggled along the narrow lane fairly well sheltered for a few miles, until we came to the farm at Talardd.

After that we walked and got wet. When we came out on to the road proper a mile from the top we got the full force of the wind, which blew our capes round our necks and so we got wetter. We were among the clouds now and could see nothing but we just plodded on until we came to the top. Even then we had to walk as the brakes would not grip and the wheels skidded all over the place and I thought the drop on the left was hundreds of feet deep. Having got down the first two miles or so we were able to ride. Peter had his dynamo set on and we were glad of it. I just tucked in behind and hoped for the best. The next thing I knew I was in the Red Lion drinking a pint of black and tan and beside me stood a long dripping object also drinking a pint of shandy—and I'll bet he remembers that drink to his dying day.

A change of clothes and a good supper with Mrs. Morris put us right with the world and we slept like tops.

Sunday's weather was just the same so we ate and slept.

Monday morning was not much better but we rode down to Machynlleth, crossed the river, although the flood notices were out and turned right for Corris and Tal-y-Lyn. The sun came out about this time and we had a glorious ride up past the Lake

and over the Pass and down to the Cross Foxes and left to Dolgelly for tea. Afterwards we climbed the Bwlch-oer-Drws and then a glorious rush down to Dinas Mawddwy again.

Tuesday was fine but we had to wait for the post (10-30). Having received all the mail—I forget how little—we still felt lazy and it was 11 o'clock before the village saw the last of us. I was fully resolved on an easy day and we rolled quietly down to Mallwyd, where we turned sharp left at the Guest House and started the steady climb over the Bwlch-y-Fedwen, arriving at the Cann Office Hotel about 12-15 thinking that bread and cheese and liquid refreshment suitable to both of us could be made to do as a mid-day meal. Both food and beer were well below standard so we pushed on to Llanfair Careinion. Here we found the Goat and after mugging the landlord got a splendid hot lunch of roast beef, plenty of vegetables, a good sweet and cheese and coffee if wanted. This meal had quite a different effect on us. I wanted to sleep. Peter wanted to climb mountains. I compromised, told him to get out the maps and find me an easy way home while I had a doze.

Before long we were on the road for Meifod, turned left for Dolanog and on to Llanfihangel-yng-Ngwynfa, where we managed to get a much-needed pot of tea. This was marred a bit by my tobacco having got mixed up with the sugar, because tobacco floats in tea while sugar sinks—otherwise I don't think my young friend would have known anything about it. Having reached the main road from Llanfyllin to Llangadfan, I wanted to take the easy way home but Peter wanted to see where his water supply came from (not that he uses much) and I fell for it again.

It was getting late and he lost me again before we got to Llanwddyn. I found him down a lane playing tick with an old ram. However, we eventually arrived at the Guard Room at the entrance to the Lake and after shewing our Identity Cards and signing the Visitors' Book we were allowed to proceed again. Up the left side of the lake we went, turning left for the Bwlch-y-Groes, but, alas, it wasn't as easy as that. After walking about a mile upstream, for that's what it amounted to, we met a shepherd and after letting his flock pass us, were told we were on the wrong road. It wasn't a road at all anyway. This lost us another half-hour and it was getting very late when we started on the climb to the Bwlch.

When we finally reached the top there was a thick mist, it was raining slightly and was nearly dark, so again we saw nothing for our toil. We were too tired to walk down this time and it was too dark to see the dangers, so we skidded and bounced till the worst was over and then another rush for the Red Lion for a quick one and then home for supper. I began to think this sort of thing was all right for Salty and Marriott but not quite the thing for a fat middle aged old buffer like me. G.S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

2, ST. DOMINGO PLACE,
EVERTON,
L'POOL, 5.

THE EDITOR, ANFIELD CIRCULAR.

DEAR SIR,

I see in the correspondence column of this week's *Bicycle* a letter by "Wayfarer," saying: "I possess two "Imperial Petrels" (Jos Cooke, Birmingham) — first-class machines, admitted, but does "Wayfarer" state what kind of machine—a lady's—

he rode from Birkenhead to Meriden in 1922, how many punctures he had between Woore and Stonebridge corner and the state of the above machine? Why, "Syd. Walker" would not have exchanged it for a balloon.

Yours faithfully,
G. MOLYNEUX.

A LETTER FROM

—RUSSELL BARKER.

29TH JANUARY, 1944.

DEAR KETTLE,

May I express my sincere thanks to the Anonymous Member who sent off the Postal Order. I only wish that it were possible for that Anfielder to stand beside his Club-mates when they receive the gift. To get an expression of good fellowship such as this in these sandy wastes is to tell us exiles that whoever else is with us the Anfield Bicycle Club is right behind us as it always was in the palmier days. There is plenty of cycling activity out here as you will have seen from the Press. The Buckshee Wheelers are holding their first open "25" to-morrow and many stars are riding. It is under R.T.T.C. Rules and Lord Kenilworth, of "Ours," has presented the prizes. Unfortunately owing to duty I shall not be present but hope to attend some future activity. Best wishes to yourself and all Anfielders, and may I see you soon.

Yours,
RUSSELL BARKER.

—ERIC REEVES.

DEAR FRANK, 2/2/44.

Many thanks for your A.G. of 20/1/44, just received. I have been waiting for a letter since your Christmas A.G. arrived to know where to write to: this has, of course, made a long gap in my letters to you so as we both need to apologise for not writing we will call it quits and resume the old

regular correspondence. You're right, I was very disappointed not to enjoy the good fortune of Peter, and I still feel it keenly. Any chances for us seem very remote, which is not so good. The Buckshee Wheelers held a "25" recently. I couldn't get there to see it but it was won in the poor time of 1.26 odd. There was a wind of gale force blowing but even so I consider the time very slow and lots of the riders can get out every week-end so I can't understand the slow time. They are mostly massed start enthusiasts so perhaps that explains it. I am glad you like it in the new job, although as you know I would in your position have stayed put. However, you know best, so best of luck when the time arrives to apply the acid test. I have been feeling the cold much more this winter, getting thin blood through four years roasting I suppose. I hope Molly is keeping happy these days, give her my best wishes. Roll on the days when we can start salvaging the Club life again, it cannot be too soon for me.

Well, I must say cheerio now, write as often as you can please. Well, all the very best of good luck.

Yours very sincerely,

ERIC.

—ERIC REEVES.

24TH JANUARY, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

May I express my thanks through the pages of the *Circular* to the anonymous donor for his generosity in making it possible to supply the P.O. just arrived. May I thank him also for the Xmas and New Year Greetings conveyed. In turn I want to wish him all the very best that 1944 can bring. My thanks are due to you also for your continued good work in keeping in touch with those of us in the Forces. Peter Rock is home now, no

doubt you have by this time contacted him and I hope received some news of life out here. I was very disappointed to miss such an opportunity, but not having the necessary appendage, i.e., a wife, I couldn't qualify for inclusion in the fortunate few. I was the instigator of the Club trio joining this unit and I am the only one still out here, that should teach me better sense next time: if, however, you ignore strong advice as I did then one can only take the medicine as it is issued. Well, I suppose I cannot stay out here for ever, not quite anyway! I must close now, so with best wishes to you and all A.B.C. members for a better year in 1944, I will say, "Cheerio."

Yours very sincerely,

J. ERIC REEVES.

RUNS.

Halewood, 5th February, 1944.

Having previously arranged to meet Mr. Turvey, I set off about 3.30 and had quite a good ride to Warrington. We successfully contacted just the other side of the Swingbridge and I reversed and set course for the Derby Arms, arriving there in good time.

Going into the bar the first member we saw was Ira Thomas looking very fit, along with Mr. Roskell and Mr. Mandall. After the usual procedure in the bar we sauntered or ran upstairs to enjoy cold turkey and salad, well up to the Halewood standard. Mr. Roskell and Ira Thomas went to catch the 7.15 'bus, but we three stayed on until about 8.30 and then went home leaving Mr. Mandall at the bottom of Archway Road.

Mr. Turvey was staying the night at Huyton, where father was making the excuse that he had a cough.

Mr. Turvey stayed for dinner on Sunday, leaving Huyton about 3.45:

I accompanied him as far as Penketh, whence he travelled alone.

Prestbury, White House Cafe, 12th February, 1944.

Leaving the sets and tramlines behind at Hazel-Grove we passed through Poynton, continuing, as far as the Legh Arms at Adlington, where we turned off the main road down the lane in the direction of Wilmslow; later turning right and so skirting Pownall Park wall to turn left once more up the hill through Mottram-St. Andrews, to coast down the other side into Prestbury village.

As usual Mrs. Smith, at the White House, not wishing to waste things these days, busies herself in preparation for tea only on our arrival; this arrangement suits us, as a well-known assembly point is situated directly opposite to the White House, where zero hour is known to be 5-30 p.m., and where (intending visitors please note) the majority of the Club may be found until tea is announced about 6 o'clock.

To-day we have a larger turn out, ten members and two friends. Hubert Buckley on leave looking very fit had walked over from Macclesfield. Rex Austin had fed early and departed for work. Father Buckley now fully restored to his usual good health and fine temper, clothed in a huge overcoat, arrived by bus; Bert Green, J. Hodges, Bob Poole, J. Ward, J. Cranshaw, W. Orrell and Don Shaw, all contributed to the pile of machines in the shed behind the White House.

The run home later in the evening was wet, cold and dark, but all made home base in due course.

Parkgate, 19th February, 1944.

In days to come Parkgate will always be remembered with affection by many of the Anfielders in the Cheshire district.

It has given a quiet and modest meeting place in the days of restricted travel and the dark days of war and winter, a good fireside, a welcome, good fare.

Saturday was not a tempting day in Wirral—there was little or no sun—a cold wind North and East—promise of snow, but there it was, and after an early lunch I rode away from West Kirkby to Chester—leafless trees and a grey sky, there was little colour, but there was some beech—rich and brown—some new plough—green holly here and there and occasional fir, pine, and spruce. The sky-line of the Burton Wood—modest bird song—two geese walking slowly over a great field—and the quiet road, for there was almost no traffic.

A call at Davies Bros., Chester, the spiritual home of Clubmen—there I found Guy Pullen on his way to Llangollen—with him I rode to Pulford and then home along the same road with the wind firm and a little obstinate to Hinderton and reached the Deeside to meet Perkins and Barker for a welcome tea and a pleasant browse, on wheels, gears and miles—the tide was out and we could not see Wales, but we enjoyed our afternoon, and I arrived home after about 50 good miles and another Anfield run just as darkness fell.

C.F.E.

Knolls Green, Brown Owl Cafe, 19th February, 1944.

There was every indication that there would be a fall of snow as I started out for this fixture, but, fortunately, it steered clear of Manchester and district for the time being, so that we were blessed with a fine ride both out and home, although it was quite cold enough. After an uneventful journey out with a tail

wind I arrived at our rendezvous just after 5-30 p.m. to find our Presider, the Sub., Jack Ward, Wilf Orrell and Ira Thomas in possession of an upstairs room awaiting tea. Ira, by the way, is stationed for the time being at High Legh and he made his way to Knolls Green by hitch hiking so I understand, and in addition to looking very fit he has in my opinion grown taller and broader: we were all very pleased to see him and also amused by his stories of Army life and his one or two escapades.

Rex Austin had by now joined us, thus making our party into seven, and tea being eventually served, which was very plain, consisting of cheese or meat pie, bread and butter, and apple or mince tart and custard, and Ira mentioned that he could have eaten as much again; the Presider also made a remark about haying sampled, we should try some, but there was nothing doing, not even bread and butter. However, we have to be thankful for small mercies.

After tea we gathered round the fire and did some yarning concerning the various services to which we belong both full and part time. Ira, in particular, amused us very much with his story of an incident that took place in a guard room when he was a rookie and the ways they have of dealing with awkward people who have had one or two over the eight.

About 7-45 p.m. we all made our way for a quick one to the Bird-in-hand and here we all took our lamps and pumps inside for safety because one or two of our members have from time to time been relieved of these important items from their machines.

The Presider and I took our leave about 8-20 p.m. and I think the others would keep Ira company until his 'bus arrived from Wilmslow. I left the

Presider at Altrincham and eventually arrived home at something to 10 p.m., another enjoyable run coming to an end. Members present were the Presider, Jim Cranshaw, Rex Austin, Wilf Orrell, Jack Ward, Ira Thomas and Bob Poole.

Dane-in-Shaw, 26th February, 1944.

Memories of the previous visit to this place, when a gale was blowing against us on the outward journey, making progress under capes—for it was raining too—a very painful and slow affair, were in my mind this Saturday afternoon, when I thanked my lucky stars that what wind there was was behind me. Riding was easy, and although a thin rain made a cape necessary, the journey along the Alderley-Congleton highway, than which there are few pleasanter, was very enjoyable. Arriving at the Coach and Horses, very warm from walking the steep hill, I found three others awaiting me and the meal ordered. That dispatched, we gathered round the fire and discussed many things, including dynamo lamps, which have caused some trouble lately; one of Ours, rejoicing in a brilliant light, had come to a sudden standstill with a deflated tyre and ruined cover. Looking out of the inn door to see whether the rain had ceased, as it had on our last visit, I found to my disappointment that it had turned to snow. So we caped up and set off. Here another dynamo and lamp caused trouble—the light it gave was so faint as to be negligible, and such adjustments as seemed possible made no difference. But the white snow on the roadside was a sufficient guide to enable me to get along all right, with the help of the light given by the other lamps, and whilst progress was not too rapid we all managed to reach home safely.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

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FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
Apl. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).	TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
.. 8/10	Easter Tour. Llanrwst, (Headquarters, Victoria Hotel).	Apl. 1	Goostrey (Red Lion).
.. 15	Tarvin (Bleak House Cafe).	.. 8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe) and Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cafe).
.. 22	Tea, 5-30 p.m. Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	.. 22	Prestbury (White House Cafe)
.. 29	Hawarden (Glynn Arms).	.. 29	Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
May 6	Halewood (Derby Arms).	May 6	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 8TH INST.

NOTICES

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Roll of Honour.

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

COMMITTEE NOTES.

‡ THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER. Mr. John Ward, 8, Porlock Close, Offerton, Stockport. has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. C. C. Dews, 26, Exchange Street East, Liverpool 2; Mr. G. Farr, 2, Churton Road, Gorton, Manchester 18.; Capt. J. Park, R.D., R.N.R., 24, Larch Crescent, Beeston, Notts.

TREASURY NOTES.

A slight falling off this month, but as the first two months of the year were so good, it is only to be expected.

My thanks to the following for subscriptions and/or *Donations to the Comforts Fund,

Anonymous.*	W. Orrell.*
C. C. Dews.	E. Snowden.
C. F. Elias.*	J. Ward.
D. Kinghorn.	E. Webb.*
G. P. Mills.	J. H. Williams.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

A DAY WITH THE BUCKSHEE WHEELERS.

Although M.E. cycling appears to be getting organised now, there is still a great dearth of suitable machines. On the occasion when Reeves and I rode with the Wheelers (thus qualifying for membership) we hired our steeds. The cost of hiring was 30 piastres per day (six shillings to you!) Eric's iron was a Pengot of extremely doubtful vintage, while mine was a Phillips of similar quality. On assembling at the august portals of G.H.Q., Cairo, which is the home of the "Wheelers," we were fortunate in

obtaining two other machines which were not being used that day. These were provided by Johnny Walker, Oval C.C., the chappie whose enthusiasm is responsible for the formation of organised cycling over there.

Our turnout consisted of Johnny Walker, Ken Marshall, the Poly-track star, an Englishman resident in Cairo, whose name I cannot recall, an Armenian, local massed start expert, two other serving men, and two Anfielders. We started through the city in good style, threading our way through the busy streets and gently assisting the wandering 'wogs' who did not move from our path quickly enough. Ken Marshall was amazingly proficient at this threading in and out of the jay walkers with great agility. The road out of town was asphalt, but oh! so bumpy. Our speed quite amazed us, for we were soon moving along at a steady 17's with an occasional tear-up. After riding some ten miles I punctured and one of the lads came to my rescue with patches and a mass of gummy solution which was quite useless. In the meantime some had ridden on but returned to find the cause of the delay. The Armenian, on seeing my plight, opened his wallet, drew forth a minute piece of cord, nipped the punctured portion of the tube, bound it tight with the cord and we were on our way again within two minutes. I was very apprehensive of such unorthodox dealings, but the tyre held good over a further seventy miles.

At Barrage we halted at an Arab 'cafe' for 'elevenses.' Tea was obtained and rolls and 'heban,' a milk curd which passes as cheese in those parts. Here we parted, three to return to duty, whilst five of us

carried on to Ben Ha, a cotton town on the Nile delta. The road was now dirt, loose and dusty, winding alongside the Nile. It was level enough but the wind! It was fifteen miles to Ben Ha from Barrage and to me, fifteen miles of purgatory! I had the honk, and not content with that was feeling saddle-sore. However, Ben Ha was reached in time for lunch and with a substantial meal of eggs and sweet potatoes I felt quite happy again.

Where we went after that I do not really know except that we were still on dirt tracks; sometimes passing through great fields of standing maize and cotton. Here and there we passed over smelly canals and through tumbledown squalid Arab villages which beggar description.

By this time, it was Eric's turn. He was not happy, suffering mainly from soreness. I was quite pleased again and was up in front quite a bit of the time. Round about four in the afternoon we stopped for refreshments at another Arab cafe, our bicycles providing great interest for the locals.

Once more through lanes and fields, and finally the Cairo-Ismailia road was reached some twenty miles east of Cairo. A fast run in, further cyclo-batics through the now crowded streets and our one and only cycle ride in the Middle East closed pleasantly and memorably with eighty miles to our credit.

PETER.

**MASSEY-HARPER, OF CONGLETON,
DIES AT 92.**

The Anfield has lost at the beginning of March this year one of her oldest friends, although not at any time a Club member, in the late Massey-

Harper, of Congleton, the landlord of the Lion and Swan Hotel, who used to turn the competitors at half-distance in the Anfield "50's," both in paced days and unpaced, when that event took place between Stockton Heath near Grappenhall, Congleton and back, during the eighties and nineties and even later. In addition, his house was a favourite place for week-ends until unfortunately a misunderstanding arose about the brand of some particular whisky that was unpopular during some evening when some motoring members went on to Knutsford. The Lion and Swan was almost a Museum of Curiosities, and before leaving the premises Mr. and Mrs. Harper held a sale when disposing of their property.

The papers of to-day say that Alderman Massey-Harper has died at the age of 92, after holding the license for nearly 73 years until last summer he quitted his famous old Inn whose fine old furniture made a mellow setting for a man who went into the business during the Franco-Prussian War, and they might have added: never went out of it until the world-wide anti-Prussian War of 70 years later.

Massey-Harper in his younger days was a famous amateur jockey, well-known around Tarporley and the Tarporley Hunt, and the last time I had the honour of meeting his helpmeet at Crewe station she told me of his horse, "Agony," starting favourite in the Lancashire Handicap in 1908, fell, and was shot.

The writer of these notes, although at that time not an Anfielder, spent his first week-end in England at the Lion and Swan in the winter of 1887, at Christmas time, when after an overdose of gin, purchased the night

before at Macclesfield, he was unable to appreciate at their true value the delights of the house which his party did to the full. From this hour he spent many week-ends there and always received such an excess of kindness both from Mr. and Mrs. Harper that it filled him with a feeling of shame of his shortcomings shown in return and caused him to neglect the house.

Mrs. Harper became in her cycling days the best lady rider in Cheshire, and was a life-long friend of Miss Fowler, the sister of our member, Jack Fowler, of the disposal of whose mortal remains our President only recently acted in so worthy and generous a manner.

The *Manchester Evening Chronicle* of Friday, March 3rd, 1944, gives credit to this remarkable Congleton record.

F.H.K.

RUNS.

Halewood, 4th March, 1944.

Starting early I went through Warrington along the Tarporley road as far as Acton Bridge, where I turned right and headed for the Warrington-Frodsham road. Turning right at same I found I was pushing against a slight head wind. Just outside Warrington it commenced to snow and sleet, and it was the same all the way to the Derby Arms, at which pub I arrived in good time for a drink with Messrs. Roskell, Mandall, Morris and Newall. We went up to the meal, which consisted of boiled chicken, greens and potatoes with excellent pie to follow. Messrs. Morris and Newall dashed off to catch the train, while we three remained to keep the Derby Arms going till Mr. Roskell

left for the 'bus. We stayed until about eight, then rode quietly home together as far as the bottom of Archway Road. When I got home I went up to see the Editor, who was in bed, and he grunted "Well, you'd better write the run up."

Goostrey, Red Lion, 4th March, 1944.

Leaving home rather late, but determined to make some sort of a detour preferably to a straight run out, we set off in the direction of Macclesfield but we came to a sudden stop at the foot of the Buteley Ash hill, where Jack's tyre decided to go flat. The tyre repaired, there was nothing else for it but to reduce arrears by a spot of hard riding, speeding through Prestbury village we turned left after the brook and climbed the steep hill to the black and white smithy; we were sorry about this necessary haste because we love to dawdle up this hill with its wonderful view over towards Bollington, east to the Derbyshire hills. The descent, however, to the Macclesfield-Monks Heath road is a joy to last for ever, the beauty of the country-side hereabouts being unsurpassed in the whole of Cheshire.

Another short steep climb, then many twists and turns to follow, brought us alongside Reedsmere, finally to Siddington corner. At this point the snow came with all the force of a goodish storm, we had no wish and no time to cape up so that by the time we reached the Red Lion we had accumulated a fairish amount of this Christmas card stuff.

The last to arrive, we made the total attendance nine, as follows:—E. Buckley, J. Hodges, President Green, Vice-President Rex Austin, W. Orrell, Ira Thomas, Don Shaw, Jack Ward and J. D. Cranshaw.

Parkgate, 11th March, 1944.

Once again it has been my lot to be inveigled into recording the run to Parkgate. It seems a very old tradition in the Club to seize upon a member, who often enough, through uncontrollable circumstances, is unable to attend regularly.

The day was very pleasant with a strong nor'-wester, which tempted me greatly to venture into east-Cheshire to attend the Manchester run. Fortunately for my present state of fitness, business kept me engaged until mid-afternoon, so I was saved the gruelling of a journey back across Cheshire into the prevailing wind, which had caused much suffering in the palmier days of peace.

Part of my business caused me to battle against the elements as far as West Kirby. The going up Grange Hill was excessively tough and I was most grateful to a small child who gave a momentary break half-way up, by the simple expedient of asking the time.

The return journey to Parkgate was indeed a pleasure, marred only by lack of sufficient suppleness of muscle to twiddle my sixty-three fixed fast enough. As is now apparently customary the turnout was most disappointing, the sum total being two members present. Conversation over tea ranged from the Middle East to cycling and walking in the 'Lakes.'

By six forty-five there seemed no further likelihood of any increase of attendance, so we ventured forth against the dying breeze, Elias to receive no respite and Rock to sail homewards once the Clegg corner was reached.

Parkgate, 18th March, 1944.

As I was walking down our road Albert Preston, exquisitely garbed in a blue overcoat, drain-pipe flannels and brilliantly shined shoes, exclaimed "Y'aven't cleaned yer boots!" Admittedly, I hadn't. I am a stranger in my own home, and I just didn't know where the cleaning materials are kept. But I had shined them very industriously the morning before, and they were only travel-stained on my journey from Norfolk. But it does show what even a few Army weeks will do to even our Albert. Wonders will never cease.

Albert and I, ostensibly walking to Parkgate, managed to sneak on to a couple of buses for Heswall, and only then did we start the Shank's Pony business. Dropping down towards the sea we met Salty's little lad being pushed home by his Grannie.

On a slightly (very slightly) muddy footpath Albert moaned again about his shoes, so he vaulted, and I strode, over a wire fence on to the springy turf of the golf links. A weighing machine on the front at Parkgate revealed, quite accurately, that I had increased in weight by almost a stone since I had forsaken the grime of Liverpool for the glamour (yes, glamour) of Norfolk.

We met Blotto's better half by the cafe and we were pleased with the news that d-B. himself would be along shortly. He was next. Then Peter Rock smiled in, and the party was completed by the arrival of Salty.

The tea was good, the fish was fresh—so fresh that Blotto and his missus had to wait until their's was caught!—and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Arthur Williams came in, his face much longer than the proverbial

fiddle, with the news that he had to report for a naval medical on the following Tuesday. So they've found him out at last!

And so, with much banter, so happily reminiscent of pre-war days, the party came to a close. Marriott had to hike back to Heswall to pay another call, while the others did a spot of indulging at various hostelrys on the way home. Nice work!

Brereton, Bear's Head, 18th March, 1944.

Picture an old Cheshire pub, black and white, with many chimney pots, lots of gabled ends, with a carved porchway, cobble stone approach and leaded windows through which was just discernable a flicker of firelight, and you have the Bear's Head at Brereton, standing aside on a bend of one of the busiest roads of Cheshire.

As a child I remember a penny-farthing decorating the front of this very pub, even so long ago a thing of curiosity to me.

The pub has never had a reputation for hospitality for as long as I can remember, but things are changing and a real effort is being made to rectify this long-standing want.

Unfortunately, only four members turned up for tea: W. Orrell, H. Green, Jack Ward and Jim Cranshaw. Rex Austin was carrying the Anfield colours in other fields.

To most of us the ride out had been hard against a strong south-westerly wind, and so it was with joy that after tea we turned our heads towards home with the wind in no way diminished, to speed along very nearly deserted highways making the most of the remaining light of day, feeling that it was just reward for our efforts of the forenoon.

COMMITTEE MEETING.

March 19th, 1944.

This function is noteworthy (to the writer, at least), because of the many remarks anent Frank Marriott's trying to out-Hubert Hubert! Everyone noticed it. Actually Hubert is down three and our late Editor up one, another such move and the positions will be changed!

Jimmy Williams and Hubert met Frank and Albert on the 'bus, (Marriott's bicycle is in Norfolk, or so he said. Albert's bicycle is at home). Salty and Peter and Frank Perkins beat us to the Derby Arms. Then one by one they came in—Bert Green, George Molyneux, Harold Kettle, Elias, Powell, Peter Stephenson, Ken Barker, Rex Austin, Jack Hodges and, I quite forgot, Frank Chandler.

War or no war, we all had roast pork and trappings and tart to follow. Salty had three helpings, Frank Marriott had two, just the same as the rest of the party. Albert told us that he had wangled out of the Army for two months only, but he did not explain how. That guy always did land on his two feet though!

And that's about all; after the meeting we drifted away in one's and two's, many of us quite pleased at being able to visit Halewood, if only on rare occasions.

Parkgate, 25th March, 1944.

Are the Liverpool runs coming into favour again, or is it just a happy combination of circumstances which has been responsible for the increased (*sic*) attendance?

The day was very pleasant, starting with the customary morning mist and developing to one ideal for cycling. Quite by chance news came to me

that the sloe-eyed one had returned from his sojourn abroad, and together we sallied forth. Although the old propensities which accompanied our earlier riding are still there, a veiled truce was observed, and after a gentle ride the famed half-way house was reached.

Here we found the F.O.F. resplendent in snappy non-utility outfit, debating inwardly on the attractiveness of the day. Seizing on the mood, it was a simple matter, after a pleasing interlude, to sally forth thus reinforced to the Sand o' Dee. Whilst debating over proffered fare a fourth member arrived. Tea was a jolly affair, coupled with reminiscences of incidents abroad and of racing days. At seven we departed. Elias for West Kirby and Reeves and Rock to accompany Randall as far as Willaston, where they too, turned homewards.

PETER ROCK.

Dane-in-Shaw, 25th March, 1944.

A perfect spring afternoon—sunshine through thin white cloud in a pale blue sky, a pleasant breeze, not strong enough to stir the branches of the leafless trees, nor to impede progress. On such a day one feels able to move mountains, or, if not quite that, at any rate to get up them without undue fatigue. Thus the present writer, old and decrepit though he be, feeling the fires of spring surging within him,

made unexpectedly good progress by the Kingsway airport, Alderley and the rolling Congleton high-road to the rendezvous, where he found Jack Hodges already arrived, seated on the grass, basking in the sunshine. Soon Wilf Orrell appeared, *on a bicycle*; both had travelled approximately the same lane route. Then came the Vice, with his son; they'd tried another route. Tea was ordered and before it was ready Jim Cranshaw and Jack Ward arrived, completing the party of seven. The usual substantial meal was consumed to the accompaniment of discussion of all sorts of things—Easter tour, Whitsun tour, racing, etc. Shortly after 7-0 we decided to leave and went by a devious and very pleasant route leading us to Bosley cross-roads. Here we turned left for Macclesfield. At the side road for Gawsworth Wilf left us to make his way to Twemlow, the remainder of the party threading its way through the meandering Saturday night crowd in the narrow main street of Macclesfield, and emerging on the Stockport road. A call at the Butley Ash, the first one for some of us, the first for very many years for others, made a break, and then we went on again, the party breaking up at Poynton. A very pleasant afternoon and evening; the sunset gave new beauty to the hills and dales, and the crisp chill of the evening made exercise a pleasure.

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ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
May 6	Halewood (Derby Arms).		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.
" 13	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	May 6	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 20	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 13	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
" 21	Committee Meet'g, Halewood (Derby Arms). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.	" 20	Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).
" 27/29	Whitsuntide Tour, Nesscliffe (Headquarters, Nesscliffe Hotel).	" 27	Parkgate and Prestbury.
June 3	Halewood (Derby Arms).	June 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 8TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, 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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:—Mr. F. E. Marriott, c/o Mrs. Rye, The Green, Weasenham, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

TREASURY NOTES.

This month the return is poor, with only six members having paid their subscriptions. I again take this opportunity of reminding those who were written to early in the year for their outstanding subscriptions and who have not yet paid up.

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

J. A. Bennett.	W. M. Robinson.
P. Brazendale.	A. Turnor.
R. Poole.*	K. Turnor.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

FORCES NOTES.

As you will see from accounts of the Club Runs we have had visits from Eric Reeves, the last of the trio to get home from the M.E. Peter Rock, home on compassionate leave this time, and Albert Preston, who has been released from the Army for a couple of months because the office cannot do without him (extraordinary). Frank Marriott also paid us a flying visit and he and Peter Rock went out to Huyton to see the Editor, who is suffering from a fit of depression combined with a cloud of high pressures. There were a lot of rude remarks passed on both sides but no pots were broken.

Frank Marriott is shortly opening the Y.M.C.A. in another village, and as he will be starting this new place from scratch he will be glad if anyone can send him any games and books they can spare. You will find his address under Committee Notes.

Since writing the above we hear that Albert reported back into khaki

last Monday. We understand there is something "hush hush" about his movements, but no doubt we will soon have definite news.

RENDEZVOUS.

George Connor and Rigby Band had a date at some little pub in the Yorkshire dales not long ago. It was a filthy night, but both enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Other dates were made, but as they have not materialised, George thinks Rigby must be on the move.

Eric Reeves finds himself within 70 miles of Frank Marriott's station in Norfolk. They hope to have a meal and a good long chin-wag in Peterborough soon.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

News comes from Merseyside (via Yorkshire) that Arthur Williams ("Ginner" or "Redhead") has at last been roped in, and the other day saw him reporting at Devonport Dockyard to be fitted out in the attire which most becomes a member of His Majesty's Royal Navy. We have no more news at the moment, but we shall be interested, very interested, to hear Arthur's story of his experiences in due course.

JACK SALT.

Salty went down to Theale at Easter to see the Charlotteville "50." He found the feeding not too good down South, but managed to find good digs at Mickleton, near Broadway and at Ross-on-Wye. Members who used to go down to the B.R. in happier times will be very sorry to hear that their old friend Mr. Farmer has passed on.

On the strength of his training spin John James got up in the recent

Merseyside "25" and surprised himself and a few other people by romping in sixth with 1-0-45 against Hector Lloyd's winning time of 1-5-24. Congratulations, Jack.

EASTER TOUR.

Llanrwst, April 7th/10th, 1944.

Feeling doubtful of my ability to cover nearly a century of miles in a day, Bob and I decided upon an early start on Good Friday morning, and in point of fact were away just before daybreak. It proved an ideal morning and rapid progress was made through Knutsford and Northwich, so that when the ancient city of Chester was reached about 9-30, it seemed that the back of the journey was broken. Hereabouts some of the sandwiches carried from home were consumed, and we proceeded through a Scotch mist by Broughton and Mold and along the road to Ruthin. Almost miraculously the mist cleared, and Ruthin was found bathed in glorious sunshine. A good lunch was obtained at the Sarita Cafe, and we were off again along the hilly road by Clawdd Newydd and Glyn Myfyr to Cerrig-y-Druidion. Well ahead of schedule we dropped down, aided by an easterly wind, to Bettws, and turned at the Waterloo Bridge to arrive at the Victoria about 5 o'clock.

Jack Hodges had arrived by way of Llangollen, where he stayed the night, and by Bala and Festiniog. About six-thirty the others arrived in a bunch, having met in Chester and ridden by Chester, Llangollen and A.S. "The others," by the way, were the Presider, Jack Ward, Peter Stephenson and our loyal exile from Yorkshire, Norman Turvey, revived by a night's sojourn in Stockport. Soon we had dined, and Turvey and I found excellent draught Worthington in the village, but had to return to a poorer brew at 9-30, closing time in these parts. One or two more with the party and we were abed at an early hour.

Some overslept on Saturday morning, but all had breakfasted before ten, and after some delay in obtaining sandwiches, a start was made at 10-45

and good progress followed by the west bank of the Conway to Bettws. On we went through Capel Curig and the Nant Francon to Ogwen Cottage, enjoying to the full the magnificent views of Tryfan and the Glyders seen on the way. The wind was favourable and a tremendously fast run ensued through Bethesda to Bangor, where an excellent lunch was obtained at Robert's Cafe.

We were away by two, but stopped for ale at Port Dinorwic before reaching Caernarvon. From here the wind was against us and through Llanberis the party broke up into its component elements, and struggled to the top, Bob, Peter and Jack Hodges riding the lot. At Pen-y-Pass we ate our sandwiches and rode easily by the outward route to a very welcome meal at headquarters. Norman and I resumed our investigation of the inns of Llanrwst, but ultimately returned to our first love; and on return to H.Q. found the younger members deeply involved with three charmers from Rhyl. The elders imbibed their ale stolidly and went to bed.

All were up betimes on Sunday, and were away at 10-30 by Bettws, the Lledr valley, Dolwyddelan and over the Crimea to Festiniog. Naturally we thought of last year's struggle; but this trip was much easier although only our evergreen Jack Hodges rode the lot. Reaching the Pengwern Arms in good time we enjoyed a really excellent lunch, as well as a hearty welcome from the Haywards. Soon we had to go, and went down the hill to Maentwrog and Penrhyndeudraeth and across the embankment to Portmadoc. The famous view was invisible owing to mist, but the Presider described it, and so we reached Pont Aberglaslyn and Beddgelert. Tea in the village proved unobtainable, but last year's cottage came to the rescue. All climbed the Gwynant, aided by a following wind, and Spam for supper was the reward of our labours.

Sunday in Wales being what it is, Norman and I had to try to stomach the Burtonwood ale at H.Q., but soon gave it best and retired to rest.

Next morning, with a helpful breeze from Bettws, we were soon in Pentre and took the Denbigh road. The

favourable conditions helped all to ride the whole way except the Presider, and he walked but a few yards. After a welcome refresher at the Sportsman and a cheery chat with its Manchester tenants, we enjoyed a hair raising run down to Denbigh, where lunch had been booked at the Bull.

Soon after two o'clock saw us on our journey through Bodfari to Mold, where a detour was made to call for tea at the Glynne Arms at Hawarden. Alas, the meal was a dreadful experience, with nowt to eat, a surly waitress and an exorbitant charge; no doubt more will be heard of the matter as representations have been made in the right quarter. Now the party split up, Turvey and Peter were for Queensferry and Huyton; Rex and Bob, somewhat late for evening duties, for the 5-22 to Knutsford, for Chester, and the others with plenty of time before dark, made their sedate journey by way of Chester.

So ended another successful week-end, marred only by the absence of one or two we would have liked to see. Don Shaw, of course, would have been with us but for his unlucky accident—but there were others. The H.Q. was satisfactory, although we owe a lot of that to the waitress (Agnes, from Rochdale) who contributed much to the success of the week-end. There were few cars, little rain and only one puncture—so "Here's to the next time."

A LETTER FROM

—RALPH FER.

16TH APRIL, 1944.

DEAR KETTLE,

Once again many thanks to the Club for the Postal Order.

I don't remember whether I told you that I had to have a bone removed from my spine, as it had got out of place, but I'm glad to say that the operation appears to have been successful. For the past eight weeks I have been at a Convalescent Depot, and am now awaiting posting instructions to a Unit, so should be back in harness again shortly.

Yours very sincerely,

J. R. FER.

—TED BYRON.

21/4/44.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my sincere thanks to the Club for the P.O. which I received from you a couple of days ago.

These little bolts from the blue always seem to arrive at the most opportune moments when I'm almost financially embarrassed, and prove very welcome indeed.

I'm glad to see Eric is home from the M.E., I did see Peter for a moment or two when I was last home on leave.

Please remember me to any of the Club you should see, and once again thanking you.

Yours,

TED BYRON.

—DEL BANCO.

20TH APRIL, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for your note enclosing Postal Order for 10/- from the Club's Comforts Fund.

Will you please convey my thanks to the members through the intermediary of the Committee.

I am fortunate in still being at the same Station, as many of my colleagues have departed "for pastures new." It may be my turn next.

Again my very best thanks, and with kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

S. del BANCO.

—ARTHUR BIRKBY.

20TH APRIL, 1944.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Once again I have the privilege of thanking you and the Club for a most welcome Postal Order (10/-). It enabled me to wangle a day pass home, which I thoroughly enjoyed.

The other day I had a most enjoyable trip via Kington, New Radnor, Llanfihangel, Llandrindod Wells and back via Newchurch, Whitney-on-Wye, etc. Not more than 54 miles, but not too bad for me in uniform and boots.

Once again, many thanks,

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR BIRKBY.

—IRA THOMAS.

25/4/44.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Many thanks for forwarding to me the P.O. from the Comforts Fund, and I wish to thank all those members who so generously subscribe to the fund.

During my stay in Cheshire it gave me great pleasure in being able to attend the three runs I managed to get to, it was like a tonic meeting old faces again: our Presider, Hubert, Rex, Bren, and all the others. My big disappointment was not being able to meet Peter, Rigby and Tommy Sherman, and I was very pleased to read in the *Circular* that they had been joined by Eric Reeves again. As you know the weather on the day of the Goostrey run was very Christmassy and I had qualms on how I was to get back, the train to London Road was late but I managed to get a lift right to the camp gates, so I was very lucky.

Please convey my best regards to all and I am looking forward to my next Club run.

IRA.

—HAROLD CATLING.

8TH APRIL, 1944.

DEAR KETTLE,

Please convey to the Club my thanks for a very acceptable gift. Since I became a soldier I have had no opportunities for cycling, my only breath of that pleasant life being through the pages of our *Circular*.

My home address is the most reliable method of communicating with me.

My regards to all.

HAROLD CATLING.

—SYD. JONAS.

12TH JANUARY, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Since writing last I have received two gifts from the Club. The first was a P.O. and the second a pound of St. Bruno tobacco, and I hope you will extend my thanks to the members.

The tobacco must have been sent off many months ago, but it has followed me round successfully and it is now being smoked with great enjoyment.

I had a grand Christmas in spite of an upheaval beforehand, and why I didn't join the R.A.M.C. years ago I don't know.

The *Circulars* are coming through slowly but they do arrive and are always interesting.

I had a bicycle here for a short while but have had to give it up now and travel, as Fire Officer, by my Fire Engine instead. I think I have just the right touch for driving the Fire Engine though I think it would be safer for all concerned if the touch was fitted with a large bell.

I am hoping to see you all sometime this year and until then, cheerio, and all good wishes.

Yours,

SYD. JONAS.

—RIGBY BAND.

10TH APRIL, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to yourself and all members for the much appreciated Postal Order received last week. With the coming of the light nights the old call of the road has tempted me out for a few evening rides of late and brings back pre-war memories which grew rather dim during my sojourn abroad. Anyway, prospects for the 1945 racing season do seem a bit brighter this year though I think my future racing activities will take the form of helping the younger generation.

Kind regards to all and once again many thanks from

J. RIGBY BAND.

—ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Just a note to let you know that the navy has got me. I have been here a fortnight and am now doing a five weeks' training. I have passed my trade test as a shipwright and am now a Petty Officer. The ban on rail travel makes it impossible to pinch a long week-end, so at the present I have to be content with walking around Cornwall in my spare time. The camp we are stationed at is in a beautiful position overlooking the river Tavy, it was once a holiday home, now it's a concentration camp for Naval

discipline. Will you let the boys know that I am in the Forces? They allow us to stay out all night till 7-30 in the morning, so I am staying at the Sailors' Rest in Davenport. I shall try to get on a Club run when I get home, so all the best for the present.

Yours sincerely,
A. WILLIAMS.

—DON BIRCHALL.

30TH APRIL, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please accept my sincere and delayed thanks for P.O. recently received. I have been away in camp undergoing a special course for my Third, and when I arrived back I found your very welcome P.O. awaiting me.

I have just had a letter from Arthur Williams who, you no doubt already know, has been roped into the Royal Navy as a shipwright and is now strutting around the barrack square of a naval training establishment in the South, in the square rig of a P.O.

With all good wishes to yourself and all Members.

Yours sincerely,
DON BIRCHALL.

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

28/4/44.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks to the Club for your letter and remittance of last week.

I'm settling down quite happily in this country of ours, in fact, now it is hard to realise that one has been away. There is one vast difference in that foot-slogging in this country is easy compared with abroad: we're indulging in a lot of strenuous training right now, and believe it or not, getting quite sunburnt!

Parachuting in this country has its snags, inasmuch as there are far too many hazards: last week I landed on top of a roof, to the astonishment of a small boy playing in the yard, and I think the old farmer was looking round wildly for his pitchfork wherewith to defend his last ditch.

I haven't seen Len since I was home on my last leave, but I have hopes of seeing him again soon.

Best wishes to all.

SAMMY.

—GEORGE CONNOR.

DEAR HAROLD,

I should like to thank you for your letter of 12th April, and also for the P.O. from the Club's Comforts Fund. Will you please convey my very best thanks to all concerned and as always this gesture on the part of Club members is greatly appreciated.

I am glad to say I am feeling pretty fit and have been managing to do a spot of cycling recently and was in Ripon on Saturday. I suppose it is about 20 miles from here, not much more. I had gone in that direction in the hopes of meeting Rigby Band, but he didn't head up so I presumed he must have either moved or been on duty. I have had two meetings with Rigby over the past fortnight and we cycled about half-way from where we are stationed and we had a couple of really enjoyable evenings, quite like a Wednesday night rendezvous, the only difference being the beverage was beer and not tea as it used to be at Parkgate. The first time I met him, by arrangement, was a filthy night and it rained all the way there and back, but still having that keen cycling enthusiasm or whatever one cares to call it we didn't let it deter us. The second meeting was a better night and I got back in good time. The last few miles to camp are pretty tough and the road climbs quite a lot. I just managed to get in and report a few minutes before midnight. It was quite like old times. I went there again last night but as he didn't turn up I presume he must have moved, so I am waiting to hear from him.

I was due for leave on the 26th of this month but have had it postponed for a time, how long I don't really know but am rather anxious to know something definite as I am hoping to be married whenever I do get it. Does that surprise you? Yet another of the "boys" going the way of all flesh, but I don't think it will curtail my Anfield activities altogether and I shall be doing a fair amount of cycling once I am settled down and out of this blasted army. I shall be getting married in Northern Ireland when I do get leave so am hoping something

will turn up to lift the ban, failing which I shall have to postpone things for a time.

Well, Harold, apart from that I have little news, so will close. I trust you are keeping well and please convey my regards to any Anfielders you may see.

Kind regards,

GEORGE CONNOR.

—FRED BREWSTER.

MARCH 17TH, 1944.

DEAR STEVIE,

I'm afraid that in the past I have not written as often as I should have done, but have resolved that in 1944—

First of all I must express my sincere thanks to the A.B.C. for their generous and frequent gifts, which I can assure you are very welcome.

After two years of the prairie existence (I nearly said life) I had thought that I might possibly be attending a Club run in the near future, but the powers that be decided otherwise and thought that Alberta for a spell would get me accustomed to civilization once again before I was allowed to grace or disgrace the fair land of England. So here I am nicely ensconced in Calgary for a few months at least. The station is 26 miles from town, just a short distance as distance is reckoned over here, but too far to cycle for me anyway, so I have to burn up a little of the nation's petrol supply.

Incidentally, have not sat astride an 'iron' since I've been over here, so am looking forward to some interesting "parcels" on my return, especially having acquired a tandem partner (?) during my sojourn over here.

The *Circulars* arrive regularly and serve to keep me in touch with the activities of the "boys," and at times make me feel very homesick, but I hope ere long I too shall be able to take part in a few runs.

I must close now in sending my best regards to yourself and Rhoda and to all members of the A.B.C. Long may it reign.

Sincerely yours,

FRED.

—WALTER KAY, Chester Road Club.

DEAR FRANK,

5/3/44.

A few lines from an old friend of "the road." Please excuse the indirect route but I understand you are not at 45 Carlton Road these days. Firstly, how are you keeping? Do you still manage to keep the wheels turning? I suppose Jack Salt is still around, and, of course, Chief Inspector Lloyd. I hear of "Bert" from my brother, who is one of his part-time specials. Where are the Connors nowadays? I knew so many Anfielders but cannot remember the names, however, please give my very best regards to all my old friends on Merseyside. I was in North Africa for nine months, and visited most places on the coast from Bone to Sousse, it was a grand experience, but it made my heart ache to see the Arabs riding really fine French mounts: it was very tempting but I did *not* pinch one. I see some local names in the "Buckshee Wheelers," but it was much too far East for me. Well, now, I am in Italy, and having seen a few spots, including Vesuvius and Pompeii, find myself on the Anzio Bridgehead. It is not so damned hot here as some people make out. For example, I still have a billet with electric lighting, spring bed, and a fire *and* a sound dug-out in case. We have a Sergeants' Mess, and suppers, including beer and whisky get through regularly. Well, Frank, it is getting late so I will dry up. Cheerio, and all the best.

Yours ever,

WALTER.

RUNS.

Halewood, 1st April, 1944.

The start of this run for the two Engineers was a rendezvous at Chester with the Editor's son, who has added many inches to his height since our last meeting. Our temporary host, the sun worshipper, would not make up the foursome because the overcast conditions prevented the exposure of the tanned features to a further supply of actinics. It was necessary to cape up before leaving Chester, and we suffered the uncomfortable things until a halt at Rock Savage gave us an excuse to take them off. A short wait for the Transporter and the ride to Halewood was completed in a fine drizzle of rain, for which we disdained to cape up again. In the tank were Hubert, Stevie, Eddie Morris and Mandall. Our trio of Reeves, Rock and young Peter Stephenson completed the party. Upstairs Hubert proceeded to serve numerous helpings of hot-pot to all. Morris retired early, to be followed shortly by Hubert. The rest of the party had another one and then, with the exception of young Peter, we adjourned to the Eagle & Child for a final one before going our various ways home. So ended a Halewood run which, though not up to pre-war glories, still retained some of the tradition of happier days.

Goostrey, 1st April, 1944.

It was All Fools' Day but there was no uncertainty about the approach of Spring, it was an accomplished fact.

The sycamores, with their huge sticky buds, the ash, shimmering in the light, each bough plainly discernable but clothed in a gossamer-like cloak of early green.

The hedgerows and fields beyond covered with millions of tiny stars of a most wonderful shade of green on an almost black background and last,

but not least, the ribbon of road invitingly open leading ever onwards with mighty promise. Something was lacking, the road knew as well as I; was it the sound of happy voices and the familiar faces of the boys now away on serious business afar off? But, promised the road "they will return and then I will reveal my finest glory," and may that be soon, echoed my heart.

Mrs. Knowles is keeping the flag flying with her pre-war standard of teas and those of us that enjoy them eagerly await the day when our companions return to join in the good things.

Those present on this occasion were the Presider, E. Buckley, W. Orrell, G. B. Orrell, J. Ward, J. D. Cranshaw and R. Austin.

Parkgate, 8th April, 1944.

Peter Rock and Eric Reeves called for del Banco only to find him busy (*sic*) gardening, and as the said gardening had to be done, Blotto shoo-ed the Terrible Twins away with the promise to meet them later on for tea.

In due course del Banco dragged out the "barrow" and meandered down to the "sands o' Dee." On arrival he was closely followed by Don Birchall, accompanied by Mrs. Don. Our Don is now sporting a third "tape," and is looking very fit.

Peter and Eric then arrived, having been "half-wheeling" each other to Chester and back; it's a great game of theirs.

While tea was in progress Tommy Mandall came in to complete the attendance.

As most of us seemed to have some sort of engagement for later on in the evening an early start was made homewards after tea; Don and his better half to remain at Parkgate, Tommy and Eric leaving Blotto and Peter at the Glegg Arms to carry on to Heswall, while the latter turned right for Bebington.

Knolls Green, 8th April, 1944.

The Mullah and his two boys were the sole representatives of the Club at this run.

Tarvin, 15th April, 1944.

Well done, Liverpool! Seven members and one friend out of a total of eleven. A very hopeful sign—if you'll only turn up in this proportion there's a chance of getting back to the old days of all joint runs—a consumation devoutly to be wished. It was good to see Eric Reeves again, brown and fit, after his long sojourn in the Middle East, and to find him just as keen as ever on the game. Albert Preston was out too—how long we shall have him with us is doubtful, but somehow I think he'll still be wanted badly in Liverpool. Then there was Geoff Lockett, whom we haven't seen for a long time—very "Southport" in blocker pants, but perhaps we can put fire into him again and see him once more in workmanlike attire. Charlie Randall arrived only as we were leaving, and as Bleak House had closed down business for the day at 5-45, he had to remain unfed. We were a very merry party at the feed and a number adjourned later to a hostelry in the neighbourhood to continue the reminiscences and to hear from Eric of his strange adventures and the queer and very interesting things he had seen in his wanderings. Jack Hodges had spent quite a lot of time in the same regions during the last war, so that we stay-at-homes learnt quite a lot from the pair of them. And believe me, amusement was copiously mixed with instruction. Time passed quickly, and the party had to break up, very reluctantly, to make its several ways homeward in the cool of the evening. Altogether a very pleasant outing.

Those present were the President, Jack Hodges, Wilf Orrell, Jack Ward, Eric Reeves, Albert Preston, Ken Barker, Geoff Lockett, Charles Randall, Peter Stephenson and friend.

Prestbury (White House Cafe), 22nd April, 1944.

I made one of my rare visits to this rendezvous on Saturday, and starting out late had to get a move on all the way. Anyhow, I arrived at just turned 5-30 in time for a quick one, where the rest of the members were already in possession of the tank at the "Leigh Arms."

After a short respite, after perspiring, and conversation, we retired to the cafe for our tea. After tea were the usual conversations in which most of the members took part until about 7-30, when a move was made towards our various destinations.

W. Orrell, making his way to Twemlow; J. Cranshaw and J. Ward for the vicinity of Stockport; the Presider, J. Hodges, Don Shaw and F.H. (by rattler) for Cheadle Hulme and myself direct for home.

My visits on these Club runs seems to be getting less frequent than they have been in the past owing to my duties, especially in the summer, which may possibly keep me from joining in any run with the Liverpool section, and also the fact that with my riding being restricted very much now it does not enable me to go very long distances because I consider that I am not as fit as I used to be. However, I shall continue to put my runs in as much as possible when duties permit.

It was quite nice being out again on Saturday, which happened to be the first time for about 6/8 weeks, and the day being really summer-like, was enjoyed by everyone concerned.

Members present :—The Presider, L. Oppenheimer, J. Hodges, E. Webb, W. Orrell, F. H. Koenen, Jack Ward, Jim Cranshaw, Don Shaw and R. Poole.

Wildboardclough, 29th April, 1944.

With the wind in the N.W., going was easy along the Stockport-Poynton road : there was plenty of colour in the countryside and a bright sun was shining.

Where the Handforth road joins the road to Macclesfield we met Don Shaw and Bob Poole rendering mechanical first aid to two youngsters' bicycles, they had been wafted off their machines by a passing lorry.

Macclesfield safely negotiated, we turned left at Sutton Lane Ends to Langley.

Jack Ward and Don Shaw took the lead and were a good hundred yards in front at Leather Smithy : they chose the direct road we followed, this meant walking a good deal but it was really worth every ounce of effort. The views were magnificent.

A halt at Forrest Chapel, a seventeenth century building of quiet simplicity, then down the gully to join the Clough road proper and a final sprint up the rise to the Stanley Arms.

Our worthy President had fed and was away to report for F.W. duty in the Cottonopolis the moment we arrived : in the tea-room Wilf Orrell and Jack Hodges were duly picked up as we made our way through to the business part of the establishment to sample Nut Brown.

This particular drink proving satisfactory, was encored, not so the fantasy Don treated us to from an adjoining room, where he had wandered to find a piano of sorts, upon which he duly pounced and so it seemed to us, ran about a bit and jumped off.

The tea was an excellent affair of cold beef or ham with bread and butter with jam, for 1/9, to which we did ample justice.

Discussions having drawn to a close Jack Ward went out to return later with the news that a cold wind was blowing which would probably be in our faces down the hill to Macclesfield.

The wind was all he had said about it, but all the same the run down was very pleasant.

At Macclesfield the party broke up. Don Shaw vanished, Wilf Orrell went off to Bren's and the remainder of us headed towards Cheadle and Stockport respectively.

Harwarden, 29th April, 1944.

After an industrious morning's digging I set off with C.F., Junior, for the Glynn Arms, the wind was very encouraging and even helped us up the hill by way of the left hand lane.

At about 5-30 we were provided with a good plain tea with cake and jam and an extra plate of bread and butter on request.

I found the service quite up to the good standard of the past forty years or so.

On the turn of six we found no other members arriving though I thought I saw Fawcett riding off past the fountain.

We then rode into the Park and saw the two Castles, old and new, with a cricket match thrown in. Then to the Church and the Vicar, who showed us the Rood Screen with pride and we saw the tombstone of a lady who was cut off at the early age of 112.

On our way home we turned into Shotwick and saw the box pews and the three decker pulpit in the ancient church and enjoyed the old world houses in the village.

We had a pleasant ride home with little opposition from the wind.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

June 3	Halewood (Derby Arms).
" 10	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 17	Tarvin. (Bleak House). Tea at 5-30 p.m.
" 24	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
July 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

June 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 10	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
" 24	Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).
July 1	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 6TH 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.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

AUGUST TOUR. Arrangements for the Tour have been left in the hands of the President. Members who are intending to participate are requested to communicate with him as soon as possible.

SERVICE ADDRESSES. Practically all the Service addresses have been changed. The Committee having decided not to publish them in future, any Member wishing to communicate with Members in H.M. Forces can have the required addresses from Mr. W. H. KETTLE, or

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A slight improvement this month, but the response to my appeal for outstanding subscriptions is almost nil.

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

1943.

F. L. Edwards. U. Taylor.

1944.

F. Beckett.	J. H. Fawcett.*
P.C. Beardwood.*	L. King.*
A. Crowcroft.	J. Leccc.*
F. L. Edwards.	H. W. Powell.*
H. L. Elston.*	A. Simpson.*
	U. Taylor.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

IN MEMORIAM.**G. B. BURGESS.**

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the passing on the 23rd inst., of G. B. BURGESS after a period of ill-health which extended over a period of five months.

Burgess joined the Club in 1925, and, although we did not see as much of him as we should have liked, he could always be relied on to assist in the racing programme: he was a regular attender at the Halewood Fixture until illness laid him aside.

He had improved in health and was talking of riding again, but unfortunately he passed away suddenly on the evening of the 23rd inst. Powell represented the Club at the Interment.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to Mrs. Burgess and other members of his family.

POSSIBLE NATIONAL SECRETS.

Glancing through the C.T.C. *Monthly Gazette* displayed in the Public Library at Shrewsbury, lurking behind the statue of Darwin in the ancient Public School facing the railway station, my eye roving around the advertisements caught sight of a strange contraption over the name of a well-known English Bicycle Manufacturer which greatly differed from the many types of cycles ridden by me in my past of long experience.

It was a bicycle of which front and back wheel were loosely hinged together by two fly-nuts that could be joined and unscrewed without any tool but the bare hands. This folding bicycle was explained and praised as being the product of long thinking and planning on behalf of those who apart from toiling with a clumsy chain and padlock dare not separate their watchful eyes from their mounts during meals or even in their hours of sleep. Instead of thus entrusting their cycles to fate one has only to carry into their private chambers one half of the cycle, relying on the fact that the number of those being able to ride on one wheel is sufficiently small to be negligible, allowing the owners to keep the object of their pure affections under constant control.

This affection may indeed be termed pure as no fermentation of the blood need enter one's veins on beholding its perfect lines and graceful curves.

Somehow we think it possible that the Japanese may have constructed

cycles in India for infiltration, but that the British meant to rival them is news indeed.

As the C.T.C. *Gazette* is an ever welcome servant of the Public Libraries without membership of any private person, we trust not to be divulging close secrets by this statement.

F.H.K.

A LETTER FROM

—T. A. TELFORD.

May 2nd, 1944.

DEAR TREASURER,

You will be thinking me very ungrateful in not writing before this in answer to your letter of the 14th December. But I am afraid you cannot really blame me, unless it is for not notifying you of my change of address. I left Blighty just a year ago and your letter has been chasing me up and down England, across North Africa and now all round Italy. It turned up to-day, covered in labels and alterations, but nevertheless the contents quite intact. I would be very grateful if you will thank the anonymous member on my behalf for his very kind thoughts and action in sending the P.O. and his greetings. Both are very much appreciated. Well, do not think from my address that I am *in* hospital here, although I did have a spell in dock last summer when I caught pneumonia in the heat of the what was not very much cooler than Dante's Inferno! Please remember me to all the boys.

Very sincerely yours,

TELFORD.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

30/4/44.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Very many thanks to the Club for the Postal Order I received recently.

After seven weeks sick leave I am back once again in the Army.

During leave I saw quite a lot of Bert Preston, had lunch with Eric Reeves and Jack Salt, and saw Harold Powell.

I have not heard from Frank Marriott, but I did hear second-hand

that he is actually putting on weight, and that soon he will be a serious challenger to Hubert.

A rumour has circulated that Sammy's associations with the Y.M.C.A. have caused him to mount and stand firm on the "water-wagon." This is untrue, and the true story dates back to the early days of 1942. The story will have to be told by the man himself, but I can reveal that it will centre round Draught Bass, Vat 69, and Meat Pies.

The last news I had of Stevie was that he was not his usual self, and in bed with something or other.

I hope that by now he is turning them round and knocking 'em back in his own inimitable style.

Well, thanks again, and with kind regards to all Anfielders, I'll say cheerio,

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

—H. G. BUCKLEY.

27/4/44.

DEAR KETTLE,

I must apologise for not having written to you before this, but I have been very busy down here and get little time to write letters and also I have been away in hospital five days with an injured foot which time your letter, which Sadie had sent on to me was lying in camp awaiting my return.

With all leave stopped there does not seem much hope of getting to a Club run for some time but I still look forward to seeing you all again before long. The account of the Committee Meeting at Halewood makes one pleased that somewhere we manage to keep up to pre-war standards.

Thanking you and the Club once again for the very welcome gift I will finish off.

Give my best wishes to all at the next run, particularly Hubert Roskell if you see him.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

H. G. BUCKLEY.

—ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

DEAR STEVIE,

Last month I received the *Circular* to find out that the news of my being in the Navy had trickled in from many sources, and from one part of the globe, York, I think, comes the remark that they would be interested to know some of my experiences as a modern Sir Francis Drake. Up-to-date I have had no hair-breadth escapes, but this little episode may show how unpatriotic one Anfielder can be when he likes. Last Friday I arose or rather descended from my hammock at 6-30 and dashed off for a shower; when I was stripped, my body looked like a piece of Spam, my messmates shrunk from me in alarm. I dashed up to the Sick Bay, and they stuck a thermometer between my jaws, sounded me and muttered the word "Rhubella." I muttered another word that sounded nearly like that. They told me to pack my kit up and talk to nobody, come back here and wait for the ambulance. I was all ready for off when in comes my pal with the same thing. When we arrived at the hospital, a charming Sister tucks me in bed and brings me a nice cup of tea, rather a change from lusty Chief P.O.'s bawling at you. That word had stuck in my mind, so I asked the pretty one what it meant: she replied that it meant German measles. That's what I'd got—German measles!

I think I am nearly right when I say that I am one of the last of the younger Anfielders to be called up, or as Sammy puts it, found out, and to think that my first month, instead of ending in a blaze of glory should end with the unpatriotic disease called "Fascist" measles! However, it's a nice rest and better food, lemonade to drink. I expect to be back to open the second front next week if I don't get any complications. Whit Week-end won't have much glamour for all our boys scattered round. Tell any of the boys who chance to go to Parkgate to call and see my wife and youngster. I shall only be down here about another three weeks, and then draft—where? Who knows. They give you a chit to go to Plymouth just round the

corner, and they give you a chit to go to Ceylon or any other forsaken place. No messing. In two day's time you're on board a destroyer *en route*. That's the Navy. Well, Stevie, remember me to all the boys. I will write again shortly.

Yours sincerely,

A. WILLIAMS.

—PETER ROCK.

29/4/44.

DEAR HAROLD,

I must apologise for not having written sooner. The above address is the one which I am using now and my home address is still 11, Langdale Road, Bebington. It was very enjoyable indeed to be able to visit some of the old haunts, such as Halewood, Parkgate and Highwayside whilst on leave. I was glad of the opportunity to attend the runs as well and hope it will not be long before I shall be able to see you all again. Could you please pass these addresses on to Powell. Best wishes to all of "Ours."

Yours sincerely,

PETER.

—PETER ROCK.

0/5/44.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for the P.O. which arrived yesterday. You will be interested to know that it was preceded only by two days by the Christmas gift donated by our anonymous friend. His had taken a full five months to arrive, having done the round trip to the Middle East and back again. Please convey to him and to the Club my sincere thanks.

Yours sincerely,

PETER.

RUNS.

Halewood, 6th May, 1944.

There is very little to write about this run. The party was only four strong—Hubert Roskell, Tommy Mandall, Len King and the Editor.

A very acceptable meal of fresh salmon and salad disposed of, Hubert boarded his bus, Len King departed for home, while the other two wended their tortuous ways towards Huyton and Heswall, or wherever it is that Tommy fishes.

Goostrey, 6th May, 1944.

It was rather late when I left Stockport after an afternoon in which I had discovered that it takes longer to put a bicycle together than it does to strip one. So I didn't take much notice of the scenery; I did, however, notice that the wind wasn't very helpful as I passed through Bramhall, Alderley Edge and Chelford. Arriving at the Red Lion I was just in time to say hello and good bye to the Vice-President, who was leaving early for some form of National Service.

Going inside I joined the other members, who were already in action round the table, and enjoyed a fine tea. After tea opinions were expressed about how a map should be used in deciding a touring ground, and then the President and Jack Hodges departed, followed by Peter Stephenson, who had a good amount of pedalling to do before his supper.

The conversation was then mainly about chains and sprockets, my own set having made a noise not unlike a steam engine.

Eventually the party split up, and on the run home I stopped on the bridge over the Ballin, on the Wilmslow—Woodford Road, to have a smoke and admire the cloud formation.

I continued my way home again through Bramhall and reached there after having enjoyed a very pleasant run.

Members present were the President, Mr. Buckley, Jack Hodges, W. Orrell, B. Orrell, R. Austin, P. Stephenson, and J. Ward.

Dane-in-Shaw, 13th May, 1944.

The balmy days during the week had encouraged one to think that Spring had really come, and I intended to make a nice little round trip to Dane-in-Shaw—practically all lanes, and so some miles longer than by the high-road. However, clouds gathered this Saturday afternoon and rain fell—that irritating kind of rain, not heavy, so that you hardly think a cape necessary, yet enough to make you very uncomfortably damp if you neglect to sheet up. So I donned my cape. Now, I won't say that I wouldn't rather ride in a cape than not ride at all, but I don't put any extra miles on in a cape. And so I went the shortest way—by Ringway Aerodrome, Oversley Ford, Wilmslow and along the high road to Congleton, discarding the cape a few miles before reaching that place. There was practically no traffic on the open road, except the kind we mustn't talk about, and there was plenty of that. Then up the long steep rise past the station, left by the church, and steeply down to rise more steeply up, and finally to reach the Coach and Horses to find four members of the party already installed. There was some laughing banter about an incident of the previous Sunday afternoon when one of the party present had "lit a fire." down Bucklow (he said it was his companion who did it, but I wonder) and as a consequence the hill was a mass of flying wheels (or so it seemed to me, compelled by Anno Domini unwillingly to be a spectator from the rear), and that same member told us, and we believed him, that he had ridden the whole of the hill to the rendezvous. At his age such prowess is almost indecent. Then Jack Ward arrived, very warm; he had done his duty to his country by parading with the Home Guard, rushed home, and changed, and come out helter-skelter. Assuredly the speed bug has bitten him, and we shall soon see his name on race-cards. After the usual substantial meal we returned in sunshine through North Rode and Marton, shortly after which the party split some to go via Alderley, the others via lanes of peace and beauty to Knutsford and so home.

Parkgate, 20th May, 1944.

Having persuaded my "trouble and strife" to supply the motive power to propel the tandem, we went the direct way to the venue, as I had been otherwise occupied until late on in the afternoon.

Dropping down Boathouse Lane we passed the Treasurer, who was walking his machine, and in conversation with what appeared to be the British Army; whether they were surrounding him or he was attempting a pincer movement around them, was not clear. Anyhow, as we sizzled by he managed to call out he would see us later.

Arriving at the Deeside Cafe, Kettle followed on our heels, and a rather long wait to be served was in view until we bearded the culinary department in its den.

Over tea conversation was about everything in general and nothing in particular, and as there were no other arrivals, we soon made a move home-wards, the tandem accompanying Kettle as far as the Caldý crossroads, where it then turned right for Irby Mill Hill and Arrowe, continuing on to Barnston, where a stop was made before reaching Bebington via Whitehouse Lane and Brimstage.

Those present were del Banco, accompanied by Mrs. del, and Kettle.

Wildboarclough, 20th May, 1944.

It was distinctly chilly this afternoon and I would have liked to run round a bit on the way to the Stanley Arms. But a temporary physical disability made it desirable that I should not get too hot, so I ambled gently to Alderley Edge, stopping at the Wizard for a cup of tea, to Macclesfield, on reaching which famous old town I was surprised to hear the church clock strike five; I'd overdone the lounging business and must now hurry a little.

As I started on the Cat and Fiddle road I saw a figure struggling up the first steep paved bit and it seemed somehow familiar. Calling on all reserves of strength I chased it and on getting level found it was my friend Stan Wild, of the Cheshire R.C., who

told me that he had made a rendezvous with a Club-mate at the Stanley Arms for 5-30. This suited me fine, for Stan specialises in hill-climbing, and I was quite sure we'd get up this one in the most comfortable way. Getting into the lowest gear we pushed steadily on, I somewhat breathless most of the time, but Stan quite able to converse freely—in fact, not at all distressed. However, we did get up to the turning for Wildboarclough without incident, and then flew down to the Stanley Arms, only a very few minutes late, to find the others already assembled.

Rex Austin can't be the man he was; he had again got his better-half to push him out, Jack Hodges had put a few extra hills into his journey, and Jack Ward had done a bit of training. Don Shaw was bright and cheerful, as usual, Wilf Orrell is using the bicycle more these days than has been his wont in recent years; he explains that his affection for the barrer has not diminished, but the barrer is not mechanically quite what it used to be.

We had the usual excellent meal and after a chat and a smoke dispersed to our several homes by more or less devious routes.

COMMITTEE MEETING.**21st May, 1944.**

I always look forward to these occasions, and that for a number of reasons. First of all is that they provide opportunities for Liverpool and Manchester members to see each other—such opportunities are all too few, a state of things we must remedy as soon as conditions permit. Then we meet at the Derby Arms, and whilst that hostelry is vastly changed, the continuance of Sarah there means that the same atmosphere prevails as in the days of old and we still receive the same welcome, and, strange as it may appear, I enjoy the journey. Runcorn and Widnes are certainly blots, but the rest has its charm.

So on this fine Sunday morning I set off in good time, determined to take it easy. When I had passed Bowdon I was overtaken by Jack Hodges, who had timed it just like that. We went along through Warrington, since the Transporter does

not function on Sunday mornings, and we don't like the bridge. A call at the Unicorn, and then we left the main road and took to the lanes, arriving in good time.

Altogether 13, our lucky number, sat down to lunch—nine from Liverpool, four from Manchester. We were pleased to see Hubert Roskell, who never fails to attend, and Frank Chandler.

Lunch over, we soon cleared the business; nowadays unfortunately, it is mainly routine. Some chat and banter followed, and then we dispersed. The Manchester contingent, accompanied by Jack Salt, made for the Transporter, where Salty left us to go round the earth.

We went towards Moore, shedding Rex Austin on the way; he had a tea engagement. Then on through Stockton Heath to Lymm, where Wilf Orrell turned left. Jack Hodges and I halted for a cup of tea near the Jolly Thresher and at the tea place found a number of the Autumn Tinters, one of whom told some remarkable stories of adventure awheel. And so home, to finish an uneventful but very pleasant day out.

Whitsun Tour, 27th/29th May, 1944.

Six members had booked for this trip with Nesscliffe as headquarters, but one was unable, for business reasons, to take part. Four of the five, in two parties, left the Manchester region in the morning and made their separate ways to beyond Wem, where they met and proceeded together to Nesscliffe. The precise route they took is not too clear; each of the four tells a different story, but to judge by the places they passed through the way was certainly tortuous—somebody must have been using his map. But they all agreed that the lanes had been delightful, and after all, what do a few miles more matter, when the journey is all pleasure?

The fifth member left home in the afternoon, going by Wem and Harmer Hill to Bomere Heath, thence through pretty lanes to Great Ness, or near it, to debouch on the Holyhead road a

little south of Nesscliffe. This latter part of the journey was deliberately twisty, to see the country, and the extra mileage well worth while, though it was saddening to see the havoc made by tree-felling in some of the places which on previous visits had been so charming. A stroll round the village, and supper, brought bed-time and the end of a warm and sunny day.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright, with promise of a hot day, which promise was amply fulfilled. The Manchester Sub. was just recovering from a dose of "flu" and thought it best to keep his mileage down; Bick and he therefore decided that they would explore side-roads in the neighbourhood. Through Knockin they went to Oswestry, where they lunched luxuriously, and then returned by other lanes, paying a visit to Melverley, a fishing resort with pleasant memories for Bick.

The other three went through Shrewsbury and Castle Pulverbatch to The Bridges, where they hoped to get lunch at the Horse Shoe. The landlady could do nothing herself, but she suggested application at a house near by, and the Presider left to make enquiries. Now there is a Y.H. near the inn and the denizens thereof, male and female, were disporting themselves in the stream, in costumes very suitable to the heat of the day, and leaving remarkably little to the imagination.

When he returned with the glad news that lunch could be had, he found one of the ladies in animated conversation with our party and she was soon joined by another of them. With some little difficulty he managed to get the lads away from the sirens and we had an excellent lunch at the house of Mrs. Evans. By this time the heat was great and we were glad to get out of the valley and up to the top of the Longmynd. Most of the way is quite rideable, but the road is rough and stony and care for tyres demands that, if you ride, you keep your eyes on the road and so miss the views, which are magnificent. So we rode very little. A rest on the top and then we made the descent to Church

Stretton; this is really dangerously steep and should not be ridden.

Across the main road and up the Much Wenlock road we made good time and after a few miles, it being then tea-time, we were glad to find a cottage willing to cater for us. Here we passed an hour and then went on. The road from Church Stretton to Much Wenlock, undulating and of excellent surface, for the major part runs along a high ridge, with a steep drop on either side, and gives wide views which we greatly enjoyed.

Approaching Much Wenlock we turned off down a long drop to Hughley, and over give and take lanes to Acton Burnell and Pitchford, whence we took a lane bringing us out on the main Wenlock-Shrewsbury road about three miles from the latter town. The bye-pass road being closed we went through the town and out by the Welsh Gate, proceeding at a steady pace as beseeemed men whose first youth is but a memory and not a recent one at that. But something must have stung Wilf Orrell, who showed us how to climb hills. The Presider was soon dropped, but Jack Hodges, to whose nostrils the smell of battle is always grateful, took up the challenge and the two of them soon disappeared, leaving the old man to crawl in on his hands and knees long after them.

After supper some of us took a stroll round the near-by lanes; the

present appearance of the countryside and the people most in evidence there would be somewhat of a surprise to a native returning after a few years' absence.

On Monday morning the sky was again glowing blue as we prepared to depart. Bick was away first, making south for Kingsland for a few days, and then the remaining four headed north up the road to Ireland, turning off it for Baschurch, Loppington and Wem—a very pretty piece of road. A call at the White Horse to see our friends there, and then we made for Prees Heath for lunch. There was a long and anxious wait, but we did eventually get the last four lunches served, and then made for Whitchurch and Nantwich.

One of the party went forward, having to go on duty in the evening, and arrived home before the thunder-clouds, which appeared about 3-30 p.m., dissolved. The others, proceeding more comfortably, got well on their journey, still in sunshine, until the evening, when, whilst they were taking some refreshment at Knolls Green, the clouds burst, and there was a terrific hail and rain storm. However, it was soon over and they completed their journey over flooded roads, but dry themselves. The whole week-end trip was most enjoyable and everyone had a good time.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1944

	TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		Lancs. Road Club "100."
July 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Aug. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms).
" 8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.
" 9	Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.
" 15	Tarvin (Bleak House). Tea, 5-30 p.m.	July 1	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 22	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 8	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
" 29	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 22	Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).
Aug. 5/7	August Tour. Nesscliffe. Bath Road "100." South	" 29	Brereton (Bear's Head).
		Aug. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 6TH 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.

TREASURY NOTES.

Only four Members payed this month, but it is not an indication that nearly everyone has paid up. At present there are 31 Members owing for 1944, 6 for 1943 and 3 for 1942.

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

H. Green.* J. Seed,
F. H. Koenen. H. Wilson,

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Treasurer.

OBITUARY.**ARTHUR T. SIMPSON.**

- It is with feelings of profound sorrow that we have to announce the passing of one of the most genial and lovable characters in the person of our dear friend and club-fellow, Arthur Simpson, whose death occurred on the 2nd June. He had been ill for some time and must have gone through much suffering, but he had never complained and no one suspected that his condition was so critical. The news of his sudden unexpected end came as a great shock to his many friends and a heavy blow to his brother Walter, who had been a constant and devoted attendant at his bedside.

Arthur Simpson was of a gentle nature. His cheerful, kindly, sympathetic and unselfish disposition won the affection of all who knew him—he was *persona grata* in whichever *milieu* he moved. He was a staunch and steadfast friend, a charming and interesting companion, and generous to a fault. He was strongly attached to the Club and its traditions. Most versatile in his accomplishments, he was always ready to place his abilities at the service of the Club and to give of his best.

Arthur joined the A.B.C. in 1900. He was a keen and enthusiastic cyclist. He trained strenuously and consistently in the company of the late Bob Knipe, Ted Cody, Frank Roskell and other stalwarts of those days, and developed a surprising turn of speed and staying power. He rode in several of the Club's unpaced Fifties and also in one Anfield Invitation Hundred. Abandoning racing, he remained an active cyclist, and a regular attendant

at Club runs for many years. He paced in several of the Club's 24-hour events and in record attempts and gave valuable help generally in Club fixtures over a long period.

Arthur, who had been a popular contributor to the *Monthly Circular*, became its Editor in February, 1916, a post for which he was eminently fitted. He had found his metier. He set about the task of making the job a success, with whole-hearted enthusiasm; it was a labour of love. Supported by a small coterie of collaborators, in his capable hands the literary standard of the publication rose to a high level, for which due credit must be accorded him. He wielded a facile pen, had a brilliant, easy and original style, and possessed a keen sense of humour and a quaint fancy which enlivened and adorned all his writings, whether prose or verse, in both of which mediums he was equally happy. His contributions were very numerous and varied and always entertaining. The *Circular* became immensely popular and each issue was eagerly awaited. Arthur carried on his editorship until February, 1926, covering a period of ten years. After his retirement from that office, he still continued to contribute intermittently to the *Circular*, and on special occasions reported and wrote up functions of particular interest or importance; one such—the Club's Jubilee Dinner at Shrewsbury, for instance—is quite a literary gem in its class. Most modest and unassuming of men, he kept in the background that others might shine.

Arthur was a man of many parts. He was a skilled musician and played the violin and piano. For many years he had acted as accompanist on the piano at the smoking concerts held by the Club during the winter months at Hunts Cross and elsewhere, and was a tower of strength in that unobtrusive but important capacity. On the occasion of the Club's visits to the "Glan Aber," at Bettws, over the Easter holidays, he organised the musical entertainments during the last war, from 1916 onwards. These will be long remembered for the galaxy of talent presented and for their great

success. The task imposed on Arthur at the piano was very heavy. The Club is greatly indebted to him for his valuable services in this connection.

Although of recent years, owing to war conditions and other circumstances, Arthur's appearance at Club reunions has not been too frequent, he always had the interest of the Club at heart. He was a merry soul and loved the company of congenial friends, exchanging harmless badinage and creating smiles and laughter with his flashes of merriment. He never told his cares. "If he laughed at any mortal thing, 'twas that he might not weep." It is hard to realise that he has gone from our midst. We shall miss his cheery greetings, his waggish pleasantries, his amusing banter and friendly "leg-pulling." Peace to his ashes!

The funeral took place at Rake Lane Cemetery, Wallasey, on the 7th June. A large gathering of friends assembled to pay their last respects to our dear departed comrade, who was held in general high esteem. Amongst those present were the following Anfielders: Dave Rowatt (who had journeyed from Rhos-on-Sea), H. W. Powell, Ed. Morris, S. J. Buck, J. H. Williams and F. J. Cheminais. Unfortunately, travelling restrictions due to the war precluded other Members living at a distance, from attending.

To Arthur Simpson's only surviving brother, Walter, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in his sad bereavement.

ANOTHER EASTER TOUR.

The Easter holiday tour had long been planned by the most junior member while at school. In the fullness of time it was all arranged and the Crown at Corwen was booked for Tuesday and Wednesday night. All we wanted then was a fine day and this duly arrived.

On a blue and cloudless morning we set out from West Kirby at 10-30, and with the breeze favourable we made Chester just before noon.

The carefully selected luggage rode comfortably in our saddle bags, together with a small iron ration plus

maps and sketch book and the inevitable cloaks.

We bye-passed the City by the Roodee and walls and were soon on the pleasant Wrexham Road with Eaton Park and the estate farms looking their best.

As we breasted Marford Hill we talked of Borrow and the Waggoner he met and the gypsies, and in the Wynstay yard we spoke to the Ancient Mariner who guarded our bicycles; we spoke of the horse fairs and the cunning of the gypsy dealers.

After a good lunch we looked about the town—the Church, the tomb of Eliheu of Yale, and then made our way through the lanes of contrast—parkland, farms, collieries, to Ruabon and climbed the tedious slopes through Acrefair till we came into sight of the glorious vale of Llangollen—the river, canal, aqueduct, and the distant ribbon of the great Holyhead road which we were soon to join.

Llangollen was early for tea but why not, and so we were soon on the great A.5.

Spring at its zenith—the fields, the hills, the trees, passing glimpses of the river and the road with even the milestones back again after three war-time winters.

It was a pleasant and steady journey to Corwen, where we clocked in just before 6.

After a friendly welcome and good dinner, we explored the fields and the river banks and some lanes of my boyhood memories and saw the departure of the local G.W. to Festiniog and so to bed.

On Wednesday, still blue and cloudless, we set off for Bettwys. Along this very road in 1895 I started on my first tour, riding a Humber Cushion, with my kind Uncle Hugh, a civil engineer, who told me about maps, gradients, roads and bridges, and the great Telford. All these memories came back to me and very happy memories they were as I rode with my youngest son on his first real Welsh tour.

The country was very beautiful. The distant hills of the Snowden Group came into view as we left Cerrig-y-Druidion, and we had plenty of time to see and talk about Cernioge

and Borrow and admire the woods and waters of the Conway river.

Our ride back from Bettwys was eased by a helpful breeze and the pacing of two strong young schoolboys, with whom the Junior triumphantly scrapped into Corwen.

On yet a third fine morning we started home by the river lanes leading into the Llandegla road and found the surface excellent and the hills all comfortably rideable. A puncture quickly mended and we were on the Moor for a roadside snack.

Once on the summit our Junior revelled in the toboggan ride to Hawarden where, at the Glynne Arms, we had a very excellent lunch, and after pushing the wind along the Parkgate road we arrived home for tea with nearly 150 miles and three cloudless days of cycling to store in our memories.

C.F.E.

A LETTER FROM

—FRANK MARRIOTT.

MY DEAR STEVIE,

26/6/41.

Will you please allow me to apologise to all those whose letters to me remain unanswered. I hope to wipe off the deficit soon. I will have to write to George Connor privately in any case. What I have to say to him is quite unprintable, letting me know only three days in advance of his proposed wedding! Anyway, he hasn't got away with it yet, and so I still have a chance to see a lifetime's wish—George saying "I will" to someone. He'll sneak away on the quiet, though, if he can!

For myself, I am still a very contented bachelor, even with hundreds (yes, hundreds) of Waafs around. You will be interested to know that I have lost the jowl which I acquired the last time I was home, and my weight is again back to produce my—ahem—previous sylph-like figure. I am now averaging 25 to 30 miles every day, which means nearly 300 every week, so I am getting quite fit again.

You can tell Tommy Sherman that he is still quite at liberty to produce the ploy of me and draught Bass and Vat 69 and meat pies. When the

mythical blue pencil was in my hand I gave him *carle blanche*, which from his silence was evidently not much use to him. Our Stentorian friend has still my permission to use his amazing imagination to its fullest extent.

I think that's all for now, although as an afterthought I wonder if anyone has a decent book on Norfolk to lend me. Searches in Norwich and King's Lynn have as yet revealed nothing.

Please give my kindest regards to everyone.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK.

—F.H.K.

DEAR EDITOR,

After having brought your influence to bear on the Post Office, the postman absorbed in my June article about the Folding Bicycle has at last released my Gazette, but only to find that a further Invention has been reported in last Sunday's *Express* concerning a 71-year-old Patent in America, but only now published in this country. It deals with 1879 ere yet I myself was aware of the secrets of the Boneshaker, and thus long before Mr. Dunlop, out of love for his offspring, invented the pneumatic tyre out of consideration for the lad's anatomy. So it appears that apart from Thompson anticipating the patent of the blown-up tyre, Dunlop's filial affection had also been foreshadowed in the land of Stars and Stripes, for the inventor of this contraction had built it for his son— young son, it appears—to bye-pass the bicycle of that period. This period had thus far produced only the "boneshaker" as well as the earliest "ordinary," so that this hand balanced single-tracked, solo-seated, all or part self propelled, two support, caterpillar conveyance must have been bang up-to-date.

Imagine therefore the small frame of a boy's safety bicycle (not even invented as yet) with very wide forks both back and front (much wider even than those early Dunlops of 1891) while we are back in 1879 or even 1873, in fact so long since that we fail at the first test of cycling history. We have not come to the wheels yet, for

the plain reason that there are no wheels. Keep thus your mind "neutral." There is a small handle-bar (a), a small seat pillar (b), a very small crank axle and cranks (c), a chain (d), long and hardly yet invented, (e) a ball bearing head of doubtful origin, not tyres, not even solids, (f and g), and now we get to both back and front, two separate caterpillars: the back one for support and propelling and the front for support, which gives us the clue for that ball-bearing head, that by easy turning must permit us to balance these two caterpillars (both single tracked). I estimate the rear caterpillar to have a length of some 28 inches but only half that in height.

The front caterpillar need only be some 18 inches long and of course the same height as the back caterpillar.

This front one need not be self-propelled, but I hope for the boy rider's sake that the rear caterpillar is partly self-propelled. Thus far we have only the picture to go by.

Imagining myself as the rider at my present time of life and the caboodle being self-propelled, while single tracked, I look forward to a speed of 12 to 15 miles per hour. Thus a tame motor cycle. The inventor, according to the specification in 1904, though in his brightest power of imagination had reached the age of 65 years of age, not unlike our own president, while in 1916 he must have reached that of 77 years. At that time he turned down an offer of £10,000 for its rights. So sane proved the inventor to be at that time that he accepted an offer of 1,000 acres of farmland or 120 acres for a rat trap, which perhaps was a rat trap pedal to make sure of the pedals while on the bicycle. All this in 1879 proved this inventor to be far seeing.

F.H.K.

—RUSS BARKER.

21ST MAY, 1944.

DEAR KETTLE,

I have just returned from a 14 days' leave by the shores of the Blue Med., which burns your body brown and huge holes in one's pockets, when I received your letter and P.O., for which

my sincere thanks to the Club. I have been pretty active lately training hard and had a "do" in the Grand Prix de Gizire a 50 kilo mass start. Unfortunately I got mixed up in a pile-up, and after chasing the leaders for seven laps desisted (sounds better than packed). The event was won by Marshall (Poly.) with Eric Mastill (Phoenix) second. It is getting too warm for competitions and I guess I shall leave it till I get home, which we hope will be this year. However, it was grand to be back in the saddle. Correspondence from me is very sparse these days, isn't it? I find it difficult even to write to my family. The will is there but there is nothing to write of. *C'est la vie monotone*. Please note my change of address and rank although Tom is still at the same station. In fact I do not wish to move from here unless it's homewards. Well, must wind up now with best wishes to your self and all Anfielders wherever they may be.

RUSS BARKER.

—SYD. JONAS.

25TH MAY, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for the further gift from the Club. I hope you will express my thanks to the Members.

I had nine days leave in Syria last month and enjoyed the change. The country is very beautiful, with wonderful roads and immense views from the mountains. The roads are built for speed and I was in a car doing a steady 55 an hour when I went to Damascus and it was a grand sensation to go tearing through the mountains.

There is no shortage of food or anything else there but the prices would make you think there was a famine.

Many thanks for the suggestion about a pipe but I stocked up before I left Malta, where there is an excellent pipe factory which was mercifully spared.

With all good wishes to yourself and my regards to the Club,

Yours,

SYD. JONAS.

—RALPH FER.

1ST JULY, 1944.

DEAR KETTLE,

Very many thanks for the Club's P.O., which arrived at a most opportune time, as we have just finished our "Salute the Soldier" week in the Camp and I'm in rather a low financial state.

Glad to say that my back is much more comfortable now, though I shall have to wear my spinal belt for some time yet. It's rather uncomfortable, but certainly takes the strain off the back.

The situation seems much brighter now, and I hope it will not be long before we are all back at home again, looking forward to those Saturday runs.

Once again, many thanks,

Yours sincerely,

J. R. FER.

—HAROLD CATLIN.

30TH JUNE, 1944.

DEAR KETTLE,

Please convey my thanks to the Club for a most acceptable gift. Your letter caught me at home on leave, which, although unexpected, was none the less welcome. My leave was granted during the interval between the Army deciding that I am not a fit 'A' category man but a C.2 crotch, and their decision as to what to do with me next. This decision has not yet been made but I await it with considerable interest.

The reports of fixtures published in the *Circular* show that both sections are still getting about. Whilst I was stationed near Derby I cherished hopes of riding out to meet our Mancunians some Saturday, but the 25 mile radius travel ban deterred me. The only trip I managed was on a very hot Sunday, when I sweated my way to Dovedale envying all the cyclists I passed who were not wearing serge battledress. Even so, it was quite a pleasant ride, broken for a very good meal at the Isaak Walton and a walk up the dale.

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD CATLIN.

—PETER ROCK.

30/6/44.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my thanks to the Club for the Postal Order which arrived to-day.

No doubt it comes as a surprise to you to see that I am still in the old country. This is due to a severe attack of sciatica, which quite literally crippled me at the proverbial eleventh hour. Since then I have been in hospital receiving treatment and am now on my feet again after a lapse of three weeks.

If any members have written to me during that period I wish to apologise for not having replied, for such letters have undoubtedly gone astray, at least temporarily. Best wishes to all of "Ours."

Yours sincerely,

PETER ROCK.

—DON BIRCHALL.

30/6/44.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for note enclosing P.O. for 10/- from the Club's Comforts Fund. Please tender my sincere thanks to all those who so kindly think of us lads in the Services.

I was fortunate enough to have a day off last week and with my wife managed to amble as far as Mrs. Evans' Cottage at Handley for a spot of tea. The dear old lady and her daughter gave us a very warm welcome and wished to be remembered to all the boys, especially Frank, George and Charles, and expressed a sincere wish to see us all once again using her cottage as one of our "12" and "24" hour feeding stations.

Kind regards, and once again many thanks.

Yours sincerely,

DON BIRCHALL.

—
RUNS.

Halewood, 3rd June, 1944.

We (that is the Editor) became enthralled in a cricket match and wrapped up in a deck chair and so missed attending this run, although it is on our doorstep. We apologise for

this slip from the straight and narrow, and as no one else has thought it worth while to send us an account of the Club run we will do it ourselves as a punishment. It is all done from hearsay and imagination, but as we have attended so many of these in the past it cannot be far wrong.

The first to arrive were Hubert and Eddie Morris by train, closely followed by Tommy Mandall per bicycle. These three set about one another in the bar—Hubert and Tommy taking in double rations against Eddie's small ones. Then in drifted the Captain (one Frank Perkins) clean and dapper as usual, thinning hair, wind-swept, and was persuaded with difficulty to toy with a half of mild. He, by the way, should have written up this run or at any rate in our unavoidable absence have deputed someone else to do it. But to get on with it.

The food was up to the usual Halewood standard (it always is, so we are safe there), Eddie hurried thro' his tea and caught the train, while Hubert dallied over his and nearly overbalanced the already overladen bus. Tommy Mandall had not the Editor to crawl with and had to ride with the Captain and we believe they caught a packet in the rain. Serve 'em right, we say, for not writing the run up.

Goostrey, 3rd June, 1944.

This was the last Saturday of a Whit Week which had experienced all varieties of the English climate.

One day we had been subjected to nearly tropical heat, to be followed the next by Arctic cold, often these varieties coming at still more frequent intervals than once round the clock.

Bert Green was on his way home from a second visit in the one week to Nesscliffe, we don't know why. Mr. and Mrs. Austin, on tandem, were also on their way home after a week in Shropshire.

Ned Haynes on holiday from Tewkesbury made one of his rare appearances these days. He looks fit and hopes for an early return to normal conditions.

Our old friend Bickley was a notable absentee, his tour down Kingsland way not yet being completed. Wilf

Orrell was without brother Bren, who was reported off colour.

Jack Hodges, Jim Cranshaw and Jack Ward arrived together straight from home, having met *en route*.

Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, our hosts of the Red Lion, are in good health, and provided us as usual with a first-class tea; after which we adjourned to a nearby room for a chat and liquid refreshment.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin left early, but the remainder of us stayed on till after eight o'clock, making our various ways home under perfect conditions.

Parkgate, 10th June, 1944.

There is nothing much to relate about this run. Del Banco, accompanied by Mrs. del Banco, made their way to the venue, to be joined by Elias, senior.

A move was soon made after tea, Elias for West Kirby and the del Banco tandem filled in the evening by pottering through Burton and Puddington to the Top Road and then along to Mollington, where it turned through the lanes homewards bound.

Prestbury, 10th June, 1944.

A cheerless day, notwithstanding the cheerful spirit of the Anfield members. The foremost topic was the report on the Whit Week Tour chiefly for the benefit of the member who was still hoping for the postman in charge of his June *Circular*. All he could guess was that the weather had been fine most of the time and very fine the first four days with the farmers praying for rain and the postponement of their ruin. To this Green added that after Whit Monday he had gone home to Sale but had come out to Nesscliffe again on the Thursday because he had found the food satisfactory and the catering and accommodation "to and fro," which means midway between "near and off," and had then continued to Llanfyllin. I did not quite make out from this if he went via the Tanat Valley. Buckley on the other hand had gone from Nesscliffe to Churchstoke, where he now commands a second home-from-home with good feeding, so much so that on top of his breakfast he had ridden via Minsterley and Shrewsbury and on to

Wem, the latter part trying on account of wind and gradient, and in the afternoon of that same day had tested the Cheshire roads between Crewe and Prestbury and had even then enough left to ride home. The only member who had come by train was old "F.H." who is still waiting for July weather before he feels equal to tackling the mountains. He brought a distressful story of the passing of Arthur Simpson and of Chem's great loss, by the death in action of his grandson, Jimmy Godbert.

The other Members at Prestbury were Rex Austin, Cranshaw, Wilf Orrell, Green, Ward and Hodges.

Tarvin, 17th June, 1944.

The day was of the flaming June variety, but fortunately tempered with a cool and refreshing breeze, as this rider of butterfly order was tempted to sally forth for Bleak House Cafe, arriving on schedule after a very pleasant non-stop run of some 24 miles without contacting any fellow members *en route*.

Within the cafe and seated at a compact table were three of the elder brethren from the Manchester area, myself being of the same category, and incidentally the only member from Merseyside; however, we formed quite a pleasant quartette, consisting of the President, Hodges, W. Orrell and Fawcett; the youngsters being conspicuous by their absence.

The magic carpet idea pervaded conversation in-so-far as the Cairngorms, Derbyshire, North Wales, etc. were touched upon.

Hodges and Orrell warmed up in argument concerning the exact position of Llyn Llydaw in relation to the ascent of Snowdon from Pen-y-Pass; whether you were likely to fall into the Llyn from Crib Goch ridge, both being agreed that it was somewhere on the left but differed as to how far and on which side of Lliwedd; however, failing a week-end in that delectable district a few minutes study of a good map should prove convincing evidence of Llydaw's still unmoved position betwixt Crib Goch and Lliwedd.

The President and Hodges left together for a week-end destination, W. Orrell and myself for our respective

homes and so ended, for me at least, an enjoyable outing.

Wildboarclough, 24th June, 1944.

Midsummer Day, and, marvellous to relate, weather conditions were appropriate—bright sunshine, fleecy white clouds, and a pleasant breeze. And what was more, that pleasant breeze was blowing in the right direction. So I seized the opportunity of reaching the rendezvous by one of the somewhat harder routes than that straight up the Cat and Fiddle road. By Styal and Wilmslow I got to Alderley and the wind made the climb to the Wizard possible, if somewhat over-heating. Thence by the pretty winding lane to Broken Cross and Macclesfield I made good time so that when I started on the drag up to Sutton I was well in front of schedule and could afford to lounge. But however easy the travelling it was hot work, and I was glad to call at the Throstle Nest to enjoy a cup of tea in the open. Then on again by Clulow Cross on to the Congleton-Buxton road, leaving it at the bottom of the steep dip just before Allgreave, and reaching the Clough by the undulating lane skirting the valley. Up the Clough I went at a snail's pace, taking in at leisure the many views of the stream and the wonderful show of rhododendrons, and arrived at the Stanley Arms in good time to find Jim Cranshaw, Bob Poole (who had wangled his police duties for the occasion), Don Shaw and Jack Ward already occupying the wall opposite the inn. In a few minutes Wilf Orrell arrived and we adjourned to the usual place to await the summons to feed. Then Rex Austin came along, completing the party of seven. The usual substantial meal was soon served and whilst we dealt with it conversation travelled its usual desultory way—racing, touring, etc.—and there was some envy expressed of Jack Hodges, who was reported in the Highlands.

The whole party went down to Macclesfield by the Cat and Fiddle Fiddle road, finding a strong wind to act as brake on the higher parts, and quite comfortable conditions when they reached the level. It was a good day out.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

- Aug. 5/7 August Tour. Nesscliffe.
Bath Road "100." South
Lancs. Road Club "100."
" 5 Halewood (Derby Arms).
" 12 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 19 Tarvin (Bleak House). Tea,
5-30 p.m.
" 26 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
Sept. 2 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

- Aug. 5 Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 12 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and
Horses).
" 19 Prestbury (White House
Cafe).
" 26 Wildboarclough (Stanley
Arms).
Sept. 2 Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 4TH 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.

Autumnal Tints Tour. The date of the Tour has been fixed for October 28th to Llangollen (Royal Hotel). The arrangements are in the hands of the President, members who hope to participate in the Tour are asked to communicate with him immediately.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am pleased to report a slight improvement on the June figures. My thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund :

J. H. Fawcett*	H. Green*
G. B. Orrell*	W. R. Oppenheimer
D. M. Shaw*	
G. Stephenson*	H. Wilson*

Rigby Band, Ted Byron and Ira Thomas are now in France. Birkby has moved to Hants. Their addresses can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer.

Russell Barker is back in England. His home address is—

The Bungalow, High Elm Road, Hale Barns, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer wants the address of Geo. Farr, as letters have been returned from his last address.

W. H. Kettle,
Hon. Treasurer.

A LETTER FROM

—ARTHUR BIRKBY.

16TH JULY, 1944.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

I have at last been posted, much to my disgust, having spent a very enjoyable eighteen months in one of England's loveliest counties (Herefordshire)—that is, so far as Service life *can* be enjoyable. All was peaceful up there and we hardly knew there was a war on, but this place makes one think. My first impression of the district was not at all favourable and I felt like handing in my cards. However, with the aid of my bike and a half-inch Bart's map which I purchased in Fareham I have discovered some very 'meaty' districts; West Meon, on the road to Alton, takes

some beating. Unfortunately there are no bikes for the use of personnel and it means going by myself so I am doing quite a bit of walking in company with a Scots lad. The New Forest is going to be my next conquest.

I would like Syd Jonas's address sometime, but perhaps the best way for me to contact him would be to forward a letter via you.

Will you please take a note of the above address for the *Circular*.

Remember me to all the 'boys.'

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR BIRKBY.

P.S. Since typing the foregoing I have received your letter enclosing P.O. for 10/-. I am very grateful, believe me. Thanks, however sincere, seem such an inadequate return for the many surprises which I have had.

Best wishes,

A. BIRKBY.

—GEORGE CONNOR.

3/7/44.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for your letter and P.O. from the Club's Comfort Fund. As always this gift is greatly appreciated and I must ask you to convey my best thanks to all concerned.

As you will see from my address I am still in Catterick, but with things as they are we never know the day. Meanwhile I am making the most of my stay here and I manage a fair amount of cycling, but with having to ride in uniform it is more or less restricted to fine weather. This past week, including the week-end, it simply poured, with the result I didn't ride a yard the whole time.

The previous week-end I had a 24 hour pass—a system which has just been introduced, and it is any 24 hours within the week-end. I elected to go from 8 o'clock Friday evening until the same time the following day. I decided on Ripon for the night and arrived there about 9 o'clock and as this is over twenty miles you can guess what time I got my pass—I'm not as fit as all

that! I got fixed up at the 'Black Swan' there and had a very comfortable night, and it made a very pleasant change, being my first night out of barracks since January.

The weather was glorious, about the best there has been this year so far.

The following morning, after a 9 o'clock breakfast, I made my way through Studley Park to Fountains Abbey, where I spent a couple of hours wandering through the park and abbey. I don't know whether you have ever been there or not, but it is well worth a visit. Yorkshire is a county I never considered for a tour but I have been very agreeably surprised with the little I have seen of it. From Fountains Abbey I pushed on to Pateley Bridge, where I had lunch. Then I took the road to Harrogate calling at some of the places I used to frequent when on a course there, including the 'Joiners Arms' at Hampsthwaite, a really old inn.

It was turned three when I was there so I had to content myself with a grape-fruit! I called in Harrogate itself, and had a look round and to see the throngs of people there in summer clothes one forgot for a brief moment that there is a war on at all. I carried on to Knaresborough, a new town to me, and then made my way back to camp as time was getting short, and I had to have my tea as well.

I eventually got back with half an hour to spare after a very enjoyable 24 hours, and I made the most of every minute. If I am still here I hope to have another one in a month's time, and may try Durham or even the East Coast for a change.

I had Walter and his wife up here to see me about three or four weeks ago and they stayed in Richmond before going back to London. We had quite a good evening out, and it made a very nice change as it was over twelve months since I'd seen him.

I haven't been able to get a permit yet to enable me to go to Ireland, but I am still hoping for the best and from the press recently there appears to be some faint hopes of getting it soon.

I haven't had any word from any of the boys recently, but I should imagine

they will be too busy for that. I haven't heard from Frank Marriott for some time and I believe he owes me a letter.

Well, Harold that is all for now, so will close. Please remember me to any Anfielders you may meet.

With my kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE CONNOR.

—RIGBY BAND.

1ST JULY, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Have just received another acceptable gift from the Club Comforts Fund. Once again many thanks to all members who make these welcome gifts possible.

As you will see above I have changed my address again, this time to 'somewhere in France,' which is at least a bit nearer home than the Middle East. As yet I cannot give you much news from this end, but as time goes on I hope to be able to let you know a bit about life across the Channel.

Many thanks, and best wishes to all,

From

J. RIGBY BAND.

(A further letter, dated 12th July, was received from Rigby and he was still fit and well.—ED.)

—ERIC REEVES.

30.6.44.

DEAR HAROLD,

Thanks so much to all for the P.O. just received. When I am 'gargling' next you can be sure of a silent toast for the return of those happy days in Salop and further success for the club. On two occasions since my return I have been fortunate in seeing an event in progress if only in passing. Passing the finish of the Sheffield '50' course brought back memories of seven years ago when Earnshaw did a 2.3 odd. Time, when looking back, seems to have flown, but when looking forward to something pleasant such as the end of the war it seems to stop still. Well, I must close, so once again thanks to you all for the continued thought for our welfare.

All best wishes to you, one and all.

Yours sincerely,
ERIC REEVES.

—W. H. ELIAS.

DEAR SIR,

I was again delighted to receive a present from the club, and I should like to thank you both for this gift and for those you sent to my father for me while I was training in Canada recently.

It is great to think that the Club is still so active after so many months of war; all credit is due to those, who like yourself, have been so loyal to those who are temporarily, and through no will of their own, unable to support their Club as actively as they would wish. I'm sure that all Club Members would join with me in saying, 'Great work, and thank you.'

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM H. ELIAS.

—ALBERT PRESTON.

9TH JULY, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

I wish to express to the A.B.C. via yourself my sincere thanks for the postal orders (April and June) from the Comforts Fund.

I have been moving round the County of the Broad Acres, and do not expect to be here long.

Up to now the army life is not bad, I am looking after myself, and getting a small amount of cycling in on an army issue of a bike.

Please address all letters home.

Kindest regards to you and all the remainder in 'civvy street.'

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

ALBERT E. PRESTON.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

11TH JULY, 1944.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Very many thanks to the club for the Postal Order I have just received.

I have just returned from a course, so it has been waiting for a week or so for my return, hence the delay in this letter.

In case anybody imagines from the above reference to 'a course,' that I am again resuming Commando activities,

I will quickly disillusion them by stating that it was on 'Pay Duties'.

It could also be described as a 'holiday,' 'rest,' or 'pleasant change,' but suffice it to say that I ran up against such Anfield stalwarts as Bert Lloyd, and, 'No, not really?' Yes, the one and only Chas. (Brown Man) Randall.

I met Bert by appointment (as one must with these super officials) and he proceeded to give me a lesson in military tactics.

A quick out-flanking movement, some treacherous stairs safely negotiated, and a chef and his complete staff were at our mercy. Our terms of surrender were simple, 'some food, and quick.'

After camouflaging ourselves, we quickly 'dug-in' to some lobster salad but, alas, I am no longer the 'trencherman' of pre-war days and the genial 'cop' won easily by two radishes and a spring onion.

The same tactics were employed the following day and Bert suggested that for our success in both these operations a club run might be a good reward.

It was not until the last day of my course that I saw Charles.

An exam safely behind me I was wandering back to my billet when approaching on a bicycle I saw what must be an ex-24 hour-man. He was doing about 5's, and my guess was correct, it was the 'Brown Man.'

A short chat nevertheless covered such subjects as house-decorating, drinking, club runs, poor old beggars in the army, and old bikes; but because I was rushing to catch a train, we had to part.

I hope to start a little cycling again shortly, as I am now living about one and a half miles from the camp, and as soon as I can get a bedstead I'll be doing about six miles a day!!

I notice from the current *Circular* that our ex-Editor is again spluttering out his high-sounding adjectives.

I promise him that in the future I will produce from my 'amazing imagination,' (as he describes it) the story of 'Marriott's Last Bass,' and I will leave nothing to the reader's imagination. It is only the 'exigencies,' which have

prevented me from doing so before now.

Well, I think that's about all for now so thanking you again for the P.O., and with kind regards and the best of luck to all 'ours.'

I'll say Cheerio,

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

P.S. Does anyone know what has become of Bert Preston?

TOMMY

—DEL BANCO.

4TH JULY, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Once again I express my thanks to you and the club for the Postal Order received. I can assure you the gift is very much appreciated.

The 'even tenor' of my Fire Service life has not yet been upset, and for the present anyhow, there does not appear to be any indication that I shall be moved, so I shall abide by the words of the late Mr. Asquith.

Again my best thanks,

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

S. del BANCO.

—TED BYRON.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for your letter enclosing the usual P.O. which will come in handy when the Naafi arrives. As you can see from my address they've got me at last. I'm now over in France, have been since the start of this little do, but I suppose I shouldn't grumble after having had four years in England.

Things seem to be going on very nicely here, and I don't think it will last much longer now, though goodness knows it's lasted long enough already. I had the *Circular* a few days ago; reading the Whit trip made me think back on the good old pre-war Shrewsbury ones.

I'll close now, remember me to all who are left and thanks once again for the P.O.

Yours,

TED.

—NORMAN HEATH.

14TH JULY, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to all members for the Club's latest gift received a week ago.

Much to my surprise I am still in Manxland, though now definitely top boy on the list of 'schoolies' available for draft.

During Easter leave I had a brief encounter with Harry Austin and wife who were also enjoying a holiday in the Shrewsbury district. I think Harry had some difficulty in placing me. He had altered very little since I last saw him, whereas I am rapidly thinning aloft and broadening out amidships.

I was interested to read of Arthur Williams's entry into the Senior Service, especially as, like myself, he will eventually sail from dear old 'Guz.' I can recommend the Y.M.C.A. on the Hoe for 'big eats' and a comfortable bunk, but feel I should warn him against the lure of the notorious 'Snake-pit' and the adjoining 'Long Bar.'

He should have picked his destroyer by now, so should be obliged if you would let me know the name and then I shall be able to note his meteoric rise from deck-hand to captain of the heads. By way of encouragement I will point out that it took me twelve months of honest (mainly) endeavour to reach the responsible post of wardroom sweeper!

Best wishes to all of 'Ours.'

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN

—DUDLEY TURNOR.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Many thanks for the P.O. which I have just received, as before it has proved a life-saver.

I also thank you and the club for the *Circulars* which are coming through pretty regularly.

I was certainly rather envious to read in the *Circular* that Peter Rock had arrived in the U.K., marriage has its advantages after all. Still I have only three months more, when I hope

I shall be issued with that return ticket.

After a fairly cool winter the summer seems to have set in with a vengeance; the temperature treading the scale at 112°F. a few days ago—this isn't a bad start for so early in the year. Mosquitoes look on me as the only decent restaurant within two or three hundred miles the finest meshed net standing for nothing against these diabolical gate-crashers.

Please give my kindest regards to the club and here's hoping that '44 will see a reunion

All the best,

Yours very sincerely,

D. TURNOR.

RUNS.

Halewood, 1st July, 1944.

A nice fine summer afternoon, and a party of three members met on the 4-34 from Central Station to Halewood, where we were later joined by three members who came by cycle in the proper way. The train party found it was useless pushing the bell before opening time, but in due course we gained admission to the bar and the beer was sampled and a practical example of how to "Push out the Boat" was given. An early move was made to the dining room for the meal, so that some could return by the train. Soon the real riders arrived and as usual, a nice meal, consisting of salmon, etc., was provided.

It was a busy day at the Hotel as they were catering for a wedding party.

Hubert was telling us that he had lost a few stone in weight from his maximum, but even so did not fear the rivalry of Frank Marriott, who, we learn by the last *Circular*, is back to his normal weight.

Those present at the run were the Editor, Hubert Roskell, Eddie Morris, Tommy Mandall, Len King and Jimmie Williams. I cannot name any others, although I think Hubert should count as two.

Goostrey, Red Lion, 1st July, 1944.

On reaching Wilmslow, where incidentally we got the hang of the traffic lights at last, we decided to

make a change from our usual route, so turning towards Lindow Common, we proceeded to Knolls Green. The old industrial school which faced the common hereabouts has now completely vanished and one wonders if the bricks of the various new villas may not be supplemented from the ancient edifice.

We noticed that the "Frozen Mop" has had a complete change of face and furthermore has also changed its name, a common virtue amongst women but most irregular for a pub; one wonders why?

A few miles further on we ran off our course by mistake, arriving at Ollerton P.O. with no alternative but to proceed straight over to join the Holmes Chapel road at Seven Sisters, where, turning, left we soon reached the Whipping Stocks, then via the lanes over Peover Eye and Blackden Heath, arriving at the Red Lion to find among other things two tricycles parked in the wood shed.

Eventually we mustered ten members and one friend; we were pleased to see once again Harold Catling and Del Banco, the owners of the aforementioned tricycles, who were on leave. Green, Cranshaw, Orrells (2), Austin, Buckley, Ward and Shaw made up the total.

After a real sound tea we bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Knowles and made our several ways home.

Dane-in-Shaw, 8th July, 1944.

I had not left myself with much time for this run, when, with only half-a-mile to show, I found I was riding on my front rim, and as I came to a standstill I remembered I was minus pump and repair outfit.

Having obtained the necessary items and fitted a new valve rubber, I made haste to make up for lost time, but this hope was soon dismissed by a fresh S.E. wind. I arrived at the Coach and Horses about 20 minutes late, and joined the others round the table.

Tea finished, the Vice-President and his wife were the first to leave, then followed an exhibition of dart throwing, which was eventually given up as very few darts went where they were intended to; this was claimed

by the players to be due to faulty darts, not throwing. However, someone suggested that we should take to the road whilst everyone was still fit.

It was an enjoyable ride back, with the President and Wilf Orrell turning towards Congleton, and the remainder of us on to the Macclesfield road. The party again split up before Poynton, and after the Hazel Grove sets had been endured, another run came to an end. Members present besides those already mentioned, were J. Hodges, R. Poole, J. Cranshaw and J. Ward.

Tarvin, 15th July, 1944.

My original intention was to ride in the Abbotsford Park '100,' but having received no start sheet, decided to join my wife holidaying in Matlock with my sister, whom I have not seen for about four years. A visit you will agree long overdue.

Tarvin being the rendezvous, I was there in good time to be greeted by Elias and son Charles. We discussed Stancer's article on records and I as one of the younger members, supported Elias' opinion that the Holyhead—London record should be on the books.

Then in rolled Wilf Orrell, Ken Barker, Frank Perkins, Rex Austin and companion, Jack Hodges, fresh from Scotland, plus flats, and finally, our Presider. An excellent meal over, we all took our separate ways. Rex, Wilf and Salty for Goostrey and Twemlow. A quiet evening with Bren and Mrs. Orrell and so to bed, to be up betimes to give a hand in the '100.' A glorious morning and at least one pleasant surprise. Russ Barker, home at last from the Middle East. We ambled along together for a few miles between feeding stations and gossiped as only cyclists can. Then our ways separated, Russ for home and myself for the hills and the Stanley Arms, Wildboarclough, for lunch. Thanks a lot, Wilf, for the introduction. Time and again have I crossed the Cat and Fiddle, never turning to one side or the other. So after many years I come to this delightful spot. An excellent lunch and a bask in the warm sunshine, chatting meanwhile with a few enthusiastic young Manchester Wheelers. Adieu over, the plod up hill to the main road and so over the hills. Down

through Buxton to a land of happy memories. My schooldays were spent in the valley of the Wye and my heart throbs anew as I drop down Taddington Pike into lovely Ashford Dale. Bakewell, with its old, mellow stone houses, its river and bridge, from which I once again gazed at the fish lazily idling. Our school song went " 'Twas in the days when Charles was King our school first saw the light." That was long ago and Bakewell always makes me feel that it has been there for ever. Once round the town and slowly, past the playing fields, alongside the meandering Wye,

Haddon Hall and Pickory Corner, at which point one turns off for Alport and one of Derbyshire's most delightful dales, Lathkill Dale. Syd Jonas will well remember no doubt our trips some twelve years ago down this dale. Covered with a sprinkling of snow it was a grand sight. My way lay on through Rowsley, at which point I made a halt for tea. Tea on a lawn by the roadside, from which vantage point I watched the stream of cyclists pass by. This hot Sunday surely found more cyclists on A.6 than in any pre-war year. I was amazed at their numbers. After tea I ambled along for the remaining miles to Matlock, which was my home for some ten years. Up the hill on the east bank of the Derwent to my sisters' home. From their garden you have what must be one of the finest views for miles around. Away to the left the Derwent Gorge and High Tor in the foreground, the river to the right, you look up Wensleydale and Darbydale, with Stanton and Birchover in the background.

Now for a few hours' talk over old times and so to bed. Up betimes and away, retracing my steps as far as the Stanley Arms for an early lunch. The day was hot as ever and my throat eager for their best mild and bitter. It was originally my intention to make a bee-line for home, but no—my nose lead me down hill; after lunch, alongside the stream, new country to me, to Wincle. Many thanks again, Wilf, and you, too, Russ, for telling me of the alternative route via Wincle. So to Macclesfield and by well-known ways to Over. Here I turned aside

as the hour was early and I rode into the lanes again. Church Minshull, Calvely, Bunbury, Beeston, Christleton and home. You Manchester boys have got something at Wildboarclough, and I hope it won't be long e'er I join you there.

J.J.S.

Wildboarclough, 22nd July, 1944.

I had a very easy journey out through the lanes and via Macclesfield, and since I had ample time to spare I rode up the Cat and Fiddle in very easy stages; needless to say I had the wind behind. As I approached the cross roads I glanced to the rear and saw Wilf Orrell in the distance, so I waited until he joined me and then we sallied forth down the hill to our rendezvous.

Here we found Jack Hodges, who enlightened us to the fact that he had been there since 4-30 p.m., so the wind must have been behind.

Next to arrive was the Sub. and Jack Ward, both having been round by Cleulow Cross and shortly after came the Presider in the company of Peter Stephenson, whom he had met at Mere Corner.

After a quick one we were ushered into the tea room where we disposed of everything there was to eat, our usual conversation did not last very long and soon we were on our way down the hill towards Macclesfield, where two of our party left us, one for Twemlow and the other for Merseyside. (We trust that Peter had a good journey home). Jim Cranshaw and Jack Ward were the next to part for Stockport, leaving the Presider, Jack Hodges and myself to carry on to Handforth. On reaching the Wagon and Horses we did *not* go inside, but the Presider and Jack turned right for Cheadle Hulme and I carried on for Moss Side, and so ended another enjoyable run.

Members present were Bert Green, Jack Hodges, Wilf Orrell, Peter Stephenson, Jim Cranshaw, Jack Ward and Bob Poole.

Brereton, 29th July, 1944.

Certainly the day opened with little promise of decent riding conditions—rain poured down in the early morning and low clouds, with promise of more, covered the sky. But in the early afternoon the sun broke through, blue sky appeared and I set off joyfully. The rain came again later as was evidenced by the wet roads we rode over on the homeward journey, but none fell on us and so we had no reason for complaint. The outward journey was uneventful and I arrived at the 'Bear's Head' in good time to find young Peter already there.

We had but just stabled our machines when Jack Hodges appeared, having done a pleasant round through the lanes with some park paths in between. We basked in the sunshine by the bowling green for a time until Jim Cranshaw, Jack Ward and Wilf Orrell appeared. Then we were served with an excellent meal, daintily spread for us to which we did full justice.

Over the meal an argument developed between Wilf Orrell and Jim Cranshaw about the mechanics of change-gears and differentials. 'Epicyclic,' 'sun and planet' and other deep words were bandied about from one side of the table to the other, until those of us who are not learned in these matters were pretty dizzy. Who was right I didn't know, and I don't know yet, but we all enjoyed the argument, even if our dense ignorance didn't allow us to profit by it.

It emerged that Wilf had his diff. or a part of it at Bren's and three of us adjourned there to inspect it. But that didn't help to settle the argument which recommenced when the actual piece of machinery was before the protagonists, each of whom was still quite satisfied that he was right. Anyhow we were pleased to have the opportunity of seeing Bren and the wonderful results of his handywork in the garden. From there we proceeded *via* Chelford and Alderley Edge towards home, pausing on the way for a while, and parting at the 'Waggon and Horses.' A very much better day than we could reasonably have hoped for.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
Sept. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms).		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.
" 9	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	Sept. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 16	Tarvin (Bleak House).	" 9	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
" 23	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 16	Brereton (Bear's Head).
" 24	Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.	" 23	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
" 30	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 30	Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
Oct. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Oct. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 2ND 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.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP. Mr. Stanley Wild, 18 Waverton Road, Fallowfield, Manchester 14. Proposed by Mr. R. J. Austin, seconded by Mr. H. Green.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. W. G. CONNOR,
27 Parkside, Wallasey, Cheshire.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

FORCES NOTES.

We are sorry to report that Ira Thomas has been seriously wounded in the right shoulder and is in the Royal Southern Hospital at Fazakerley. He had a pretty bad time at first but at the time of going to press he is making good progress. He wishes to thank all those who have been to see him, written to him, sent him reading matter, etc., and we are sure Ira would be glad to see any of you who can spare the time. When we saw him he was very cheerful in spite of the tough time he had been through.

George Connor is also going through a tough time in another way. At the time of writing these notes (August 30th) we believe he is just about to get married and we wish the pair all the happiness possible.

Hubert Buckley is in France, and the latest news of him was that he was well but suffering from a shortage of beer.

Harold Catling has got his discharge owing to medical reasons, but doesn't sound very worried about it. He says he feels fit and continues to push his barrow around with all his old zest.

Jack Pitchford has also got his ticket, but not on medical grounds. His civilian job is more important than his Forces job apparently.

A letter from Walter Connor thanking the Club for Comforts Fund gift was crowded out last month. He had been spending part of his leave in London dodging Buzz-bombs—successfully—we are glad to say.

If anyone has been missed out please accept our apologies. It is difficult to keep pace with all your movements in these hectic times.

A LETTER FROM

—GEORGE CONNOR.

20/8/44.

MY DEAR STEVIE,

Just a short note to let you know I am still here and keeping pretty well, and I hope it is the same with you.

I am sorry I don't write, but I think you will understand that I have a fair amount of writing to do to home and my second home in Ireland. I shall be going to Ireland next week—Monday week I should say—on 10 days' leave and once again I am afraid I won't be able to call to see you, but I have to go via Stranraer and it is a hell of a long journey. However, the following leave I shall be on this side, and I hope to be able to bring a visitor as well as I will be getting married on August 30th. I have had to postpone it from April owing to the leave ban and travel restrictions but have at last been able to get a permit. So that's another Anfielder going the way of man, but my wife-to-be tells me I shall still be able to continue my cycling activities!!! Joking apart though, I am looking forward to the time when we can all meet again at the George at Whit Week-end and at the Swan at Bibury on August Sunday and other such enjoyable functions. I am happy to say that the outings with the Anfield have been among the happiest days of my life and I am looking forward to renewing them again and with the news as it is it may not be as long as we perhaps think.

Cheerio and my very best wishes to you both.

GEORGE.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

DEAR STEVIE,

Looking through last month's *Circular* I seem to be the only one that hadn't given an account of myself.

I have been in this lot long enough now to know the places for big cats, and as for the lure of the snake pit in Union Street that our friend N. Heath mentions, you can't get near it or the pubs for our gallant allies.

I may be getting a spot of leave near the end of the month so I shall try to be present at a Club run.

As I have no bicycle down here I do a lot of walking and hitch hiking. I have been as much as sixty miles over Dartmoor down to Polperro and Looe, bathed and boated in the Channel, missed the last train back, and then jumped a jeep and altogether had a real good week-end. I can't find a suitable friend to go on these excursions with so I go on my own. I no longer look for the C.T.C. sign; when I get tired I go to the first nice looking house or cottage I see and ask if they know anywhere I could stay the night, it always works, they take pity on you and in you go. Last Sunday I went to a place on the coast called Newton Ferris, no doubt some of our compleat tourists know it well. It was a boiling hot day and I walked over the hills on to the main Kingsbridge Road, here some apples lay temptingly near the road so I crammed my pockets full, and basked in the sun and ate my fill. I then gave the sign to a milk lorry and I arrived at Newton Ferris perched on a milk can. I had a lovely pint at the Dolphin Inn and washed it down with another for the old Club's sake. After lunch I hired a boat and rowed out, stripped, and had a good swim. After a spot of tea I made my way back by the lanes to distant Plymouth after a most enjoyable Sunday. I had a letter from G. Connor a few days ago and I think by the sound of it the last Anfield stanchion is going to crumble, and when all this is over I think we will all have to ask our wives if we can go on the Club run.

However, as the war news gets better every day perhaps it won't be so long before we are all back on the great Club run. Remember me to all the boys. I will let you know when I get moved.

All the best.

A. WILLIAMS.

THE SOUTHERN TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION "100."

Being stationed in Southern England I was able to accept an invitation to attend the Southern T.A. "100." Jack Spackman, of the Century, who was riding in the event supplied me with a vehicle and we set out together

with the intention of staying the night at the headquarters—a little place near the "34th." This seemed a very convenient spot as the start and finish were to be at the "32nd." (I believe the numbers refer to the distance, in miles, from London). Perhaps it would have been a convenient spot, but unfortunately a series of delays combined to prevent us reaching the 34th before midnight. As we were both too considerate to risk waking the occupants of the H.Q. we looked for, and found, a hay rick. Unfortunately it was the sort of rick that is built up from hard bales of hay but we managed to make ourselves more or less comfortable and settled down to wait for morning.

Eventually it came and we repaired to the H.Q. to enjoy a very fine breakfast before proceeding to the start. There were no male bicyclists in the event, which was a sort of joint effort incorporating a ladies bicycle "100" and a men's tricycle "100." I had been detailed to provide drinks at 56 miles. In this task I was very ably assisted by two of the Rosslyn Park damsels who, having a sort of club house nearby, were able to supply such things as bottles and sponges together with a Primus stove to be used in the preparation of Emproté.

The race was quite a satisfactory affair and although nobody got lost there were nevertheless a very good selection of "why I didn't beat evens" stories exchanged over lunch at Ventnor Lodge, Quendon.

The afternoon was spent as a T.A. run culminating in tea at Hoddesdon, Herts. Here I left the party and my borrowed mount to return to khaki serge and my billet after a thoroughly enjoyable week-end.

H. CATLING.

"F.H." WRITES:—

An old member threatens to return to some of our runs. That member whom we have not seen there for many years and hardly dared expect to meet there again is the once leader of the Manchester Smart Set, in other words, Austin Crowcroft, of Cheadle Hulme, who largely by the help and far-reaching endeavours of our President,

hopes to bewilder us by once more breaking into our midst.

Ignoring the difficulties of present-day travel, our friend has spent a happy fortnight in a hotel at Llandudno Junction, of his own selection, no light task in itself, and from that point of vantage made his way to Bettws-y-Coed and made himself acquainted there with the Glan Aber Hotel, of which he has sent his friend F.H.K. a striking photograph with the pertinent observation reading: "The place where we have spent so many happy days and which therefore we all remember so well."

In thinking of those happy days Crowcroft remembers also all that we have lost in parting from the Glan Aber and the reasons therefore. These reasons are largely twofold: first of all through the change of ownership, and secondly, but by no means least, that the man mostly responsible for that happiness has been lost to us all this summer by the lamented death of A. T. Simpson, who organised, conducted and was the heart and soul of all the Musical Evenings we have known at that Hotel.

The photograph shows us the Glan Aber of to-day and as we have known it for many years, but on my first visit in 1889, well before I was one of the Club's members, it was a good deal less ambitious. Even then I was made welcome by a member, the late E. G. Worth, and was charmed by its friendly aspect. That friendliness helped to endear it to the Simpsons, who were always spoken of in the plural.

Thus when we look back upon the scene of our former joy we do so with a heavy heart at the thought of the departed friend who left us so long before his span of years had run its natural course.

As Chem reminded us so feelingly in his obituary: Arthur Simpson was at heart a very simple fellow and I for one have had the opportunity on many visits under his hospitable roof of observing that Arthur's great simplicity found its finest expression in the deep sense of affection between the different members of the family. In that affection we all shared.

Of that family and its male members at least three used to labour so devotedly for us all in that chamber of music and goodwill that we used to describe humourously as "The Chapel," and by Arthur Simpson's help served a purpose of social welfare that many other religious chapels might well envy.

Mr. Walter M. Simpson is now the only one left of the brothers, but the temple of light music is likely to remain silent as far as the Anfield is concerned.

RUNS.

AUGUST TOUR.

It was a thousand pities that more members did not take part in this trip, for the weather was glorious the whole of the time—blue skies and bright sunshine, with a slight breeze to keep down the temperature a little, but so slight as not to impede progress.

The two of us, the Presider and Jack Hodges, met at Altrincham early in the afternoon of Saturday, and made good progress through Knutsford and Middlewich. A few minutes stop for a chat and welcome refreshment at Bradfield Green and then on through Nantwich to Whitchurch, where we had tea in a fine old house with a beautiful garden, it was rather a surprise to find so large a garden in a town, even a country town. After tea we proceeded to Wem, where our friend at the White Horse gave us a hearty welcome and told us that earlier in the day another member of the Club, whose name he didn't know, had called with his wife on the way down to Ludlow.

From Wem we finished the day's journey via Loppington, Baschurch and Ruyton-of-the-Eleven Towns, and reached Nesscliffe in good time for supper, to find the hotel pretty full, but a very large room, not normally used as sleeping accommodation, reserved for us.

Sunday morning gave every promise of a fine hot day, a promise that was amply fulfilled. A heat mist veiled the distant hills and the sky was cloudless. We made rather a late start, going through Knockin to Llanymynech, where we turned left for Welshpool.

By this time the mist had disappeared and visibility was excellent, enabling us to enjoy the sight of the hills as we went along.

Reaching Welshpool we noticed a certain amount of activity about the inns—rather surprising in a Welsh town. As it was very hot, we ventured into one place, where we found a small party restoring the percentage with foaming ale, and joyfully asked for some. But alas! we were refused; we were told that the party consisted of residents in the inn, which may perhaps have been true, but if it was, they should have done their drinking in some spot out of the view of thirsty passers-by:

With thirst unquenched we pressed on to Llanfair-Caereinion, finding the rise comparatively easy. At Llanfair we found a pleasant place where we were supplied with tea to help us dispose of our sandwiches and then breasted the hill on the road to Newtown.

Here we overtook a native in full Sunday clobber, looking very warm. He opined that the hill was unrideable. That was enough for Jack; he soon disappeared from sight and rode the lot, leaving the Presider to walk up the steeper part with the native, who very soon divested himself of his collar, tie and hat and obviously regretted that he couldn't take off more. For it was very hot.

The top reached, and the party of two again together, we had a glorious run into Newtown, most of the inhabitants of which must have been sleeping away this hot Sunday afternoon, for there were precious few of them about. Then up the hill to Kerry and along the ridge to Montgomery, where we were lucky enough to get tea.

Much refreshed, we walked round the city (they call it a city, I believe), and up to the ruins of the castle, and to the churchyard to see the robber's grave, the cross on which is still devoid of grass—perhaps the spade has something to do with it. Down the steep hill and along the undulating road we were soon in Chirbury and spent half-an-hour with the Whites at the Herbert Arms. Like all the places in the district they were full to over-

flowing with visitors. The run in through Westbury and Montford Bridge was taken without stop.

Monday morning was again fine and warm, and Jack decided that in such excellent weather he would be much more comfortable and happy in Shropshire or Wales than in Cheadle Hulme. So he decided to stay out for a few more days. The pair rode together to Shrewsbury, where they parted, Jack to make for somewhere beyond the English Gate, the Presider to go by Haughmond Abbey, Crudington, Waters Upton, Bolas and Howle to Hinstock.

Stopping at a wayside inn to eat his sandwiches, he observed that the card on the door said "Open," but unfortunately this was followed by "7 p.m." However, the door was not locked and on entering, and after wandering about the house a bit, he found the landlady, who smilingly disregarded the latter part of the notice and produced the ardently desired refreshment.

Ready to mount again, a downward glance at the machine revealed a distortion—we call it sometimes "a dog's hind leg"—in the brand new cover on the back wheel. Closer inspection showed that at one place the fabric was making preparations to leave the wire.

A repair would have been awkward, and probably ineffective, so the only thing to do was to chance it and ride the remaining 55 miles home in fear of a major catastrophe. However, it did hold, thank goodness, and is now in the hands of the makers. I've heard stories of the poor quality of war-time tyres, but 200 miles seems a very short life for any cover.

Through Market Drayton and Audlem Nantwich was reached in nice time to cool off before dispatching an excellent meal at the Lamb, and the rest of the homeward journey in the relatively cool of the evening was done comfortably.

May the war soon be over and the boys come back, so that we may have many more August tours, with many more members participating

AUGUST WEEK-END TO THE B.R. "100."

To keep up what has now become almost an annual pilgrimage, one of our youngest and one who still considers himself young, made a date for the Bath Road. Peter and I both being free for a long week-end, agreed to rendezvous in Chester. The former after a night with Charles, met me under the Eastgate with a very wistful host. A dull morning found us putting the miles behind up the Whitchurch road. Elevenses at Prees and with sun and breeze now rising in our faces we took to the hills, over Marshamley to Hodnet and the bye-ways to Hinstock and Newport. So introducing Peter to a short stretch of the old and painful 100 course.

Lunch at an inn before turning for Weston-under-Lizard with what was to prove our last beer of the day. It was to be the commencement of a very dry week-end.

Tea time found us with the uninteresting miles to Stonebridge behind us and positioned in comfort, with our tea, in a small farm's home paddock. What with chickens climbing all over us, wasps making dive attacks, then the farm hound worrying us, we spent a busy half-hour.

From now on we entered a land which has left a strong mark on our nation's life story—Kenilworth, Warwick, Henley-in-Arden, Stratford—and the final stage of our evening ride under the western edge of the Cotswolds, the land of fruit and lovely villages. A prolonged search for digs first here then there till Willersey reminded me that I spent last August Saturday in similar manner. Mrs. Jelks made Peter and I very comfortable and we fed grandly.

Saturday meant a ride right across the heart of the Cotswolds. A new route to me and so Peter's map was resorted to frequently and what's more we didn't go wrong.

A halt for plums in Broadway, devoured during the long walk up to Snowhill. From here the route lay through Ford, Temple Guiting and Guiting Power, Northleach, then that route which should never fail to please.

Into the valley in which lie Colne St. Denis and Rogers, Bibury and Colne St. Aldwyn. A well-served lunch at the Swan, Bibury. Very few people here, calm and peaceful. We older lads have spent one or two delightful August Sundays here in the past. Now we introduce one of the youngest. Bibury was at its best, hot sunshine cool beer!!! The fisherman in the swift running stream and those speckled trout which ever seem to evade capture.

The afternoon saw us on level roads once more. Fairford, Lechdale, Highworth, crossing the upper Thames valley at this point.

Then to be taken out of our land of dreams into the present everyday life of this part of England. For a time we were accompanied by hordes of southbound aircraft and we lent an admiring eye to those Lancasters which we heard a day or two later in the press had given the Hun a good plastering.

Hot sun and sticky breeze called for a halt, so tea was ordered and enjoyed in the courtyard of an inn in quiet Astbury, which lies under the nor'-west corner of the Berkshire downs. After tea, up over and we found ourselves drifting down the miles to Lambourn. Everywhere closed, no beer, no grub, so back to the first hotel sighted and luck with us. Bed and food and most of all—beer, for residents only, but what a nightmare of a dining room—flies from here to Kingdom come.

Mine host, an old Army major, decided to bore us after supper with his deeds of valour in Africa. He told us what the Jews were, what the niggers were. Pardon the word, I would not use it myself, and so we argued until midnight passed.

Up till now the youngster and I had made a fast run south so Sunday it was decided would be spent right lazily. We awoke for once with the sun already through the clouds and a very fast run was made down the Valley of the Kennet to Newbury. Tea and cakes and more tea and cakes, a search for our lunch to be, a stroll round the town, where I spotted a copy of *Badminton* for 1895 if I remember aright. Then lunch, a very amusing

hour, we had a French waitress who spoke perfect English but with a very strange manner of approach. She kept the whole of the dining room amused.

The final miles to Theale as you mostly know, are fast and so to tea. Mrs. Farmer as usual made us most welcome. I stayed as usual at "Penrose," Peter at the "Crown." Mrs. F. asked kindly after all her old Anfield friends.

Now to that age-old business of preparing for to-morrow. Lighter tyres, a general overhaul, the bike stowed away and the stroll to the Lamb for a gossip and so to bed.

I won't have much to say about the "100" except that it will probably be my last. The morning was good, not a high wind but sufficient to make the first half fast. As you will have read in *Cycling* I was well placed up to the 50 point but then, alas, a tale of knock for mile after mile. I just had to halt at the top turn for food and once for a drink, which by the 75 mile point had pulled me round. The final miles being ridden in more like my old style, even passing one or two on that final deceiving stretch from Woolhampton to the finish.

With many miles to be done before laying our heads down for the night we made a hurried lunch and away north. The miles to Woodstock in company of the Godwin and Solihull boys. After tea with the M.C. & A.C., Frank Greenwood, Walker, their Captain, 'Dutch' Holland and three or four Broad Oak boys. A halt in Shipston-on-Stour for beer with an invite for the night to stay with friend Walker gratefully accepted. Peter still very fresh but myself rather weary we hopped into bed. Thankful that the morrow only meant a steady plod over home roads to Chester and work for me, for Peter the transporter and bed again.

Elevens we imbibed at the Cafe at Brownhills after a wander round the Birmingham ring road. Lunch at Newport with the back of the journey broken. Still no beer. First tea at Prees Heath, second tea at Handley, the parting of our ways in Chester. For me a third tea before

going to work and most welcome of all a couple of pints of Chester Northgate.

A busy week-end you will agree, the initiation of one of our young riders into the art of hard riding. Next year we hope to do it by tandem. Peter rode like a veteran and made an excellent touring companion. With a few more like him the Club need never fear for itself.

SALTY.

Halewood, 5th August, 1944.

The newspapers reported "advances on all fronts," and although not widely reported, there was a very definite advance on the "Derby Arms" by seven of "Ours." Quite a strong turnout these days.

A chance meeting with Hubert, and I was easily persuaded to attend my first official Club run for some considerable time.

On joining the inevitable queue in Central Station, we soon espied Frank Cheminais and Walter Simpson well to the fore. Eddie Morris joined the party on the train, with a couple of minutes to spare, and we moved out comfortably installed in a first-class compartment, with third-class tickets. (Us, not the compartment).

The conversation, after wandering aimlessly for a short time, eventually turned to that grand and inexhaustible subject—"BEER." Hubert—much to the awe of our fellow passengers—said that everyone should drink a gallon of liquid per day, and after trying everything he was convinced that the only liquid worth drinking was—"BEER." "Chem" stole some of Hubert's thunder by relating the story of an early Anfield racketeer (his name escapes me at the moment, but it may have been Robinson or Chandler) who bought some unshrunk flannel at a ridiculously cheap price, and had it made-up into shirts. These were eventually sold to some of "Ours," who wore them on a rather damp run. The sad conclusion was that the shirts shrunk so fast that we lost two members, who died of asphyxiation.

After a short wait we were soon admitted to the "tank," where George Stephie and Tommy Mandall quickly

joined the party. These two stalwarts, I might mention, had actually *cycled* to the rendezvous.

As the beer flowed so did the reminiscences, and one which struck everyone's fancy was about a person known as "Black Thursday." From Hubert's account it appears that "Black Thursday"—a barmaid at an Anfield meeting place—was a maiden of talents. For further information, contact Hubert.

It was at about this juncture that Stephanie, looking as benign as ever, very nicely asked me to write-up the run. And how different to his predecessor! No surly, abrupt and intimidating "You—write up the run, and I want a column," but an almost gentle request which nobody could refuse—"Send me a few lines, it'll be quite a change."

Tea followed, and considering the wartime conditions, it was quite on a par with Sarah's pre-war fare. The old-timers outlined some excellent methods and plans for getting past Private Secretaries, which proved very interesting to those uninitiated at the game.

Eddie Morris left early to keep a bridge appointment, and there followed some very good demonstrations, reminiscent of Jack Salt, in cake shifting.

And so, it was soon time to form a queue for the bus, to which we were ably convoyed by Stephanie and Tommy Mandall. Apart from one or two remarks by passengers on "people who take up more than their fair share of room," and Hubert's comment "It's these fat people," the journey was uneventful.

Thus ended a quite unanticipated and exceedingly enjoyable afternoon.

Apart from those already mentioned, the writer was present, who if you haven't already guessed, was Tommy Sherman.

Goostrey, 5th August, 1944.

This run started for me with a strong presentiment of catering catastrophe, and had the venue been anywhere but at the Red Lion, fireworks would have ensued; forgetting that it was August Bank Holiday Saturday

and not anticipating such a wonderful day, I had only ordered for five.

Actually eight members and two friends arrived well and truly on time, believe me I dare not look at Mrs. Knowles, but she rose to the occasion, how well I will leave to those who were there to testify. We were all pleased to see Louis Oppenheimer out so far and to note that Buckley was making an out and home trip of it on the bicycle. The Orrells brought a friend somehow vaguely familiar, so did Don Shaw, in this case a bright young lady of ten, his daughter, I believe. Don is one long series of surprises. Bob Poole, Jim Cranshaw and Jack Ward made up the party.

Naturally one of the topics for conversation was the notable absentees none other than our worthy President, his Vice and Jack Hodges, all week-ending; we understand their August Tour was highly successful.

Some of the party made off early and the main body was not long in following their example.

Dane-in-Shaw, 12th August, 1944.

Bright sunshine and a following wind were my companions as I took the road thro' Bramhall and Dean Row to Macclesfield. Taking the Leek road a little beyond Macclesfield, I turned left and made my way past the Ryles Arms and Cleulow Cross to Wincle. The bosky road beyond Dane Bridge was a pure joy and from the high parts of the route the views were glorious.

Swooping down to the main Leek-Macclesfield road which was crossed at Rycroft Gate, I was soon over the top of Bosley Cloud and, after a short downhill flight, at the door of the Coach and Horses.

As the time was only about 5-10 p.m., a lounge on the grass was indulged in, but before 5-30 p.m. the Presider hove in sight. Entering the hotel, we were pleasantly surprised to find Len King, who, I understand, had been there a day or two.

Rex Austin, Wilf Orrell, Jim Cranshaw and Jack Ward soon followed, and seven of us sat down to an excellent meal during which the

conversation passed lightly from one subject to another.

The President and Jack Ward left early to attend to civil defence duties and after a while Rex, Jim, Wilf and I left to inspect the Bridestones, to which Wilf had offered to pilot us. I should very much like to know the history and meaning of these curiously arranged stones; also why they are called the "Bridestones."

Taking the main road at Rushton Spencer we dropped the pilot at Bosley Cross-roads and were soon through Macclesfield.

Arresting our downhill flight at a hostelry, our ears were assaulted by a most astounding and remarkable uproar, and we went inside to see what it was all about.

In the public room was a slip of a girl flogging a piano with a vigour out of all proportion to her size. She was ably seconded by the wails of a number of well-lubricated wenches. They were singing songs about the business that a poet has described as "By far the sweetest thing in life." And yet their rendering was supercharged with piteous dolour and I felt a lump rise in my throat; to liquidate which I took a swig of my beer—and the cause of their sorrow was clear to me. Never before have I tasted such sorry muck. Of it Sion Tudor might have written—"It tastes like a river below a great town,

'Tis unfit for a pig, much less food for a man.'

We went outside to regurgitate, but just managed to ride it off before Poynton, where Jim and Rex went on and I turned left for home, arriving well content with what the day had given me.

Prestbury, 19th August, 1944.

I set out rather late for this fixture on account of very heavy rain which did not abate until just after 4 o'clock, so I commenced my journey about 4-15 p.m.

I had an uneventful ride out which had to be a bit faster than usual and finally arrived at the White House at something after 5-30.

Here I found the Presider, Bick, and Jack Hodges in the tank, which is, of course, our usual custom, so after a couple we wended our way across to the cafe for our tea.

I think we had just about finished when in came Rex Austin. He informed us that he had already dined so we carried on with the usual conversation, which covers various topics from time to time.

We were quite pleased to hear from Bick that Hubert is very well in Normandy. The only thing that is wrong is the shortage of beer. We were also informed by the Presider that Harold Catling is unfit for military service and that we may shortly expect him back in our ranks pushing his barrow along the road again.

The party soon broke up, the Presider, Jack Hodges and I leaving for home, and I presume Bick and Rex would return across the road to the tank and that was the end of yet another run for the cop, Bob Poole.

Tarvin, 19th August, 1944.

After a week of blue skies it was rather a disappointment to find grey skies and gallons of rain for our weekly outing. Although conditions were far from ideal I braved the elements and trundled my old barrow from West Didsbury to Tarvin, taking care to travel by the shortest possible route. It was well that I did for I reached Bleak House about 30 seconds before zero hour after a hard wet ride.

Inside Bleak House I found a small but enthusiastic Anfield party behaving as true democrats in giving words of encouragement and wisdom to an equally small party of Mersey Roaders. For the first fifteen minutes my attention was divided between a conversation concerning tandem tricycles and some very nice fish. The fare at Bleak House belies the rather sombre title of the establishment. Having finished the meal we settled down to a lively exchange of reminiscences during which I was able to note several useful and ingenious subterfuges to which a tired rider, wishing to retire honourably from a "12" or a "24," may resort. Such tricks and dodges are worth remembering.

Being the only Mancunian Anfielder I made the return journey as far as Hartford with the Mersey Roaders who were bound for Goostrey. We adopted as graceful and symmetrical a formation as is possible when the party consists of a tandem trike and two single trikes, but even so our appearance aroused some interest amongst the many transatlantic warriors we encountered.

Becoming a lone rider at Hartford I took advantage of the brighter weather and returned to my native heath via Peover, Ollerton, Warford and Styal.

Present: K. Barker, P. Stephenson and H. Catling.

Wildboarclough, 26th August, 1944.

Our run to Stanley's is usually favoured with fine sunny weather, and this occasion was no exception. In fact I perspired quite freely as I trundled slowly up from Macclesfield.

Near the top of the hill I met our V.P., who was returning early in answer to the stern call of duty. He welcomed me back to civilian life and asked to be allowed to congratulate me or commiserate with me on my discharge. Leaving Rex to continue the descent to Treacle Town I returned to the treadles and was soon at the rendezvous.

Here we gathered Messrs. Hodges, Orrell W and Stephenson P. A few minutes later a swishing of tyres was heard and our worthy President could be seen bashing up the Clough. This proved to be the final arrival to our party and we shortly repaired to the Arms to enjoy yet another of Stanley's first-class teas.

We always call this run Wildboarclough, but the Stanley Arms is some two miles from Wildboarclough. The title of Macclesfield Forest would be more accurate, although most maps mark the spot as Platting. For the information of those of us who have not yet paid a visit to the Stanley Arms it is worth noting that the house occupies a bleak and lonely situation at a height of about 1,200 feet. It is at a fork in the road which has come up Wildboarclough a little above what is marked on the O.S. maps as 'Bottom of the Oven.' To the South the conical peak of Shutlingsloe can be seen behind the nearer hills, whilst to the East the equally lonely (but less attractive being not now licensed) Cat and Fiddle Inn can be seen a little to the left of the Whetstone Ridge. In short, on a clear summer's day Stanleys is a very pleasant spot, whilst in less favourable weather the stern grandeur of the hills together with the warm hospitality of the Arms combine to make Macclesfield Forest a still attractive objective.

Having disposed of the meal and sagely considered the view across the Loe we started for home in a body. The Pelotin was led up the steep ascent to the main road by the rejuvenated Jack Hodges, who pointed out to us that now he need not waste his time at work he finds that he has much more energy to devote to the things that really matter such as cycling and reading the *Guardian*.

After negotiating the always exhilarating descent into Macclesfield the party split up, Orrell and Stephenson heading for Chelford, whilst the rest of us took the lanes for Cheadle Hulme.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
Oct. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms).	TEA, 5-30 P.M.	
" 14	Warrington (Lion).	Oct. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 21	Tarvin (Bleak House). Tea, 5-30 p.m.	" 21	Wildboarclough. (Stanley Arms).
" 28	Autumnal Tints Tour. Llangollen (Royal).	" 28	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe). Prestbury (White House Cafe).
Nov. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Nov. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 2ND AND 31ST INST.

NOTICES

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

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

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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 MEMBER. Mr. STANLEY WILD, (8 Waverton Road, Fallowfield, Manchester 14, has been elected to Full Membership.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

Llangollen, October 28th. Will those taking part in this fixture please note that they must take their own towels?

FORCES NOTES.

Acknowledgments of P.O.'s have been received from **J. Pitchford**, who is now back in civvy street and hopes the war will be over before they have time to call him back again. He says he was quite happy in the Army, but after a month at home he's decided he's happier there.

Hubert Buckley, who apologises for not writing sooner, but as he is over the water and has been on the move a lot he has not had much time. At the time of writing (end of August) he was in a quiet spot miles from a town and still moaning about lack of liquid refreshment. Chief recreation, going to the cinema. Doesn't sound like Hubert to us.

Len Killip also sends an apology for not writing "thank you" sooner. He is still in the fruit growing area and doing a lot of flying, which he says suits him very well. He sends his regards to all the lads and hopes for leave any time now.

Syd Jonas writes twice, but then he's an officer and has lots of time. In the first one (August 8th) he expresses the hope that del Banco has kept fit enough to do the work of two men on the Tandem Trike. He also says how grieved he was to read of the passing of Arthur Simpson.

In the second letter (14th September) he sends Harold Kettle his new address as he lost his cushy job through the competition of younger officers just out of O.C.T.U. Still, he hopes to be

on his way shortly and may be home for Christmas, which will be a change after 4½ years' exile. He says the beer ration is two bottles a week and that (the beer) tastes of onions. He winds up by sending his regards to all and hopes to see us soon (with the help of del Banco, of course).

May your dream come true, Syd.

Ira Thomas is still making progress. In fact on the last two occasions we have visited him he has been out for tea! Surely a good sign.

COMMITTEE MEETING.

24th October, 1944.

The Presider, the Manchester Vice and Jack Hodges represented Manchester, while Liverpool was represented by the Liverpool Vice, the Secretary, Treasurer, Captain, Elias and Len King. Late on the long form of Marriott came through the door looking hale and hearty, and he and Peter Stephenson had a competition over the cats. The late Editor can still hold his own in that line with all comers—even growing lads. For that matter he seems to be still growing himself—only sideways this time. He was on a flying visit for the weekend and we were delighted to see him, only he promised to do us a guinea's worth for the *Circular* and it hasn't turned up. What about it, Frank?

"F.H." writes to say that Percy Charles has suffered damage from the Doodle Bug, but he and his family were fortunately away from home when it happened. Percy was staying at Watford and for a while he did the double journey (17 miles each way) on his bicycle every day to clear up the mess. Later he reduced his journeys to twice a week. P.C.B. will be 71 this month, the same as Buckley.

J. M. JAMES

(North Roader and Anfielder).

We very much regret to record the death of J. M. James, who joined the A.B.C. in 1901 as a second-claim member, and was still on the Honorary

list at the time of his death. He was of course primarily a North Roader, having been a member of that Club since 1899.

Jim-Jams, as he was known, was a gay companion as well as a grand rider, and came up for our "100" at Whit. He was there in 1906 and in July of that year as usual rode up to York with the North Roaders on their Annual Run. The Anfield arranged their All-night Ride to York that year and a merry evening was spent by the two Clubs in the ancient city at the Adelphi.

We are indebted to G.H.S. in *Cycling* for the following particulars of his early racing days:—

"In 1890 James got his first London to York record in 16 hours 52 minutes on cushion tyres. The following year having lost it to T. A. Edge, he regained it after attending the first N.R. York run by returning to London in 14 hours 22 minutes.

"In 1892 he was second to Shorland in the Cuca Cup "24" with 407 miles 285 yards on a safety and the same year ran fourth in the N.R. "24" with 339½ miles, and in partnership with F. Lowe he beat the 100 miles tandem record."

TITBITS FROM TOWN.

Our roving reporter notes that P.C. Beardwood has been evacuated from his premises at East Sheen. On calling recently we found that a VI had been playing havoc little more than a hundred yards away. Fortunately his property seems to have escaped lightly.

Preparations for another V incident of a vastly different nature have been noted along the Brighton Road. An Anfielder disguised as a soldier was noted speeding in the vicinity of Redhill and Godstone. Despite the fact that he was mounted on a converted polo machine, it is assumed that he has gone into secret training for the Victory fifty, which by the way, will be organised by S. T. Carver.

Although garbed in full uniform and 'ammo.' boots, the member was seen

to ride the full extent of Redstone Hill on the Godstone road. In this he was handicapped to no little degree in that his machine was fitted with 14-in. flat bars and the pedals lacked straps or toe-clips.

It is also possible that he may take up Bicycle Polo, for which his machine is best suited.

THE WRYNOSSE PASS.

(This tale of a day's outing is written by one of our youngest contributors, aged 12.—E.D.).

We started out on a bright August morning with our saddlebags well filled.

We arrived at Skelwith Bridge, there we turned off the main road into a side road, we went through Busk, we were then on a fairly flat road.

Two gates were in our way, we went through them and started the final ascent of the Wrynose Pass. The surfaces on the lower reaches of the Pass were comparatively good but on the last stages it was very bad indeed. We met a man coming down the pass (who looked and talked like a professor), short pants, glasses on the end of his nose. He blamed the Army trucks that frequent the Pass for making the surface so bad; when we were nearing the summit we passed a number of Army trucks on the side of the track, it looked as if they had just finished their dinner and were thinking of going down in the Busk direction. My father asked them what they were going to do at the bottom, they replied that they were going back over the Blea Tarn road into Langdale Valley.

In the fullness of time we arrived at the top of the ascent and rode to where the Cairn is situated. We dismounted, took the food out of our bags and ate to our hearts content. When we had digested our meal we went down the way we came up, stopping at the Three Shire Stone, it stands at one of the corners of Cumberland, Westmoreland and Lancashire. We then went on down the Pass; I bethought myself to ride it. I arrived at the bottom with no

broken bones and no punctures. The other two came down in their own time. We determined to go the way of the Army trucks: we did so. We duly arrived at the Hotel at the very top of Langdale Valley. We had an excellent tea—bread and butter (real farm butter), any amount of cakes and what we wanted most, a cup of tea. We paid our bill and we started on our way home. On the way my brother stopped to talk to a friend; we then went on our way. We arrived home to meet with a good dinner, roast beef, and so forth.

We had an excellent day out in the open, good views and good teas. A day never to be forgotten in my mind.

F. D. ELIAS.

A LETTER FROM

—PETER ROCK.

4/9/44.

DEAR GEORGE,

Looking at the August *Circular* it looks almost as though I am the only younger member who has not rendered his felicitations recently. As you see, practically each time I write I do so from a new address. This one again is but a very transitory affair, and there is a distinct possibility that my next may be farther North.

Arriving here last Thursday, I was vetted again and so far as I know, still remain B.7. This is due to the complaint which put me in hospital last June. While it is still present it is no longer troublesome to any great degree.

Since coming here I have been haunting the local cycle shops endeavouring to hire a mount. So far I have had no success, but if possible I will ferrit one out and get a little secret training in. Should circumstances permit I will call on Percy Beardwood. His establishment is not very far away, but while we are not particularly busy, we are fairly well watched and are not permitted out of the area until 5-30 p.m. each evening.

Had I have known sooner that Birkby was in the Alton area I could have met him, having recently spent

eight weeks in that area myself. My tentative arrangements to meet Salty and Peter at Theale flopped sadly. I was not able to get away until late in the afternoon and fifty miles by a dubious bus service was out of the question.

Eric Reeves has written to me recently. He is now over the water. (France is out-dated). Whether I will eventually go seems to become more problematic each day, so do not be surprised if I drop in at a run in the near future.

Best wishes to all.

PETER ROCK.

RUNS.

Halewood, 2nd September, 1944.

I had intended to play cricket on this Saturday, as it would have been the last match, but, alas, it rained and blew all morning and although most of the team turned up at Wallasey there had never been any doubt as to whether we should play or not.

Returning to Huyton at 4 o'clock I decided to go to the Club run. It's quite a time since I last attended a run at the Derby Arms. Father and I set out while the rain was off and we caught Tommy Mandall up when we had only gone a short distance.

The long journey to Halewood was uneventful. It didn't even rain, and on arriving we stabled our machines and crept in the back way. We found Messrs. Morris and King already seated in the bar.

Nobody knew where Mr. Roskell was, and we had almost given up hope of seeing him when in he came just in time for tea.

Apparently he had spent this Saturday afternoon in the proper way and had it not been for a late train he would have been unable to attend.

The meal was well up to the usual standard, and after this was over we talked until the bus came to convey our cyclist friends away.

Mr. King went home direct, but "We Three" went along to the Eagle and Child to have another drink and more conversation before riding home.

Goostrey, 2nd September, 1944.

Turning in the direction of Goostrey once again we felt no urge to speed along the more or less deserted lanes, where the surrounding countryside is now fast mellowing towards Autumnal glory.

However, by 5.30 p.m. we were at the Red Lion to find Buckley and Crowcroft already installed. To those of us that remembered Crow it was a pleasant surprise to see him once again at a Club run, and we all wish him well and hope that many future runs may be in store for him. Bick reported that Hubert was in France, but was happy to relate that he was fit and well.

On tea being served, the places around the table soon filled: there were present the two Orrells, Jack Ward, Don Shaw, Jack Hodges, Catling, back from Army service, Bob Poole and Jim Cranshaw.

After a good tea there was plenty of conversation and liquid refreshment till the train party had to leave, which was a signal for the rest of us that some tens of miles separated most of us from our homes and that we had better be making speed in that direction.

Dane-in-Shaw, 9th September, 1944.

The day started misty, and with a nip in the air that made you think it was midwinter; by mid-day, however, the sun finally broke through and a pleasant afternoon's run was promised. The route used lay through Poynton and Macclesfield to the cross roads just short of Bosley, where a mile or so after turning right I overtook the President and W. Orrell, who were the first cyclists I had encountered on the way out.

On arriving at the Coach and Horses I found three members had already arrived, and a few minutes after joining them the President and W. Orrell rolled up, having taken the last stretch at ease.

Having informed the lady we were ready for tea, we learnt that we could have been sitting down to roast chicken if only we had ordered it.

As it was we sat down to some younger chickens, which were very welcome.

The discussion which followed the tea covered many subjects, until it became necessary to take to the road, as some of us were without lights. The party split up and three of us speedily dropped down into Congleton, where Peter Stephenson turned off to start his long run home. The two of us, H. Catling and self, continued on our way through Alderley Edge and Wilmslow to Handforth, where I left Harold and turned off for Cheadle Hulme and Stockport, which brought to an end another run.

Members taking part in this run were the President, J. Hodges, W. Orrell, H. Catling, P. Stephenson and J. Ward.

Tarvin, 16th September, 1944.

The early afternoon rain had given place to sunshine and the promise of a fine evening. It was 4.30 p.m.—just an hour to go and ten miles to Tarvin, so no detour from the direct route could be allowed.

The President and Captain Perkins were in possession when Ken Barker arrived, followed closely by Peter Stephenson—four at any rate, and still time for more.

As the menu was being examined and orders given (Bleak House is like that still—the unconverted should certainly try Tarvin!) we were delighted to see arriving one, Stan Wild, a prospective member, who promises to be a welcome addition to our ranks; his credentials as club-man, cyclist and good fellow are excellent and his efforts at table stamp him worthy to wear the Anfield button.

We were glad to welcome to our board three Mersey Roaders *en route* for Holmes Chapel, and Fawcett, who put in one of his rare but very welcome appearances, found himself a late scholar and relegated to an adjoining table.

Conversation followed tea and touched on all the usual topics covered by cyclists, and time hurried along until the President, anxious to be on his way to Llangollen for the night, made a move towards the road and was soon

on his way accompanied by the Skipper and his Vice. (I hope that doesn't start Mrs. Perkins looking into Frank's movements); the former turning off at Chester towards the Wirral.

A glorious evening now and a detour seemed to be indicated, and what better than to carry on with the President and look over the Wrexham Road once again.

Up the long rise at Marford, low gears twiddling, grand views across the Cheshire Plain and all too soon came Wrexham and the parting of the ways.

Alone now with eight or nine undulating miles to do in all the glory of a late summer evening, Caergwrle, Hope, Pen-y-ffordd, a glimpse of Beeston during the drop down to Kinnerton and home.

Another run over; good company and the everchanging English countryside, but something not quite right—memories crowd in of runs in times of peace when the lads, now spread all over the world, were with us. May happier days be with us soon once more and those who have served us so well during these years of war return to enjoy again the things for which they have fought so well.

Brereton (Bear's Paw), 16th September, 1944.

A cancellation at the last minute necessitated some rapid letter writing, and several phone calls to ward off likely attenders and to suggest the alternative fixture as listed in the *Circular*.

On Saturday some misgivings that someone might turn up at Brereton unaware of the cancellation, impelled me to attend there and to hang about for a while, just in case; fortunately it was quite unnecessary.

Later, finding no solace at the Bear's Head, I hid myself to the Good Companions, where although received very graciously, nought could be done till 7-30 p.m., by which hour I had hoped to be well on my road again, so I crossed over to the Red Lion, of ancient renown, close by the sixteenth century church in the village

of Holmes Chapel and there my needs were easily satisfied without any undue loss of time.

By 7-30 p.m. I was on my way in the direction of Knutsford, but on reaching Cranage I turned right down Rose Cottage Lane to Twemlow pump and passed through Lower Withington to the Siddington cross roads, where turning left I took the next lane on the right past Redes Mere to Birtles, and began the climb over the hills to Prestbury, the view over towards Bollington whilst dropping down to Prestbury being a rich reward for my effort. Home was reached by 9-0 p.m., after a most enjoyable trip.

Parkgate, 23rd September, 1944.

Wet—uninteresting ride—cafe shut—no cafes in Parkgate open—went to see Salty—had a great tea there—had a chin-wag—rode home.

Present:—P. T. Stephenson.

Prestbury, 23rd September, 1944.

This was my annual visit to the Club, and the day, as is customary on these occasions, was of the cold and blustering variety, with a really heavy shower during the early part of the ride, and a brisk north west wind which ought to have assisted but did not.

Being alone, and less familiar with Cheshire's roads than I was in the days when beer was threepence a pint and the Holmes Chapel Swan offered roast ostrich at half-a-crown a go, I chose an easy route through Handforth. This part of the county seems to be filled to overflowing with the R.A.F.; the ground is covered with airmen and women coming and going, often by bicycle, and the sky above it is filled with the machines for which they exist.

I had stopped to admire the rate at which one of these huge four-engined monsters could climb, when there came round a bend in the road a smaller, slower, and less noisy vehicle, yclept barrer, propelled by a rider whose face I did not know. And since there seemed to be no doubt that his destination would be the same

as mine an acquaintance was made with the stranger, who turned out to be Stan Wild—a prospective member—and for the rest of the journey I was reminded of the smart pace which these triangular turnouts can achieve.

The opening scene at the bicycle shed was, to me, a mixture of the old and the new. Several old members and a couple of new-olds who had so far contrived to evade my company. To me Jack Hodges was a new face but manifestly an Anfielder of long standing of the black stocking variety, cheerful, slightly grey, and faintly redolent of Doctor Carlisle. The other new-old, A. Crowcroft, cannot be described here, for he travelled by train, and it is only by a man's bicycle and habit that he may be judged.

The remaining nine who were to consume the feast were old and valued clients: President Green—or should we say Evergreen?—lively and vigorous as ever, planning the Autumnal Tints Tour, which must, it seems, be less vigorously tinted till some of our youngsters are out again; Mister Bick, a study of rotundity, straight from Shropshire that very day in spite of the fact that he joined the Club in 1894; Master Koenen, criticising my mispronunciation of his surname, the first syllable of which, in our own language, should be pronounced as shoe—or roe—or Noel.

Of the less elder brethren we had Rex Austin, beaming like an owl, booked for police duty during the night and timekeeping on the morrow; Jim Cranshaw, earnest and efficient in his official capacity, vigilantly collecting his half-crowns and naming the journalistic sacrifice.

To make up the party of ten members and one prospective we had Catling and Ward and Wild—a party sufficient in numbers for the sixth September of war to show that the Club has good reason to look at the future with confidence in its ability to maintain its existing reputation.

The meal at the White House Cafe, which was preceded and followed by suitable liquid food sold at the pub conveniently opposite, was good for wartime, though distinctly below the

standard of a few houses which I can recall.

Those of us who stayed for the second session at the Black Boy—and readers who have noted the names will readily understand that they comprised the majority—remained until the party was partly demolished by the L.M.S. customers. In due course the remainder set a southerly course for Cheadle Hulme and home, with a call at the Church Inn for at least two of our members.

So ended another Saturday run—a difficult one to describe, for it contained no striking feature which could be used to distinguish it from the many which have preceded it. But it is a fine thing for an exile, living in a wild and foreign country such as Yorkshire, occasionally to return to the softer and kinder pastoral country to join the good company, to drink the good wine, returning with the vow that he will return after a shorter space of time than he did before.

Parkgate, 30th September, 1944.

After a morning spent in Agricultural pursuits I went out for a restful afternoon and toured the Wirral lanes as far as the Roundabout and Capenhurst. I nearly reached Parkgate before the rain but not quite.

So I sat down at the Deeside to watch the grey sky and the green shore and enjoy such tea and toast as only the Deeside can provide. It was nearly six when I started home and I saw no Anfielders up to then.

It rained hard all the way to West Kirby, but I had enjoyed yet another Anfield run, though a lonely one.

Wildboarclough, 30th September, 1944.

As I made my way through Northenden I saw in the distance a three-wheeler getting on with it nicely. Summoning all reserves I sprinted all out and found my anticipation justified—the rider of the "barrer" was Wilf Orrell. Together we breasted the rise to Moss Nook, and then through Styal and Wilmslow reached Alderley. Neither the Wizard nor the Artists' Lane route presenting any

attraction to Wilf we went on to Monks Heath corner and thence to Macclesfield, just commencing its wakes week. Here we parted—Wilf preferred to ride the Cat and Fiddle road, taking the rise in one dose, whilst I wished to ride up the Clough once more before winter comes, and so elected to go via Sutton Four-lane Ends and Clulow Cross.

So I made my way down the narrow sett-paved street, crowded with shoppers, to the Leek road, off which I soon turned on to the pleasant rising road to Sutton. Soon I reached the small farm where it is still possible to get a cup of tea, which I drank in the kitchen, listening meantime to the talk of the youngsters getting ready to go down to the town in the evening for all the fun of the fair.

Then along to Clulow Cross and, skirting Allgreave, into the Clough, which I found practically deserted. Signs of the coming of autumn were plentiful, but the autumn tints were not yet developed. Up to this point the weather had been fine, but as I

neared the end of the Clough fine rain commenced and I was glad to reach the Stanley Arms before it set in in earnest. Here I found Wilf Orrell, Jack Hodges, Jack Ward and Bren Orrell, whom we would very much like to see oftener.

Soon we were seated at table to the usual good meal, whilst disposing of which we talked of all kinds of things. Soon Rex Austin joined us, making the party six.

When 7 o'clock came we found that the rain had set in in earnest and the heavy clouds made the night very dark. There was nothing for it but caping up and we got on with it up the steep rise to the Cat and Fiddle road. All the way down the rain pelted us, but as we reached Macclesfield it let up a little, but never really ceased until we reached home.

The party broke up at Macclesfield, two making for Twemlow, four for Stockport and Cheadle Hulme. A short session on the way to discuss things and then away finally.

ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.	ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.
Nov. 4 Halewood (Derby Arms).	TEA AT 5-30 P.M.
.. 11 Warrington (Lion).	Nov. 4 Goostrey (Red Lion).
.. 12 Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.	.. 18 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
.. 18 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	.. 25 Prestbury (White House Cafe).
.. 25 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	Dec. 2 Goostrey (Red Lion).
Dec. 2 Halewood (Derby Arms).	

FULL MOON, 30TH INST.

NOTICES

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Roll of Honour.

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

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS :—E. Haynes,
20 Newtown Cottages, Ashchurch
Road, Tewkesbury.

322520 L./Cpl. SAMUEL, T. T., 3rd
Parachute Brigade, Signal Section,
A.P.O., England.

H. W. POWELL
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

My best thanks to the following
for their subscriptions and/or* dona-
tions to the Comforts Fund.

AUGUST.

J. C. Band* W. M. Owen*
J. D. Cranshaw.*

SEPTEMBER.

E. Bolton. F. D. McCann.*
C. F. Elias.* S. Wild.
G. Lockett.

OCTOBER.

S. J. Buck.* F. J. Cheminaiis.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

Every member will be sorry to hear
that F. H. Koenen is seriously ill, but
the latest news of him is that he is
showing distinct signs of recovery.

We all wish him a speedy restoration
to full health and hope to see him at the
Manchester winter runs before long.

SERVICE NOTES.

Acknowledgments of P.O.'s have
been received from

Ira Thomas, who says he is feeling
quite fit, his wounds having healed,
although his arm is still in a frame.

Norman Heath, who expects to be
afloat in a month or two's time, and is
anxious to contact Arthur Williams.

Rigby Band, who has moved into
Holland and complains that the beer
there is not as good as it was in
Belgium. He concludes with best
wishes to you all. Here's to the time
when you will be drinking beer in
England (or Wales) Rigby.

Ted Byron, who is also "over there,"
and also complains about beer. He
says that after being tempted with
two bottles soon after he got over, he
has lived in a state of perpetual
drought, and wonders where the beer
goes to. We suggest he contacts Rigby.

Walter Connor, who is looking for-
ward to some leave in the near future,
but doesn't know quite when or how
much. He sends his best wishes to
Ira Thomas for a speedy and complete
recovery and his regards to all.

Russ Barker, at Derby, where he
has got his bicycle and is settling down
nicely. He has quite a few Club boys
in his unit and his enthusiasm is
bubbling over. He hopes to be at the
Ravens Dinner on December 2nd and
meet Rex Austin and any others who
may be there.

Tommy Sherman, who writes a very
sedate note to the Treasurer. He has
been in to see Ira Thomas several
times and says that he has improved
tremendously. He concludes with
kind regards to all.

George Connor, still in Yorkshire,
but hasn't been doing much cycling
lately through lack of opportunity
and bad weather. He reports that the
wedding went off satisfactorily and
according to plan. Many thanks for
the wedding cake, George.

Eric Reeves, whose whereabouts
you will see from his welcome con-
tribution to this month's *Circular*.
He says he watched a lot of Ted
Byron's pea-shooters go through and
searched in every truck in the hope
of finding his unit amongst them, but
in vain. He seems in good form and
the only one who is happy in his beer.

Peter Rock, at Halifax now, sends
thanks for the "Life-saver." Peter
has been home since then and put in a
run at Tarvin, so some of you have
seen him.

Ralph Fer, who is just waiting more or less patiently for demobbing.

George Farr, who, like the others, says the P.O. just arrived in time to save him from an embarrassing situation. Sends his best wishes to all.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,

The death of Jimmy James (or Jim-Jams) which I read of in the October *Circular* touches me deeply, and when I still went to the Old Timers' Dinner (by the aid of petrol) the meeting with my old friend before the Dinner was for me the feature of the day. During his membership of the Anfield his 100 miles N.R.R.A. was his last and perhaps best success. Not long after I had myself tried and failed in that event. He was indeed a bright companion, never that I remember without a smile on his face. The years he spent in our midst, though I forget what was then his place of residence, added much glamour to the Anfield club runs. In recalling his past performances I think that G.H.S. has overlooked his track events in the North Road "Twenty-fours," when running second to Shorland, but I possess no details.

His loss will be deeply felt even in war time.

F.H.K.

A DAY IN BRUSSELS.

by Eric Reeves.

On a recent Sunday three things happened to provide me with a subject for my first contribution to the *Circular*. Firstly, this day was granted as a rest day and secondly transport was provided to Brussels: these two happy circumstances coincided with a track meeting at the Palais des Sports with Jeff (Poeske) Scherens and Sylvere Maes on the programme. When we arrived at Brussels I, feeling the need of a little moral support in finding my way about the place with my very limited knowledge of the language, tentatively asked if anyone was interested, but being Englishmen, the prospect of watching some cyclists

tearing around a wooden bowl failed to attract them. Several enquiries, including the Provost authorities, eventually led to me catching a 64 tram to the track. The people are most hospitable, and when the tram reached the velodrome the conductor and a fair haired youth vied with one another in telling me that the journey was over. The youth showed me the way to the paybox for a trackside seat, and despite my protests insisted on paying for my seat. The box of four chairs in the back straight, of which we occupied the rear seats, was a good spot to be, so I settled down to enjoy a good afternoon's sport. The riders were lapping the track loosening up and with the help of my companion's limited English and my limited French and Flemish, I succeeded in getting the identity of some of the riders. Three o'clock arrived at last and on to the track came he whom I had travelled to see, the great Jeff, in the first match of a combination to decide the winner from Scherens, Gosselin and Van Looveran. The latter two have patterned themselves on the master in bicycle design, position and in the famous last kick with which to get that little piece of rubber and maple over the line first.

An English speaking enthusiast in the next box explained that when fit Jeff can still beat them all, including Van Vliet, but that he is having spells when a good time is preferable to the laurels and lap of honour. A decade and a half is a long time to live the exacting life of an athlete. Each race found the riders standing still in the back straight in the manner so pleasing to Continental crowds, and each time Poeske was on the rear wheel of his opponent and higher up the banking. As well as giving a superb exhibition of balance it was interesting, to note the expression of the riders. Poeske smiling and confident and slightly indifferent but secure in his very great popularity and the younger men with a name to make anxiously watching this man who has fooled them all with the lightning getaways that have earned him his soubriquet.

On this afternoon their anxiety was needless, for it was my misfortune

to see Jeff beaten in every match by the little bit that counts. The final result was Gosselin, Van Looveran and Scherens.

The devil take the hindmost was an exhibition of fast riding and expert cycling. It was most amusing to see the unfortunate ones boxed in nearing the line vainly trying to find a space in the mass of bodies and bikes. The 50 Kilometre Madison was the last item of the programme and gave me an opportunity to study the riders minutely, Scherens getting most of my attentions. The way these men hurl their partners, on the change over, into a mass of riders without mishap, was a revelation. There was a 10,000 franc prize offered if record was broken but at 10 and 20 kilometres it was obvious that this large sum was safe in the pocket of the man who made it. My companion told me that the equipment was not of the high pre-war standard and it could be seen in many cases. This was the first track meeting I have ever attended, being a roadman pure and simple, but I find that the game as it is played here with the excellent tracks, interested crowds, including very lovely women, and snappy tunes on the loud speakers, has got something. I have often thought that a stimulating melody would be very beneficial at about 80 miles of a hundred on a lonely stretch of the North Road. At the back of my mind when I reached the track was a hope that if Ted or Rigby knew of this meeting and circumstances permitted, that it would be a magnet that might have the happy results of a meeting, but a searching of the few soldiers there showed how forlorn my hopes were. The meeting ended shortly after six, and it was only then I realised I was hungry, so the next half-hour found me one of a long queue in the N.A.A.F.I. waiting to be served with a meal of the usual "high" standard. A few beers ended the evening and then the long ride home. The conversation of my companions on pictures they had seen gave me a feeling that I had spent the better afternoon, for I had been fired by an enthusiasm that kindled many happy memories of happier days, battling with old Father Time somewhere up

the roads of Salop, Yorkshire or Cheshire. Roll on time, to more of those days.

THE "LOST" ROMAN HAMLET.

"The 'Lost' Roman Hamlet near the Stiper Stones, Snailbeach."

In the *Sunday Express* of October 1st, 1944, appears the above title, and members interested in Shropshire will wonder why it was lost and if it was lost or has been lost, the names of those who found it with full details. The details are that 200 cottagers are asked to decide on its future: do they want to leave or have it renovated, or left untouched?

When we realise that it lies within reach of our beloved Chirbury and was found on a recent holiday by the Anfielders Green and Hodges, between Castle Pulverbatch and Minsterley on their visit to the Stiper Stones, we feel assured about the response to the query in the *Express* and that the answer to the conundrum will be a wise one from the point of view of tourists. A picture of part of the village went attached. Even prior to the visit of the above-named gentlemen Snailbeach had been visited by two earlier Anfielders, namely, the writer, in company with the late E. G. Worth, who surmounted the Stipers after a cloudburst that destroyed the path and forced the visitors to seek rest on the Queen's Chair, before they descended for refreshment to the Inn at Ratlinghope, that lies by the side of the Old Road to Bishop's Castle Town.

From Ratlinghope (pronounced Ratchup) a direct road runs east to Church Stretton athwart the Long Mynd, where to find other comforts. The writer uncorroborated and with his recollections greatly impaired can offer no suggestions for this conundrum, thus leaves it to the opinion of his younger and better informed friends. If they fail, then I hope that our old friend Frank Urry, who has spent so many holidays at Castle Pulverbatch, will "bring his influence to bear" to quote a classic phrase of the late Boots Taylor at the Glan Aber.

F.H.K.

A LETTER FROM

—NED HAYNES.

DEAR STEVIE,

Just a line to let you know I have changed my address. I managed to get four days off work last week-end so I cycled home to Manchester and attended a run on the way, namely, "Stanley Arms," Macclesfield Forest. I enjoyed the trip very much and wish I could come up more regularly. The next time I am home will be Christmas and I hope to be on the Boxing Day run. Make it the "Swan," Holmes Chapel and I am sure to be there. I am not doing much riding at present, but I make the best of it. Please remember me to all Anfielders. May the day soon be here when we can have a grand reunion.

All best wishes to yourself and family,

Yours truly,

NED HAYNES.

—
RUNS.

Halewood, 7th October, 1944.

I was in the midst of the last game of bowls of the season, conducted under difficult conditions among worm casts and fallen leaves, when I suddenly remembered I had no lamps on my bicycle and not even a bracket at the rear-end. Dashing home I detached a lamp bracket from Peter's machine (he was in bed with chicken-pox and couldn't defend his property). I found a battery lamp for the rear, but the only oil lamp I could find with wick and oil in it was one Li. Price gave me when he joined up in '14. It was probably the original wick and oil too, or it looked like it. Just then Tommy Mandal came on the scene, so I left everything in his hands and went to get changed. In due course we arrived at the Derby Arms to find Norman Turvey all the way from Ackworth via Newport (in two days, not one), Hubert Roskell looking bigger than ever, and Eddie Morris.

Sarah had forgotten we were coming but a few minutes later we were sitting

down to cold chicken or turkey, and very nice, too; after the train and bus had gone the other three had one for the road, Tommy was sent off for his fishing week-end and Turvey and Stevie lit the latter's lamp and departed at a brisk (?) pace towards Huyton. The lamp lasted half-a-mile, but on being relit it lasted a full two miles, as far as the Hare and Hounds, where it was deemed safer to rest and refit. The beer was good, Norman was in excellent form and a very pleasant half-hour was spent. If only the original owner of the lamp (not to mention the wick and oil) had been there—well, we might have been there yet.

As it was we arrived home in good time and sat up talking till Norman was almost asleep. A very pleasant week-end.

Warrington, 14th October, 1944.

There was only an attendance of four at this fixture—the President, Stevie, Ward and del Banco. One would have expected a bigger muster on such a day—the wind was certainly in evidence—but otherwise it was a fine day.

Having slightly strained a tendon in his foot del Banco bought some Crosville shares and arrived early. A half-hour spent with a pot of tea and cakes fortified him for a stroll round Warrington town; this being the first occasion on which he had actually been in the town.

While this self-conducted tour was in progress he met the President, who was on a similar mission, and all sail was then set and a course laid for the Lion, where Stevie was found at his moorings. Beer was then the next item on the agenda, and as this was being taken aboard, our new member, Ward, reported.

He arrived with a "slow" puncture and had neither pump or repair outfit with him. It appears that he had expected company on the journey and so had left these necessary items of equipment at home, working on the argument that why should he carry them when the other fellow has them? Anyhow, as he was accompanying the President on part of the way home and

one pumping would see him best part of the way, he would use the Presidential pump to see him over the last lap.

A move was soon made after the meal, as Stevie had an appointment with son Peter on the road home, and del Banco was for the 7-30 bus to Liverpool.

The pump wielding over, the President's "barrer" was trundled on it's way with Ward—keeping a watchful eye on the pump—in close attendance.

So ended another pleasant interlude.

Wildboarclough, Stanley Arms, 21st October, 1944.

This run increases in popularity, due to two main reasons, the degree of variation afforded by the countryside traversed in attaining the objective, secondly, the ever-increasing amount of food supplied for the reasonable price of twenty-one pence.

With the return of street lighting and the partial lifting of the black-out the town of Macclesfield and the lights therefrom will enable the return journey in the dark to be accomplished easier than in the past, and prompts one to advocate the continuance of this run at least once a month during the winter.

On this particular afternoon I was in no mood for riding far or fast and so, having attained a considerable altitude above Macclesfield on the Cat and Fiddle road, I elected to walk, my companion out of sheer good manners did likewise and we were joined almost at once by Ned Haynes, who had ridden up from Tewkesbury, a mere hundred miles since breakfast.

As we approached the Stanley Arms the autumnal colouring of the surrounding moorlands made a wonderful picture in the pale light of the setting sun, which had finally dispersed the clouds which had persisted most of the day.

Those present were Ward, Cranshaw,

two Orrells, Austin, Catling, Haynes, Wild and two friends.

A week-end party of Austin, Wild and the two friends shoved off fairly early and the rest of us made tracks down the hill to Macclesfield and so home.

Tarvin, 21st October, 1944.

The weather in the City of Perpetual Sunshine during the week had not been such as to encourage hope of anything good for the week-end. The perfect conditions for cycling—practically still air, not too cold—were all the more welcome, and I looked forward to meeting quite a crowd at Bleak House. However, there were only four of us, but as three were members who, for very good reasons, are not out on runs regularly, one may quite justly say that the run was worth while.

The outward journey was an easy gallop, and when I arrived I found Geoff. Lockett, Syd. del Banco and Peter Rock already at table. This was the second Saturday running that Syd. has had free for cycling and we may hope to see him more frequently. Peter, after spending the greater part of some months on and off in hospital, was having a few days leave. Perhaps the Army will lay him off altogether soon; he's done his bit anyhow. Geoff. had left the citizens of Chester to take care of themselves for a few hours and looked forward to more meetings with the Club at Tarvin, or other place, if we can find one within easy cycling distance.

We found plenty to talk about and sat round the table until nearly 7 o'clock, when we parted, the three making for Chester, and I for Manchester. At the cross-roads at Crabtree Green (we used to refer to this spot as "Cuddington Corner," though Cuddington is quite a long way off). I barged into a party of about half-a-dozen American soldiers who had congregated in the road just beyond the lights, so that with the full green light in one's eyes it was impossible to see them until right on them. However, no harm was done and after a laughing conversation we parted

and for about another mile I picked my way through small and large parties of these same gentry wandering all over the road. The rest of the journey was easy and without incident.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR.

28th October, 1944.

My Club week-ends always seem to commence with these words—'Leaving work.' This year's Autumn Tints was no exception.

After a brilliant Friday night, fine, dry and moonlight, Saturday morning found me making very poor headway against a cold Nor'-west wind. Straight into the hills through the archway of beech, chestnut and oak of the "Warren" to Pen-y-fford's level crossing. Here right and an easy spell before the Pont-blyddyn crossroads and the steady plod through Coed-Talyn, up the "Bakery" hill and a rapid halt at Tryddyn to cape up.

What had promised to be a delightful Autumn morning alas, turned almost at once to Winter. I was glad of my sou'-wester, cape and leggings, even during the hard climb to the ridge of Llandegla moors. A halt for a smoke and a breather while I admired the view westwards. Bala and the Berwyns, the Arenigs and all they promise for a cycling week-end.

Breakfast at the Crown, a large pot of tea and sandwiches and a chat to mine host, Tom Harrop, put me in better humour. No call for capes found me enjoying the run down to Bryn-Eglws. Past "Yale" Hall, where I was sorry to see them felling the timber. The sloping ground forming the glacis to the hall, in its season, showed you a marvellous carpet of snowdrops peeping through sweeping beeches almost to the Corwen road. Just before entering Bryn-Eglws I was treated to a delightful insight into the life of that normally timid animal, the stoat. Absolutely fearless, for once, this little mite danced and frolicked along and across the road till I approached within six foot of it, when it looked at me quite disdainfully and daintily cocked me a snook and whisked into the grass. This

interlude made me realise how deserted the roads are to-day, that for eighteen miles no traffic had passed me and until I entered Corwen so it remained. Very fortunately really, for the last miles into Corwen I had to contend with a cross wind, bitterly cold, and showers of frozen rain, making me seek the shelter of the right-hand hedge for in the lee of this the going was fair.

Lunch, of course, at the Crown, Corwen, not as pre-war, but still satisfying, although I doubt if I could have said that after one of our historic mountain storming trips which so often ended at the Crown. The afternoon just a gentle wet potter into Llangollen to find the Stevies had forestalled me by some hours. They arrived on the Friday. Not being able to find them I spent some time ambling round the town, afternoon tea in Mrs. Roberts' cosy cottage, back to the Royal for dinner and the usual get-together to end the evening.

The Presider, Rex Austin, Elias, Jack Hodges, George and Peter Stevie, Tommy Mandall, Teddy Webb and myself graced the table for this week-end.

Sunday morning found the weather right round 180 degrees. A thin Nor'-easter made us put on our gloves and walk. The major part of us left for home as soon as possible, but Tommy, George, Peter and Salty spent the Sunday morning right lazily. Up to Plas Newydd to view the home of the "Old Ladies," whom we all felt sure had retired, re-incarnated to the Royal, then along the valley road to the west of the A.5 to rejoin it about one mile out of town towards Chirk. Collecting a puncture in the off wheel of Peter's trike. It was voted well found by all who sat back and smoked while Peter changed a tyre plus Salty's help, of course. It was our intention to lunch at the "Hand," Chirk, but Salty's organisation crashed, nought doing. Down Chirk Bank but still too early—12 a.m.—so on up to the New Inn. Still too early and no grub forthcoming we returned to await the opening hour at the Bridge. The Ceiriog was in full water but that only made us

colder. Surely none of us have been so near death. The opening of the door saved us and so from 12-30 to 1-45 we recovered sufficiently enough to send Salty on recy. to Stanton House. Success, and he returned for a quick one and to urge the boys, who really didn't require it. Tommy Mandall having an appointment with home rails at Chester, we three escorted him to Ruabon, where the telegraph poles received their necessary attention. We turned westwards, wind abaft, Tommy to slog into our helping wind. Stevie found the Acrefair-Trevor road not half so fearful as he expected and we soon found ourselves parking our bikes and sampling Mrs. Roberts' tea. Dinner once more and afterwards a very quiet evening passed very pleasantly conversing with fellow visitors, and, of course, 'Crad' Williams, a local character who is of no age but has been everywhere and met everyone. He asks do you know Mr. Ross, and certainly he does. And then to bed.

Monday morning I decided to have an easy day before work once more. So George and Peter and self took the quickest road toward home. The sunny side of the Dee to Ruabon and then Wrexham, where we halted to search for our dinners. A huge meat pie, George had bought a loaf, cakes and meat paste in Llangollen, and we retired to the Trevor Arms, Marford. Shut, of course, so on into Rossett, and the first pub enlightening us, "we only have stout," there we stayed. Lunch—the parting—the Stevies for

Chester and home and Salty for work. A fine week-end once more, but just a wee bit too refined for my taste. I preferred last year's Glyn Ceiriog.

SALTY.

Prestbury, White House Cafe, 28th October, 1944.

We did not expect a large turn up at this fixture owing to the alternate attraction of the Llangollen week-end, even so circumstances provided that there should be less than that.

The weather was wretched from early morning, and we are all very sad to hear of the stroke that has put our old friend F.H. out of the active list and we most sincerely hope that it may be only temporarily.

However, the two members present, Crowcroft and Cranshaw, carried on the traditions of Prestbury, dining off sausage and chips with scones to follow, and at length adjourning to the tank of the neighbouring Legh Arms.

Over tea we had the pleasure of the company of our friends the "Wheelers," and many reminiscences of days awheel were exchanged.

Leaving the Legh Arms together about 8 o'clock p.m. we walked easily to the station for the 8-24, the night being pleasantly light and the train not far behind time.

Having seen Crow safely aboard I then collected my bike and so made my lone way home through the quiet night.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1944

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Dec. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms).
" 9	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 16	Warrington (Patten Arms)
" 23	Tarvin (Bleak House).
" 26	Halewood (Derby Arms) Lunch, 1-0 p.m.
" 30	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
1945	
Jan. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Dec. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 9	Wildboarclough. (Stanley Arms).
" 23	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
" 26	Holmes Chapel (Swan), Lunch at 1-0 p.m.
" 30	Prestbury (White House Cafe)
1945	
Jan. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 29TH 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.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Lunch at Halewood on 21st January, 1945. Any Member having any matter he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than the 31st instant.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Only a few names to record this month. A Member who desires to remain anonymous has placed funds at my disposal to send a Postal Order to each Member on Active Service as a special Christmas and New Year Gift.

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

Anonymous.* W. E. L. Cooper.
W. E. Cotter.* S. T. Threlfall.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

We are glad to hear that F.H. is well on the way to recovery, as will be seen from his contribution this month.

Ira Thomas has left the Royal Southern Hospital and gone to a hospital in Shrewsbury. He wishes to thank all his friends up here for their kindness to him.

Bob Austin, son of our Manchester Vice-President, who was accepted by the R.A.F. for training as "pilot, navigator or bomb aimer" and attested last March, has been awarded a University Short Course, tenable at St. Andrew's University, Fife, where he is now in residence. He will be glad to hear from any of "Ours" who may be in the neighbourhood.

CORRESPONDENCE.

10th November, 1944.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I am very sorry to hear of friend Koenen's illness, and I hope he is now well on the way to recovery. In his letter referring to the death of Jimmy James he suggests that, when recalling the past performances of that rider, I "overlooked his track events in the North Road 'twenty-fours,' when running second to Shorland." As a matter of fact, Jimmy did not ride in either of the track "twenty-fours" promoted by the North Road C.C. It was in the first Cuca Cup "twenty-four" of 1892 that he finished second to Shorland, and when I reviewed his racing career in *Cycling* (September 27th) I naturally mentioned that performance, which was perhaps the most notable of all his rides.

Yours faithfully,
G. HERBERT STANCER.

WHEN THE ANFIELD WENT TO SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR.

It happened a good while before the present war, at which time we had no idea how going to war would cramp our style. We ourselves never had any plans of going to war with anybody in Europe while we planned those delightful tours in Worcestershire.

The chief instigator of those trips was the present sick man of the Club, "Old F.H." who almost realises all chance is gone. Asking myself to explain my choice of district I must try and hide behind the advertisements in railway carriages of the charms of "COMPTON WINYATES ESTATES," which I myself hoped to reach by motor car from Shipston-on-Stour. To reach this town one strikes the Fosse Way near pretty Halford, where one strikes the Stour, after which one turns left and Shipston lies at no distance. Even if one misses this nice Inn by going too speedily there awaits one Long Compton where President Wilson found a good home.

Beyond lies Chipping Norton and Over Norton and continuing the circle one reaches the Fosse Way at Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Avoiding Bourton-on-the-Hill one passes Brackley to get back to Chipping Norton and so to Shipston by Ilmington, the prettiest village near. It even beats Weston-sub-Edge, which a prominent cycling paper voted for.

Those fortunate to reach Shipston by Ilmington will be made welcome at Shipston's handsome workhouse,

F.H.K.

A LETTER FROM

—ERIC REEVES.

21st November, 1944.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks to all for the P.O. for 20/- just received. It was the one posted by you last April and it had a long journey all round the Middle East and Mediterranean before you re-directed over here. I cannot drink your health on the proceeds at the moment for I am, by necessity, not leading a gay social life. It is cold and wet in this country, being just like the popular conception of Manchester weather, where, as you know, it rains nine months out of twelve and is wet on the other three. The Editorial in the last *Circular* gave the wrong impression that I was happy in my beer biting, but this is wrong for I must limit my consumption of liquids on doctor's orders so I cannot claim to be as happy as Rigby or Ted, who can drink what they can obtain. There is more to the story than this but I do not wish to spoil the pages of the *Circular* with biting criticism of the order of things. The appearance of the trees in the past month takes one's mind back to Wales at its best for the Autumn Tints Tour and it would be a happy thought to hope for next year to see us all together again for one of the most pleasant of all the Club tours. I want to wish all members a very Merry Christmas and hope that

the extra rations will help you to have almost as many good things as in the years before this rotten business started. Well, that's all for now so with a final word of thanks I will say "Cheerio and all the best."

Yours sincerely,

J. E. REEVES.

—ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

To-day I received a 10/- postal order from you forwarded on by my wife; it seems to have done a bit of wandering around, but if the Navy doesn't know where I'm situated all the better, they can leave me in England till it's over. However, please convey my best thanks to the Anfield for this welcome gift. It is Supt. P.O. in front of my name—it's short for "Shipwright Petty Officer." If I get moved at any time I shall let you have my address.

All the best for a Happy Christmas and a Victory New Year.

Yours sincerely,

A. WILLIAMS.

P.S.—Thanks for Norman's address. We may drop across each other sometime.

PANTS.

Reading the story in the September *Circular* of an "early Anfield racketeer" who bought some unshrunk flannel with alleged disastrous consequences, reminded one of an episode witnessed on the Prom at West Kirby on a recent Thursday evening.

The leading light was none other than that stalwart of the old brigade—Frank Chandler—who created a sensation by puffing along the Prom on his trike. Low an behold, to coin a phrase, he looked the last word in economy in short pants! Was he there to see the girl skippers in their shorts and racing Dreadnoughts (12-ft. dinghy's) on the lake? Surely not, Frank, at your age!

And what a terrific reception Frank got, not only from the umpire, but the starter, timekeeper, judge, flag-wagger, and, of course, *les girls*, for as he drew nearer and nearer to the Starting Post his pants grew shorter and shorter. The picture of such a later-to-be extinguished visitor in those shorts was, to say the least, astonishing. It certainly had an embarrassing effect on the fair competitors at the start.

The shock was so great that one of the Dreadnoughts containing his choice selections—in their shorts that dreadnought (pun intended!)—crossed the line seconds before the flag dropped. (Now wait for it, the flag's still up) and had to be recalled. This misfortune seemed to upset Frank, for he immediately lost interest and taking a few steps back nearer the famous trike, he watched the progress of the titanic struggle, and when the boats were on the third (not Max's) leg (no pants on this) he was amazed at how luff, bluff and tough those girls could be, trying to put a competitor over the wall into the River Dee. They finished up by fouling at the buoy (Not you, Frank) on rounding the mark to port, it must have got heady, and going on to final disaster. This was the last straw, seeing a white handkerchief waved as a protest, Frank evidently thought this was a signal of "Adieu," because he at once "swallowed the anchor," grabbed his machine and puffed off northwards, (disappearing before anybody had the ghost of a chance to examine the remains of the once famous red racer. Or is it?

RUNS.

Halewood, 4th November, 1944.

There was a stiff wind blowing but fortunately the rain held off when Tommy Mandall and the Editor sneaked off from the latter's back door while Peter was doing something to his bicycle.

In spite of the fact that he changed his mind and got the tricycle out instead, by dint of much furious pedalling he caught the other two up just before the Derby Arms.

The usual stalwarts, Hubert Roskell and Eddie Morris were there accompanied by Mr. Walter Simpson, and after a short and pleasant session downstairs a move was made for the dining room, when Stevie skilfully manoeuvred Hubert into the carver's seat—and what a job he made of it.

We all thought it was a goose—a Michaelmas Goose, such as the Owls fed on—but have since learned that it was a duck—but what a duck—a Roskell of a duck—and carved as only a Roskell can carve one. It was just like old times to hear Hubert say "There's lots more picking, boys." Even I remember him saying it thirty years ago.

Well, all good things come to an end and after seeing the others off to the bus (even Eddie Morris missed the train) the other three hoisted themselves on their bicycles and rolled slowly homewards. One stop on the way home which was reached in good time and in good order.

Goostrey, 4th November, 1944.

As usual on the first Saturday of each month a good number was present at the Red Lion, which included as far as I can remember, Jack Ward, Bren Orrell, Wilf Orrell, Bob Poole, Bert Green, Jack Hodges, H. Catling and Jim Cranshaw.

It is to be lamented that our train party—Buckley and Crowcroft—have had very unwillingly to decide against any further visits to Goostrey until such times that the journey may be made, especially the return journey, under more comfortable conditions.

It was a poor sort of day but as most of us had managed without capes we must be thankful for small mercies in a season of almost continuous wet weather.

Mr. Knowles, our host of the Red Lion, had had a most strenuous week travelling between home and Chester each day to take his seat on the jury at the Assizes. The stout-hearted fellow's chief concern was that he would be able to attend continuously and promptly whilst he was required.

The following week's fixture—Warrington—was discussed, but the general opinion was definitely unfavourable: this is a pity, because nowadays we do not often get the chance of meeting the Liverpool chaps. It is unfortunate that Acton Bridge does not cater as in the old days.

We were all pleased to be able to congratulate Harold Catling on becoming the proud father of a baby girl and to extend our best wishes to Mrs. Harold.

We broke up the party about the usual time, to ride home on the blackest of black nights.

Warrington, 11th November, 1944.

I wakened father at half-past three or thereabouts to inform him that the day was Saturday, that the run was Warrington, that he was going and that Tommy Mandall was calling for us. Well, the answer was a "grunt." Anyway, we were soon ready although Tommy was not due for half-an-hour and with much fuss our Vice-President decided that he wasn't going to wait a minute after zero hour. As these and many other words, betraying father's enthusiasm, were spoken, an object in a black cape appeared outside the window. This proved to be Mr. Mandall who, when he had removed his cape, was found to be wearing a fascinating jacket which could be turned inside out. We had a cup of tea and father and Tommy went on as I had not finished getting my bike ready. I now have to see to father's as well as my own!

Of the ride to Warrington there is not much to tell. The rain had stopped and it was quite pleasant once we got moving. There were no stops on the way out and we were the first to arrive. We went into the smoke-room, where father and Tommy had a glass of mixed, while I had shandy, or was it lemonade? Jack Ward soon arrived and when father asked him to have a drink, Jack's negative answer so shook him that he had to ask again! The President arrived very soon after Jack and we had a chat until tea was

ready. The meal was quite good, although I wouldn't like to ride far on it.

We left about 7-30, ourselves going only a few hundred yards to make a call at the "Patten Arms," an old Anfield haunt I believe, to make enquiries as to whether they can supply a meal, and we found that they can, so I suppose we will give them a try soon. Our next port of call was the "Hare and Hounds," where we stayed until nearly closing time, after that riding home leaving Tommy to finish his journey by himself.

Dane-in-Shaw, 18th November, 1944.

Although the Coach and Horses at Dane-in-Shaw is one of our more distant Winter venues and suffers the disadvantage of being at the top of a steep hill, it is, nevertheless, an attractive fixture to me. Certainly the climb up from the valley of the Dane has no very strong appeal, nor does the breath-taking descent by a winding and bumpy lane, to be faced in the first few minutes after leaving the warmth and light of hostelry, contribute greatly to the charm of the Coach and Horses.

The homely welcome we always get and the sight of the buxom and comely ladies of the house is, however, a cheering prospect. There is always plenty to eat and the weight of butter lavished on the toast is a thing to be wondered at.

Saturday was a day of wind and rain with little promise of even the 'bright intervals' that the pre-war newspaper weather forecasts, so often wrongly, led us to expect. I blazed a lone trail from my native heath. A long trail and a wet trail. Down the hills I could just go fast enough for my side wheels to provide that lovely aquatic spectacle, which makes a tricyclist so popular amongst his Club mates in wet weather, but up the hills it was a game of hard plodding against an unsympathetic wind.

Five of us shared the board at tea and each of us had made the journey alone. In an attempt to make up for our separation during the afternoon

we contrived to pack ourselves at the table so that we were all in one row and as close to the fire as possible. Tea was a satisfying and a cheerful meal. Our request for another round of everything was, as usual, readily met, so that we were all well filled by the time we turned our chairs to the fire for a pleasant chat before taking to the road.

The news that the rain had ceased brightened our outlook on the inevitable return journey and we left for home in good spirits about 7-15. Our outlook was further brightened when we found that the usually fickle wind was still in the south east and strong enough to make the homeward run a veritable sleigh-ride. We swept down the hill to Congleton in close formation, the party remaining intact until Messrs. Cranshaw and Ward took the Macclesfield road at the Grove Inn. The Presider, Peter Stephenson and I continued together to Monks Heath, where they turned for Knutsford, while I carried along A.53, through Alderley and Wilmslow to the junction of the Wilmslow road and the Altrincham-Stockport road at Cheadle. At this point I was checked by the traffic signals and if I had waited for them to change to green I suspect I should be still there. These particular signals are pad operated, but as I am not heavy enough to work them I am forced to cross them at red every Saturday night. What is the legal position of a cyclist under such circumstances? I usually ride cautiously across, keeping a lookout for the law, but it seems a ridiculous position that these lights, which always return in favour of the Altrincham-Stockport road, cannot be operated by a cyclist of normal weight.

Prestbury, 25th November, 1944.

[We make no apology for putting in two accounts of this run. When through no fault of his own, the man deputed to write the run is unable to do so, and two other stalwarts step in to the breach what else can one do?

Besides, you get it from two angles—like the two tricyclists did!—ED.]

Since the day opened with a snow storm the prospects for cycling in the afternoon didn't appear too good. But fortunately the weather improved later in the day, and in the afternoon it was possible to ride unimpeded by a cape for quite a substantial portion of the time. There was, however, no inducement to linger by the way, and no sunshine in which to bask: in fact, the grass verges were snow-covered, and everything was pretty damp.

Four members were ensconced in the tank opposite the White House when I arrived and I was pleased to see Buckley among them—his first appearance since his sojourn at Chirbury. spent, we understand, mainly in the chimney-corner, owing to a bad chill. He had news of Hubert, somewhere in Belgium and apparently not doing too badly just now—nice billet, and visits to Brussels. Four more—three members and a friend—soon arrived and we adjourned to tea, which was consumed to the accompaniment of the usual conversation on all sorts of things. We were told that "F.H." was making some progress towards convalescence but that it would be a slow job—three months before he could expect to get out again. But we shall have him out with us again and that's good news. Tea over, some of the party made straight for home whilst the others resumed the interrupted session across the road. This rearguard departed about 8 o'clock and soon split up. I'd like to be able to say that they reached home without incident, but unfortunately two tricyclists managed somehow to get their side wheels mixed up, with disastrous results, for they had to finish the last ten miles or so each with a wheel resembling a serpent and in imminent danger of collapse. However, they *did* reach home, and they didn't have to walk.

Prestbury, 25th November, 1944.

I have just walked into the house on the evening of Wednesday following this run when the telephone rings,

Thinking that it will be the works, with more trouble, I answer, but hear a pleasant feminine voice at the other end. "This is Don. Shaw's wife. He has been called to London unexpectedly and will not be able to report the run as promised. Will you do it for him?" There seems no alternative to agreeing, hence this screed.

It was a fine day on Saturday until the moment I left home, when the rain commenced, and I had a wetting. Don Shaw caught me about Dean Row (I must be unfit) and we found quite a lot of people scattered in and about the White House. Some of the Manchester Wheelers were there (not very many) as well as eight Anfielders, nine Cheshire Roadites, and a friend. These latter totalled but twelve in all, so you will realise that there were about six with dual membership. Those

of "Ours" were the Presider and his Vice, the Sub., Jack Hodges, Stan Wild, Catling (and friend), Bick and Don Shaw.

Tea was the usual meal, daintily served, good to eat, but not really enough for a hungry cyclist. However, Stan and I had four cups of tea apiece, and Don wangled a few more scones, so we couldn't grumble. Soon a move was made, some for home, but six for the Legh Arms, to stay until Bick's departure for the train brought the sitting to a close. The conditions outside were much improved and good progress was made. Near to Dean Row the Presider and Stan Wild (both on trikes) came into contact, with the result that two wheels will have to be rebuilt, but both machines were rideable (just) and all reached home without further incident.

*Best wishes for a Happy Christmas to all
our Members*

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