VOLUME XLI NUMBER 466

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

JANUARY - 1945

FORTHCOMING FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Jan., 1945
6 Halewood (Derby Arms).
13 Warrington (Lion Hotel).
20 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
21 Halewood (Derby Arms). Lunch, 1-0 p.m. Annual General Meeting. (See Committee Notes).
27 Tarvin (Bleak House).

Feb.
3 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan.
6 Goostrey (Red Lion).
20 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
27 Prestbury (White House Café).

Feb.
3 Goostrey (Red Lion).

Full Moon, 25th inst.

CONTENTS

Committee Notes	.. ..	2
Treasury Notes	.. ..	2
Correspondence	.. ..	2
Letters	.. .. ..	3
Mersey Combine Dinner	..	4
Runs	.. .. ..	5

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI JANUARY, 1945 NUMBER 466

A Happy New Year to All our Readers!

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4, The Laund,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting of the Club is to be held on Sunday, 21st January, 1945, at 2-0 p.m. at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood. It is to be hoped that as many as possible will attend.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

My best thanks to the following for their current year's Subscriptions and for 1945.

E. Buckley.*	C. Selkirk.*
T. R. Hinde.	J. G. Shaw.
W. H. Lloyd.*	T. V. Schofield.
E. Montag.	S. T. Threlfall.*
C. Randall.	

1945.

C. Aldridge.	W. H. Lloyd.
H. S. Barratt.*	J. J. Salt.*
P.C.Beardwood.*	T. V. Schofield.
T. R. Hinde.	S. T. Threlfall.

There are still a number of outstanding subscriptions, and I shall be obliged if those Members concerned will let me have same without my having to make further application.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

Christmas Cards have been received from D. L. Birchall, W. A. Connor, N. S. Heath, S. J. Jonas and T. Sherman.

Members will regret to learn of the death of Dick Ryalls in action on Boxing Day. Dick, who was recently promoted Squadron Leader, went to France a short time ago. He had had a long period as a night fighter from 'dromes in this country and this was to have been his last turn of duty on operations before being grounded.

(An obituary notice will appear next month.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

December, 1944.

My Dear Editor,

THE CHARLES FEARNLEY FUND FOR MAIMED EX-SERVICE CYCLISTS.

You have heard of the Charles Fearnley Fund for Maimed Ex-Service Cyclists. It might well be that your Club, or some of its members, have actually subscribed to this deserving cause. However, I am enclosing a couple of leaflets about the Fund from which you will see that it has commenced its good work in giving helpful mechanical aid to wounded ex-Service cyclists who desire to continue with their chosen pastime.

We want your Club to help us to find deserving cases. Will you please make reference to the Fund and the service it offers in your Club's Magazine? If you require a few leaflets for distribution to cyclists who might require our help or to their friends or relatives, please let me know.

All good wishes,

Yours fraternally,
H. H. ENGLAND.

Charles Fearnley is a health and fitness expert, known in the cycling world by his writings in the Cycling Press. He founded the above-named Fund in order to help those Service men and women who, having been

© Anfield Bicycle Club

cyclists before they joined the Forces, still wish to pursue the sport of their choice, despite being maimed or rendered limbless in the execution of their duty. Such help will take the form of modifying or making attachments for their bicycles or tricycles so designed as to render ease of manipulation and propulsion, despite any disability or absence of limb.

The Fund is registerd as a War Charity ; it has representatives of both the Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cyclists' Union on its Committee. The Chairman of the Committee is the Editor of the newspaper *Cycling*.

The Committee invites applications from maimed ex-Service cyclists, either directly or on their behalf by relatives, friends or club officials. Advice on mechanical modifications will be given where necessary, and the Committee will arrange with a maker to have the device prepared, and, if desired, fitted. This service, in approved cases, is, of course, free.

All communications should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, Miss I. M. Pulleyn, The Charles Fearnley Fund, Temple Press Ltd., Bowling Green Lane, London, E.C.1.

A LETTER FROM

—L. PRICE.

Clapton Farm House,
Kintbury,
Newbury, Berks.
December 17th, 1944.

My Dear Steve,

At last do I try to send you a few well chosen kind words. Your reference to the lamp in a recent Halewood account, I think it was in October, rather amused me. Had I been with you at Cronton on the way home we certainly would have been delayed ! ! What has happened to mine host at Broad Green ? Home Guard duties having subsided—barring the *essential* " Stand Down " binges, I now have a few evenings free. No, no, I am not taking up cycling ! !

I hope this reaches you before Christmas, for here's wishing you and yours all the very best for the festive season and may we foregather one day in 1945 when the Bosche is finished. The swine !

Chin Chin,
Yours Aye,
LIONEL PRICE.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

19th December, 1944.

Dear Mr. Kettle,

Very many thanks to the anonymous member for the postal order and good wishes.

They are very much appreciated, and I shall certainly drink a toast to " the anonymous member " on Christmas Day.

As you will see by the address I am still lucky in my locality, and look like being here for some time.

Duties become more varied every day, and my latest venture is Courts Martial work. I'm afraid my " sedate " letter (as it was described in last month's *Circular*) must have been the result of this, because I've written so many pleas of mitigation lately, that I'm getting in a rut. After hearing one of them, any court is certain to give the bloke (who has the misfortune to have me as defending officer) at least six months.

Another " headache " job I'm now doing is " Wines Member " in the Mess. This entails keeping up the supplies of " hooch " and they're as thirsty a lot as Anfielders.

Blackmail figures prominently in this job.

The Adjutant says " A bottle of Scotch or you'll be duty officer for the next four Sundays."

The C.O. says " A bottle of Gin, or you're on the next draft."

My Coy. Commander says " A bottle of Port, or yours is a dog's life forever."

And so it goes on. What would you do, chums ?

One officer, a last war D.S.O., M.C., who has all the qualities and otherwise of an old Anfielder, says that after two double Scotches a little devil inside him forces nim to go on, until

© Anfield Cycle Club

my precious stock is down by two bottles.

I must apologise to Ira for not seeing him before he left Liverpool, but I was away on duty in the Isle of Man for a while and by the time I was able to go again he had gone. Anyway, I'm very pleased to hear he's nearer home and getting better.

Well, I think that's about all for now, except, of course, my very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all of " Ours."

Thanking you again for the P.O.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

—ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

28/12/44.

Dear Stevie,

It's a long time since I did any writing to the *Circular* of my activities down in glorious Devon. As you see by the address I have moved out of barracks and am isolated in this place away out in the wilds. I have just arrived back from home after a forty eight hour leave and as it was mid-week I had no chance to see any of the boys. Things down here are about the same, not much to do. I work in the dockyard all week and spend my time walking at the week-end.

The other week-end I had a rather nice walk that brought back memories of our pass storming days over the Welsh hills, the only things missing being my bike and the boys. I stayed the Saturday night at a village called Plympton, about six miles from Plymouth; it has some very old buildings and a particularly old church which you have no doubt seen in the papers to be flooded out. On the Sunday I walked through lanes and woods skirting the Edge of Dartmoor. I had nothing to eat but chestnuts that I found in the woods and some apples I had poached, and the keen air made me very hungry. After walking about eight miles I came to what I thought was a limestone mine, but it was a china clay mine. I had a good look at this place and it was very interesting; all this pink and white clay stacked like peat in sheds to dry. As a point of interest I visited Plymouth Museum the following week and was amazed at the uses this clay has besides making pottery, such as face powder, dental work, and it is even worked into bicycle tyres to build up the walls. After spending half-an-hour looking over this mine I hit across the moor and came to a small village called Shaugh Prior. They had an inn but this unlucky sailor arrived at two-thirty, too late to get any ale or food. I then looked up my ordnance and found that I was about seven miles from Robough, the place I wanted to make for about seven p.m. I walked that distance following the River Plym. The river is the colour of milk with the china clay. I arrived at my destination at 6-30, after hiking roughly 16 miles through very nice country. My little place at Robough on the Tavistock road lashed me up with roast pork and veg. and apple pie in truly Halewood style. My tale is nearly ended except I then went and had a pint of cider to wash it down. I arrived back in camp very tired, and went to bed thinking of my lonesome Autumn Tints Week-end.

Hope you and your wife and sons are in the best of health, it seems only a few weeks ago when I visited your place one Christmas with the boys, and Peter was very young and now I hear of his long rides. I suppose I can prepare myself to hand over one of my Evans Lightweights to my son when I get out of this regiment. Remember me to all the boys and all the best for a happy Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

A. WILLIAMS.

P.S.—Since completing this letter I have had a foreign draft to Colombo, Ceylon, so heaven knows when I shall see you all again. All the best.

ARTHUR.

MERSEY COMBINE DINNER, NOVEMBER 25th, 1944.

Salty attended this event and enjoyed himself immensely. " After losing myself in the wilds of Walton, wrong train at Exchange, and footslogging into the backyards of Bootle, I was

prepared to enjoy myself at the Wyndham Hotel, Bootle. Very little speech-making, good company, plenty of Draught Bass, an excellent band of artistes, who helped us to wind up a merry evening."

RUNS

Halewood, 2nd December, 1944.

Having missed two Committee meetings at Halewood, I felt I simply had to make an effort and try to attend a Saturday run before the year end.

Awakening to a cold, wet and windy afternoon, I did not hesitate in taking the direct route to the Derby Arms. A halt near the 'Swan', Prenton, to greet the Wirral Athletic Club, old friends of mine. I had a pair of running spikes to dispose of, then the ever pleasant crossing of the Mersey.

A fast run out to Halewood was marred by showers of hail, which caused one to alight rapidly. A cheery group of Anfielders greeted me once indoors—Hubert Roskell, the Stevies, Harold Kettle, Len King, Tommy Mandall, Selkirk and Son, Eddie Morris, Tierney and Swift. The latter pair new friends to me.

Up aloft we were soon setting to. Sarah as ever gave us the goods and we all enjoyed a lovely meal. Hubert with the carcase quite up to pre-war standard of performance. To the other end of the scale, eight year old Selkirk also showed us what cycling can do for those of tenderer years.

We chatted awhile, our absent members as ever foremost in our thoughts. Peter and I studied the likelihood of a tandem week-end at a Manchester run. It was voted a good idea and subject to our obtaining a pair of 18-in. bars for the stokehold it's on.

The party was soon reduced to four: buses will not wait and the bar found the Stevies, Tommy Mandall and Salty having a refresher or two before braving the windy night. We managed to stagger as far as Tarbock, where it was mooted and found favourable that we spend the rest of the evening. So parking our bikes at the rear of the Hare and Hounds, we entered. To listen to the singing and to sink one or two, till Salty decided he had better wander. So at 10-15 the party emerged into a still rough night, the Stevies with an arduous ride along Archway Road, Tommy Mandall with me as far as the Rocket, then northward for home, and lastly, my own journey westward. By now I was wondering why I halted at Tarbock for Edge Lane at the best of times is no enjoyment, and with a powerful wester it is no joke. Anyway, 11-30 found me re-crossing the Mersey and 12-15 a.m. home once more. A very successful Club run.

Goostrey, 2nd December, 1944.

I started between the showers and it was not until beyond Alderley Edge that I was forced to cape up. Before I could remount the rain ceased, but as soon as I de-caped, precipitation recommenced and the cape went on again, with the resolve that it stayed on, rain or no rain.

Arriving at the Red Lion at about 5-25 p.m., I found Bert Green in sole possession, but soon afterwards Wilf Orrell arrived, and at 5-30 p.m. there were but the three of us, which made Mrs. Knowles look rather solemn—she had provided provender for ten. However, Brother Bren, Harold Catling and friend, Stan Wild and Jack Ward soon followed, and we sat down only two short of the estimate.

After (to filch a phrase) "feeding ambrosially," the usual chin-wag was indulged in and the time passed very pleasantly until about 8 p.m., when we departed, the President to plough a lonely furrow via Knutsford, Bren and Wilf to Wintergreen and the residue to proceed Manchester-wards.

Jack Ward and I parted at Bramhall from those bound for Manchester, and at Cheadle Hulme Jack went on for Stockport and the writer reached home well satisfied with what the afternoon and evening had given to him.

Parkgate, 9th December, 1944.

It was quite a nice day compared with the weather we have been having lately. I took the direct route through Liverpool, arriving at the Pier Head in comfortable time to catch a boat to Woodside. There were quite a few cyclists on the boat including Larry

Ross and son and Hector Lloyd, of the East Liverpools.

My road lay through Prenton, and once I reached there the rest of the ride was plain sailing. I called at Salty's house on my way but when I did not get a reply I knew he must still be in bed. I arrived at the cafè about 4-30 to find a grand fire and several cheery people. I had nearly finished my meal when Mr. Elias turned up, having lunched at Chester and come back through Eccleston and Pulford.

As I was intending to call at Jack's again we were soon getting ready to leave, but a hail from down the road stopped us. The hail came from Mr. Kettle, who was just arriving. We talked for a little but were soon on our way, as the wind was cold and we wanted to climb up to the Hoylake road before switching on the dynamos. Leaving Mr. Elias in Heswall I was soon ringing at Jack's front door. A ready welcome and a cup of tea quickly set Jack and I discussing a tandem trip, while Salt junior displayed great vigour by carrying and throwing various handy articles about the room.

The journey home started at 7-30, and I just missed the 8 o'clock boat. However, this was compensated by an enjoyable smoke on the landing stage. The trip across the river was very nice and then it was only left for the ride out of Liverpool and straight into a nice hot bath, thus putting the finishing touch to an enjoyable afternoon.

Those present were Mr. Elias, Mr. Kettle and Peter Stephenson.

Warrington, 16th December, 1944.

Tommy Mandall and the Editor left Huyton about 4-30 and arrived at the Patten Arms at 5-30 to find the Presider pacing the footpath outside. Machines put away, the trio moved into the smoke room, where a sleepy fire made little impression on the cold atmosphere of the room. The shutters of the bar remained inhospitably closed till about 5-50, when the lady in charge disdainfully allowed us to buy three bitters. Thus cheered, we plunged into animated conversation with such gusto that we actually began to feel warm, and after a second helping conviviality absolutely oozed from us.

We began to wonder where Jack Salt and Peter Stephenson (who were coming from Heswall by tandem) had got to, but before they arrived Louis Oppenheimer came in. He had been alone in the other smoke room all the time, having made the journey by train. Shortly afterwards Jack and Peter arrived in rather a dirty state as to knees, owing to the mud on the new road from Queens Ferry to Helsby. These spartans were in shorts.

As it was now 6-30 we made enquiries about our meal, only to be told that it was not served before 7 o'clock.

This was too late for Oppenheimer, who unfortunately had to catch a train, and so had to go home hungry.

Salty couldn't drink beer owing to working too hard the night before, but Tommy and Stevie made the best of it and consoled one another as before.

About 7-15 dinner was served, and, my God, what a dinner ! A little soup —not too hot, lest it burn the tongue— a little spam cut very thin, two small potatoes and seven baked beans (or was it nine ?) a little cheese (not too much as it's binding). We got the bread back from the waitress who had confiscated it. A cup of coffee (Camp Coffee in a thimble) and the bill was 5/- each. We left it to Stevie as to whether he tipped the waitress or not and he muttered something about lets get out of the ——— place before I'm rude, and out we went thinking that perhaps after all Oppenheimer was the lucky one to miss such a feast. What a blessing Salty had had a night out (working, of course) on Friday, and so wasn't really hungry.

The tandem was sent ahead to Cronton in search of a chip shop— but even that was closed. Tommy and the Editor followed quietly in rear, the latter nearly collapsing in the gutter when Tommy dryly remarked " I knew we were for it when she started counting the beans."

We all revived somewhat at the Hare and Hounds and arrived at Archway Road quite convinced that we had had a good time. Some bread and cheese and pickles completed the cure and Salty stayed the night and dreamt of thin slices of spam floating through the air chased by a flight of

seven baked beans, which bombarded the spam with tracer pickled onions.

You will note that we go back to the Lion in future.

Dane-in-Shaw, 23rd December, 1944.

Failing to persuade Bob to accompany me, I borrowed his bicycle and decided to call for the President. On arriving and being informed that he had started half-an-hour earlier, I set off at a cracking pace hoping to overtake him having his usual cup of tea somewhere. After about a mile I saw a trike in front and made a special effort and caught up with the rider—not Bert Green but Wilf Orrell, so we carried on together through Altrincham Bucklow Hill, left at the Swan, Knutsford, Chelford, Siddington, Marton and North Rode. We were about to pass Ivy Cottage but spotted Bert's trike, so we stopped and went inside to find the Presider having his usual. A quiet chat with Mrs. Nuttall and Bert gave us a breather. The afternoon so far had been quite pleasant and warm, the riding comfortable through lanes I had not traversed for many a year. On leaving, Bert took the lead and led us through Bosley and up towards Biddulph, he went up the hills like a true champion out of the saddle all the way. I was just about browned off with this sort of thing when he announced that we had reached the Coach and Horses, so I felt a little better. Strolling inside we were greeted by three members and a friend sitting round a very cheerful fire. The seven of us sat down to a very good meal of some kind of pie (spam or sausage meat), bread and butter, jam, mince pies and tarts, etc. Later Rex Austin came in and soon found himself a position at the table. He spent most of the time eating and re-building his lamp : he seemed to do everything except re-enamel it. The Presider gave an account of the run to Warrington and the very thin slices of spam, etc. (Poor Salty). This reminded Rex of a recent Club dinner where he assured us the spam was even thinner than at the "Patten." Tea over, we gathered round the fire and were startled to hear a strange selection of Carol singing by the local Glee singers or whatever they were. It sounded to me like the "Andrew Sisters" after a night on the binge. Bert Green then told a most amusing story about the last bus from Stockport to Altrincham, which I am unable to repeat here. We left soon after seven and went down the steep hill into Congleton, a walk up Rood Hill brought us all together at the top. Parting company at the Grove Inn four went by Macclesfield and Hazel Grove, we others towards Alderley Edge. Wilf Orrell turned off for Twemlow soon after, leaving the President, Jack Hodges and myself to carry on. Bert's gallant riding in the afternoon was now beginning to have its effect, but we managed to stick together. On reaching Handforth Jack turned off for home, the Presider leaving me at Cheadle. This latter part of the journey is not fit to print but let it be said that despite being very sore in the nether regions I had enjoyed it immensely, also I wish I could attend more regularly.

Members present were Bert Green, Rex Austin, W. Orrell, J. Cranshaw, Jack Hodges, J. Ward and Brother and Ned Haynes.

Halewood (Boxing Day) 26th December, 1944.

Your old Editor during the cocktail preliminaries, sidled round to me and, putting on his broadest grin, said "You haven't written up a run for about 18 months, will you write up this one?" I said I should be very pleased to do so, as I had not had the pleasure during his tenure of office, my previous attempts being during the regnum of your late Editor—him of the long legs and gastronomical appetite now sniffing the air of East Anglia. Well, to begin with there were only a bare six present and as I understand your dear old Secretary, Mr. Powell, takes the attendances from the *Circular*, there being no one with sufficient energy to acquaint him of the names by special message, it is incumbent therefore to include the names clearly in order that none may be omitted. Accordingly, Mr. Secretary, for your special information there were six present and they arrived in the following order :—Perkins, Chandler, Salt, Stephenson (father), Stephenson (son)

and Mandall. In the unavoidable absence of Hubert, who, we understand, was out of town, Stevie sustained the part of High Priest of Bacchus very successfully, his beaming countenance being very much in keeping with the festive season. Young Peter, who has arrived at the Shandy stage looked the happy son of a happy father, and you wouldn't think anything in this world could be capable of making them otherwise, both had ridden out direct and they were therefore free of any haggardness that might otherwise have been caused by a rather persistent and cold S.E. wind. Jack Salt was, as usual, to the fore at the dining table and no doubt misses the days before the war when at the cost of half-a-dollar one could have a leg, a portion of the breast and half the remains of a fowl, supplemented by plenty of veg. instead of a little bit on the plate at four bob a time. Certainly Chandler often thinks of the Anfield meals of the '20's at Bettws, at Halewood and at the Patten Arms at Warrington, when the trestle table used to groan with boiled mutton at one end and roast beef at the other. May those days return again ! Tommy Mandall, that ancient light of the Kinder C.C., and one of the principal performers on the back of the famous Kinder tandem, had much to say at the table and one feared that his digestive organs were not getting the amount of work they were used to. Captain Perkins was his usual modest self. Had ridden out direct and rode back direct. Jack Salt had been round by the Transporter, while Chandler had been via Crank and St. Helens. He and Peter Stephenson were the only eccentrics on tricycles.

Holmes Chapel, 26th December, 1944.

Traditionally, the Boxing Day run has been an opportunity for a re-union gathering, and since the war, to encourage our exiles to attend, the presence of wives has been condoned. The Swan at Holmes Chapel provides a most suitable venue for such a meeting ; it is conveniently situated for both road and rail, with suitable trains in each direction, whilst the quality of the fare provided cannot be excelled.

It was foggy in Manchester, but south of Cheadle conditions improved, and the frost of the previous night rapidly melted under the influence of a winter sun. I was the first arrival by road, but found a strong train party already in possession, comprising Bob Poole, Ned Haynes and Jim Cranshaw, each with his wife, Mrs. Rex Austin, Bob Austin (enjoying ten days leave from St. Andrews) and Teddy Webb. Soon our numbers reached sixteen with the arrival of the Presider, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Harold Catling, Jack Hodges and George Molyneux. It is worthy of note that Bren was the sole bicyclist, there being six tricycles on view.

Lunch was up to the usual high standard set by the Swan, and the sooner that labour troubles are resolved and we can resume our Saturday afternoon visits the better. Conversation was general and of considerable interest, but time was on the wing and R.J. was despatched at 2-30, with orders to prepare tea against the arrival of his wife and son by train. Another half-hour passed rapidly and with the departure of the train party the gathering broke up.

Outside it had become a glorious winter day and it was a joy to be out and about. Buckley, who had a touch of bronchitis and would not risk the journey, would not have come to any harm. I had a lonely journey home, and don't know how the others fared ; I found the wind favourable and thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

Parkgate, 30th December, 1944.

There is not much to report about this fixture. Del Banco trundled his trike to the Deeside Cafe earlier than the appointed hour, as he had to leave early, and he had partaken of nourishment when Peter, the son of Stephen, arrived.

Peter reported that he had come via Chester, where he had called on the " Brown Man."

Del Banco had to depart, while Peter was still eating and does not know if anyone else turned up.

© Anfield Group

Prestbury, 30th December, 1944.

At Christmas time people have so many family social engagements that attendance at runs tends often to be poor. It is all the more pleasing, therefore, to be able to record that no less than nine members and two friends sat down to feed at the White House Cafe on this occasion.

The ride out had been pleasant if rather cold; whilst there had been a little thaw during the middle of the day, frost came again after the sun went down. The going was good and the sharp nip in the air made riding exhilarating. The session across the road before the meal seemed much more sedate than usual—perhaps those present had had their fill of jollity, or perhaps the absence of one or two people accounted for it. But we were merry enough over tea and there were plenty of quips and banter.

One story was told which will perhaps bear re-telling—it is claimed to be true and perhaps it is, but if it isn't it ought to be.

The last bus from Stockport to a destination in the Manchester direction was due to start. The conductress, as in duty bound, counted the passengers and found that they totalled one more than the permitted number. "There's one too many: one of you will have to get off." No move from the passengers. "Well, we can't start till one's got off." Still no move from the passengers. The driver, impatient for the starting signal, came round to see what was wrong. The conductress explained. Then the driver exhorted the pasengers but still with no result. "All right, we'll bring the inspector." Off the driver and conductress went to the hut where the inspector, in shirt-sleeves, was having his supper. He came back with them, and in a voice of authority, said "Let's have no more of this; one of you has to get off and quick about it." As he spoke he seemed to fix one passenger particularly with his eye. The passenger resented this and said "Who're you, anyhow?" "I'm the inspector." "How am I to know you're the inspector? Where's your uniform?" "I'll soon show you." Back the inspector went to his hut and returned in a few moments in full panoply.

The sight of the uniform did not, however, impress the passengers to the extent of inducing one of them to alight. So the conductress, the driver and the inspector set off to find a policeman. No sooner had they gone than a stout man ran up to the bus, perspiring freely, jumped on it, and said to those already there "I'm lucky, I thought I'd missed it." Then appeared the trio with a policeman who addressed the same demand as before to the passengers, this time with the majesty of the law. "Now then, one of you must get off. Last one on now. Come along." The stout man, still perspiring, got off regretfully. Honour being apparently satisfied, the driver got to his wheel, the conductress swung on to the step and the bus started.

The passengers said never a word but there were a series of chuckles and short strangled laughs all over the bus. This got on the nerves of the conductress, who addressed the busful. "What are you laughing at? You're laughing at me. I won't have it. Stop it." But still it went on, and the bus reached Didsbury. The conductress could stand it no longer, hopped off the bus and disappeared. Not receiving the starting signal the driver once more came round to investigate and was informed by the passengers that the conductress had quit. He pondered for a moment and then said "Well, we can't go along without a conductress; I'm going back to Stockport."

The subsequent adventures of the bus are not recorded.

The party lingered after the meal for quite a time and then the majority made for home, over roads covered with crisp time, and in glorious moonlight. I hope all got home in comfort; I was detained rather late on the way and had to contend with fog for about six miles. But it wasn't too bad—nothing like bad enough to spoil a very enjoyable winter outing.

© Manchester Rivet Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI NUMBER 467

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FEBRUARY - 1945

FORTHCOMING FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Feb.

3 Halewood (Derby Arms).
10 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
17 Tarvin (Bleak House).
24 Parkgate (Deeside Café).

March

3 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb.

10 Prestbury (White House Café).
17 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).
24 Dane-in-Shaw(Coach & Horses)

March

3 Goostrey (Red Lion).

Full Moon, 27th inst.

CONTENTS

Committee Notes	.. ..	11
Treasury Notes	.. ..	11
Editorial	.. .. ..	11
Annual General Meeting	..	11
Hon. General Secretary's Report	.. .. ..	12
Racing Secretary's Report	..	13
Obituary	.. .. ..	14
Correspondence	.. ..	15
Runs	.. .. ..	16
Balance Sheet ..	.. ..	21

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI FEBRUARY, 1945 NUMBER 467

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4, The Laund,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

Mr. J. J. Salt has been appointed Delegate to the R.T.T.C.

Messrs. W. Orrell and H. Catling have been appointed Delegates to the N.R.R.A.

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

Messrs. J. E. Rawlinson and A. N. Rawlinson have been struck off the list of Members for non-payment of Subscriptions.

A Tour has been arranged for Easter. Headquarters—Victoria Hotel, Llanwrst. All enquiries and names of intending participants to the President, Fern Lea, Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey, Manchester.

Application for Membership.—

Mr. G. G. Taylor, 4 Oswald Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21. Proposed by Mr. H. Catling, seconded by Mr. J. Hodges.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A good start for 1945. My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or *Donations to the Comforts Fund.

1944.

E. Bright.*	W. J. Finn.
N. Turvey.	J. E. Walker.

1945.

F. Beckett.	T. E. Mandall.*
H. Catling.	G. Molyneux.
F. Chandler.	T. W. Murphy.*
A. Crowcroft.	L.Oppenheimer.*
J. H. Fawcett.*	F. Perkins.
W. J. Finn.*	H. W. Powell.
Ernest R. Green.	F. Roskell.
Edwin D. Green.	H. Roskell.*
H. Green.*	N. Turvey.
W. Henderson.	J. E. Walker.

T. W. Murphy (The O'Tatur) has sent a further donation to our Comforts Fund, and his letter in this issue shews his continued interest in the Club.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

After over 4¼ years in the Middle East Dudley Turnor is now at home on 28 days' leave. He is very fit and well and will report for duty on the 7th inst.

We are glad to print letters from two of our exiles this month—Eric Bolton and Everbright. It is nice to know that they still take an interest in us.

We are sorry to hear that Teddy Webb came off his bicycle on New Year's Day and hurt himself rather badly. He is still in bed and we wish him a speedy recovery.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

21st January, 1945.

Apologies were received from R. J. Austin and K. W. Barker.

The Minutes of the last A.G.M. were taken as read and confirmed, and Powell presented his report for 1944. This appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Treasurer's report was again very satisfactory, showing a further increase in wealth.

The Balance Sheet is included in this number of the *Circular* and this also applies to the Hon. Racing Secretary's Report.

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

President:—H. Green.

Vice-Presidents:—R. J. Austin and G. Stephenson.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

Captain :—F. Perkins.

Hon. Racing Secretary :—J. J. Salt.

Sub-Captains :—K. W. Barker, J. D. Cranshaw.

Hon. Treasurer :—W. H. Kettle.

Committee :—H. Catling, S. del Banco, C. F. Elias, J. Hodges, L. King, T. Mandall, G. Molyneux, H. Roskell, P. T. Stephenson.

Auditors :—E. O. Morris, W. E. Cotter.

Hon. Editor :—G. Stephenson.

Hon. General Secretary :—H. W. Powell.

HON. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Presented at the Annual General Meeting of the Members, 21st January, 1945.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,

I again have much pleasure in presenting my Report of the Club's activities for the year 1944.

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

R. R. Austin
J. R. Band
R. Barker
D. L. Birchall
A. E. C. Birkby
F. A. Brewster
E. Byron
W. G. Connor
W. R. Connor
W. H. Elias
G. Farr
J. R. Fer
N. S. Heath
A. Williams
J. S. Jonas
E. L. Killip
J. E. Reeves
W. P. Rock
T. T. Samuel
T. Sherman
A. F. Taylor
I. A. Thomas
D. Turnor
H. G. Buckley
A. E. Preston
T. R. Telford
Wemyss Smith
S. del Banco is still serving full time with the N.F.S. and F. Marriott with the Y.M.C.A.

The membership now numbers 145, a decrease of 5 since last year.

This figure is composed of 100 Full, 9 Junior Full and 36 Honorary Members.

Two Members have been elected during the year, viz., 1 Full and 1 Junior Full.

One Full Member has resigned.

Two Members have been struck off viz., 1 Full and 1 Honorary.

It is with the deepest regret I have to report the death of 4 Members during the year. Three Full and 1 Honorary. Their names are as follows :

Mr. G. B. Burgess, Mr. A. T. Simpson, Mr. J. M. James and Mr. D. L. Ryalls.

Mr. G. B. Burgess joined the Club in 1925. Although his health did not permit him to do any strenuous riding, he could always be relied on to assist in our racing programme.

Mr. A. T. Simpson joined the Club in 1900. In his day he was a keen and enthusiastic rider. He will always be remembered for the brilliant way in which he edited the *Monthly Circular* for the 10 years 1926 to 1936. He was also a musician of no mean ability and organised all the Club's musical entertainments for many years. He was a real Anfielder and his passing is a great loss to the Club.

Mr. J. M. James joined the Club in 1901 as a second claim member, he already being a Member of the North Road Club. We did not see much of him as he resided in Birmingham, yet his interest in the A.B.C. was such that he remained in the Club as an Honorary Member up to the time of his death.

Mr. D. L. Ryalls joined the Club in 1930. He died on Boxing Day under tragic circumstances, being shot down in a night fighting operation which was to have been his last turn of duty before being grounded. He had recently been promoted Squadron Leader. The Club can ill afford to lose such a young and active Member.

Under prevailing circumstances it is only natural that the attendances at Club Fixtures have again been greatly reduced.

There have been 54 Fixtures during the year with an average attendance of 10.944, a decrease of .690 compared with 1943. Quarterly average attendances were, January to March 10.461, April to June 10.461, July to September 10.428, and October to December 10.714.

The highest attendance was at Tarvin on 15th April, when 10 Members were out. The lowest attendance was at Warrington on 14th October, when only 4 Members were out.

© Anfield Road Club

Mr. J. Ward has attended 44 runs and gains the First Attendance Prize.

Mr. P. T. Stephenson has attended 29 runs and gains the Second Attendance Prize.

Mr. H. Green has again attended all the Runs (54) during the year.

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

H. Green	54	G. Molyneux	4
J. Ward	44	L. Oppenheimer	4
R. J. Austin	41	E. Webb	4
W. Orrell	40	E. Reeves	4
J. Hodges	38	A. Crowcroft	4
J. D. Cranshaw	36	F. H. Koenen	3
P. T. Stephenson	29	N. Turvey	3
H. Catling	20	I. A. Thomas	3
T. Mandall	18	D. L. Birchall	2
G. Stephenson	18	C. F. Elias, Jnr.	2
C. F. Elias	17	G. Lockett	2
H. Roskell	16	A. E. Preston	2
D. Shaw	16	C. Randall	2
E. Buckley	15	J. H. Williams	2
R. Poole	15	J. H. Fawcett	2
G. B. Orrell	13	C. H. Turnor	1
W. H. Kettle	10	H. Austin	1
S. del Banco	10	G. B. Burgess	1
F. Perkins	10	H. G. Buckley	1
K. W. Barker	9	F. J. Cheminais	1
L. King	9	C. Selkirk	1
E. O. Morris	9	T. Sherman	1
J. J. Salt	8	A. Turnor	1
W. P. Rock	8	K. Turnor	1
H. W. Powell	7	A. Williams	1
S. Wild	7	G. Newall	1
F. Chandler	5	F. D. Elias	1
R. R. Austin	4	W. C. Tierney	1
E. Haynes	4	J. Walton	1
F. Marriott	4		

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

H. Green	6	L. King	4
R. J. Austin	6	F. Perkins	3
W. H. Kettle	6	J. J. Salt	3
H. W. Powell	6	G. Molyneux	3
G. Stephenson	5	T. Mandall	2
K. W. Barker	4	H. Catling	1
C. F. Elias	4	W. Orrell	1
J. Hodges	4		

Club Tours.

Although not so many attended the Club Tours as in recent years yet those who participated enjoyed themselves despite any difficulties there may have been regarding catering, etc. I mention then chiefly as a matter of record.

Easter Tour.

April 8/10, to Llanrwst. Headquarters, Victoria Hotel.

Saturday run, Bangor.

Sunday Run, Festiniog.

Whitsuntide.

27/29 May. Nesscliffe. Headquarters Nesscliffe Hotel.

Autumn Tints Tour.

28/29 October. Llangollen. Headquarters, Royal Hotel.

The best thanks of the Club are due to Mr. G. Stephenson for the excellent way in which he has conducted the Editorship of the *Circular*.

In conclusion I tender my personal thanks to the President. Without his help I should not have been able to carry on. I also thank the Members of the Committee and all those who have rendered assistance during the year.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING SECRETARY'S REPORT OF 1944 SEASON.

This season we have had four riders whose names have appeared on starting sheets.

The Racing Secretary himself, who competed throughout the season, from Easter to October.

Harold Catling, having returned to the fold, on September 17th did 1-22-51 in the Tricycle Association "25." George Molyneux and Jack Hodges rode in the same event. George on his trike, I presume, did 1-37-41 and Jack 1-22-19, the latter a private trial. George Molyneux on the 30th April did a 1-38-18, and in the Manchester "12 hour" did 140 miles. To finish his season George did a "25" in the Mersey Combine on a very bad morning and did about 1-30-0. I haven't the exact time. Salty commenced with a "25" the week following Easter and was pleasantly surprised with a 1-6-45, Unfortunately other things interfered with training and this was not kept up. To my mind the high lights of the season were the Mersey Combine "100" and the Mersey Combine Hill Climb on the Horseshoe Pass. The latter, I am sure, will be a permanent and welcome addition to Merseyside's post war programme.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

Details of Rides.

Mersey Combine " 25 "—1-6-45.
West Cheshire " 25 "—1-8-32.
Dukinfield " 50 "—2-31-13, with two punctures.
Cheshire R.C. " 50 "—2-17-48.
West Cheshire " 50 "—2-19-37.
Mersey Combine " 50 "—2-17-23.

Now started a period of intensive Home Guard training and training came to an end as a result one or two painful rides materialised.

Bath Road " 100 "—5-14-0. An unmentionable ride.
Mersey Combine " 50 "—2-37-38. Including puncture on high pressures.
West Cheshire " 25 "—1-11-38. Puncture, loss 4¾ minutes.
West Pennine " 25 "—1-8-13. and a sign of return to form.
Mersey Combine " 25 "—1-10-0, on a hell of a day.
Private Trial with Birkenhead North End—1-7-17, and to end the season the Mersey Combine Hill-climb on 3½ miles of the Horseshoe Pass. My time, 14 minutes 33 and 3-5ths seconds against the winner J. Roberts in 12 minutes and 7 4-5ths. seconds.

All told, an enjoyable season. Pleasant week-ends with Bren Orrell, and if we can keep it going a good foundation for the boys when they return.

J. SALT.

OBITUARY.

D. L. RYALLS.

It was with intense sorrow that I read in the last *Circular* of the passing of my old friend Dick Ryalls.

A peacetime member of the Royal Air Force, Dick had been a pilot since October, 1939, and had graduated from an " erk " to a Squadron Leader. For the past decade we had not seen a great deal of our old friend. He left Merseyside in 1934 to seek fresh fields in London, and from which city he joined the Royal Air Force.

Dick and I joined the Club together in June, 1930, but in spirit he was an Anfielder for years earlier. As a lad of 14, looking very distinguished with his closely cropped hair and light tweed plus-four suit, he was a member of the Old Gentleman's Cavalcade, which every Wednesday evening perambulated the Hundred of Wirral to halt at the inn in Saughall Massie for a jar of ale ere the last miles home.

In those late twenties Dick and I were lone riders. Our first conversation happened quite by chance. It was in Dolgelly on the pleasant evening of Easter Saturday, 1927. I was sitting on the cold steps of the Town Hall awaiting a friend, and he was watching for someone also.

Two weeks later a mutual acquaintance brought us together again. We had tea at the White Lion at Penymynydd, near Harwarden. Dick was then on the last miles of his first century ride. He was very fresh, and certainly very fit for a lad of 14. For the next three years we hardly missed a Saturday or a Sunday awheel.

One week-end we did miss being together was the occasion of the Club's last All Night Ride fixture. Dick in his enthusiasm jumped at the idea. The prospect of a 220 miles run didn't please me at all. Dick returned with his fiery fondness for cycling unquenched, and with an ability to stand for long hours—even meal-times!

The story of the ride included tales of a supper at Eccleshall, midnight sandwiches around a watchman's fire near Wolverhampton and a yarn about Norman Turvey chasing the party across the Midland shires.

It wasn't long after joining before we were inveigled to race by Syd. Jonas. Writing from East Anglia, I can only call on my recollections of Dick's racing activities. He rode in the " 12 " each year from 1930 to 1932. (He may have ridden in 1933). In the first he cruised around with a comfortable 188, and in 1932 he gave me a good run for my money with 215 miles. I've never scrapped with anyone so hard and for so long. Ken Barker took a tousing in following Dick out. His machine was fitted with a 63 gear, and Dick chased down towards Frodsham from Chester in fine style.

Each Club " 50 " card saw his name, and I have an idea he won the 3rd handicap in the Potteries Open " 50 " at Easter in 1932. He was also

© Anfield RUFC Club

one of Salty's favourite partners on the red peril of a tandem, doing 2-2-25—6th in the Raven's Tandem "50" of 1932. This was his best year. He did 5-12-39 in the Manchester Grosvenor "100," third "50," 2-25-41—2nd prize and 4th "50," 2-21—6th.

In the Wheelers "12" he was 14th with 208 miles.

Dick Ryalls left a gap in all our lives when he moved to London. He was one of the most likeable fellows you ever met, and the perpetual grin on his countenance was so broad that Charles Randall always averred that it swallowed his face!

Turning over the pages of the years, this *Circular* could easily be filled with pleasant stories of anecdotes and adventures of thousands of miles of cycling. Those who were there, for example, will never forget the fun in persuading Dick to drink tea from a can beneath Chester Northgate at 3-0 a.m. one May morning in 1933.

. . . . .

And now the "forgotten fields" have claimed another whom we love. We can only accord our sincerest sympathy to Dick's mother and his wife and family, and say this: No one ever had a finer friend.

F.E.M.

W. M. OWEN.

We regret to record the death of W. M. Owen, which occurred at the Caernarvonshire and Anglesey Infirmary.

He joined the Club in 1892 and went on the Committee in 1984 and was Hon. Treasurer for some years up to the end of 1913, when he handed over to the late R. L. Knipe. Up to his retirement some years ago W. M. Owen had been in the service of the Midland Bank for 50 years. His last appointment was as manager at Llanfair-Caereinion and before that he was manager of the Menai Bridge branch. For many years he was stationed at a number of Liverpool branches.

When he was at Menai Bridge he always came to see us at Bettws at Easter and took an interest in the Club's doings right up to the last, and we can ill afford to lose such a staunch member of the old brigade.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM —ERIC BOLTON.

Dear Harold,

I have again got to the point of writing, perhaps I am not much different to the normal run of human beings in my ability to leave these matters unattended for long periods, but it seems that my ability to keep on putting it off has a limit and so this is my long overdue letter.

This afternoon I lowered my bicycle from the rafters in the garage: it is usually hanging from there, then I pumped the tyres and took my first ride of the year, presumably this must have spurred my ambition and this is the result.

The news regarding the progress of the war has been extremely good just lately and it begins to look as though the boys will be able to plan with reasonable confidence for a return to the days of bicycle riding and those things that make life worth while.

It is hard to realise that I have been an exile for over twenty years, but the fact that I still feel myself as one of the Club and look back upon my active Anfield days with great pleasure not unmixed with something of longing at times is surely a tribute to what the Club does to those who have come under its influence.

My home is a few miles from town and so I spend my week-ends nursing trees, etc., and growing such things as apples. This is sometimes almost as strenuous as bicycle riding but it lacks the—could it be called—glamour.

You will probably have received a money order by the time this letter arrives, this will help to keep the wheels turning.

Best wishes to yourself and to the A.B.C.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC BOLTON.

—T. W. MURPHY.

My Dear Kettle,

I am sending you a cheque for a guinea as a donation to the Comforts Fund. It is very pleasing to see from the *Circular* that the Club is able to

© Anfield Bicycle Club

continue to send to those in the Forces an occasional reminder that they are not forgotten by those at home. I hope the day is not far distant when we shall be welcoming them back to civil life.

Difficulties of travel have made my visits to Liverpool very infrequent in the last five years. I did get there once last year. Excepting "Jimmie" Williams and Donald McCann, I did not meet any members of the A.B.C.: but the pleasure of doing so at some future date is one to which I look forward.

It is not too late, I hope, to wish you and all the members of the Anfield a very Happy New Year.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely.

T. W. MURPHY.

—EVERBRIGHT.

My Dear Powell,

I have not had a red slip, but have pleasure to hand you cq. £1, sub. to A.B.C. and Donation for those in the Forces. I still treasure the knife they sent me in France in 1917 as a small tribute to some of the finest sportsmen I've been privileged to meet. I will raise my glass (of peppermint) to you all on the 31st and only wish I could be up North with you.

Only having ridden a wheel for just over 50 years you may be surprised to learn I still can't keep on it. Two months ago I struck a patch of loose grit and came a nasty tumble, fracturing right shoulder—penalty, six weeks in hospital happily named Haymeads—used to be the Bis. Stortford workhus! Very comfy and loth to leave, but now toddle over—per bus—three times a week for P.T.!! The irony of it is I'm beside a cycle home trainer exerciser—but they don't let me use it.

Excuse a hurried scrawl, which I hope you can decipher. Two months out of work with no benefits or O.A.P. is rather hard, still I am hoping to get both early in the New Year.

With kindest remembrances to the 'Old Uns' and best wishes for happy wheeling to you all.

Yours sincerely,

EVERBRIGHT.

Lost my glasses in a works fire, so can only see with difficulty.—*Jcuse.*

—IRA THOMAS.

Dear Stevie,

Will you convey to the very generous member my sincere thanks for the P.O. which I received during the Christmas holiday?

Now I must apologise to you for not writing before this, actually I left it until I could give you some definite news about myself. Last week I appeared before a medical board and was placed in category E, which means that I'm useless to the Army and on Monday, the 22nd, I was discharged both from the Army and hospital. I'm feeling rather bitter about the whole business, as my shoulder is far from being of any use, but it has responded a lot to the electrical treatment that I am having. I still have to carry my arm in the frame though I leave it off for a time during the day.

I must congratulate you on the new format of the *Circular*, it looks very impressive with the Club button on the front page. Reading through the runs for last month I was pleased to see that the runs on Boxing Day were successful. I am looking forward to the time when I will be able to resume my Club activities and I have already discussed with Pitch, plans for getting out on the tandem.

Yours sincerely,

IRA.

RUNS.

Halewood, 6th January, 1945.

There is very little to write of this the first run of the year. The usual trio of Tommy Mandall, the Editor and Peter Stephenson left Archway Road and arrived at the Derby Arms to find Hubert Roskell, Eddie Morris and Harold Kettle already seated in the lounge (the hatches were not off).

After a good meal the party dispersed very early as every one seemed in a hurry to get home. Even the call at the Hare and Hounds was cut out.

Goostrey, 6th January, 1945.

Our City of Perpetual Sunshine had basked all morning in a fog quite the equal of any of Mr. Guppy's London Particulars, but the prospect brightened

© Veteran Cycle Club

and the sun shone as with friend and prospective member George Taylor, I set my course for Goostrey. It proved to be a delightful afternoon with a pleasant nip in the air and we enjoyed a leisurely ride through Cheadle and Wilmslow to Monks Heath. Then followed an inspection of the more interesting parts of the local " 25 " and " 50 " courses, at a speed dictated by the fact that my companion was giving his recently acquired trike its first run.

Having tired of the delights of those sweat stained roads we pottered by many winding ways to call on friend Harrison of soldered tandem fame. The last few miles to the Red Lion were covered in the gathering dusk the venue being reached at zero hour. We were but six—five tricyclists and Bren Orrell—who pointed out to us that we are clearly labelled as a Bicycle Club.

The tea was up to the high standard we have become accustomed to at Goostrey and full justice was done to it by all. After tea we gathered round the fire to hear wonderful stories of the last war, one of the less credible relating to an alleged cure for body lice. The cure depends on the fact that it is much easier to kill ants than to kill lice. The infested person need only find a colony of lively ants. The ants can be relied upon not only to eat all lice but also to remove the eggs (presumably for breakfast). When the ants have done their work it is a simple matter to deal with them.

It was about 8-15 before we said our farewells to Mr. and Mrs. Knowles and turned our wheels towards home. It was a fine clear night although in places the road was icebound, and the homeward journey was pleasantly uneventful.

Present were The Presider and Messrs. Orrell G. B. and W., Hodges, Taylor, G. G. and Catling.

Warrington, 13th January, 1945.

I intended taking the direct route to Warrington and so did not leave home until about ten minutes to five. On reaching the main road I soon found a stiff wind was against me, but I managed ro get more speed out of the trike than I at first expected and arrived at the Lion just before twenty-five to six, after an uneventful yet enjoyable ride—enjoyable because of its toughness. I was just parking the trike in one of the many garages when I saw the President ride under the entrance arch. He was, of course, on his trike and after greetings had been exchanged he reported a low hum which came from the front wheel. This was found to be the brake blocks and the noise was improved although not completely remedied. We were just going to park the barrer when we noticed that the offside wheel, the one which was involved in the crash, was loose. The cones had worked slack and so the machine required further attention. This done we were just wondering whether anybody else would turn up—the Editor's little son Harold was on leave and so he made use of this fact to get out of the run, and Tommy Mandall's daughter was having her 21st party—when we saw Mr. Austin in flannel bags and overcoat come strolling up the yard to find out if anybody was there.

We adjourned to the pub to have a drink while awaiting the meal which when ready was quite good.

After a short talk we made our way outside, Mr. Austin for the bus and the President and I for the trikes. My gas lamp gave a little trouble at first, but this was soon fixed and we were quickly on our machines—the Presider having a stiff ride judging from my own sleigh ride.

The journey home took little over half-an-hour and was again very enjoyable. I must be getting a soft spot for the trike !

It seems a pity more do not attend this run, perhaps the report on last month's put people off, but the meal we had at the Lion was very nice and quite reasonable.

Those present were the President, Rex Austin and Peter Stephenson.

Parkgate, 20th January, 1945.

Having returned from a sojourn in foreign parts, I found that my first opportunity to attend a Club run would be Saturday, the 20th.

The trike had stood idle in the shed for five years and all that was required to put it into commission was air and

oil. This having been supplied, I set off on a bright sunny afternoon over snowbound and icy roads, with a following wind to help me on my way.

I went gingerly down the Sych and was soon bowling along to such good effect that I made a resolve to ride in the next Invitation "100," which resolve was very rudely shattered when I turned on to the Top Road and found to my intense horror that the 8th milestone *had been moved further away from Chester*. I was completely shattered, and it was then that my knees didn't feel so good and I regretfully gave up all thoughts of racing.

However, past the Gibbet Windmill I fairly tore the road up and was just about to take off when I espied the island and after that I never really got going apart from a gallery sprint to an empty gallery down to the Canal.

I negotiated Chester's traffic, scrounged tea and cake from relatives and set off back. The Anfield badge in my jacket prevented me walking Lower Bridge Street, but I certainly walked over the Canal, Anfield or no Anfield ; I'd had it. Thereafter I went slower and slower and it was only by walking before Dammit Lane that I rode the railway bridge and then crawled through a snow storm down to Parkgate, a very deserted and bleak Parkgate, totally devoid of fellow Clubmen.

I had a lonely tea and learned that Arthur Williams must be on his way to the Far East as there had been no recent news of him at home.

I crept home in a snow storm, stopping at the usual spot at the bottom of the Sych for the usual reason, quite satisfied with my ride but wishing there had been some of the familier faces to accompany me.

Dane-in-Shaw, 20th January, 1945.

(Two accounts of this run, three members out. A good average.—Ed.)

Although it was a clear, fresh afternoon we saw singularly few cyclists on our way to Dane-in-Shaw. Possibly the frozen snow which covered the Cheshire landscape is not every cyclist's cup of tea, but certainly George Taylor and I, wearing three wheels each, had a most enjoyable trip. In many places the snow was hard, and polished like a mirror, so that the going was remarkably fast although in some districts misguided local authorities had thought fit to spoil nature's handiwork by sprinkling salt on the virgin snow. Here it was hard work and less pleasant.

Our only trouble on the outward run was due to the fact that George sports an axle with a single sided drive. On many of the ice-clad hills this one wheel slipped round merrily whilst the trike ran backwards down the hill until checked by the brakes. This delayed us a little but we were still able to reach the Coach and Horses a quarter of an hour before the official tea time. That a tricyclist had arrived before us we had already deduced from tyres marks seen in some of the drifts up the hill from Hightown. It proved to be Hodges, resplendent in leather coat and woollen leggings.

We were shortly joined by the hero of the day, Jack Ward. On hearing that Ward had ridden out on a bicycle Hodges was moved to remark that fools could be divided into three groups : Just fools, damn fools and Anfielders. Ward was unabashed but cross-examination revealed that he had actually fallen off more than once but we were unable to discover just how many times he had "bit the dust."

The four of us settled down to a very enjoyable meal over which we discussed the possible reasons for the absence of our President. We have since learnt that, owing to tyre trouble on his trike Bert had essayed the journey on his bicycle. After several incidents on the unsympathetic ice he finally gave up the struggle at Monks Heath and, after tea, returned home by train from Alderley.

Our homeward journey promised much excitement, but the chief performer, Jack Ward, after giving us a fine demonstration of acrobatics by standing on one ear in the middle of Congleton, left us at the Grove Inn saying that he thought the Macclesfield Road was a little faster than the Alderley Road. The descent into Alderley however was fast enough for me—and for George. That unfortunate

© Anfield Cycle Club

individual was equipped with a free-wheel and two front brakes. He soon found that he could either descend into Alderley at about 40 m.p.h. or apply his brakes. Application of the front brakes was found to be attended by serious difficulties as the front wheel immediately stopped and the trike shot off the road. After repeating this procedure a few times discretion was deemed the better part of valour and the descent was made on foot. Hodges and I, wearing tricycles fitted with rear wheel brakes, managed to keep our vehicles on the straight and narrow, but it was a hectic business.

Dane-in-Shaw, 20th January, 1945.

The first mile or so of this run found me in grave doubts as to whether it was worth while attempting to reach Dane-in-Shaw, as the snow near home had been made treacherous by criss-crossing car tracks. Hazel Grove, however, found the surface of snow compressed into a fast flat surface, and with a helpful wind Macclesfield was soon reached.

Having decided on the Leek road I started up the long drag to Bosley Four Lane Ends where, turning right I found the going rather tricky until eventually the Coach and Horses came into sight. Turning into the yard I was pleased to see four trikes, sorry, three, the other object being the farmer's barrow, parked in the outhouse.

Going inside I joined the others round the fire and, after a short wait in case anyone else should turn up, we took our action stations round the table. Tea finished, Jack Hodges and Harold Catling started a discussion on the qualities and faults of various authors until it was time to make for home.

The drop down into Congleton was accomplished without mishap and I was just complimenting myself on there being no need for the joint offer of the three tricyclists to " pick the pieces up at the bottom of the hill " to be put into effect, when I found myself out of the saddle and sat on one of Congleton's kerbstones.

No damage done, we continued on along the Alderley Edge road to the " Waggon and Horses " where, taking the right fork I parted company with the others.

The Congleton-Macclesfield road has never been a favourite road of mine, and on this occasion I found reason to like it still less. The reason being my biting the snow five times in as many miles. When Macclesfield was finally reached I had to dismount due to the failure of my dynamo to work in the slush, and not feeling in the mood to start adjusting it, I hiked through the town till the surface of the road improved. My ride home was then done with no further incidents and after finishing the day with another meal I lay in a warm bed recalling the snow-covered roads in comfort.

Members present on this run were J. Hodges, H. Catling with friend, and J. Ward.

Halewood, A.G.M., Sunday, 21st 1945.

I called for my old sparring partner, del Banco, at about 10-30, had a welcome cup of tea, and we set off each on trikes, via Spital Dam and Bromborough. A following wind and sunshine made riding quite pleasant in spite of the icy conditions.

We turned down the Queensferry—Helsby Road and it was there we found an exceedingly cold belt of air which brought us to our feet. After this we were more into the wind and snow commenced to fall. I tucked well in and by dint of much hard pushing we rode Rock Savage,dropped down to the Transporter and found that it was " off " intil 2 p.m., so there was no respite and we hauled the machines over the Railway Bridge.

Widnes to Halewood was fairly easy. (I was still tucked in) but my knees gave up the ghost and I just tottered into the Derby Arms and found a very welcome crowd of Anfielders " having one." We soon joined them and I felt very glad indeed to be back and finding old friends still turning up for a run.

The meal was good and thoroughly enjoyed, though I was sorry to see that Chandler was off his oats. He did have a second helping but it was only a morsel or so and he cogitated hard before he even decided that he could " take it."

© Anfield Cycle Club

Others present and not yet mentioned were Bert Green, Harold Kettle, Powell, Eddy Morris, Frank Perkins, Molyneux, George and Peter Stephenson, Don Birchall, Albert Preston, Jack Salt, Tommy Mandall and Syd. Jonas.

The A.G.M. proceeded after the meal in a most harmonious manner, and then the party broke up, six proceeding to Huyton for a welcome cup of tea at Stevie's, and then Salty, del Banco and Jonas sloshed their way to the ferry through the snow and slush and finished their respective rides in a snowstorm.

Tarvin, 27th January, 1945.

This run might also be called an unofficial T.A. Meet because all three attending were on three wheels, and friend Brooks, of the Mersey Roads, was also there on his trike. " Barrows " certainly come into their own when such icy roads are the order of the day.

Del Banco and Syd Jonas had arranged to ride out together, but unforseen circumstances prevented this as del Banco, who had been out during the morning arrived home late to find that Syd had called and had gone on thinking that del Banco had carried on to Tarvin instead of going home first. So Blotto put his best wheel forward and bashed out along the Bottom Road in the hope of heading Syd off before Tarvin, but didn't succeed.

On arrival friend Brooks was found busy re-stoking and soon Peter blew in coming from Huyton by way of the transporter and the wilds of Mouldsworth. Syd, who had been visiting relations in Tarvin, arrived on the stroke of the appointed hour.

Conversation roamed around Youth Hostels, Trikes, Middle East and sundry other subjects, and before 7 o'clock the four trikes departed in close company.

Syd and Peter dropped off at Hoole to visit Charles, while Brooks and del Banco carried on to Bebington. Brooks left del Banco to call on Ken Yardley, of the Mersey Roads who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis and is progressing satisfactorily.

The writer arrived home with a keen appetite, which was duly satisfied to the accompaniment of the nine o'clock news.

(Peter and Syd Jonas stayed at Charlie's till about 9 o'clock and Peter arrived home looking as though he'd been through a " 24." Actually he reported that he'd been through the Tunnel, walked four hills in Liverpool (where are they ?) fell off the trike in London Road, had a puncture in Mount Vernon Street, but after a bath and three pints of cocoa looked almost human again. He enjoyed his food on Sunday.—Ed.).

Prestbury, 27th January, 1945.

Conditions were much better than on the preceding Saturday—the snow on the lanes was hard and smooth, and on the high road mostly gone, though patches of frozen snow here and there made careful riding necessary. All in all, three wheels were still better than two. The ride out, in bright but cold sunshine was a delight ; the clear white fields, the hedges and trees heavy with hoar-frost, made a picture seldom seen near Manchester. Prestbury is always picturesque—its very considerable extension, so far as houses are concerned, has been made intelligently on the whole, and pleasing to the eye, but this day it was exceptionally so, for any few crudities there may be were softened by the snowy blanket.

There were four of us at the White House, all tricyclists, and we lingered there over tea and after it, discussing many things, but particularly photography, at which three of the party are experts. But at last we got once more to the saddle and rode again over the snowy roads, under a brilliant moon, which made visibility almost as good as in daytime, and the scene like a picture from a story-book.

All reached home safely after an afternoon of such pleasure as almost to make one forget, for the time being at any rate, the burst or frozen pipes at home, and the many inconveniences inseparable from such hard weather as we were experiencing.

Those out were the Presider, Harold Catling, Jack Hodges and Stan Wild.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Cash Summary for 1944.

Dr. Cr.

1943 £ s. d.		1944 £ s. d.
272 9 4	To Bank Balances from 1943 ..	294 11 2
1 0 10	Cash Balance from 1943 ..	3 2 4
0 15 0	Entrance Fees	1 0 0
0 14 0	Badge Deposits	0 10 6
10 15 0	Arrears of Subscriptions for 1943	20 11 6
4 15 0	Subscriptions and Donations in advance..	10 10 0
3 14 9	Bank Interest	3 18 10
78 11 0	Subscriptions for 1944 ..	82 15 6
59 17 2	Donations for 1944	107 6 6
£432 12 1		£524 6 4

1943 £ s. d.		1944 £ s. d.
78 19 7	By Printing and Postages ..	84 4 5
1 15 0	Sundry Payments	0 5 0
54 0 0	Gifts to "Ours" on Active Service	76 3 9
0 4 0	Bank Commission and Cheque Book	0 8 9
294 11 2	Bank Balance	360 17 0
3 2 4	Cash Balance	2 7 5
£432 12 1		£524 6 4

Liabilities.

1943 £ s. d.		1944 £ s. d.
15 8 3	To Prizes not selected	15 8 3
4 15 0	Subscriptions and Donations in advance	10 10 0
7 0 2	Printing Account outstanding	12 5 4
291 3 7	Balance	340 10 10
£318 7 0		£378 14 5

Assets.

1943 £ s. d.		1944 £ s. d.
294 11 2	By Bank Balance	360 17 0
3 2 4	Cash Balance	2 7 5
0 3 6	Badges	—
20 10 0	Subscriptions outstanding and good	15 10 0
—	Shield and Sundries in hands of Hon. Treasurer	—
£318 7 0		£378 14 5

Audited and found correct—
E. O. Morris,
W. E. Cotter,
Hon. Auditors.

12th January, 1945.

W. H. Kettle,
Hon. Treasurer.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI

NUMBER 468

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

MARCH - 1945

FORTHCOMING FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

March
3 Halewood (Derby Arms).
10 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
17 Warrington (Lion).
18 Committee Meeting. (Hill House, Archway Rd., Huyton.) Lunch 1-0 p.m. Meeting 2-0 p.m.
24 Tarvin (Bleak House).
30 Easter Tour (see Committee Notes).
31 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
April
7 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

March
3 Goostrey (Red Lion).
10 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
24 Prestbury (White House Café).
31 Knolls Green (Brown Owl Café).
April
7 Goostrey (Red Lion).

CONTENTS

Committee Notes 23
Treasury Notes 23
Editorial 23
Forces' Notes 23
Correspondence 24
Runs 25

Full Moon, 28th inst.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI | MARCH, 1945 | NUMBER 468

COMMITTEE NOTES

4, The Laund,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

The Easter Tour will be to Llanwrst, Headquarters at Victoria Hotel. Members interested please communicate with the President, Fern Lea, Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey, Manchester.

Please note that owing to difficulties of catering at Halewood, the Committee Meeting will be held at Hill House, Archway Road, Huyton.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES

Another satisfactory month to report with two subscriptions for 1944 and twenty-two subscriptions for 1945 paid.

There are still a few Members who owe for 1943 and 1944 and it will be decided at the next Committee Meeting on 18th prox. whether they can still remain on the list of members.

Those whom it affects have until the 16th prox. to pay up and be spared the indignity of being crossed off for non-payment of subscriptions.

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

R. J. Austin.*	J. Long.*
R. R. Austin.*	G. P. Mills.
K. Barker.*	E. O. Morris.*
S. J. Buck.*	G. Newall.‡
C. F. Elias.*	W. Orrell.*
C. F. Elias, Jnr.	G. Stephenson.*
F. D. Elias.	P. T. Stephenson.
H. L. Elston.*	A. Turnor.
J. A. Grimshaw.‡	K. Turnor.
J. Hodges.*	J. Ward.
L. King.	S. Wild.

‡ Also for 1944.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

FORCES' NOTES

Syd Jonas, now a Captain, has got a job at Saighton, so he ought to be able to put in a few runs although he says the C.O. doesn't seem keen on Officers going out at all. No doubt when he gets settled down he'll be able to circumvent him.

Peter Rock, after a spell of six weeks in hospital, with sciatica, managed a strenuois ride round to Halewood via Chester and we hope he will have no further trouble. He was in hospital at Halifax, where Eric Reeves also had a spell. Eric is at Yarmouth at present, but he speaks for himself elsewhere in this issue.

Dudley Turnor has got a new address —6, Yowley Road, Ewloe, near Chester where he is in a billet.

EDITORIAL

P. C. BEARDWOOD.

As we had not heard from P.C.B. since the news of his Doodle-bug visitation last Autumn, which we reported in the October *Circular*, we wrote to him and were pleased to hear that he is quite well except for what he calls some A.D. complaints. He has had some trouble with a varicose ulcer on his ankle which kept him off his machine during January, but as this incapacity coincided with the wintry weather of that month he did not miss much. The ankle is now improving and he has started cycling again in a quiet way, getting as far as Richmond one day.

P.C.B. expresses his sorrow at the passing of Billy Owen and goes on to talk of old paced racing days with Hillier and Vernon Pugh. He also reports the death of "Pa" White a year or so ago, news of which he gathered from Allen Tooth. whom he met at the F.O.T.C. Luncheon last October.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

We are glad to hear Percy is still carrying on. He sends his kindest regards to all the friends he knew and hopes to meet us at the " George " at Shrewsbury with the help of a little rail assistance, when we resume operations there.

Stan Wild Sends News of Grimmy.

Here it is :—

" I called on Albert Grimshaw recently, and found him, as ever, most heavily pressed with business. He has had rather a rough time during the winter, and when I saw him was just recovering from a severe bout of pneumonia. In spite of this he is as cheerful as ever and looks back with pleasure on the happy times he had during his active days with the Club. He sends hearty wishes to all his old friends, and, in particular, asked me to convey this message : ' Tell the Anfield that I have not forgotten them —and never will ! ' "

F.H. still writes to us, and underlying his humourous quips about Shipston-on-Stour being in trouble if their Council tenants do not take in lodgers, runs a vein of sadness that he cannot get out and about like he used to do. However, he says he is making slow progress and we hope that when the warmer weather comes again he will be able to get out to some of the Manchester runs.

A LETTER FROM

—ERIC REEVES.

11*th February*, 1945.

Dear George,

I have omitted to notify you of my latest address, which is as above. I am in the U.K. for three months on the Python leave scheme, though I can assure you that I don't see where the leave part of it comes in for it is impossible to get to Merseyside for a week-end. However, I will not bore you with my criticisms of the Python scheme for it would take many pages, none of them complimentary. We are due to go back again when the three months are up. I feel I have done enough and the thoughts of going abroad again are far from pleasant. I hope Joe Stalin gets to Berlin before then and finishes Jerry at last and that lets us out. I had two weeks disembarkation leave and arranged with del Banco and Salty to go to the Club run, it was the Warrington, January 13th run, and I mis-read the alternative, the result was that del Banco and I on a tandem were at Goostrey some time before we realised what had happened ; the proprietor and later Salty confirmed this.

I hope you are keeping in good health these days. I suppose Peter is still tearing around the countryside, for my part I think my cough will prevent me from any serious stuff after the war, I cough all day and sometimes most of the night, but as I am still warm to the touch I don't get any treatment from the Army.

My regards to all and roll on the days when we can look forward to meeting with some regularity.

Cheerio and all the very best,

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—TEDDY WEBB.

February 19*th*, 1945.

Dear George,

Just a line to let you know that I am making slow recovery. This is my eighth week. The cause was a front wheel skid in icy roads. After specialists and X-ray it was found that the pelvis was not fractured, but badly injured. Nothing but prolonged rest is the cure. Been out for five minutes this morn. Had enough. Although we do only meet once a year I follow your doings in between times through the *Circular*, which has been coloured in recent months. The blame is entirely upon your good self and your assistants. May the good work continue. Please convey my very best thanks to those Members for their kind enquiries, personally and by letter. Hoping to see you soon.

Kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

TEDDY WEBB.

© Anfield Biographical Club

RUNS

Halewood, 3rd February, 1945.

Being one of those lucky people who have Saturday morning off I left Huyton soon after eleven in order to have lunch at Tarvin. Although it was fairly dull in the morning it brightened up later, and my ride through Warrington to the Bleak House was enjoyable, and just after one I was waiting for my lunch.

This over, I trundled the barrer down to the "Brown Man's" home only to discover he had just left for the golf course, but his better half was in and she offered me the ever-welcome cup of tea. We chatted till about a quarter to four, when I pushed off at slow pace, hoping that Syd Jonas would overtake me. Alas, this was not to be, and when I reached a café I stopped for a cup of tea so as to waste more time. Still no Syd! I waited as long as I dared but had to give it up and leave so as to catch the five o'clock transporter, still hoping that we might do the last stretch together.

When I arrived at the Derby Arms Messrs. Roskell, Morris and Kettle were in possession and it wasn't long before Tommy Mandall showed his face round the door.

Then to the surprise of everyone present the one and only Sammy Marriott walked in complete with flannel bags, ofiering the excuse that his bike was in Norfolk. Well, fancy that! Sammy certainly looked well—and he is still putting on weight—and he declared many times during the evening that he had finished with indoor jobs.

We had all but given up hope of seeing friend Jonas when he came in reporting that his near-side wheel had seized up near Frodsham.

The meal was up to the usual Halewood standard, and Mr. Morris departed in haste to catch his train. Mr. Roskell and Frank caught the bus, and Mr. Kettle left with them, while we three had one for the road. We parted at the bottom of Archway Road, and it is reported that Tommy Mandall spent the rest of the evening in the Stanley Arms!

Goostrey, 3rd February, 1945.

It appeared that Mrs. Knowles had commented on the fact that I had missed several Goostrey runs, and appeared somewhat hurt about it.

Now if there is one thing that I wouldn't dream of doing, it is to hurt Mrs. Knowles, who has been a true friend to Anfielders for so many years, so out came the tricycle and I was away in good time. At least, that was the intention, but the snow and salt of the previous Sunday had not improved the smooth running or the machine, and a considerable time was spent in cleaning, oiling and adjusting before things were in order once again.

At last I was away; later than was my intention, but with time to take my favourite route by Bramhall and Dean Row, past Brook House, over the shoulder of Alderley Edge to Yardentown, and to the Monks Heath to Macclesffeld road by the exhilarating drop past Birtles Hall. From there it was a matter of half-an-hour or so by Redesmere, Siddington and Twemlow to reach the Red Lion just as tea was served.

There were nine of us in all, eight members and a prospective—the Presider and his Vice, Sub.-Captain Cranshaw, Jack Hodges, two Orrells, Jack Ward and Stan Wild, and Mr. Taylor, the prospective (he will, I suppose, forfeit the "Mister" after the next meeting of the Committee). Stan had been to see Grimmy, who had sent his subscription, and this started a perfect orgy of sub. paying, R.J. being left in the end with £10/5/0 to forward to the Treasurer.

Tea over, the usual routine of ale and talk proceeded, until someone brought news that it was raining heavily—and so it proved. It was pouring, with a side wind, and if all the tricyclists were as wet and as filthy as I was when I reached home it was not surprising that devotees of the three-wheeler are unpopular with their wives.

Parkgate, 10th February, 1945.

The ride out was under clear sunny skies, thus belying the menace of some heavy hail storms in the early afternoon. Powell was already having tea,

© Anfield Bicycle Club

and as mine was served, Kettle appeared, followed shortly after by Tommy Mandall, Peter Stephenson and Jack Salt. Syd Jonas was expected, but his absence suggested his recall to duty.

After our usual chin-wag round the fire, we rode away into the twilight with very stormy clouds in the West. Boathouse Lane was a sleigh ride, so useful was the wind, the easy ride home compensating us for the rather tough ride out.

Altogether a very good run made possible by, methinks, the extra daylight now available.

Prestbury, 10th February, 1945.

The writer, leaving home in good time, travelled by Bramhall and Poynton to the corner near Shrigley Hall, where he turned right and a little down the Adlington road left by the wall of Styperson Park and so to the gay and colourful city of Bollington. Not lingering there he carried on to Bollington Cross, then left and down to the main Stockport—Macclesfield road. Crossing the road half right and down the Prestbury lane, the tea venue was reached at 5 p.m.

As there were no other arrivals an extension was indicated and the way to Mottram was chosen, but near the top of the bank the twinkling feet of Jack Ward approached and the narrator turned and tried to catch Jack—but failed.

The President and Messrs. Orrell (Wilf.), Cranshaw, Wild, Ward, Catling, Shaw and Hodges sat down to a meal which was up to standard.

After tea the chief topic of conversation was rearlights and a stranger who might happen to be "listening-in" would no doubt gather that the assembled members of the A.B.C. were not convinced that live red lights on bicycles would be an unmixed blessing.

And yet it would be a great mistake to assume that all bicycle riders resent the proposed imposition. Only a few days ago the writer mentioned the topic to the electricity meter inspector who rides a bicycle and claims to be a cyclist. The response was immediate and emphatic—"Rearlights, yes, I've been agitating for them for years." The subject was not discussed further.

It would be about 8 p.m. when most of us made for home, leaving Shaw and Wild (I think) behind. The night was fine and presumably we all made our havens.

Tarvin, 17th February, 1945.

Leaving early I made my way through Warrington and then down the Tarporley road as far as the Crabtree Green Cross roads, where there is a cafe which I have often wanted to try. I had plenty of time and felt like a cup of tea.

I had only just ordered mine when in walked the President and so the order was doubled. After this we made our way to the Bleak House to find Messrs. Elias, Turvey and Jack Salt already there. Ken Barker came in later, having eventually got his new home more or less settled. Syd Jonas turned up later and made up the party of seven.

Elias left early to get as far as possible before darkness. Ken Barker left to catch his bus, the Presider for home and we four in the Birkenhead direction. The trio of N. Turvey, who was staying in Hoylake, Jack Salt and Syd Jonas left Peter Stephenson for the Top road and a few stops according to tales which have been circulating since that date.

The ride home was uneventful and we all enjoyed the run.

Wildboarclough, 17th February, 1945.

After a morning of desultory showers it was with supreme optimism that I rolled up my cape and strapped it firmly to my saddlebag. As I left home there was still some moisture in the air and the day was one of the mildest of the year, a direct contrast to the severe weather of a few weeks ago. I made my way through Cheadle and along to Dean Row, where I overtook two Cheshire Roads friends, Arthur Wood and Dick Thompson, who were to have tea with the Club prior to a week-end in company with Rex Austin, Don Shaw and me.

My friends were astride a tandem and, in consequence, the pace became

© Anfield Bicycle Club

a little hotter and the atmosphere positively stifling. I prevailed upon them to walk the hill into Macclesfield, whence we made our way through Langley to climb the stiff acclivity of Standing Stones. This mile of collar-work resulted in a feeling of having just emerged from a Turkish bath, and it was with some relief that we dropped down to the " Stanley Arms."

Entering the tank, which is an Anfield term for what I usually refer to as the " snug," we found Don Shaw and Russ Barker just about to imbibe, and in our moist state gladly joined them. There is, by the way, some good news from Russ. He is now stationed in Manchester performing duties of as permanent a nature as the Army can be expected to understand by the term, and hopes to support many Club fixtures in addition to indulging in a spot of racing this year.

Then Wilf Orrell and George Taylor arrived and shortly afterwards we received Stanley's friendly call and went into the dining room for tea, to be joined in a little time by Harold Catling, Rex Austin, Jack Ward and Jim Cranshaw. The meal, as ever, was a salivary symphony, and this fact, combined with the incorrigibility of Don Shaw, seemed to loosen all tongues and fun was fast and furious. There was one sober interlude when we were glad to hear that Wilf Orrell is very close to achieving his thousand runs. We also congratulated Jack Ward on winning the attendance prize. Russ related some of his experiences in the Middle East, which included racing and photography, and in fact, everybody contributed to a fast and lively conversation.

Wilf Orrell was the first to move, soon to be followed by Harold, George and Russ, whilst Jim and Jack joined the week-ending party in the " tank." Don was just beginning to relate a most intriguing story in which Jim, for some reason or other (and rather to my surprise !) seemed very interested, when a mixed party entered the room and the yarner had to break off most abruptly, to Jim's utter mortification ! Of course, we of the week-ending crowd, comforted Jim with the obvious fact that we could hear the story after supper. At this stage in the proceedings, and for various reasons, I felt it incumbent upon me to *volunteer* to write up the run !

At eight o'clock Rex, Don, the two visitors and I bade Jack and Jim *adieu*, and took the road down Wildboarclough. A heavy mist made visibility most difficult, but conditions improved lower down the valley. Beyond Allgreave, however, we reached high ground again and found the mist thicker than ever. We groped our way across Goldsitch Moss to cross the Axe Edge road at " Royal Cottage " and turned along the Morridge, a grand ridge way, ever notorious for its shocking surface. And here our troubles commenced.

The Morridge climbs to 1,603 feet (its highest point) and follows a ridge which on one side falls away precipitously. The precipice is in parts fenced, but there are many open stretches, and on a night like this when we could see only a yard or two ahead we found the open parts most unhealthy. It was evident, too, that the road had had extensive recent use by vehicles fitted with a certain mode of propulsion usually restricted to a particular type of farm vehicle before the war. Thus, we struggled, we fell off, we fell into and over ruts of over a foot in depth, and then from the highest part of the road we literally descended " downstairs " to the " Mermaid " at Blakemere, surely the most inhospitable inn it has been our misfortune to encounter. The time was 9-45 p.m., our tongues were hanging out of our mouths and picking up mud from the road, and they refused us a drink ! The remarks made by each and every member of the party are definitely unsuitable for publication—even in the *Anfield Circular* !

Fortunately, there are men of the bulldog breed in the Anfield, struck to earth we rise again and on to fortune. But in spite of this it was just as well that we had not very far to go, as the road down to Warslow was badly cut up in places. We did run out of the mist, found it well past closing time at Warslow, but reached our halting place for the night, Hulme End, at 10-30 p.m. A splendid supper was awaiting us, to which we did full justice, and

then we had a most enjoyable session round the fire until well after midnight. I must record that thus, in the fullness of time, and after much hard labour, we had qualified to hear Don's anecdote, and for Jim Cranshaw's benefit I must say that it was very good too !

Of course I could write at length of our adventures on the Sabbath, but suffice it to say that we had a pleasant round by way of Hartington and Monyash, a drink in the "Pack Horse" at Crowdecote, where the *pension* is a mere guinea a day, a disappointment for lunch at Longnor, afternoon tea at Flash, and a final meal at Stanley's to complete a most enjoyable week-end. Without a doubt, my confidence in rolling up my cape at dinner-time on Saturday was well justified.

Those present at Wildboarclough were R. J. Austin, R. Barker, H. Catling, J. D. Cranshaw, W. Orrell, D. Shaw, G. Taylor, J. Ward, S. Wild, and the two visitors, A. C. Wood and R. A. Thompson, of the Cheshire Roads.

Parkgate, 24th February, 1945.

After an absence of over five years, the del Banco Tandem Tricycle was seen once again at an Anfield Club Run, well and truly propelled there by Jonas, steersman, and del Banco, stoker.

The start from Spital was a flying one in spite of a near westerly gale which had sprung up and at Clatterbridge a tandem and a bicycle were dropped with apparent ease. In reality it was a masterly concealment of the real state of affairs, as neither of the crew felt happy about the horrible pains in their legs.

A stop was made to higher both saddles and afterwards progress was not so painful. The tandem was caught again (it had stopped) at Willaston, and the bicycle (also stationary) just past the 8th milestone. Elias, Senior, was seen busily occupied with a pump but required no assistance, so the T.T. sped on through Burton and Neston to Parkgate.

Mrs. del Banco, Peter Stephenson and Ken Barker were already in possession and Elias, Kettle and Tommy Mandall arrived soon afterwards. Tea was fairish and the talk about various things. Jonas announced the end of his seven weeks leave and departure to Saighton on Monday. He is evidently improving as his last Unit was a hospital and now he is posted to a Convalescent Depot. Elias and Kettle departed before dark and the remainder left about sevenish, Mrs. del Banco for the bus, and Ken Barker with the crowd as far as the Glegg. The remaining four swept (by the wind) on to the Fox and Hounds, Barnston, where a very pleasant hour was spent reminiscing about old Anfield days and personalities.

It might be mentioned that the Tandem Trike was in great form on the return journey and on several occasions nearly took off and dived bombed and machine-gunned young Peter. At all events he was greatly perturbed by the strange zoomings and rat-tat-tats which came from the machine, and was glad to see the back of it at Storeton.

Dane-in-Shaw, 24th February, 1945.

For a wonder I was able to get out good and early in the afternoon and made up my mind to make a little round of the outward journey. It wasn't quite the day to put any extra miles on for a "barrer," for the wind was strong—very strong—and most of the way not at all favourable. However, by steady pushing I managed to get through Knutsford and Chelford, and from there turned towards Holmes Chapel for a piece, leaving this road for the lanes skirting Lower Withington and Siddington and eventually debouching on the main Alderley —Congleton road just short of Marton.

In these days of restricted motoring the lanes in this district have very little traffic, are always pleasant, the surface is nowhere bad and is usually good, and on a day like this their windings and high hedges lessened the windage considerably. Just past Marton I turned left for North Rode and soon reached my cup-of-tea place, where I docked for a while. Just as I

© Anfield Bicycle Club

was about to resume the saddle, Wilf Orrell, who knows my habits and looks for my machine when he passes this way, came along and we went on together past North Rode Church and down the winding hill which leads to the Buxton—Congleton road. There's always a temptation to cut the corners on this hill—it makes it easier to get round them and there's seldom any traffic. But on this occasion it was fortunate for me that I resisted it, for at one of the worst corners I met a big truck, grinding upwards and there was but just room for both of us.

On the Buxton—Congleton road the wind was very adverse and it was necessary or at any rate more comfortable, to walk one of the rises. Here we found Jim Cranshaw and Jack Ward, and the four of us went along together, off the main road, along the lanes through Timberbrook and so on to our destination, to find two others, Harold Catling and G. Taylor, a prospective member, already there ; later Stan Wild appeared, making a total of seven.

The tea was well worth having. Stan Wild told us of the thrilling experiences of the last week-end party—riding in mist on the edge of precipices, etc.—and it rather looked as though one should be quite sure about insurance policies before going out with Stan. The party left about 7-45. What happened to the others I don't know, for I'd made up my mind to tour home very quietly, and so got behind right away. The ride home for me was very easy for the most part and I got there in good time and condition, very well satisfied with my afternoon's outing.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI NUMBER 469

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

APRIL - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

April
7 Halewood (Derby Arms).
14 Pontblyddyn (Mrs. Thomas, Woodland House).
21 Warrington (Lion Hotel).
28 Tarvin (Wildboarclough).

May
5 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

April
7 Goostrey (Red Lion).
14 Prestbury (White House Café).
28 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).

May
5 Goostrey (Red Lion).

Full Moon, 27th inst.

CONTENTS

Committee Notes 31
Editorial 31
Racing Notes 31
Insurance Against "Easter Knees" 32
Correspondence 33
Runs 34

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/-; Under 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; Under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH-BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI APRIL, 1945 NUMBER 469

COMMITTEE NOTES

4, The Laund,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

Mr. G. G. Taylor, 4 Oswald Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. F. H. Swift has rejoined the Club as an Honorary Member.

Changes of Address :—Mr. J. A. Grimshaw, 51 Norwood Road, Stretford, Manchester.

A. Williams, Shpt. A/4, D/Mx. 728300, Mess 48, H.M.S. Wolf, c/o. G.P.O., London.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL

Our sympathies go out to the Presider, who is confined to bed with a bad leg resulting from a fall on the way to Dane-in-Shaw in January. He carried on both at work and play until the Warrington Run on March 16th. This was the first run he had missed since the war—we don't know how long before that. The next day he missed his first Committee meeting for a good many years, but the hardest blow of all is that he has had to stay away from the office on *sick* leave for the first time since 1892 !

In a cheery letter received recently he says that the rest is doing him good and hopes to be out and about again in a week or two's time. He had to forego his Easter Trip to Llanrwst—again breaking a sequence running from 1913.

We hope the rest will result in a complete recovery and that we shall soon see him out again.

. . . .

Our hard-working Hon. Secretary has also been on the sick list with a bad dose of influenza which left him very seedy. However, we are pleased to report that he is taking it easy and feeling better.

. . . .

We see from our contemporary *The Roll Call*, that Robbie has been suffering from eye trouble and has had an operation. We hope it has been successful and think it must have been, as we had a card from him recently pointing out a discrepancy which had slipped our notice in the new lay-out of the *Circular*. One of our printing staff had been a bit too forthcoming.

. . . .

We are delighted to have some of the younger members back in this country again and what a difference it makes to the Club Runs. There were eight of them (all more or less young) at Tarvin on the 23rd and the same day there were seven out at the alternative.

RACING NOTES

The Racing Season has opened and from letters received by the Racing Secretary it seems we will have an Anfield team out once more. Messrs. Russ Barker and Harold Catling have informed me they will be competing. Russ tells me he is down to ride in the Stretford Wheelers '25.' The Racing Secretary has riden in two events so far—An under 63 gear '25,' in which he did 1.13.25 against Snowy Roberts's 1.8.33.

In the L.T.T.C.A. 72 gear '25' he did 1.12.59 against the winner (Snowy again) 1.7.4.

We have been asked to provide two Timekeepers for the National "25," to be held on a Wirral course on June 17th, and Messrs. A. Lusty and R. J. Austin have been asked to officiate.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

INSURANCE AGAINST "EASTER KNEES"

It was Wednesday, the last day of February, the sun was shining and Spring was in the air, so I dumped a few things in my bag and at about 12-30 p.m. took to the road.

There was a stiff wind against but taking it easy and going the nearest way, I reached Llangollen "on th' edge of dark," having stopped only at Bleak House for sustenance.

Thursday, St. David's Day, I made a leisurely journey via Chirk, Preesgweene, Selattyn and Llansilin to Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant, where I fed at the Sun Temperance and arranged a dormitory for Friday night. Here I may say that for some time I have had designs on the crossing of Moel Sych, and this journey was a sort of reconnaissance. Returning by way of Llynclys, Oswestry and Chirk, after tea I spent the evening at a St. David's Day concert in the town hall.

Friday morning I paid up and pushed off from St. Collen's burg and proceeded to Corwen and Llandrillo. Just through the latter place I turned left, and some boys seeing me obviously taking the wrong turning, yelled "Hi, that's not the way to Bala." I knew it, but carried on up the Cwm Pennant road as far as Rhuol, where the metalled road ends. Crossing a small stream (the Ceidiog, I think) by a narrow bridge the way bears sharp right up a tilted grass road. In about a couple of miles I reached the Bala-Llangynog road at the spot marked on the map "Miltir Cerig." There were some very fine views of the Berwyns from this grass road and I thought I could discern the track descending Moel Sych, which made me decide to cross the Dry Mountain on the morrow if the weather remained good.

When I arrived at the Sun Temperance I put the question and was fixed up for Saturday night if the elements were favourable.

After a quick tea, still full of my big idea, I took the road to the falls and at Tan-y-Pistyll diverged up the track on the right. The time would be about 5 p.m. and the sun shone brightly on the hills as I ascended. The bracken was still Autumn brown and the scene was one to be remembered. I proceeded until within sight of the Moel. It looked easy and I had to restrain myself from trying the crossing then. However, finally, I turned back, telling myself somewhat vaingloriously "It's in the bag."

When I returned to the Sun there were three A.T.S. Sergeants and a R.A. Sergeant, all on short leave. The R.A. N.C.O. went out after tea with one of the A.T.S. Sergeants—sequel later. After supper and a little desultory talk, I went to bed.

The next morning (Saturday) I was quickly washed, having shaved overnight, and had reached the top of the stairs when I was stopped by the Sergeant who had gone out with the Sergeant. She wore pyjamas and a pathetic little smile and she said "Will you tell Mrs. Davies that Sergeant M. will not want any bacon for breakfast?"

After a good breakfast I was soon at Tan-y-Pistyll plodding up the grass road. The morning was very nippy but sunny. The road winds up and along the hillside and my memory does not carry many more impressive views than one gets from here. The high fall of the Rhaiadr and two lesser cataracts down the mountain sides are seen and heard and it is well to pause here for a while and allow the grandeur of the scene to soak in. The road soon narrows to a path. At about 2½ miles there is a nasty little patch where the path crosses a stony gully. At about 3½ miles the path seemed to evaporate, but crossing the burn which flows from Llyn Llyncaws, I followed for a short distance what looked like a path, but, alas, it had no future. I was in a bit of a fog. My map was very old and a bit the worse for wear. It seemed to indicate that the way up the mountain was on the Northern side of the lake which by the way was almost completely frozen over, but I could not pick out any path on that side and the rocks were rather forbidding. So I decided to barge straight up the mountain-side on the Southern side of the Llyn. It was very steep. However, I took it in stages. It is a strange thing about mountains that you think

you are near the summit and when you get to where you expected the top to be, there's some more further up. I began to think Merlin or someone had been playing about the place, but suddenly the cairn loomed into view and presently I stood on the highest point.

The view was magnificent. As far as I could see—and in the clear atmosphere that was a long way—there appeared peak after peak, a very ocean of billowing heights. I thought I could pick out Snowdon and Cader.

The wind was very strong and had a tendency to blow both me and my machine back to where we had come from, so I started down, striking roughly North-West. I found the going rather tough. The tufts of wiry grass and heather would persist in clutching my toeclips and it was easier to shoulder the bike for considerable distances. I reached the Nant Esgeiriau and followed it down to near its confluence with another small stream and then I crossed the Esgeiriau to the right bank. Just past here I very carelessly put my right leg up to the calf in a bog hole full of icy slush. The going was very damp and I almost lost my shoes several times. Eventually I came in sight of the Nant Cwm Dywyll, and followed a path above the wood which clothes part of the Nant. At last I saw a gate and a well-defined path which led very steeply down to a farm from which a peculiar noise seemed to emanate. I found the noise was caused by an overshot waterwheel and the transmission pulleys which convey the power to the barn of Mr. Owen, of Cadwst. In the very wet farmyard I was asked by Mr. Owen why I did not use the road. I told him I had come over the mountain and hoped that no harm had been done. Then I put the question of food and was supplied with tea, bread and butter, cheese, home-made jam and cake.

Leaving the hospitable farm I took the road to Llandrillo, mending a puncture on the way. At the Bryntirion Hotel near Llanderfel I bore left and over the Stoney Mile to Llangynog, Penylionf and Llanrhaiadr.

Sunday I returned to Cheadle Hulme via Oswestry, West Felton, Ellesmere, Whitchurch, etc., getting very wet in the process.

A LETTER FROM —ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

5/3/45

Dear Stevie,

This is my new address and will be for a considerable time. My wife forwarded on the *Circular*. Will you send it to my home address each time, because like the rest of the ladies she likes to look through it first. Sometimes I get ashore, but I'm afraid it doesn't worry me very much, it's not very interesting: you get fed up with the sight of palm trees, flies and the variety of smells. Talk about breath of the Orient, the only saving grace is the beach with its silver sands and beautiful blue water, water that you can bathe in all day without getting chilly; it would suit C. Randall a treat. I sleep out on deck every night and even a light sheet on is too much. We also have plenty of fruit: to see branches of bananas once again puts me in mind of 7 a.m. on Whit Mondays at some feeding station on the Anfield '100' course. Ask the lads how some nice iced peaches would go down or pineapples. The great shortage here is beer, a crying shame, for most of the lads, but I'm afraid it doesn't worry me unduly as long as I can get plenty of iced drinks it's not too bad. I noticed in an account of the Halewood run, December 2nd, Salty and your son want to have a do on Salty's fire-engine subject to obtaining a pair of 18-in. bars. It's a long way off to get an offer, but I have the exact goods, a pair of S. Maes dural. 18-in., they are in my workshop at Parkgate. Salty knows it. They can willingly have the loan of them with my blessing for good hunting.

I was very sorry to hear about Dick Ryalls; he was a great lad. Is G. Connor still in the U.K.? I shall have to write to George. Will you put my address in the *Circular*, it is very handy for chaps like W. Connor or N. Heath. To-night we have a film on

the top deck, so I think I shall visit our open-air cinema to pass the evening away. I wonder if I shall ever go back to long slacks when I get home, for the rig of the day here is shorts and shoes, you feel nice and free.

Give my kind regards to Bert Green and all the boys, and let's hope next year we can have that Club run we have all been waiting for.

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR.

—NED HAYNES.

8th March, 1945.

Dear Stevie,

I gather from the *Circular* that Ira Thomas is now at home. Would you be good enough to let me have his address, as I wish to get in touch with him?

Not much longer to Easter now. I suppose you are looking forward to a few days off with the President and Co. Hope you have fixed an alternative run in the Manchester area because I shall be coming home by cycle and will attend if possible.

Sorry to hear about Bert Green's accident. Hope he will be O.K. for Easter.

I have been out on the bike the last three Sundays and a couple of nights in the week. I think I have persuaded the Missus to get out in future. Of course I forgot to mention we have a garden now. Ugh! not in my line at all, but I do the digging. Despite the fact that the Romans spent quite a lot of their time in Glos. I have so far failed to dig up anything except the usual crawling things (definitely not Roman).

If in the near future when the Missus and I are prowling over the Cotswolds and my memory is good I might put the outing into words and let you have it for the *Circular* if suitable. (Did you say Cheeky Blighter, or what was it?)

Well, Stevie, I'm looking forward to Easter and a Club run.

By the way, I forgot to mention how much I like the new *Circular* and Button (congrats.)

Wishing you all the best and remember me to all Anfielders.

Yours sincerely,
NED HAYNES.

RUNS

Halewood, 3rd March, 1945.

It is my firm belief that during the past six months many alterations have been made on the route which we refer to as 'Round the World.' Rock Savage must be at least three times longer than I ever remember it and the Chester road seems to have developed hills and inclines where previously there were none. Should all these things be due to my fancy, then perhaps it would be as well to explain that Saturday's run was my first venture since last October and the past ten weeks have been spent in hospital. Just the same it should have been possible to have made more than 'tens' with a good steady breeze behind me as far as Chester. Calling at Randall's I found that Charles had gone golfing for the afternoon. Gone were my hopes of persuading him to give me company, and after waiting two hours without results I set forth into the breeze along the Frodsham road.

My lack of fitness was woefully apparent, but at least I did manage to reach the Transporter without having dismounted since leaving Chester. Strangely enough still being in good time, I idled along from Widnes to my destination.

Others had already arrived and on entering the lounge I found Stevie, Hubert, Eddie Morris, Tommy Mandall and Peter Stevie partaking of the 'waters.' King arrived hard on my heels, to be followed at a short interval by Kettle and Perkins.

A further short wait for possible latecomers and nine members sat down to a pleasant and satisfying meal. Having heard much talk about the scarcity of potatoes I was agreeably surprised to see that here at least it had not made itself evident. There were sufficient on the table to have supplied even Salty and Marriott's needs had they been present.

Conversation centred mainly on reminiscences of early days and of the late Pa White. It was agreed most emphatically that an 'old member' was one who had joined previous to 1900. Apparently I shall have to be on the border of eighty before qualifying on the present basis.

© Anfield Road Club

Eddie Morris left first, per rattler, and shortly after 7 p.m. Hubert departed per Crosville, the remainder staying on a little while. Finally, we broke up into two parties, Tommy Mandall accompanying the Stevies to Huyton, and Kettle, Perkins and Rock setting out together for their respective homes via Hunts Cross and Pierhead.

Parkgate, 10th March, 1945.

As it was a nice day I decided to take the "Round the World" route and call in and see our friends at Chester. I arrived to find Peter Rock already there, talking to the lady of the house, but of Charles there was no sign. He had gone off playing golf again—what about trying a bit of cycling, Charles—as a matter of fact both Peter and I had hoped to drag him up to Parkgate!

I had broken my brake cable so we decided to call at Chester to get a new one, but we were unsuccessful in fixing it and so, after wasting a good half-hour we left for the Parkgate road. The wind was in its usual direction and the ride was fairly hard but we kept going and arrived hot just after 6-0 p.m. to find Messrs. Elias and Kettle already nearly finished. We hadn't been there long when Syd del Banco rolled in on his barrer. He hadn't been feeling so well all week but he seemed O.K. again. The conversation was mainly concerned in stopping weird noises which were produced in the back axle of the tandem trike. When Captain Jonas gets round his superior officer's idea of things we hope to see more of them and the vehicle which belches queer noises.

Messrs. Elias and Kettle left first, and after our meal we didn't stay long. Just up the lane from Parkgate we met Mrs. del Banco, out to meet Syd, so Peter and I carried on to Borough Road, where he left me.

Those present were Messrs. Elias, Kettle, Peter Rock, Syd del Banco and Peter Stephenson.

Dane-in-Shaw, 10th March, 1945.

Calling on Jim Cranshaw on my way out I found Jim had already departed, so I made haste along the Stockport-Macclesfield road in an attempt to overtake him.

Arriving at Macclesfield I found I had plenty of time to spare, so I decided to take to the side lanes by way of a change from the usual route; and after playing about in these for a while I found myself back on the main road again. The next lane I turned down proved more satisfactory and brought me out on the Bosley Four Lane—Congleton road, and it wasn't long before the Coach and Horses came into view.

Turning into the yard I found Jack Hodges and Jim Cranshaw had arrived, and on going inside I found the President, who was still having trouble with his leg.

Eventually, seven of us sat down to a meal of the standard we have come to expect on this run. Stan Wild performed the duties of "Head Pourer," a situation which we have found it is rather dangerous to allow, as the pot tends suddenly to run dry, whereupon Stan smiles innocently and offers to get it refilled.

The President was the first to depart amid sincere hopes of an early return to fitness, and then the remainder of us took to the road again to enjoy a ride home against a fresh northerly breeze which was the cause of two of us making a brief call at the Legh Arms before the run came to an end.

Members present were the President, Vice-President, Wilf Orrell, J. Hodges, J. Cranshaw, S. Wild and J. Ward.

Warrington, 17th March, 1945.

Though the weather glass had had a downward tendency for some days and in spite of some low-lying clouds the conditions for cycling were distinctly good. What wind there was came from a westerly direction and was adverse, but it had not sufficient power to impede anyone riding against it.

The writer made a solitary journey from Ashton-on-Mersey to Warrington and found that town even more packed than usual for a Saturday, if that is possible. A search round the yard and in the garages of the "Lion" failed to disclose any cycle, but soon appeared the portly form of the Editor-V.P., shortly followed by the

Editorial Staff (Stevie, Jnr.), accompanied by Peter Rock and Tommy Mandall. Hardly had the handshaking ceased when up rolled Syd Jonas on bicycle complete with " click and the world is flat " attachment and gearcase.

The main portion of the house did not appear to be open for business so this caused an adjournment to the cheap side, where an attempt was made to restore the percentage. Another portly figure in the person of V.P. Austin now put in an appearance. The two V.P.'s present seemed quite capable of filling any V.P. or other chair that they are likely to occupy.

Though scouts were sent at intervals to see if the hotel proper was open, it was not until about 6-10 p.m. that we could take up our position with the élite, and it was after that when Sub-Capt. Jim Cranshaw materialized.

Warrington leaves a lot to be desired as a venue for a Club run, but it has certain advantages, the main one being that it is easily accessible from both Manchester and Liverpool and gives a chance for the Manchester men to meet the Liverpool gentlemen more frequently.

It was a most enjoyable meeting and it required a great effort on the part of the Mullah to drag himself away and go out into the cold, cold world.

Tarvin, 24th March, 1945.

A warm, lazy wind from the south-west made me decide on a direct run to Chester. The copses along the top Chester Road giving welcome shelter and Chester was reached with three-quarters of an hour to meal time. So off down the Whitchurch road to Rowton, left just past the 3rd mile-milestone, skirting Christleton and Waverton. Making for the Nantwich road via Stapleford, and a fast last two miles into Tarvin. There was a full table—Frank Perkins, Peters Rock and Stephenson, Eric Reeves, Syd Jonas, who had dodged the guard successfully and made his way to Tarvin via Prees. Ken Barker was next to arrive, followed by Blottos—Mr. and Mrs. One of my Birkenhead North End friends, Herbert Moore, then dashed in on his way over to Goosetrey for the ' 25.' We gossiped over an excellent meal and prepared ourselves for a cushy ride home. Salty, of course, had to demonstrate how not to remove a broken spoke and finished up with having to repair a puncture. Inner tubes apparently won't stand a spoke being screwed into them.

Mounting finally, we made a fast run Chesterwards, Syd Jonas leaving us at Vicar's Cross. Along the Bye-pass we were well and truly dropped by a Yank : we all strained at the leash, Eric began to get down to it but fortunately at Upton the bloke left the highway and so peace reigned till at Capenhurst Lane End Salty turned off to cross the Wirral to the top road in order to make a call at the Yacht to fix up for dressing accommodation there for West Cheshire events. A pint of mixed and a glorious seven miles with wind abaft found me in Heswall by 8-10 p.m. in time for a glance at the *Echo* and then bed. I'm sure you will agree it was a most enjoyable run. It's a long time since we lads were together in such numbers. Let's have more of it.

Prestbury, 24th March, 1945.

The third day of Spring and truly magnificent, clear sky, bright sunshine, with a south-easterly wind which made riding somewhat harder than usual.

There was more than ordinary traffic on the roads to-day, the bicycles easily predominating ; Easter knees will be earlier this year for many. Pic-niccers were common and as one should have guessed the White House was crowded when I arrived, with a couple sitting on the stairs but those of " Ours " seemed sadly missing.

Buckley was reported to be in the Legh Arms, Rex and Stan Wild discussing—well, I'll leave it to those of you that know Stan to guess the topic—in the yard of the White House.

Having ordered for eight, this looked like one of those runs when one is entirely down, but trusting to providence I informed Mrs. Smith to do her best when the crowd had thinned down a bit and then I went to rescue Buckley from the tank across the road only to find that Rex with the same intention, had arrived first, with the result that combined

© Anfield Bicycle Club

efforts naturally followed ; Stan Wild in the meantime being left to show a very charming young lady around the village.

On the stroke of 6-0 p.m. we three re-crossed to the White House to find that Taylor had arrived and a few moments later Catling put in an appearance, making seven in all, including the aforementioned charming personality that appears to have designs on young Wild.

It must be recorded, however, that Wilf Orrell was also present at the White House but mysteriously disappeared without approaching the dining room.

During tea we were pleased to hear that Catling's wife has made a turn for the better and we all wish her a speedy recovery from her illness.

The absence of our President for the second week running caused some concern but we are assured that he intends to get his leg right and not to dally about any longer, so he has gone to bed for a few days ; we sincerely hope that it will not interfere with his Easter programme.

Bobby Austin is home on leave we are informed and will be on the Easter tour before reporting for duty in the south. Hubert Buckley is expected from France before Easter, his first leave since going overseas.

Most of the party left without further adjournment about 7-15 p.m. and made good time with the help of a strong S.E. wind in the direction of home.

Three of the members contributed to the National Debt at the Davenport Arms before finally saying *adieu* till they meet again.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI

NUMBER 470

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

MAY - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

May
5 Halewood (Derby Arms).
12 Lavister (Darland House).
14 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
19 Whitsuntide Tour.—
21 Llanrhaiadr (Sun Hotel)
26 Warrington (Lion).
June
2 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

May
5 Goostrey (Red Lion).
12 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
19 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
19 Knolls Green (Brown Owl).
26 Nantwich (Lamb).
June
2 Goostrey (Red Lion).

Full Moon, 27th inst.

CONTENTS

Committee Notes 39
Treasury Notes 39
Forces Notes 39
Correspondence 40
Runs 42

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR
JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI MAY, 1945 NUMBER 470

COMMITTEE NOTES

4 The Laund,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

Application for Membership.—Mr. H. Bracewell, 18 Rothiemay Road, Flixton, Manchester. Proposed by Mr. H. Green and seconded by Mr. J. Hodges.

Whitsuntide Tour. Accommodation for six to eight members has been arranged at the Sun Hotel, Llanrhaiadr. Those wishing to join the party are requested to notify the Presider **immediately Time is short.**

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES

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

1944.

S. T. Carver.

March.

A. Lucas. F. H. Swift.
R. Poole.* J. J. Salt.*
H. Roskell.* G. G. Taylor.

April.

S. T. Carver.* J. H. Williams.
W. M. Robinson.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

FORCES NOTES

There is a large number of letters to Kettle this month from Members in the Forces acknowledging Comforts Fund gifts, and we regret that lack of space prevents us from publishing these in full. The Printer would be only too glad to deal with these but we must bear in mind our solemn promise to keep an eye on him so that he does not wax fatter (if that were possible) on his ill-gotten gains.

Here are some extracts :—

Don Birchall.—" Very many thanks for P.O. received to-day. Please convey my sincere appreciation to all concerned."

del Banco.—" It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge receipt of the P.O.—and again my best thanks are due to the Members for their kindness. It may interest you to know that Frank Chandler is now the proud possessor of *the* Tandem Trike. It had been in my mind to dispose of it and I wished it to remain in the Club if possible."

Tommy Sherman.—" Very many thanks to the Club for the P.O. just received. I find it difficult to express fully my appreciation of this splendid gesture, and to those concerned I can only say, simply but sincerely, ' thank you ! '

I have applied for a new job and if I am successful should be in the London area for about a month. I hope Bert Green is fully recovered and back on the active list."

Ralph Fer.—" I have just received your very welcome gift of £1 from the Comforts Fund, for which please accept my grateful thanks. I have recently moved to Cheshire, only a few miles south of Nantwich and if duties permit I hope to attend a run before long."

Rigby Band.—" Very many thanks to yourself and all Members for a very acceptable P.O., which arrived a couple of days ago. I am just finishing off a few weeks of pre-O.C.T.U. training at Wrotham, in Kent, after which I go on to O.C.T.U. at Derby for eight weeks. I hear Eric Reeves is at Maidstone, which is not far from here, but I doubt if I shall be able to contact him before I leave."

W. H. Elias.—" Once again thanks for your gift of twenty shillings. I received it yesterday. Very many thanks."

Bob Austin.—" Just a line to thank you and the Club for the P.O. received on the 16th. I was in sick quarters for three days with chest trouble and allowed to leave last Saturday, and am here (Torquay) for two weeks."

Birkby.—" Once again it is my privilege to thank you for a generous donation of £1 from the Comforts Fund. I have so far managed to dodge being drafted overseas, although I had a narrow squeak whilst at Hull and am still on the ' danger list ! ' I have had to leave my bike

© Anfield Bicycle Club

at home as I don't know how long I will be here, so that the only link with the old days is the *Circular*, which I look forward to so much."

Arthur Williams.—" To-day I have received a P.O. for £1 from the funds of the good old Anfield. I was proud in peace time to be a Member but when one is isolated in some Far Eastern backwater creek how pleasant it is to think of the boys at home thinking of you. ' Thank you.'

On the notice board of our ship I kept seeing that the Far Eastern Section of the Jungle Roamers C.C. held meetings ashore each Wednesday, and as the climatic conditions here to my mind don't seem to go down with cycling I didn't bother going. As the weeks passed by I got a bit fed up with the same routine, so I thought I would join one of the meetings : imagine my surprise when I found out that George Jones, of the Birkenhead North End was the skipper of the Club and had just left for another camp. I was very disappointed more so because if I had gone right away I should have met him. However, things have taken a brighter line, some of the chaps belong to the Midland C. and A.C., the Poly. and the Liverpool Century, so we have jolly good meetings and the talk brings back pleasant memories of happy days in Shropshire. Most of the chaps have done a spot of racing and when I told them I was an Anfielder they were quite pleased. I am the first Anfielder on the books. Last Sunday we met and walked along to the camp where the bikes are stored, and although we are miles off the beaten track they were not bad cycles. We did about thirty miles in that tropical heat. We had a perfect bathe, we climbed trees for king coconuts : that is the only liquid along these roads. We have no wayside C.T.C. houses. In the afternoon we spent a pleasant half-hour watching the monkeys in the trees. These things give an added interest to the ride, birds in the trees have wonderful colours and the butterflies, nearly as big as sparrows, are magnificent to watch. I also found out that it is slightly cooler riding than walking, so I hope to continue each week-end."

CORRESPONDENCE

Thank you for your word of cheer in the April issue of the *Circular*. I am up and doing again, after spending three months in a siding. The cause of my trouble—an inflamed tear duct sac—has been uprooted, and I hope to get along very well without it. Another saving of weight !

ROBBIE.

" Anfield,"
Denesway, Hessle,
E. Yorks.,

Dear Stevie,

'Tis the voice of the jabberwock, jarring and jimbling in the wame of East Yorkshire—but as yet, I hope—no slivy tove. Sid Carver calling, Stevie, the exile whose calling makes him even more of an exile than they who have returned from the field of battle. I note with great pleasure that Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Syd Jonas, are all back in reasonably frequent circulation, guiding young Peter in the way he should go. Don't I wish I could be with them !

I get very little cycling these days—about 20 miles a day to and fro the office—but practically nothing for pleasure. I keep pretty fit though with this daily dose—usually at evens or so. I rode in the Works Sports last summer—got a second in the half and third in the quarter. Grass track (perimeter of cricket ground). Previously I won the five at the Home Guard Sports : I had the " honour " of commanding a sub-company in that august body. But on the road—oh! With a few other exiles, I rode a private trial 25 (just to see how UNFIT we were) on the local course. I finished —eyeballs out like chapel hat-pegs—drooling at the mouth—nicotine oozing from every pore—in the brilliant time of 1.11.43. Thus my '44 " season." I have done nothing so far this year—and will not have the opportunity of doing much. Still, I reckon I could get round the 50 course in 2.29.59. Anno Domini—or some other perverse spirit (not " blithe " either) is beginning to tell.

I see that Bert has done things to his leg. I hope he'll soon be his enthusiastic self again. Not that his enthusiasm will wane, but I'm sure

his patience will be thoroughly tested by any temporary divorce from Anfield company. Salty seems to be taking young Peter "round the block"; well—he can learn a lot from Jack—I certainly did. Charles is a golf fiend, eh? He was slightly bitten by the bug when last we conversed. I feel that letters are due from me to almost all these blokes, but one or two owe me a note; perhaps I'll get something done about it soon.

You will find a cheque enclosed for 1944 and 1945 subs. with a little over for the "box." Please pass it on to the financial wizard. I may not be able to attend, but I wouldn't lose my membership for the proverbial gold clock. To be nice and smug for once, I feel we have "something that the others haven't got." I shan't try to estimate what this something is—but it's real and vital—and it's ours. That's enough.

Cheerio for the nonce. Give my regards to any of the boys you see—and don't forget Hubert.

Yours,

SID. CARVER.

—WALTER CONNOR.

20*th April.*

Dear Stevie,

Would you please convey to the Club my most sincere thanks for the P.O. which I received yesterday morning when I returned to barracks from leave—a most opportune moment!

There is a story behind my leave about which I am unfortunately able to tell you very little at the present time. Sufficient to say I am a survivor once more and my address for the present is very uncertain. When the news is released officially I will write again and give you more details. Until then, as you probably know, there isn't much I can say without incurring the wrath of the 'higher ups.'

Apart from the shaking up—some slight cuts and a few odd bruises—I suffered no injury, but they shoved me in hospital for five days—more as a precaution than anything else.

Of my 14 days I spent 7 in Wallasey at home. Brother George was on leave too, and with our respective wives we were able to make up a very pleasant foursome indeed. A good time was had by all. One evening we ambled down to Chester to see cousin Syd. (Someone let him out of his detention quarters for the evening!) and it was an occasion for several drinks and a most enjoyable dinner. We have reason to suspect that hotel owners and/or brewers in Chester are making large fortunes in the beer racket—how much was that last round, Syd?

That must be all for now except to say that would you mind addressing any further correspondence, etc. to the address below. My very kindest regards to your wife and the two boys, and once again many thanks to the A.B.C.

Yours very sincerely,

WALTER CONNOR.

88, Station Avenue,
West Ewell,
Surrey.

—IRA THOMAS.

Dear Stevie,

Thanks for your letter, and I'm sorry that I have not replied earlier; as you know when one has plenty of time on one's hands one gets very busy doing nothing sort of thing, in fact I have at present so many things to do about the house that I cannot seem to find the time to do them all. I know that it seems Irish, but there it is.

Since I wrote you last my shoulder has improved immensely, though I cannot yet get it down to my side it is gradually coming down and it is getting stronger. I still have treatment every day; that and the odd jobs I do at home are helping to get it back to normal again.

I have rigged my bike up to make it as comfortable as possible and I have been out two or three times. My last trip was round Wem and Loppington, which I intended to be a very quiet ride, but it ended up with bashing it up so much as I could, but I'm afraid my scrapping days are over, for I don't think my shoulder would stand it: still, I can be the next best thing, a helper somewhere up the road.

Yours,

IRA.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

RUNS

Goostrey, 3rd March, 1945.

As the report of this run was forgotten by the contributor concerned (for which he apologises) it only remains to record that there was a record attendance of fifteen, these being, Bert Green, Rex Austin, both Orrells, three Turnors, Stan Wild, George Taylor, Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Bick, Don Shaw, Jack Ward and Bob Poole.

Easter Tour, Llanwrst, March 30th—April 2nd, 1945.

The Bramhall pair (Rex Austin and son Bob) were early astir on Good Friday, and left home before 7-0 a.m. in a dead calm, to connect with the 8 o'clock train from Knutsford to Chester. This was achieved without undue difficulty, and a second breakfast consumed in Chester in company with sundry friends from the Cheshire Roads Club. These were left in the cafe, and the road taken by Broughton and Mold. The wind was contrary and very strong, so that when the "Druid" at Llanferres was reached it seemed worth while to wait half-an-hour for lunch. This proved a good meal, and after an interesting chat with an old member of the East Liverpool Wheelers, who rode in the "100" in 1914, they proceeded, still in the teeth of the wind, by Ruthin to Clawdd Newydd, Glyn Myfyr and Cerrig, from whence it was but a couple of miles to the C.T.C. cottage at Glasfryn, and much needed eggs on toast. So far the rain had held off, but with the wind more helpful the journey by Pentre and down Dinas Hill to the Waterloo Bridge and Llanrwst made a very wet finish to the day.

After a wash and a change of clothing they found their way to the dining room, where were Norman Turvey and Peter Stephenson from Huyton, George Taylor from Manchester by Chester and Llangollen, Jack Hodges from the "Sun" at Llanrhaiadr by way of the Miltir Cerig and only Jack Ward was missing of those expected. Of course we were without the President for the first time in thirty odd years, and later in the week-end we sent a message of goodwill and hope for his speedy recovery. Dinner over, Rex and Norman departed on their usual pub crawl and on their return to H.Q. found that Jack Ward had arrived all the way from Manchester by devious routes of his own; however, after a bath and some food he seemed none the worse, and after a brief session in the tank we went to bed.

On Saturday morning it was raining merrily, and after repairs to Jack Ward's machine we rode by the west bank of the river to Bettws and Capel Curig, passing Harry Austin and his wife on the way. Both Jack Hodges and Peter had punctures hereabouts, and as time was on the wing, a halt was called for lunch at Ogwen Cottage. Here some thirty-six of us were eating in quite a small room, and the wonder is that we were not all gassed when Jack Ward shut the window because of the draught. It had been intended to proceed by Bethesda and Bethel, returning by Llanberis; but the lure of eggs on toast was too great, and the outward route was retraced through heavy rain by Bettws to Pentre and Glasfryn, where sure enough the expected tea materialised. Then we pushed back to H.Q. to find Syd Jonas and Len King had arrived to make our total nine for dinner.

Harry Wilson, who was staying at the Glan Aber, made a brief but noisy appearance after dinner, and then the pub crawl party (now swollen by 50% through the arrival of Jonas) departed on its usual round, returning in time to have several for the good of the house, and so to bed.

If possible the wind was even stronger on Sunday, when a start was made at 10-0 a.m., and Rex and Jonas led the party by Waterloo Bridge, and Dinas Hill to Penmachno village. Here, by the strategic use of a wrong turning, they lost the lead, but it wasn't long before all were out of the saddle for the two and a half mile climb over a deplorably steep and rough road ro Eidda Wells. From here it was reasonably easy during the drop to Festiniog, which was negotiated with great care, and the "Pengwern Arms" was reached just before one o'clock to receive the usual welcome from the Hayward family. Also dining were six friends from the Cheshire Roads Club, from Bala, and

© CTC Archive

Stan Wild's description of the meal as a "succulent masterpiece" just about filled the bill. Purely as a wartime measure second helpings were available only for Forces members Syd and Bob, and after a long rest, whilst several of us renewed our friendship with the Haywards it became necessary to make a start. The weather conditions beggared description—there was a full gale from the South, and unending torrents of rain were driving before the wind—however it had to be, and after saying "God-speed" to Syd, bound for camp by way of Yspytty Ifan and Bont, we rode through Blaenau and up the Crimea. Most of us walked some of the descent, for with wet rims, capes, and the wind behind, it was dangerous to do otherwise; indeed, there had been a fatality on the hill on Saturday and there was another accident on Sunday just after we had descended. Five of us stopped for tea at a cottage in Dolwyddelan, and made a careful journey along the Lledr Valley, which was well and truly flooded. With the tremendous amount of water coming down, the spectacle near Pony-y-Pant can be imagined and I think all stopped to gaze at the awe inspiring sight.

We had arranged to have a hot meal on our return to the Victoria and this duly materialised to our great content. The usual pub crawl being off owing to the peculiarities of the licensing law in Wales, we had perforce to remain at H.Q. and consume what the late Albert Davies would have termed "Hogwash," in the interval of playing bar billiards. Watches and clocks were then advanced one hour in view of the commencement of D.S.T. on the morrow, and after paying our score we retired.

Most of us spent an uneventful night, in spite of incessant rain, but in the bedroom occupied by Turvey and Peter, large lumps of the ceiling fell on to the beds in the early hours of the morning. No one was hurt, but the two unfortunates had perforce to spend the rest of the night on settees in the lounge.

All were up early to find the rain had ceased, and the westerly wind promised an easy ride. The Conway Valley presented a magnificent sight, the meadows being completely flooded, and the stream anything up to half a mile wide and still rising. However, ten o'clock saw us away by Llangerniew and Llanfairtalhaiarn and by the Bryn-y-Pin to St. Asaph. Here the fast pack decided to go on, but the slow pack (Taylor, Ward and the two Austins) waited for a good lunch at the Kinmel Arms before proceeding at a fast pace by Holywell, Northop, Hawarden and Chester, to the Bleak House Café at Tarvin to find that they had caught the fast pack. Tea over, Stan Wild appeared in time to take photographs of the party, and by devious routes all reached their homes, except for Turvey, who spent the night at the "Wheatsheaf" at Sandbach.

It was a most enjoyable week-end, and the headquarters were better than on either of the previous occasions we have stayed there. No one could complain of either the quantity or quality of the food, although much of this was due to Agnes, the Lancashire born waitress, who has done so much to make our visits to the Victoria enjoyable in the past. The weather was poor, the wind being quite the worst ever experienced at Easter, although it did make amends on Monday with a fine and sunny day and a very favourable wind. Nine members stayed at H.Q. and three others joined in during some part of the week-end, making the total attendance twelve, which encourages hopes for a really bumper week-end in 1946.

Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cafe), 31st March, 1945.

Maybe the Easter Tour took away the regular attenders or perhaps it was the rough weather. Anyway, I was the only one at the "Brown Owl." After struggling against wind and rain I reached the rendezvous at 5-20. After a very good meal at a reasonable price I left about 6-20 and had the expected sleigh ride home, making full use of the free wheel I was using. I was a little disappointed not to meet any other Anfielders, but considering that I am unable to attend many runs it was most enjoyable and successful.

The writer is Ned Haynes.

Halewood, 7th April, 1945.

As I write this I am taking occasional glances out of the window and across

a meadow to where a 16th century village church stands among some fine old trees. The gay sunlight plays fanciful patterns on the glittering flintstone-work of the Norfolk wall.

Merseyside and Halewood are a mere couple of centuries of miles away but it is pleasant to think across the breadth of Britain back to a delightful week-end at home.

My first Anfield connection on this April day was when I had a chat on the telephone with Syd Jonas. Not long afterwards I saw Frank Perkins in Liverpool, and he said : " Dammit, you're going thin ! " (or something like that, anyway). My third contact I had hoped would be Charles and his better-half, but after rattling to Chester and trudging nearly all of the way to the Randall Mansion, I was unlucky. There was a hollow echo to my knock on the door, so after dangling my legs from the outside wall for over an hour I just trudged back to the station, wondering when I would be back that way again.

On the 'bus from Liverpool Pier Head I met Serg. D. Birchall, R.A.F., and as we hadn't seen each other for a year or more we chinwagged in great style. Came the threshold of the Derby Arms—and what greetings !

Lieut. Sherman, his voice more stentorian and his face even more hirsute, was holding forth to Hubert, Syd Jonas and Peter Stephenson. You would think it to be peacetime with Syd in his shorts and suede jacket. Tommy, all resplendent in his khaki rigout, wants to acquire a bicycle. I told him he was a B.F. when he sold his years ago. The only good point is that such a nice iron is still in the Anfield. Tommy Mandall has it, and we were pleased to see our old friend talking " bikes " with Stevie and Eddie Morris. Just afterwards Harold Kettle and Peter Rock arrived—the latter very hungry.

Upstairs we were regaled (and regaled is the word) with fresh salmon and salad and trappings. The meal might not have suited Salty or Marriott or Peter Stevie at their hungriest, but for a repast dished out in the sixth year of war it was eminently respectable.

During the meal there were the usual cracks flying around, most of them, I am not reluctant to admit, against myself. It's so difficult, after mixing with gentlemen (and women) for 18 months to be able to mete oneself against a bunch of Anfielders.

Eddie Morris was first out, he dived for the train. Hubert, Sherman, Birchall, Stevie and Marriott returned by 'bus, while the others (we hope) reached home by their own efforts.

The last we saw of a very pleasant day was when we bade Peter goodnight just at the witching hour for his last miles home.

Goostrey, 7th April, 1945.

Having the advantage of an early start from home, I decided on a bit of the Cheshire hill country and accordingly rode through Poynton to Pott Shrigley and skirting Bollington took the climb past the Egypt Café to cross the Kettleshulme to Macclesfield road near the Gardeners' Arms. The road climbs to the summit at Dawsons Barn, and then falls precipitously to the Saltersford fork, where the right hand road was taken to Ballgreave and the Macclesfield to Buxton road. Straight across and down to the Stanley Arms, where the usual good lunch was enjoyed, together with a pint or so to wash it down.

There appeared to be plenty of time in hand, and I did not hasten my departure, but when my meal was partly digested took the usual route along the Clough to Cluelow Cross and Bosley cross roads. Hereabouts I was delayed by a puncture, but this was soon dealt with, and by dint of some fast riding through North Rode, and Marton I reached the Red Lion only a few minutes late to find the party but four in number, comprising the Vice, Hodges, Stan Wild and Bert Bracewell, a prospective member. However, just as we were starting tea, Catling and Taylor rolled up, so we were six in all. Bren Orrell (reported to be gardening) was missed—he doesn't stay away from many Goostrey runs.

Tea over, a desultory conversation was soon broken up by the departure of the Vice and the rest of us followed without delay. It should be recorded that the weather was good and the wind negligible.

© Anfield Road Club

Prestbury, 14th April, 1945.

The weather was most disappointing to-day. After a week of warm sunshine Saturday turned out to be as miserable a day as we have had since Easter, and starting at noon, rain began to fall in large lumps. Combined with a strong southerly wind this made riding conditions very hard indeed.

To filch a phrase of Gillie Potter's, the ride out was wet and windy, and as I had left my time of starting until late, I had to press on the pedals with more power (and less pleasure) than was really comfortable. My route was direct, by way of Cheadle, Handforth, Dean Row and Bonis Hall. Just beyond the last-named place I usually look for the grand silhouette of White Nancy away beyond Bollington. To-day, however, the hills were a mass of grey mist, so I passed on through the odoriferous ozone of the sewage works, and on to Prestbury.

The turn-out was small, my arrival making a trio into a quartette. The Presider was still absent, but there was good news of him. Rex Austin was believed to be in London, and there were vague rumours that Jack Hodges had last been seen half way up Ben Nevis (with a bicycle) and pressing steadily on towards the snow line.

The tea was tasty, as usual, and so stimulated the salivary juices that Jim (who must have been taking some secret lessons) was seen to disappear silently into the kitchen and reappear with a further (and adequate) supply of scones. When the tea-pot dried up I emulated Jim's successful tactics and returned with so much tea that at least one member of the party was still drinking the national beverage at 7-45 p.m.

Shortly before 8 p.m. a move was made in the direction of home. The rain had stopped and Rude Boreas, our enemy of the afternoon, was now our firm friend. Wilf took the road towards Twemlow, Jim took the Stockport road, and Bert and I climbed the hill towards Mottram St. Andrew and Wilmslow and completed a delightfully easy home run via Oversley Ford, Halebarns and Timperley. In spite of the rain and wind a very enjoyable afternoon.

Those present were Bert Bracewell (a prospective member), Jim Cranshaw, Wilf Orrell and S. Wild.

Tarvin, 28th April, 1945.

I had decided to get the trike out again for this run, but the prevailing conditions in the morning while I was playing cricket changed my ideas, and at about 3-30 I left to go to Tarvin and Warrington. The part of the ride to Warrington and down to Crabtree Green was fairly easy, but when I turned right at the last named place the wind was very stiff. However, I arrived at Tarvin at 5-30—having met no cyclists. What a difference after the last few weeks! Outside the Black Horse there were two trikes and a single which belonged to three Mersey Roaders, I being the only Anfielder who had arrived. Geoff. Lockett came closely followed by Ken Barker, who had further invested in the Crosville concern. Next to arrive was Syd Jonas, in uniform, followed by Peter Rock, who had just returned from Norfolk, where he had been spending the past week with Frank Marriott. Peter said he had intended to ride a private trial in the "30" on the following morning, but wintry conditions made him decide otherwise.

As always at Tarvin there was a splendid variety of food and it was good, while the conversation moved from one topic to another. The party split up about a quarter to seven, Ken going for his bus, while we left for Chester (by this time two more trikes had joined the Mersey Roaders' party, who were going down to Goostrey for the '25' in the morning). Syd Jonas turned off for Saighton about two miles down the road, while we three carried on to Geoff Lockett's house, where we sat chatting and left about a quarter past nine after having a grand supper, which was unfortunately too much for Peter and I. The ride to New Ferry, where Peter turned off, was very tough and I had the wind ahead until Birkenhead, where I caught the 10 o'clock boat and eventually reached home after an easy ride from the Ferry. A good afternoon's outing.

Those present were Ken Barker, Geoff. Lockett, Syd. Jonas, Peter Rock and Peter Stephenson.

VOLUME XLI

ANFIELD

NUMBER 471

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

JUNE - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

June
2 Halewood (Derby Arms).
9 Rossett (Darland House).
16 Tarvin (Bleak House).
23 Pontblyddyn (Mrs. Thomas, Woodland House).
30 Utkinton (Village Farm).

July
2 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
7 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

June
2 Goostrey (Red Lion).
9 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses).
23 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).

July
7 Goostrey (Red Lion).

Full Moon, 25th inst.

CONTENTS

Committee Notes 47
Correspondence 47
Cyclists Touring Club .. 47
Forces Notes 47
Journey to Norfolk 48
Runs 49

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/-; Under 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; Under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI JUNE, 1945 NUMBER 471

COMMITTEE NOTES

4, The Laund,

Wallasey, Cheshire.

Mr. Herbert Bracewell, 18, Rothiemay Road, Flixton, Lancashire, has been elected to Full Membership.

Messrs. W. Shacklady and F. E. Parton have been removed from the list of Members for non-payment of Subscriptions.

A suggestion that a Club "50" be run later in the season was raised at the Committee Meeting. As this would probably be on a Saturday afternoon, will those interested let their views and/or suggestions be known to the Racing Secretary?

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,

The Anfield Monthly Circular.

Sir,

I notice that in the No. 469 (Vol. XLI) issue of your most interesting and usually well-informed Journal that the Fixture for April 28th, 1945, was Tarvin (Wildboarclough).

I duly attended this Run but had tea at Bleak House in this village and in No. 470 (Vol. XLI) issue I see a report of the run which states that I fed at the Black Horse.

Can you elucidate, please?

Yours, etc.,

Ex Tandem Trikist.

(Profuse apologies! We can only account for it by the last minute rush to get the *Circular* out before VE-Day came upon us. The Editor and the Printer held a meeting under the Chairmanship of the Liverpool Vice and the three of them agreed to share the blame equally.—Editor.)

CYCLISTS TOURING CLUB

Liverpool D.A.

The members are making a presentation to Mr. Diggles, who has been Hon. Secretary to the D.A. for ten years. Will any C.T.C. Anfield Member who feels inclined to subscribe to this please send his contribution direct to Mr. A. Bolan, 6 Childwall Bank Road, Liverpool 16.

FORCES NOTES

Bob Austin is now being trained as a pilot at Brough, near Hull, and has progressed far enough to have performed his first solo flight during Whit week. He expects a leave shortly, after which his movements are uncertain.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

JOURNEY TO NORFOLK

Some little time ago Frank Marriott invited me to stay with him for a few days when my leave came due. Naturally enough I accepted, giving little thought to the prospect of some two hundred miles of riding down to Massingham.

Such a ride was not to be contemplated without a few preliminary sallies. Eric Reeves, also on leave, kept me company while we both endeavoured to obtain a modicum of fitness. For two or three days previous to my intended start I had been watching the wind and weather with anxious eyes. One day it would be a light South-East breeze, the next, a brisk Nor'-wester. The night previous to my departure the sky grew stormy and my hopes sank on awakening in the morning to the noisome sound of the wind whistling around the house tops. Greatly daring, I pushed my head through the open window and joy of joys, was smitten right heartily by the stormy Nor'-wester.

At eight-thirty I was on the road and soon my pedals were whirring at good speed and little effort on the first stage of my journey eastwards. Nantwich, sleepily awakening, was reached in two hours. A short halt for a cup of tea and on again along A.51, gently climbing from the Cheshire plain brightly studded with countless cloudlike masses of pear and cherry blossoms against an emerald background.

At Woore I passed the signpost 'Gravenhunger' with a smile on my lips, although it has not always been so when in this area. A quick sweep to Pipegate, then on by pleasantly undulating roads to Stone for my mid-day halt.

Tea signs seemed to be almost non-existent and catering at a premium. This was my first real venture at war-time touring. At 12-15 I halted at a transport café on the south-eastern outskirts of the town. My luck was still in, for after a short wait a large plate of chips and a huge pork-steak was put before me. These, together with the usual frillings, T.B.B.J. (forgive the Army abreviations) filled the bill. It was most enjoyable and after lingering awhile over a cigarette I took the road again.

Two miles east of Stone I turned left over the railway towards Uttoxeter. This stretch of road seems to be well remembered by Salty and Sammy. It gets you that way, for it is a series of sharp climbs, sudden dips and bends which insist on fitness, to be enjoyed. Needless to say, a little foot-slogging was required.

The day was warm and sunny and at Uttoxeter a drink would have been welcome, but only ice-cream was available, so one sufficed. Soon I was pedalling happily along the Derby road. In my care to avoid large towns I turned southwards a little too soon. Rather than retrace, a gated lane proved suitable, leading me past a fine old early Gothic church at Marston-upon-Dove.

Joining up with the Trent valley again my way led over the old bridge at Swarkeston, halting for a drink at a wayside café at Shardlow. Now it was necessary to look for a tea stop and Loughborough served well enough.

The final stage, so I thought, of my day's journey, lay across the undulating lanes through Burton on the Wolds to Melton Mowbray. I was now feeling a little leggy and had decided on Melton as my halt for the night when planning the trip. However, the legginess went fortunately enough, for Melton was at its busiest and after trying numerous hotels, all filled to capacity, I pushed on, making a mental reservation on Buckminster. Here the same story unfolded itself and Colsterworth was recommended. Even this sleepy village was filled to capacity with workers from the outlying open-cast ironstone workings.

Visualising the possibilities of an al fresco 'straw mattress,' I appealed to the local rector, who was taking his evening constitutional. He was quite helpful and recommended a nearby farm. On my way I observed a person walking clad in plus four suit and shod in what were undeniably cycling shoes. Here was a real 'find,' with the opportunity for tactfully raising sympathetic

© Anfield Bicycle Club

consideration. I "shot my line" in no mean manner, the result being a tentative arrangement if the farm failed to turn up trumps, which it did. After saying my good-byes to the garulous farm lady, who "would like to have you but the house is full and one man is bedding down on the couch," I was soon indoors retailing experiences with two members of the Grantham Road Club.

Accommodation could not have been better, nor atmosphere more congenial and after an excellent night I left at 9-15 on the Sunday morning for the last seventy miles to Massingham.

The wind was still favourable and I made good progress over the pleasant rolling countryside, startling many a pheasant in roadside game preserves. By-passing the sleepy village of Corby, my way to Bourne led through Grimsthorpe with its eighteenth century castle set in very fine and stately surroundings. Ahead, as I swung round the bend leading on to the last slope down to Bourne, the Lincoln fens spread before my gaze resplendent in the vivid greenery and snowy blossoms of early spring.

Such were my first impressions of the fens. As the road turned northwards slightly over the seemingly endless flats, my opinions were quickly revised. We are more at home on our own rolling roads; to plug away steadily fighting the cold side wind without a dip or sudden rise followed by a restful slope is not to know the finer joys of cycling.

This country too was almost devoid of catering establishments and having reached Long Sutton with the wind now favourable again, I took the opportunity of stopping at the one café which was open. Here I partook the customary elevenses and ate my reserve sandwiches, deciding to crash through to surprise Sammy by an early arrival.

On reaching Kings Lynn the nature of the country changed once more. The fens were now left behind and I was soon breasting the highest hills which Norfolk boasts, rising but to contours of two and three hundred feet. Crossing the Peddars Way, a solid reserve in the Marriott journalistic coffers, I honked up a leafy lane reminiscent of the finishing stretch from Brockton on the new "100" course. It was 2-30 p.m. when I arrived at the Y.M.C.A. to find it deserted. A little deliberation with the map was required and retracing to Great Massingham, then on towards Weasenham, I observed an ancient and somewhat decrepit vehicle rattling along towards me. This amazing thing consumes petrol at the rate of some sixteen miles to the gallon and was piloted by our long, lithe but not quite so lean journalistic friend. He was surprised to see me so soon. Looking back, I find that his amazement could have been little greater than my own. It is not my purpose to delve into the various incidents concerning the enjoyable days spent together in a county which has great charm and interest. I must confess it completely upset my mental conjurations of fenlands and windmills, although they too may be seen on travelling farther afield from our rendezvous. Frank has undertaken to describe his beloved Norfolk and our journeys during that week. All I wish to say now is that, in order to extend my stay to the last possible moment I purchased home rails as far as Crewe, leaving myself but forty miles to push into a repeat performance of the strong Nor'-wester which had been so helpful on the journey down.

PETER ROCK.

RUNS

Pontblyddyn, 14th April, 1945.

(This report should have been in the May issue, but was forgotten by the writer. As the May number was completely filled with other matter, no great harm has been done. The writer's apologies are tendered to the Editor).

I set off on a drizzly afternoon and left Chester by way of Lache Lane and rode up through Kinnerton to Caergwrle and round the back to

Hope Mountain and so down to Pontblyddyn.

The weather improved as the day wore on and on arrival I learnt that I had missed a cup of tea in Kinnerton, as Ken Barker had spotted me but failed to attract my attention.

Salty, Kettle, Jonas, Peter Stephenson and Barker were the only ones to turn up and after some delay had a good meal at a pre-war price.

Kettle and Jonas left early to week-end at Bont Uchel and rode via Tryddyn and Llanarmon-yn-Yale, arriving thirsty but otherwise in good order.

The others, no doubt, found their way home safely and I hope they missed any rain in the area.

Wildboarclough, 28th April, 1945.

It was a long time since conditions were so favourable for this run out to the Stanley Arms.

The frost in the early morning, followed by the snow and heavy rain, must have deterred some members from making the trip, only four members and one friend being present.

The very strength of the wind made the ascent of the hill a much easier task than usually. As I climbed I expected to find signs of the snow which had fallen earlier in the day, but it had nearly all gone, the views, however, were excellent. The heat generated by the uphill task was dissipated rapidly by the same cold fresh wind.

I was not the first to arrive at Stanley's, Wilf Orrell being a good minute ahead of me but some time elapsed before the next pair—Taylor and Catling—arrived on the tandem tricycle. Mr. and Mrs. Austin arriving by tandem during the meal.

In the absence of Stan Wild, George Taylor took the lead at tea drinking. Wilf reported that he had expected Bren out on this run but we understand that he had certain plumbing jobs in the bathroom at home, which may have been claiming prior attention.

After tea, as Mr. and Mrs. R. J. were week-ending, the rest of us made tracks down the hill towards Macclesfield. The tandem tricyclists negotiated the down hill bends with the skill of veterans; Taylor plainly taking the responsibility for the rear twin. Harold's delight in having sole charge of all the brakes and the bell made his always innocent smile broader than ever, and his hilarity was manifest by the manner with which he "cornered." His theory that the less one uses the brakes the longer they are likely to last is good enough so long as one is only considering the brakes.

Finally reaching Macclesfield we took to our several ways, reaching home, I hope, well before lighting up time.

Halewood, 5th May, 1945.

A wet and windy day caused a falling off in attendance, Eddie Morris being the missing one. The other five regulars—Hubert Roskell, Kettle, Mandall and the two Stevies sat down to a good meal of cold meat and salad (complete with dressing) and did not dally long afterwards. Kettle and Tommy Mandall departed together for the Wirral, Hubert by 'bus, and the other two non-stop all the way to Huyton.

"Darland House," Lavister, 12th May, 1945.

An exchange of duties enabled me to get out on this glorious afternoon, and the heat was welcome after the dismal weather of the previous week.

My pace was slow into the S.E. wind, but none the less I enjoyed the ride out, and in Lavister met Tommy Mandall trying to spot Darland House. Enquiry of a local gave us a clue to its position and we found it quite easily, but not before we had passed from Lavister to Rossett, or at least the roadside signs give this impression: anyhow, we decided it was in Rossett.

With the arrival of Kettle we three decided to order at once, and after a short wait were just beginning tea when Syd Jonas arrived, whacked and very hungry, after a ride to Oswestry. Ken Barker was next and last, maybe the absence of Jack Salt and Peter

©Anfield Cycle Club

Stephenson was caused by racing and cricket respectively. Whilst the service was rough and ready, the meal was satisfying, and I think we should come again. After the usual chinwag we left together, but at the Grosvenor Arms, Pulford, Tommy and Syd left to sample the ale, leaving Kettle, Ken and the Skipper to ride quietly home into a wind that was swinging right round to the West.

Whit Tour, 19th-21st May, 1945.

We like, if we possibly can, to spend this week-end in Shropshire, for that is the tradition, from which we have seldom departed. Many attempts to find accommodation in that county having failed, however, we thought ourselves fortunate in being able to find a place at Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant, and we were right, for as the event proved, we were very well served at the Sun there.

The party consisted of seven members, two from Liverpool and five from Manchester ; with luck we hope that next year more of the Liverpool boys, freed of their present obligations, will be with us. Jack Salt started on Friday morning and by Saturday night, when he arrived at the Sun, had covered most of North and mid-Wales. His journey had taken him round Aberdovey, Dolgelly and a multitude of other attractive places. Jack Hodges started even earlier ; he went straight to Llanrhaiadr however, and spent Friday and Saturday in journeys from there. Syd Jonas could manage leave for Saturday afternoon and Sunday only.

The Manchester Sub. and George Taylor arranged to meet for lunch at Wem and spent the afternoon and evening in wandering about the Knockin region before finally docking. The Presider rode sedately through Whitchurch and Oswestry, with frequent stops, and to his great surprise was the first to arrive, at about 5 p.m. Wilf Orrell followed roughly the same route, but started much later.

For those from the Manchester direction the weather was nearly perfect. Although the sky had been dull in the early morning the sun soon broke through and the wind was on the side and mainly favourable. We spent a very pleasant evening making acquaintance with some of the local inhabitants and visitors. The village is in two counties, in one of which the facilities for public social intercourse, in other words, the pubs, close at 9 p.m., whereas in the other the hour is 10 p.m. You may well imagine in which direction the bulk of local traffic shortly after 9 p.m. could be seen to be moving.

On Sunday morning the rain came down both heavily and persistently, and as no definite arrangements had been made for the day, a start was deferred until the afternoon. Unfortunately the rain still continued in the afternoon, and so, for perhaps the first time in such a fixture the Club had all its meals in one place on Whit Sunday. After tea Syd Jonas donned his cape and made off for Saighton.

There was a brief interval of relatively fine weather in the evening and we availed ourselves of it to ride the four miles up to the waterfall, which was functioning magnificently. The road surface up this valley is much improved, making the negotiation of the steep rises more bearable. We had but just returned when the rain re-commenced.

On Monday morning the rain was there again but before 10 o'clock blue sky was showing, the rain ceased, and the party broke up. Jack Salt naturally had a circuitous route in mind. Jim Cranshaw went off to Bala as the first short stage in a week's tour. The Presider, Jack Hodges, Wilf Orrell and George Taylor started together down the valley, but the last named broke away on reaching the Welshpool road, to make for Shrewsbury on his way to Mansfield, whilst the other three turned for Oswestry Ellesmere and Whitchurch, where they stopped for lunch at Mrs. Hughes's.

After lunch they proceeded to Tarporley, were Wilf broke off, as he had to be home early. The other two went to Utkinton for tea. After tea, their way home was through Little Budworth and Moulton Lock. As they were approaching Lower Peover the sky ahead became blue-black, and the prospect of reaching home dry seemed

somewhat doubtful. However, as luck would have it, the storm had broken and finished before they reached its area, and the only evidence of it which they saw was the very wet state of the roads.

The failure to ride any distance on the Sunday is regrettable, but apart from that the week-end was very enjoyable. The number taking part was, of course, by pre-war standards low, but next year we shall surely be able to do much better in this respect. Anyhow, we're keeping things going.

When George Taylor and I arrived at the "Sun" the rest of the party had already had their supper and no doubt were beginning to imagine that we had mistaken Llanrhaiadr for somewhere else, as George was entirely new to the district and as I had a reputation for taking the wrong turning it was quite possible, neither will I deny that we had certainly been doing some hard map reading after leaving Wem (where we had an admirable lunch) till we reached the Tontine Arms at Melverley for tea.

Jack Hodges had apparently been at the "Sun" before; Bert Green, looking very fit, had taken great care not to over strain himself on the journey down. I feel sure that he is satisfied with the progress he has made since his period in bed. Syd Jonas, Wilf Orrell and Jack Salt completed the party, the last named having toured North Wales to reach his destination. Sunday was a day of rest for most of us as it rained hard till 9 o'clock in the evening, when Jonas started on his way back to camp at Saighton, whilst another party decided to visit Pistyll Rhaiadr, a sight which was well worth the effort.

Monday found most of the party returning home, but as I was fortunate enough to have the rest of the week off I made my way across North Wales to Colwyn Bay to join my family.

Climbing steeply from the village of Llanrhaiadr I made for Peny-bont-fawr and Llangynog where, bearing right, rising steeply at first I made my way towards Bala, passing over the famous Milltir Cerig. The going was easy, due to the east wind, but lots of time was lost contemplating the views on either hand, as visibility was excellent. The drop down to Bala lake was fast and the road good except for two sections, one just before the gate leaving the tops and the second on the hairpin bend down in the valley. Feeling ready for food I decided to eat at Bala, so adjourned to Ye Olde Bull's Head, where a good meal was soon forthcoming, to be followed by a coffee and smoke before continuing my journey.

The Bull's Head is now kept by a Yorkshireman who will talk of Brass Bands and Whitsun Walks till the cows come home.

The journey across to the Holyhead road was uneventful and my next stop was at Glas-ffryn for a pot of tea.

A heavy shower at this time made the roads very wet and resulted in wet shoes and stockings on the fast run down to Bettws-y-coed; at Llanwrst I stopped again for more tea, after which I made my way quietly down to Glan Conway and so to Colwyn Bay, arriving about 7 p.m.

Knolls Green, 19th May, 1945.

Having been a member of the Anfield Bicycle Club exactly five days I am apparently qualified for the honour (?) of writing up a run. However, as I have known most of the Manchester Members for more years than I care to remember, I feel I can go to my task with some degree of confidence, so here goes.

The absence of the President and other "big noises" on the Whitsun Tour and elsewhere seemed to indicate that the attendance at the "Brown Owl" would be poor. It was pleasant, threfore, to find that six members and a visitor had turned out.

The cloudy sky and easterly wind did not make the outlook too promising as I left home. Conditions improved considerably later, when the sun shone forth right merrily. I took the pleasant route by Brooks Drive, Oversley Ford and Morley Green, encountering Bob Poole and Ned Haynes (the latter I was told had ridden up from Tewkesbury, stout fellow) before reaching Knolls Green.

© Anfield Cycle Club

They had "tea-ed" and departed before five o'clock. On reaching the Brown Owl I was joined almost immediately by Harold Catling and together we entered the café to find Russell Barker and a friend just finishing tea. Stan Wild appeared at six o'clock, thus completing the turn-out.

The easterly wind aforementioned must have kept most of the butterflies at home, for tea was a very comfortable affair with no need to hurry away to make room for others.

After the usual discussions in which cyclists glory after a meal, the party broke up to take its various ways homewards.

As Russ Barker was riding in, and Stan Wild timing, the Wheelers "50" on the following morning, I have every reason to believe that we all were quite early birds.

Those present were Bob Poole, Ned Haynes, Russell Barker and friend, Harold Catling, Stan Wild and the writer, Bert Bracewell.

Warrington, 26th May, 1945.

The afternoon was spent playing cricket until 5 o'clock, which left just about an hour and a half to get home (I was five miles away) get changed and get to Warrington. I eventually dug out the trike and pushed off to the Lion at a moderate pace, and when I arrived there were only the President and Norman Turvey—ridden all the way from Ackworth—seated at the table. The Editor went to watch a cricket match, saying he had a spot of lumbago. The meal was very ordinary, soup, cold ham, spam, and salad with prunes and custard. This over, we went and sat in the smoke-room and left without even having a drink.

On the ride home I was accompanied by Mr. Turvey, who was going to Hoylake, and this was quite nice, although the road to Warrington has not yet developed any beauty spots.

Those present were the President, Norman Turvey and Peter Stephenson.

Nantwich, 26th May, 1945.

The Manchester V.P. and his wife had spent a most enjoyable week at the Herbert Arms at Chirbury, in the course of which they had met fellow Anfielders in the persons of Bickley and Wayfarer (himself). Bick was taking a fortnight's rest cure at the Court House at Church Stoke, whilst Robbie had spent three nights at the C.T.C. cottage in the village and had strolled round on two occasions in search of fresh air and exercise, as well as to renew his acquaintance with host Sir Charles White, and, of course, with Rex.

Saturday morning dawned fine and they got away soon after eleven to make rapid progress through Welshpool and Llanymynech to Knockin, where the Bradford Arms professed inability to supply food of any kind. However, sandwiches had been carried against this very emergency,and these were consumed with a pot of tea at a cottage on the Holyhead road. The route then followed well-remembered lanes through Baschurch and Burlton to Loppington, where rain caused shelter to be taken for a time, and it was heard that Charlie Windsor was still well and had been in the village recently. Off again, just in the rear of the storm, and the Lamb was reached by way of Whitchurch and Wrenbury at about 5-45.

Syd Jonas and Ned Haynes were waiting with the disquieting news that opening time was not until 6-30, so they waited in the lounge for the dining-room to open. Presently two semi-strangers appeared in the persons of Ira Thomas and—hold your breath—Jack Pitchford, both looking fit and well, and not sorry to be in Civvy Street again. Well, a move was made to the dining room, and after rather a long wait (during which opening time arrived and was duly honoured) the meal arrived and was quickly demolished. Rex and his wife had to leave immediately, but the others stayed awhile before departing, Syd for camp and the other three for Shrewsbury.

Five members and a friend wasn't a bad turn out, but there were several others expected (including the Presider) who failed to arrive. It was, of course, a great joy to see Ira and Jack out again, and to know that both of them intend it to be the first of many such appearances.

VOLUME XLI

ANFIELD

NUMBER 472

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

JULY - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

July
7 Halewood (Derby Arms).
14 Tarvin (Bleak House).
21 Rosett (Darland House).
28 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).

Aug.
4/6 Bath Road " 100."
Speedwell " 100."
4 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

July
7 Goostrey (Red Lion).
21 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).

Aug.
2 Knolls Green (Brown Owl).

Full Moon, 25th inst.

CONTENTS

Treasury Notes 54
Committee Notes 54
Editorial 54
Peter Rock comes to Norfolk 54
Scottish Tour 55
Runs 57

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI JULY, 1945 NUMBER 472

TREASURY NOTES

My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or *Donations to the Prize Fund up to the end of June.

H. Austin.
H. Bracewell.
S. T. Carver.*†
K. B. Crewe.*
F. H. Koenen.
A. Lusty.†
W. R. Oppenheimer
R. Poole.
W. M. Robinson.
C. Selkirk.*
G. G. Taylor.
E. Webb.*
J. H. Williams.*
H. Wilson.*
W. Woods.*†

† also 1944.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

COMMITTEE NOTES

August Tour. Anyone interested please get in touch with the President who will be going somewhere—probably Nesscliffe.

Proposed " 50." Owing to difficulties of finding accommodation and the probability of a small field, it was reluctantly decided to leave over till next year.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL

Len King has got a job as Storekeeper at the North Wales Sanatorium, Denbigh, and says he finds it very interesting. He has his bicycle over there and is spending all his spare time cycling and walking. He will be very glad to see anyone who is in the neighbourhood and cares to call on him.

. . . .

Salty, in a hurried note prior to a visit to the I.O.M. for ten days, reports that the Dolphin at Mold is functioning again and we are giving it a trial in August. He also reports Russ Barker doing a very good hundred —4.57—in the Wheelers " 100," winning second handicap. Congratulations Russ.

J.J.S. was sorry he wasn't riding himself and is now thinking of having a go in the B.R. " 100." Russ Barker will be riding and we only want one more to make a team. Any offers ?

PETER ROCK COMES TO NORFOLK

Just after three on a sunny Sunday in April a very fit-looking Anfielder was pedalling swiftly along what were to him the strange roads of Norfolk, an hour's ride eastwards of Kings Lynn.

It was Peter Rock, and you will have heard by now how he "twiddled " his fixed 63 to such effect that he reached my district in just a day and a half from home.

Now I have a job to do, and in any case I was in no such state of fitness, and Peter had some grand ideas of how *we* were to spend *his* Norfolk holiday. Sunday evening did not present a problem. Peter wanted a walk, a stroll to relieve his legs and alleviate any stiffness. Walking suits me so long as it is not too far nor too fast. I didn't think Peter presented any difficulties in this direction, so after tea, when the bells from the ancient church across the meadows were sending their soft chimes down the hill and across the valley, we set forth.

It was eight miles by the time we had finished, and two hours had elapsed. But we had done a delightful stretch of the Peddars Way and reached Massingham Magna by an old lane which gave me a new view of the grey village. It was cool, and we just

© Anfield Bicycle Club

dodged a storm, but that was the last dark cloud to enshroud Norfolk for nearly a week.

Peter's enthusiasm burned fiercely, and as I still couldn't see a Broadland trip by bicycle—or even, heaven forbid, by train—I had something to think about. For you have to be kind, even to Peter!

On Monday we planned a trip to north-east Norfolk, a land here rolling through woods and meadow to dip swiftly towards the marshes and the Wash. Here is a castle of a type we had not seen elsewhere; here is Sandringham. The miles were not many.

More Peddars Way (by bicycle this time), and then westwards until the woods came and the road climbed. From the Cromer-Kings Lynn road we slipped beneath the trees and descended slightly to Castle Rising.

The sunlight filtering through the woods that afternoon was a sheer delight, and the miles were pleasant. We almost wished it was farther! Castle Rising village huddles around a corner on the Hunstanton road. It stands in the shade of its castle, a squarish fortress amid mighty earthworks. It looks across the marsh.

With a helpful wind it was easier returning, and we dropped to the lowland, crossed it and climbed to Sandringham before crossing the Icknield Way to reach Anmer and Harpley and "home."

Tuesday was good, and it was warmer. After lunch we set face eastwards. A gated road led across some parkland, and it gave some quiet miles and an opportunity of seeing a host of jackdaws. Once I couldn't be sure of one black bird from another, but with this country life slowly I am beginning to recognise the different species.

East Rudham was our next village, and then, more eastwards still, South Creake. Walsingham was in our minds, and via Barsham was our first idea of reaching it, but there were closed roads which necessitated a slight route change.

Instead, we came into Walsingham by a road which sweeps in from the west, dipping and soaring across the low ridges and through the woods. We thought it might be a Pilgrims Road, for Walsingham is the Canterbury of East Anglia and said by some to be the Nazareth of England.

The real tit-bit of the place is a fine abbey, reached through a gatehouse in the main street. It is open on Wednesdays, and as this was Tuesday we had just "had it," for the lady at the door was steeled to persuasive pilgrims.

As it was we had to be content with an interesting Conduit House surmounted by a brazier, which to us looked far more like a typical village lock-up.

After Walsingham the coast called, and we first saw the water shimmering in the light not far from Wells-next-the-Sea, a "resort" we found to be an interesting old port at the end of a creek. We managed a cup of tea there, anyway. And then for home.

Running parallel with the coast, through Halkam we came to the Burnhams. The outside of Burnham Market saw me resting and eating, while Peter arranged my cable-less variable for a lower gear. The road climbed to Stanhoe (Norfolk here is not flat) and through the Birchams and the Rudhams reached "home" yet again.

F.E.M.

SCOTTISH TOUR

24th—28th April, 1945

HOMAGE TO BURNS

Another Easter Tour was promised to our Junior Member this year with the additional condition that it was to be a Scottish Tour and to visit Sub.-Lt. (A) W. H. Elias, R.N.V.R., if he was still on his Scottish station.

Railhead was fixed at Carlisle and on the Tuesday morning, having sent off some telegrams north, we left the city at 11 a.m. A cool breeze and a bright day saw us across the Eden Bridge through Stanwix and along the flat and not very thrilling road to Gretna Green, where the modest stone bridge tips one into Scotland.

© Anfield Cycle Club

We toured the triangular district known as Gretna and found no sign of the famous blacksmith, so we turned west for Annan. A pleasant pastoral country, rich green trees and hedges and grassland with cattle and wayside villages with single story cottages of which we were to see so many on our journey.

The Queensbury Arms at Annan stands in dignified friendliness like a welcoming host over against the town square and gave us a very excellent lunch at a reasonable price. We started for Dumfries about 18 miles away and having studied the map decided on the slightly longer though more level road and found the wind was with us. We were travelling light enough but not as light as on our return journey, and we were early enough but had not booked at Dumfries.

We enjoyed the ease of going and the freedom of the road and the novelty of riding along these really excellently graded and surfaced roads of the county through pastoral scenes and quiet villages. About 4-30 we found ourselves entering Dumfries and were soon in the centre of the town and put up at the County Hotel of old standing but modernised and comfortable for travellers.

Our junior member was born on the same day as Robert Burns, January 25th, so he naturally visited the town house where Burns spent his latter years; we walked along the river banks and liked the town for many things, including the County Hotel.

Another fine morning with a good wind astern, we started for Ayr in the hope of making the 60 miles or peradventure to Cumnock (45 plus 15 home rails).

The Nith is a river of great beauty and the journey to Thornhill, our first stage, became increasingly pleasant as we made our way along Nithsdale.

About six miles north of Dumfries is the little riverside farm of Ellisland—where Burns spent some happy years and wrote some of his best poems, including Tam O'Shanter and Scotts Wha Hae. The single story whitewashed farm house is beautifully set amid trees above the river, with its quiet resting places and its distant views of the blue hills. Here we saw the simple things of the Cotters Saturday night and almost saw Robert and Mary wandering along the river pathway.

Now on to Thornhill — 12-30. Beccleuch Arms: no lunch—but there is a bakehouse and café, a good simple lunch, the village school children strolling in for their midday meal with the quiet assurance of old gentlemen entering their club and sitting at their favourite tables. And then tea? Oh, yes, please, tea — scones — butter—marmalade—cakes—and so onwards to the North once more.

From now on to Sanquhar we saw Nithsdale in all its beauty, the winding road near the flowing stream—the wooded banks and headlands, silvery corners (an occasional camp well hidden) and rising hills on either side, until we emerged into more open country.

As we entered Sanquhar—a dull and dreary settlement with a characteristic long drawn out street of no beauty—its name and fame are associated with the famous declaration of Sanquhar and the West Coast Joint Stock Railway.

We now had to tackle some good hills, the road holding to their sloping fringes, by Kirconnell we found two large hillside eruptions—stretching for nearly half-a-mile along the roadside. Surface coal cranes—bulldozers by the dozen—chaos, but the workmen smiled and said "we are now putting it all back and we'll have sheep grazing here in a year's time." We fled and took refuge in incredulity.

New Cumnock gave us a good tea and we made the road to Cumnock, where there was a train to Ayr at 7-17, but as we had reached the Station at 6 p.m. and the Junior was still full of fight we left the quiet little station in the charge of two old age pensioners and rode through Lochiltree to Ayr, about 15 miles on. The town of Lochiltree is the scene of "The House with the Green Shutters," James Douglas' famous novel. It was a fine road over the hills and far away in a glorious evening light and we arrived

© Anfield CTC 2000

at the Beresford Hotel in time for supper and the arrival of the Fleet Air Arm.

Next day we explored Ayr, harbour, docks, promenade, with distant views of Prestwick Airfield and Arran, and on Friday we started for Carlisle with the wind still friendly.

Our journey south was along the same road and our judiciously selected resting places were the same. The phrase is Martin Conway's—" the chief joy of mountaineering lies in the judiciously selected resting places " and might well be adopted by the cyclist.

After a spot of rain we arrived at Carlisle in glorious sunshine and after shopping in the well-crowded city we took the train to Windermere and enjoyed the glorious views of the Shap crossing. We finished in a spring snowstorm from Windermere up. We had ridden 220 miles in five days and ridden all the hills and enjoyed yet another tour and trained a young Anfielder in the way that he should go.

C.F.E.

RUNS

Halewood, 2nd June, 1945.

Rock and I, after exchange of much correspondence and wangling, managed to help coincidence to such effect that Saturday afternoon found us on V-E leave and in brilliant sunshine making our separate ways to the house of one, Chas. Randall, whose abode is rapidly acquiring the name of Half-way House in the round the world trip to Halewood. Neither Charles nor Mrs. Charles being in I let myself in to await the certain arrival of Rock and the possible arrival of the householders, but only Rock arrived by 4-30, so we had to leave without seeing our absent hosts. The ride to the Derby Arms was pleasant, but uneventful until the Transporter was reached : there I found I had lost my cigarettes and matches, so we were robbed of a pleasant smoke. A stop to purchase a supply of the noxious weed and we turned towards Halewood into a stiff breeze which produced in Peter a mild but increasing dose of the bonk. Kettle was sunning himself outside, and after a chat, the first for six years, we proceeded to the tonsil tonic dispensary, where Eddie Morris' question of " What'll " was suitably answered. Hubert was discoursing on the inability to get food or drink (strong) in Newark. Peter Stephenson was hiding himself behind a structure of briar and ebonite from which exuded intermittent clouds of smoke. On the call of " come and get it," we all trooped upstairs and the following sat down to a very pleasant meal :— Stephenson and Son, Hubert, Eddie Morris, Kettle, Mandall, Jonas, del Banco, Reeves and Rock. Hubert's car was hemmed in by a badly parked Rolls hearse, but after much reversing to cries of left and right hand down by the spectators he got away at last with Eddie Morris in the second man's seat. A short chat and then we took leave of Stevie and son, the rest of us made our way to Liverpool. We passed Kettle on the way, but he refused our invitation to tuck in being reluctant to do the extra few R.P.M's. The evening wound up in the Half-way House, to which we managed to drag the long man from Norfolk, who was also home on a long week-end. After a short session we adjourned to the long one's house, there to spend the remaining hours to midnight eating drinking and reminiscing.

Goostrey, 2nd June, 1945.

After a very doubtful morning, I was able to dodge the showers during the afternoon on my way out to the Red Lion, meeting nobody until I was within a couple of miles of our rendezvous, where I was overtaken by our Sub.—Jim Cranshaw.

After exchanging greetings we ambled on to arrive at our destination about 5-20 p.m., shortly followed by Wilf. Orrell ; next to arrive were the tandem trike trundlers and we had by now settled ourselves in the tank taking our usual medicine before tea. Further arrivals in the persons of Bren, Bert Green and none other than our old friend Frank Chandler, who incidentally does not seem to get any older.

© Anfield Road Club

Our party now complete, and Mrs. Knowles' cheery call—"tea ready, gentlemen"—we adjourned to the dining room where the table was set in the usual Goostrey fashion.

During tea the chief topics were racing, the recent Whitsun tour and various places to stay at if one is week-ending, provided, of course, that one writes early enough and also that accommodation is available.

Having satisfied our wants we returned to the sitting room or tank (as you please) where conversation drifted back again to racing; at this point we were informed by the Presider that there was a possibility of a Club "50" being held later on in the season on our pre-war course.

This called for a discussion on who would be likely to ride from the Manchester area. I made the suggestion that if the handicappers gave Bren and I 60 minutes we might consider having a do (joke over). Harold Catling claimed that he is not fit, so we advised him to leave the tandem barrer alone and fend for himself on his single barrer or borrow a bike.

However joking apart, it is to be hoped that some of the younger members give it serious thought. The old "50" course would bring back happy memories of pre-war days, especially from Handley to the finish, which was always my bugbear with one exception, when I won the handicap with 28 minutes. I remember the late Charlie Mackail saying "it's in the bag with that ——— handicap," and believe me it was. I never noticed Handley or anything else that day.

The party broke up after our little discussion, Frank Chandler making for Kelsall for the night, Wilf and Bren for Twemlow, the rest for their respective homes in or near cottonopolis and wet weather which I still escaped.

Members present:—Bert Green, Frank Chandler, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Jim Cranshaw, H. Catling, G. Taylor and R. Poole.

So another enjoyable run came to an end.

Rossett, 9th June, 1945.

Having the whole day off, I determined to travel over roads very familiar to me in the days of the "Rhydtalog C.C." Outward through Hawarden, sharp right after crossing Hope and Penyffordd Station and so to Pontblyddyn. Here the long climb up through Coed Falon to the river at Rhydtalog called to mind many fast runs in the reverse direction on a fixed wheel. Happy days.

The Liver could not offer me lunch so I rode on to the Crown at Llandegla and was able to get some sandwiches, and whilst eating made up a four at dominoes: this brought back memories of many lunch-time games in Liverpool 25 years ago. After settling the score as loser, I carried on to the Horseshoe Pass, and the return of the petrol ration was evident by the number of cars dotted about at the various view points. The dull conditions, with the threat of rain, were no inducement to stay, and the downhill run into Llangollen was soon over.

Here a quick meal gave me fresh energy and after a short stay on the bridge, jogged along through Trevor, Ruabon and Wrexham. I was overtaken near Gresford by Jack Pitchford and Ira Thomas on tandem. Just at the bottom of the hill they punctured for a second time since starting, but it was easily found and soon mended. Kettle came along, and we all moved off to Darland House. Peter Stevie and Jonas had given up hope of other attenders but our numbers were swelled again by Tommy Mandall, and Albert Preston on leave from B.L.A.

During the preparation of tea in strolled none other than the "Mayor of Pulford," W. E. Cotter, who had been paying his last respects at the funeral of an old friend. He has retired from business but is still residing in West Kirby until he is able to obtain a suitable house in the Pulford district.

After tea the usual chinwag and then the Beer Biters adjourned to the Nags Head for one for the road, leaving the writer to ride on to overtake Kettle and accompany him along to Willaston Corner, and so home to Birkenhead. Nine at the run, and

three (Rock, Birchall and Selkirk) non-attenders, gave us twelve on the road. Those better days long thought about are surely returning.

Dane-in-Shaw, 9th June, 1945.

The fine, sunny weather tempted me to make a Derbyshire detour on my journey to Dane-in-Shaw. The light westerly wind made the going fast through Hazel Grove, by High Lane to Whaley Bridge. Even Long Hill did not seem very hard. At Buxton I turned into the wind and the climb from Burbage to the Top of Axe Edge was real collar work rewarded, however, by magnificent views.

After passing the Roaches and Ramshaw Rocks I turned more fully into the wind to climb through Meerbrook before the fast descent to Ryecroft Gate. From there I tackled the somewhat easier gradient of the Cloud to the Bridestones before the final steep descent to the Coach and Horses.

By this time it was almost 6-30 and an Anfield party of ten had just finished their meal. Our buxom and beaming hostess was not in the least upset by my late arrival and declared that she hadn't the heart to turn me away hungry. In a very few minutes I was enjoying two on toast whilst Stan Wild stimulated by my efforts at thirst quenching, poured down seemingly endless cups of tea in the intervals between anecdotes relating to the many gargantuan meals he had dealt with on his recent Scottish tour.

The first story was of how, at a shepherd's cottage, he was confronted with a whole salmon for supper. Stan admitted that, having an indifferent appetite, he was momentarily afraid that he would be unable to eat the whole fish. His fears were ill-founded for, to quote his own words : " By gum, I did."

To subsequent stories of Highland hospitality this phrase became a Club chorus. At each meal described by our entertaining raconteur the quantity of edibles was such as to give rise to fears that he would be unable to eat everything but, in the words of the chorus " By gum, I did."

Having done justice to the table of the Coach and Horses we were ready to leave for home by about 7-30. After Congleton we became split into several small groups and the homeward journey was concluded at a leisurely pace.

Those present were Messrs. Green, Hodges, Orrell, W., Shaw, Cranshaw, Ward, Taylor, Wild, Bracewell, Catling and a friend.

Tarvin, 16th June, 1945.

Runs these days are assuming pre-war characteristics, numerically and facially. With the return of petrol we will no doubt be seeing more of our old friend Hubert, and with our Salopian brethren turning out one can visualise a quick return to our pre-war Whitsun week-ends.

Bleak House found fourteen of us round the board, Mancunians, Liverpudlians and Wirralians making up the muster, not to mention the man from Brum, our old friend Albert Lusty.

Having made a quick run out, passing Fawcett at Vicar's Cross and halting to pick up Tommy Mandall and Harold Kettle at the Mickle Trafford Lane End. We next spotted Albert Lusty's trim figure and soon we had him turned about and inboard at Bleak House. Elias as usual was already making away with his tea and by so doing engaged a table which we soon filled. Stan Wild, Bracewell, Frank Perkins, Sid Jonas, Bert Green, Rex Austin, Tommy Mandall, Peter Stevie, Peter Rock, Fawcett, Albert Lusty, Harold Kettle, Frank Chandler and Salty. I'm afraid my fourteen has become fifteen—that comes of soldier Peter dashing along at the last minute.

We gossiped well and truly—holidays spent and to be spent. Festiniog, the Isle of Man, Chirbury and Llanrhaidr. Of course the following morning's event took up much space in our jangling. The Anfield being well represented on the card officially if not as riders. Albert and Rex were timekeepers and yours truly course marshall and observer.

© Anfield Road Club

The one and only Stella has quite a friendly feeling towards we cyclists and quite a turn of humour for we have new names for at least two of our members—" Glamour Boy " and " Curly "—Rex and Peter Rock, to wit. So look out when Rex is about, keep your girl friends well hidden.

The meal over, we nearly all made our way westwards, Stan Wild and Bracewell being the only ones to go with the wind. Bert Green and Elias kept company to West Kirby where Bert was to stay in order to view the National " 25." The gang lead by Salty took to the mid-Wirral lane from Backford to Capenhurst to make a call at the Yacht, which house of call, by the way, is becoming very popular. Tommy Mandall and Peter Stevie can vouch for their breakfasts and the beer is good and one can always get a snack of one kind or another. Mine host is young and we should be able to do something about it for a run in the future.

So the last seven miles. Syd having returned to Saighton, we four—Tom, Albert, Rex and self made Heswall for the night. I also discover that the fourteen *were* fourteen, as Peter Stevie met us at the Glegg Arms.

And so to bed.

Pontblyddyn, 23rd June, 1945.

This is a fairly new run for the Club which I hoped to attend when I set out at about 11 a.m. from West Kirby.

I found the wind a little plus and enjoyed the sunshine and the almost clear roads.

At the Welsh corner I turned somewhat into the wind and made a slow though pleasant journey up to Mold, where I lunched at the Dolphin in a small room with many people, lunch excellent.

In the heat of a real summer day I looked at the Church with its wonderful frieze of all the animals that went into the Ark and paid my homage to Richard Wilson, the great landscape artist.

The Denbigh road was as beautiful as ever. The low hills and the rich greenery of the trees with the softly tinkling streams made this part of the ride as good as one ever remembers, until the fly in the ointment arrived, otherwise the tarred roads plus a liberal sprinkling of grit. This soon made the tyres into twice their size and a good half-hour was spent in two divisions in tar research. However, with clearer wheels I ran as far as Bodfari and returned to Mold carried along by a tail wind which soon brought me to the C.T.C. house.

Here I found Guy Pullen, and later Fawcett and Barker. The service was slow but the food was excellent, the price very moderate and the company entertaining.

Fawcett returned to Cilcain, while Barker and I set sail for Hawarden, Queens Ferry and the Clegg corner where we parted.

I had made about 77 miles and found the going good and though my speed is on a progressively descending scale the enjoyment remains at par.

I reached home at 9-30.

Wildboarclough, 23rd June, 1945.

The morning had been beautifully sunny with an azure sky flecked by fleecy white clouds, but as I made my way along the undulating roads of East Cheshire the afternoon had become overcast and oppressively hot.

There are various ways to Wildboarclough from the Cheshire plain, all of them hard too, but as I had plenty of time I took the road from Macclesfield to Langley, keeping left at the New Inn beyond the village, to make the arduous climb of Toot Hill. There are ample compensatory views for the vigour expended. Looking west the Welsh hills are clearly seen, and the nearer bluffs of Beeston and Peckforton easily identified. Nearing the summit the peak of Shuttlingslow peeps out and away east is the clear landmark of the " Cat and Fiddle " Inn, which one would swear is not as high as Shuttlingslow. But the " Cat " is 1,690 feet to the " Low's " 1,659 feet, a clear example of optical error.

At the summit of Toot Hill, which lies on the 1,250 contour line of the O.S., is the hamlet of Macclesfield

© Anfield Cycle Club

Forest, famed for its tiny Forest Chapel, at which is held every September its celebrated Rushbearing Ceremony. This is a survival of those ancient days when the floor-covering of the chapel was of rushes, which from a hygienic point of view had to be renewed annually, hence the ceremony.

From the village one of the steepest hills in the country drops fiercely into the Clough, but in the interests of safety it was closed before the war under the Road Traffic Acts, and I took the easier road which after a short detour passes the foot of the steeper hill.

I arrived at Stanley's dead on 5-30 p.m. to find the Presider, Rex and Mrs. Austin, Wilf Orrell, Bob Poole, and George Taylor basking in the sun, apparently without any appetite at all. And I was ravenously hungry ! However, by tactfully reminding them of the time, they were eventually shepherded into the hotel, and once more Stanley delivered the goods. I would attempt to describe the meal but I have run out of superlatives ! Mem. Must ask Jack Hodges for some more.

Conversation was brisk and cheerful over tea. There was news of Jack Hodges, who was reported to have been on the summit of the Larig Ghru. Well, I'm not at all surprised to hear this. Jack was, I think, the first Anfielder to blaze a trail over the Roman Steps, to be followed in due course by the late W.P.C. and Wayfarer, and what he does not know about " rough stuff " isn't worth knowing. But he keeps making the youngsters feel rather uncomfortable with his constant display of energy. The racing feats performed by Wilf and Bob in the years of long ago came under discussion also, but really, all this talk of vigour made me feel faint. Then at 6-20 in staggered Jack Ward, who was such a silent eater that half the gathering didn't notice him for half-an-hour.

Bob and Wilf were the first to depart and then at 7 p.m. everybody else went too, leaving me on my own. I was seeing Rex later at Holmes Chapel, where we were staying out for the Wheelers' " 100," and was confident that I would reach the village comfortably for 9 p.m. But on leaving the inn I found that both my tyres were flat ! I pumped up and rode a mile or two down the Clough by which time the tyres were flat again. So I decided to do the thing properly and in comfort. I had plenty of time, and I selected a convenient spot adjacent to the brook. It was 7-30 p.m. when I started the repairs, 9-30 p.m. when I left the Clough, and 11 p.m. when I reached Holmes Chapel. Certainly one of the most troublesome punctures I have had for a long time and I had better draw a veil over the proceedings. I certainly showed this beautiful defile what the word ' defile ' really meant !

Those present were the Presider, R.J. and Mrs. Austin, W. Orrell, R. Poole, G. G. Taylor, J. Ward and S. Wild.

Utkinton, 30th June, 1945.

There isn't much to say about this run, the first to the Smithy Farm. The afternoon was foul ; the wind blew strongly from the wrong direction and the rain came down—all the time —sometimes heavily, sometimes softly, but always there.

The shortest route seemed indicated, so I butted into the wind, along the Chester road, through Northwich, turned for Whitegate and thence to Little Budworth, where at the Red Lion I took a little rest and a cup of tea. By-the-way, there are new people here and the place is being spruced up a lot. Then on through Cotebrook, where I overhauled Frank Chandler and finished the run in with him.

All the way from the Chester road the country is charming and provided some compensation for the hard work in getting along. Frank and I waited a little, but as no one else turned up we got our tea and after a few arguments left for home at about 7-30. On the homeward journey I managed to do without cape and the wind being favourable the trip was an easy one. Since this place appears to be a favourite with Liverpool cyclists, it was thought that there would be a good attendance, and the poor turnout was therefore rather a disappointment.

© Anfield Cycling Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI

NUMBER 473

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

AUGUST - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

August

4/6 Bath Road " 100 "
Speedwell " 100 "
4 Halewood (Derby Arms)
11 Mold (Dolphin)
18 Tarvin (Bleak House)
25 Woodbank (Yacht)

Sept.

1 Halewood (Derby Arms)
3 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m.
3, Whitechapel, Liverpool.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

August

4 Knolls Green (Brown Owl)
11 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
25 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms)

Sept.

1 Goostrey (Red Lion)

Full Moon, 23rd inst.

CONTENTS

Committee Notes 62
Treasury Notes 62
Editorial 62
Correspondence 62
How I Came to Join the 'Anfield' 63
A Sunday Tramp in Yorkshire 63
A Day Over the Cotswolds .. 64
Runs 65

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI AUGUST, 1945 NUMBER 473

COMMITTEE NOTES

Changes of Address:—K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington: K. B. Crewe, 16 Moor Drive, Otley, Yorks.

Anyone who intends attending runs at the "Yacht," should advise Ken Barker at the above address.

TREASURY NOTES

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

Anonymous *
K. B. Crewe.
C. C. Dews. *

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL

Congratulations to Ken Barker and his Misses on (as he puts it) "successfully adding a small daughter to the family."

During a recent visit to Chirbury, our Manchester Vice President, with his wife and son, came across our member Harry Barratt, and were promptly invited to his home, Minsterley Hall, where a most enjoyable and instructive evening was spent. Barratt wishes it to be known that any Anfielder is a welcome guest at the Hall, the only proviso being that the hours between 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. are the period of siesta, and should be avoided if possible.

Hubert Buckley, who passed through France, Belgium and Holland before entering Germany, has recently been home on embarkation leave prior to his departure to finish off the Japs. Hubert appears well, has *not* lost weight, and is completely resigned to whatever may be his lot in the future.

CORRESPONDENCE

Portman House,
40, Church Road,
East Sheen, S.W.14.
11th July, 1945.

Dear Stevie,

Re my letter in the March issue of the *Circular*. I am now pleased to tell you my information about our once old-time President A.G. (Pa) White was false, and the news of his death grossly exaggerated. Frank Armond, of the N.R. Club, saw my letter and got into communication with me as "Pa" is a Life Member of the North Road and they had not heard of his passing. From Armond's further enquiries I am glad to report "Pa" is alive and well: he will be 90 next October. For the benefit of any old friends who may like to contact him his address is 21 Glenferrie Road, St. Albans, Herts.

I regret I should have been the cause of spreading such a rumour and in future will be careful to make a precise check up before reporting any deaths without actually attending the funeral. It only goes to show you must not trust statements, made by a third party, and any old members who knew Allen Tooth will see I was a bit rash in accepting his statement without a further check.

I trust you are well and from the *Circular* get the Club news. As for myself I am glad to say my ankle is practically O.K. and I have attended several Club runs of the Bath Road: last Sunday week I went on the informal Summer run of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists to Ripley. Of course it was a shadow of the pre-war meetings which used to be attended by W.P.C., F.H., Dave Rowatt and many others. There were 13 out, all except 3, by bicycle, our members will be most interested in Ernest J.

© Old Bicycle Club

Steele and J. Cecil Paget, also W. O. Nutt, a brother of the Nutt who won our " 100 " once or twice.

Hope to get out for the Bath Road " 100 " and as I notice it is a fixture will look out for any members who may get this far.

Remember me to your wife and with kindest regards to yourself.

Yours sincerely,

PERCY C. BEARDWOOD.

P.S.—Pity we have not some scheme of Life Membership by payment, then we might have retained old members like " Pa."—P.C.B.

HOW I CAME TO JOIN THE "ANFIELD"

Round about 1908 I had just left school and began to take a serious interest in cycling. I persuaded my father to buy me a " Rover " Road Racing Machine and after reading about the great deeds of Harry Green, Tom Peck, G. A. Olley and others of that period I got keener than ever and in 1909 had a great urge to see the Anfield " 100."

I did not know anyone in the Club and had no idea where the race was run except that the Cycling Press used the vague description of the " Shropshire Course."

I approached a friend of mine and he agreed to come with me and on Whit Sunday morning we set off.

We arrived in Shrewsbury for an early tea and soon discovered something about the Course from numerous cyclists strolling about the town, and having with some difficulty procured digs we set off for a ride down the Ludlow road. About five miles out we suddenly met a solid group of cyclists coming towards us—2 or 3 tricycles and half-a-dozen singles—low gears, fixed wheels, twinkling feet—the first bunch of real cyclists I had ever seen, and they were past in a flash.

I can guess now who they were—Billy Cook, the Mullah, and Johnny Band, perhaps one or two more, been down to meet the North Roaders and scrapping it out with them to Shrewsbury.

Next morning we were up early and out to Crudgington, where we were advised to go to see the Race. I think Ralph Etherington did fastest time in the then record time of 5.13 odd.

The following year we repeated the performance, and enjoyed it so much that I decided I must get to know more about this game and in 1911 I wrote to the Secretary, A. P. James, who invited me out to a Club run at Helsby. I duly turned up, had tea at the Robin Hood and was escorted home via Warrington by Ted Cody, who easily dropped me on Bold Bridge.

From that day till the day he died Ted and I were bosom pals. He was always ready to help and advise me (I didn't always take it) and always able to do me over.

Nineteen hundred and eleven saw me down at the " 100 " as an Anfielder for the first time and I spent Whit Monday morning sprinting up the hill at Waters Upton with drinks and rice pud. till the sweat ran into my eyes. There were no cars to worry us in those days and what a grand time we had. No crowds yelling on corners and not too big a field.

Well, that's how I came to join the Anfield and I have always been proud to belong to it. I always think that the glimpse I had of that bunch of cyclists on Whit Sunday night, 1909, was the real cause of my joining.

How came you to join ?

G.S.

A SUNDAY TRAMP IN YORKSHIRE

On Wednesday last Rigby Band called to see me. He is stationed at Ripponden about four miles from here.

We talked for a while ; the outcome being a private Club run of our own for Sunday.

When Sunday arrived the weather played up to the true Halifax traditions and threatened to wreck our project.

© Anfield Cycling Club

It was still raining a little when we met so with capes tucked under our arms we set off for our destination : Ogden reservoir.

The first part of the journey led past the bleak ugly Victorian mills which form the greater part of Halifax. It was not pleasant scenery yet as we tramped along, talking over the many topics concerning our activities since last meeting we worried little about immediate surroundings.

At Orenden Cross we turned towards the moors and Keighley. The country was more open here and rather grand in its bleak Yorkshire way.

Ogden was reached by way of a tiny rough lane. We rested awhile by the lapping waters, comparing the wooded features of the tiny Cwm at the head of the lake with the Eunant where it drops from the Bwlch-y-Groes to Vrnwy's wooded slopes. The air was sharp and clear giving edge to our appetite as we repaired to a wayside café some little distance away.

The meal was very pleasant and satisfying although the price was rather stiff.

To return we crossed the dam to the open moorland beyond. The going was hilly and the extra pounds which I have accumulated during my sedentary life here now made themselves evident.

At Withens we crossed the road to follow another lane leading down to another chain of reservoirs in the next valley. The weather had cleared and our capes seemed to label us as people of excessive caution.

At Wainstalls we rejoined the road to follow Cold Edge until it brought us by way of Mount Pellon back into the drab streets of Halifax once more.

By this time we were ready for another meal, which we obtained at the W.V.S. canteen in town. Rigby left me here but not before agreeing to meet later on in the week.

It was a pleasant journey and we covered some ten or twelve miles.

PETER ROCK.

A DAY OVER THE COTSWOLDS

It was a warm morning with very little wind as we made our way towards the Cotswolds, on a road that was cut to pieces by heavy military traffic, but we picked our way carefully and made good time to reach Stanway in an hour. Keeping to the right, we walked up Stanway Hill. It was very pleasant and quiet except for the cawing of rooks in the wood. Occasionally one or two would float into view and drop into the field like pieces of burnt paper. Reaching the top (843 feet) we swoop down to Ford and up again to Trafalgar crossroads (918 feet), the highest point on this road. A good view is usually obtainable here of Snowshill, Broadway Hill and the Vale of Evesham, but it was very hazy and we saw nothing. A glorious run down, another climb and we are in Stow-on-the-Wold.

Pushing on for Chipping Norton, we cross the boundary line into Oxfordshire, and two miles further on stop for liquid refreshment at the Cross Hands. In this part, inns of this name are very common, but this one is depicted by a highwayman with arms across his chest and a pistol in each hand.

Instead of turning right along the main road to Chipping Norton, we go straight on up to the Rollright or Rollrich Stones. This road for a few miles is also the boundary line between Oxfordshire and Warwickshire. The Rollright Stones are over a thousand years old, and they look it. They form a circle and the legend has it no matter how many times they are counted a different answer is obtained. I have counted them three times on a previous visit, and had this expected result, twice losing count half-way round. Of course, Rene counted them twice and got the same answer each time, but I am sure she wasn't playing fair.

The sky had become very black and stormy and we expected rain, so we carried on looking for a suitable place to have our picnic lunch. We found one within a mile of Great Rollright with a comfortable wall to lean against. The clouds soon disappeared

© Anfield Bicycle Club

and no rain fell. We arrived in Chipping Norton to find it deserted.

The wind was blowing up a bit now and of course we were turning into it, but it was a little fresher. Taking the left fork out of the town, we reached Shipston-under-Wychwood and on to the Burford road, turning right about three miles along it into the lanes through Taynton and Great Barrington following the Windrush as far as Sherbourne. Then by Farmington to Northleach. We carried on along the main road up to Pursdown Pike where a few years ago Margaret Wilson and the famous tandem pair—Mills and Paul—started on their respective 100 miles records. As it was tea time we turned left down to Compton Abdale for tea. After tea it was a stiff ride into the wind through Andoversford, Cheltenham, Bishops Cleeve and back to Tewkesbury.

It had been an enjoyable ride and, although it was the second Sunday after the re-introduction of the basic petrol ration, we met no cars to speak of until reaching Cheltenham. Cyclists are also very rarely seen in the Cotswolds ; I'm sure I don't know why it should be.

The distance covered was about 74 miles.

E.H.

RUNS

Halewood, 7th July, 1945.

Some considerable time having elapsed since I visited this famous feeding place on a Saturday I thought it time to make another visit. The long association of the Club with this house which dates back to the eighties (I mean the association) and the consistently excellent service which has continued ever since has left its imprint on the memories of Anfielders which none will ever forget. It was here we met all our old Club-mates, particularly those whose riding ability had somewhat relaxed and heard all the tales of the doings of the past and were entertained by the hospitality of those who were ever ready to see us young lads thoroughly happy and welcome to the festive board.

Alas, most of those old chaps are now, let us hope, celebrating their Halewood runs and the Anfield chorus in the Elysian fields. Now some of us are taking their places, although perhaps not meeting with the same modicum of success that they did, possibly when the lads get back things will liven up. At any rate there is at present a small number of what now must be regarded as " old chaps " who are attending regularly and are keeping the flag flying for that much anticipated event. There were at least two absentees from the list of these latter day regulars. The first one missed was the genial Hubert Roskell, he who oozes hospitality from every pore and whose voice always rings out first and above all others " What are you having ? " We understand that the genial Hubert had taken himself away on holiday and had gone to Bridport to see brother Frank. May both these old boys, old tandemists, have found good weather, good surroundings and last, but not least, good beer with which to wash down their reminiscences and here's to a pleasant journey back and welcome to Halewood again !

The second old chap one missed was Eddie Morris. No one seemed to know whether Eddie was on holiday or not, but it was argued that he must be as otherwise he would have been at Halewood. Long life to Eddie and a welcome back to Halewood ! Of the other regulars Vice-president-Editor-printer Stephenson was present and smiling as broadly as ever, sitting at the head of the table seeing that everybody was getting sufficient to eat ! Then there was Tommy Mandall, who has been so regular at Halewood during the last few years. Captain Perkins was also there and he not having arrived at the old codger stage, had ridden round by Runcorn. Then there was Harold Kettle, whose legs were encased in a very natty pair of corduroy shorts. Harold had ridden out direct. Then we had Selkirk, who had piloted his son and heir on a tandem, and a very nice pair they made and, lastly, there was Chandler, who seems to be frequenting the runs a little oftener lately. He had been round by Newton-le-Willows (must

have a girl there as this seems a regular round of his). After a repast consisting of cold chicken, salad, bread and butter, rhubarb, cake and tea the party broke up, Stevie going home via Prescot, whilst the Selkirk tandem-paced Chandler (on trike), Mandall, Perkins and Kettle into Liverpool as far as Hope Street, where Chandler broke off to go through the Tunnel, whilst the others went for the Ferry-boat, thus ending a regular old-fashioned old time ride into Liverpool comparable to those of 15 or 20 years ago.

Tarvin, 14th July, 1945.

Blue skies and bright sunshine were the order of the day and it was galling to be tied to a desk in Chester until 5-0 p.m. with no alternative to taking the direct road if Tarvin was to be reached by 5-30.

Dismounting at Bleak House, the Liverpool Vice-Captain was greeted by a large board bearing the legend "CLOSED—SOLD OUT," and the Presider who arrived at the same moment found the door locked and barred.

The Fifth Column had the situation in hand and we were soon admitted, to find Harold Kettle and Salty with a very welcome addition to our usual party in the person of Ralph Fer, now stationed near Nantwich and we were soon joined by Chandler, Tommy Mandall and Syd Jonas, making eight at the final count.

"Bleak House" is never really bleak even when sold out and during the next half-hour a very good time was had by all; we could do with a few more houses like this within the bounds of the Anfield country.

Tea over, the usual chin-wag set in and was continued outside until the party broke up, the Presider heading for Manchester in company with a few Mersey Roaders bound for Holmes Chapel, Ralph pedalling solus to Nantwich and Tommy Mandall heading a select party towards the "Yacht," there to take in the week's basic ration of medicinal waters.

The writer (cursing an elusive leakage from the rear tyre) had the company of the Racing Secretary, and Guy Pullan, of the Mersey Roads, until Salty broke away to chase the party heading for the "Yacht" where, no doubt, being one of them there athletes, he toyed patiently with a still lemonade until Tommy could be persuaded to resume the homeward trek.

And so another run was over except for a spot of tyre maintenance and a memory of good comradeship along the road.

Rossett, 21st July, 1945.

This run only deserves a line in the *Circular*. Present, the Hon. Treasurer.

Wildboarclough, 21st July, 1945.

All ways leading to the delectable district of Wildboarclough are hard and long, but if one is behind schedule there is a way of making it up, namely: to go straight up the "Cat" road and ride the whole darn way. No matter if one sweats blood—it certainly saves a lot of time!

A tough sou'-wester made my ride very hard as far as Macclesfield and I was obliged to follow the advice outlined in the first paragraph if I was to reach the tea venue in anything like reasonable time. The wind was helpful, but I perspired profusely as I climbed steadily towards the sky-line. As I passed the "Setter Dog" I hoped to see the Presider's bicycle outside indicating that he was inside having a cup of tea—a wonderful excuse to alleviate my sufferings—but no! I had to persist in my purgatorial punishment. It was a glorious feeling to achieve the final climb to the clump of trees marking the cross-roads at Foxstake and really grand to be sweeping down to Stanley's in pleasant anticipation of the usual 'Big Eats.'

The basic ration has soon made a difference to this pleasant hotel on a Saturday afternoon. Included in quite a number of cars was one with the number ABC. 1920, and believe it or not, it was driven by Sir James himself, accompanied by Bick, Hubert and his wife and friend. I must say

© Anfield Bicycle Club

that this was rather a surprise to me—I thought Jim came of a pure bicycling strain. Hubert was on leave and expects to go to the Far East soon. This seems a tough break, and we hope that the news is false.

Others waiting for tea were the Presider, Rex Austin, whom there is no stopping since Stella at Tarvin called him a "Glamour Boy," Peter Stephenson and friend, having achieved a hard ride from Merseyside, Ned Haynes, after another ride up from Tewkesbury, Bob Poole, Wilf Orrell and Jack Ward.

Over tea I thought it a very good idea to have given the Presider the tea-pot, a weapon he wielded with wide discrimination. Once again the meal was masterly, and having seen Jack Hodges recently I can deal in superlatives. Stanley's tea was an epicurian epic and although this may be a perfect piece of plagiarism it is a most fitting description for a beautiful banquet.

After tea the motoring party, Rex and I, adjourned to the "tap," where the anecdotes flowed freely until at 8-20 p.m. Rex and I suddenly realised that we had to ride home, and as we decided to go were interested to hear Bick asking Jim if he would mind dropping him at the "Church" at Cheadle Hulme as he had to collect a parcel. Well, we have heard beer called many things, from Jack Hodges' celebrated "regurgitated pig-swill" to some that are unprintable, but Bick's is a new one on us.

Shortly after reaching the main "Cat" road a deluge of rain fell upon us, of such proportions that had it occurred in antedeluvian days might have carved a niche in history for itself, and outdone the little "do" of old man Noah. The road into Macclesfield reminded me of a picture postcard of the Swallow Falls, and both of us were very wet as we rode into "Treacle Town." Luckily the rain eased and after leaving Rex at Bramhall Green I was able to decape for the remainder of my journey.

The members present were the Presider, R. J. Austin, E. Buckley, H. Buckley, J. D. Cranshaw, N. Haynes, W. Orrell, R. Poole, P. Stephenson, J. Ward and S. Wild.

Utkinton, 28th July, 1945.

For some reason or another our first fixture at Smithy Farm was a washout, only two members putting in an appearance. So Mrs. Badrock was warned this time for three/four only. And there were eight of us. But her resources were equal to the occasion and the meal she gave us was ample and satisfactory. The attendance was satisfactory too; for it represented both Manchester and Liverpool and encourages us to continue our efforts to find feeding places reasonably accessible to both cities so that we may have more joint runs. Any suggestions will be welcomed by the committee. When I arrived a few minutes after 6 o'clock, I found Fawcett, too rarely with us, Stan Wild, Jack Hodges, Syd Jonas and Ken Barker and his brother well on the way. Shortly after my arrival, Rex Austin came along, thus completing the party. Jack Hodges had something to say about the latest of his tourlets; he's making the most of his freedom from business cares by exploring the country—after his strenuous trip in the Highlands, this time he had been wandering round south Shropshire. Stan Wild and Rex Austin made their plans for the Bath Road "100" and Syd Jonas and I for our more modest trip for the Bank Holiday week-end. The party broke up shortly after 7-0, Syd to return to duty, Ken and his brother to make their way homewards through the forest and the Manchester men for Cottonopolis via Little Budworth and Middlewich. The wind on the outward journey had been on the side and unfavourable; fortunately it remained in the same quarter and riding was easier for us on the return. We made good progress through Over and Winsford, but on the outskirts of the latter place, the front tyre of Stan's tricycle decided to sit down. The subsequent proceedings gave an example of so many men, so many opinions, for each of the four of us had his own ideas as to the best way of dealing with a cover with a big hole in it. However, in one way or another, orthodox or otherwise according to your way of thinking, the damage was soon repaired and the party again on its way. At Middlewich corner Jack went off for Holmes Chapel and Chelford, and at Toft corner Rex made for Seven Sisters,

leaving Stan and me to finish via Knutsford and Altrincham. The afternoon had been warm and bright, but rain threatened in the evening: fortunately I finished before any wet arrived, and I hope the others were equally fortunate, and that those who had not yet realised that darkness comes earlier now, and had come out without lamps, managed to dock before lighting-up time.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI

ANFIELD

NUMBER 474

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

SEPTEMBER - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Sept.

1 Halewood (Derby Arms)
3 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m.
3, Whitechapel, Liverpool.
8 Mold (Dolphin)
15 Tarvin (Bleak House)
22 Woodbank (Yacht)
29 Rossett (Darland House)

Oct.

6 Halewood (Derby Arms)

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Sept.

1 Allgreave (Rose and Crown)
8 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
22 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms)
29 Buxworth (Navigation)

Oct.

6 Goostrey (Red Lion)

Full Moon, 21st inst.

CONTENTS

Miscellaneous 69
Correspondence 69
Runs 72

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI SEPTEMBER, 1945 NUMBER 474

MISCELLANEOUS

Ken Barker has had his bicycle stolen and would be glad to have particulars of any irons that may be for sale—either complete or bits and pieces which could be made rideable. He is still hoping to get his own machine back but wants something to tide him over. Send particulars to K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington.

* * * *

Wanted Urgently—Pair of Sprints and Tubulars 26's or 27's (27's preferred)—also Tricycle or Axle only —must be differential. Particulars and price to Ned Haynes, 20 Newtown Cottages, Ashchurch Road, Tewkesbury, Glos.

* * * *

Accommodation has been booked for the Autumn Tints Week-end at the Glyn Valley Hotel, Glyn Ceiriog, on October 20/21. Will those who wish to be included communicate with Rex Austin, who is looking after the arrangements?

* * * *

Will Manchester Members please note the alteration of Saturday's Run—September 1st—Allgreave, instead of Goostrey?

CORRESPONDENCE

3rd August, 1945.

Dear Harold,

It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge receipt of the Postal Order for 20/- from the Club's Comforts Fund, and my thanks and appreciation are again accorded to Club members for their kindness.

Although the greater part of the N.F.S. strength has been discharged, they seem to be hanging on to the fit "old sweats," among whom I can now class myself.

The only change I can report is that I have been transferred to the Bromborough Pool Station. It is far more pleasant than the Dock Station and only ten minutes from home, and I've attended more fires in a fortnight than in all the four years I was in Birkenhead, "blitz" jobs excepted.

All the best wishes and with regards.

Sincerely yours,

S. del BANCO.

4th August, 1945.

Dear Mr. Kettle,

Very many thanks for the postal order received to-day. Once again I am confronted with the task of endeavouring to express my appreciation, and I can only say that I am very grateful, but quite undeserving.

I am now in a new line of business, which is commonly known in the Army as the "Personnel Selection racket," following a five weeks' course the War Office now consider that I'm quite fit to put square pegs in round holes, and I'm finding it all very fascinating.

I am dealing at the moment with returned P.O.W.'s and sorting them out into various jobs. No doubt you've read a garbled account of what we're doing in the daily press.

I interview each man separately, and get some idea of his background, interests, hobbies, etc. The amazing thing is the large number of men who state first and foremost that their favourite hobby is or was, cycling, coupled with camping or touring. I should say that this has been one of the biggest factors in the amazing standards of fitness attained in the Army in this war, and that the foundations were laid by these lads themselves in the pre-war days when the motoring fraternity looked upon cyclists as a "nuisance."

They also have a good road-sense, and therefore train well as drivers, and the odd half-hour spent tinkering with the bottom-bracket, etc. has been good grounding for many an Army

© Anfield Cycle Club

mechanic.

I have become so enthused myself that I will not be satisfied until I once again have a bike of my own and have (in the words of the inimitable Sid. Carver) " eyeballs out like chapel hat-pegs."

I have just had a letter from Bert Preston, and he is apparently treading those same tracks so well-worn by other Anfielders in the Middle East. He sends his kind regards to all of " Ours."

I'm sorry I have not been able to manage a run lately, but my father is in hospital and what week-ends I've been able to snatch have been spent visiting him.

However, I hope it won't be long before I can manage one, and what is more, in the orthodox manner and not the usual " rattler " or 'bus.

I think that's the lot for now, please give my kind regards to all of " Ours," and may the Forces members have early release groups.

Sincerely yours,
TOMMY SHERMAN.

7th August, 1945.

Dear Harold,

Very many thanks to yourself and all members for the very acceptable P.O. received over the week-end. I was able to get home for a few days for the holiday but could not get out to Halewood as I should have liked. I am still hanging around Halifax district and manage to arrange a couple of unofficial Club runs (on foot) with Peter Rock each week. Weather permitting there are some good walks around here. We have discussed the possibilities of these parts for cycling, but knowing Peter's hill-climbing (and descending) propensities I think I could hold my own better on foot.

With best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely,
J. RIGBY BAND.

7th August, 1945.

Dear Harold,

Thank you for your letter of 1st August, 1945, and enclosed Postal Order. It was waiting for me on my return from leave, a most opportune moment. Please convey my thanks through the pages of the *Circular* to those generous ones who make these continued gifts possible. I am looking forward to becoming a civilian in the next two or three months and along with others of the same age groups will help to reduce the size of your Forces post bag. This part of the country is delightful and I have enjoyed the months down here as well as any in the past six years. It is too far for a week-end but it is a happy unit which compensates somewhat. The Halewood runs will be in full swing when I do come out, would that I could look forward to the groaning tables of yore. Well, that's all for the present, so with a last word of thanks to everyone I will say cheerio until November.

Yours sincerely,
J. E. REEVES.

8th August 1945.

Dear Kettle,

Many thanks indeed for the Club's latest gift. It will probably be the last one I receive, as I am expecting my " ticket " in about 3 or 4 weeks, and I should therefore like to say what a difference these periodical communications of yours have made. It is nice to know that one is not forgotten, even though very rarely seen, and I have really appreciated the generous manner by which the Club has shewn that one *is* remembered.

When I am demobbed I shall be visiting the Lake District for a few weeks, after which I hope to become a regular attender at the Club fixtures.

Once again, my sincere thanks to the Club.

Yours,
J. R. FER.

10th August, 1945.

Dear Harold,

Very many thanks for your letter and enclosure. Would you please convey my best thanks to all Anfielders for their continued generosity to its members serving in the Forces. These donations from the Club's Comforts Fund have been most welcome and useful and it is with gratitude that I write.

After reading the July *Circular* I was very pleased to read of so many of the " young 'uns " being present at the various runs, and it made me feel as though I have been missing something. My next leave I believe is due on

© Anfield Cycle Club

October 1st, so with a bit of luck I should be home for the Halewood run and as I am spending my leave in Wallasey this time I will make every effort to be present. Halewood brings back many happy memories to me and I am looking forward to the day when I shall be a regular attender at the Club runs again.

I still manage to do a little cycling at week-ends and an odd night during the week. I did quite a decent run a few weeks ago and managed about 60 odd miles after lunch, which isn't too bad for me these days and in uniform, which doesn't help very much. I had been wanting to visit Rievaulx Abbey for some time and I picked a day and made the effort. From Thirsk the road climbs steadily for a few miles into the Cleveland Hills and finishes up with Sutton Bank, which is one in five with several hairpin bends. The view from the top—Hambleton Edge—is magnificent and the efforts of the climb are well rewarded. I had tea at the Hambleton Hotel—nothing interesting but just that something which keeps one going. From there the road drops to Rievaulx and the Abbey stands in beautiful situation among the trees. The place was officially closed but a farmer showed me the way in and I had a good look around, incidentally saving a bob. The abbey is not nearly so well preserved as the one at Fountains, but is nevertheless worth a visit. The return journey was made through lanes and tracks which eventually brought me out at Northallerton and so back to camp. It was almost eleven when I got back but was fortunate to find the hot water was still on and was able to get a shower and a rub down. It made me think of old times again.

I was in Ripon and Fountains Abbey the following Saturday and on the Sunday it was that hot that I gave cycling a miss and went swimming in the Swale just above Richmond.

I have no news of any other Anfielders, but I suppose a few of the old soldiers will be back in the civvy ranks again before many months are out. I am thinking of Ted Byron, Rigby, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves. My age and service group is 32, so shall have a few more months to idle away yet. Brother Walter is expecting to be out by the end of October if all goes well. I haven't heard from Frank Marriott for some time but I have a hazy recollection that he owes me a letter.

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE CONNOR.

August 12th, 1945.

Dear Harold,

Many thanks for the Club's P.O. and to all who made this gift possible. I can assure you I put it to very good use, particularly with peace almost on us : at any rate we shall know very shortly now. It means quite a lot to me, as I am due to go to S.E.A.C. very shortly unless the situation changes for the better.

Also thanks for the current issue of the *Circular*. I hope it won't be long before I am able to come out on Saturdays. I had a four-day leave last month and went a few spins on the bicycle and discovered how unfit I was for cycling : however, I'm pretty fit in my own line, so it shouldn't take long to get in the saddle again.

Best regards to all.

TOMMY SAMUEL.

12th August, 1945.

Dear Kettle,

I wish to acknowledge receipt of P.O. from the Comforts Fund and to thank all the Members for this very acceptable gift.

I received it last week-end but was unable to acknowledge earlier as I was away at the Bath Road " 100 " with Salty, Peter Rock and Peter Stevie. I had a very enjoyable week-end just like old times, although I only managed 5-9-2, fading out in the last half after doing 2-24 at half-way.

Jack did a very nice 4-51-0 and a good time was had by all. I am still in the Army and still fortunate enough to be billetted at home, being stationed at Stockport. I have now got Saturday afternoons off as well as Sundays, so that I should be able to attend more Club runs than before.

Best wishes to your self and all Anfielders wherever they may be.

Sincerely,

RUSS. BARKER.

© Anfield Sports Club

13th August, 1945.

Dear Mr. Kettle,

I was just about to relieve the Post Office Savings Bank here of some cash when your very welcome gift arrived. Really it is uncanny the way you divine when the well is running dry. Please accept my sincere thanks.

The letter had gone to my old address in Yorkshire. I moved from this Unit in February last and thought I had advised you. As you will see I am down in Middlesex, 14 miles from London and do quite a bit of tramping around the district—Burnham Beeches, now sadly knocked about by the exigencies of war. There are a number of very pleasant spots such as Chalfont St. Peter, Chalfont St. Giles, Chesham, but many places have been ruined by ribbon building.

The prospects of release are looming brighter now and as I am in Group 25 I stand a good chance of being at Halewood perhaps in December or even November. Clerks are at present two groups behind. It is thrilling to realise that the lads who have been away from the game so long will soon be home to pick up the threads where they left off and once more enter into the spirit of Club life so ably kept alive by the old 'uns and those whose services were required at home.

In the almost limitless time one has in which to think, I have made many resolutions, one of which is to be one of the regulars at the Saturday venue—I suppose the Syds (Blotto and Jonas) will still be able to give me a good "doing over," although I can still remember the day I *nearly* caught Syd del Banco on the hill out of Handley in a "50," but when he saw who it was he went off like a scalded cat. Perhaps Syd Jonas remembers the day when we were both labouring back near the same spot in another "50," just as I thought I had a companion for the rest of the way to the finish he shot off at fully 12 p.m.h. and left me gasping in the distance. Good old days.

I am looking forward to meeting the old crowd again but I want to be out of this darned uniform first.

Well, once again, thanks very much for the postal order and remember me to all.

Yours very sincerely,
ARTHUR BIRKBY.

RUNS

Goostrey, 7th July, 1945.

A business trip to Manchester, carefully diverted to Friday, afforded an opportunity for the Yorkshire recluse to remain in the City of Cotton over the week-end. Since it was many years since he had visited Goostrey—perhaps the best of all the Club's ports of call—he decided to disregard his stiffened limbs and mechanically unsound bicycle and bravely set forth from Brooklands via Baguley, Heald Green, Wilmslow and Chelford.

The roads which were once very familiar now seemed strange. Minor changes to a familar scene sometimes render the scene unrecognisable, so that by the time the Chelford cross-roads arrived the writer believed himself to have gone astray, and was not reassured until the Siddington turning at Toft passed painfully and slowly behind.

The red brick structure of the Red Lion—mercifully unmodernised— was welcome indeed and the subscriber was just able to crawl inside and take his place at the already well-filled table.

The turnout was an excellent one indeed—twelve or fourteen members and one friend to do ample justice to the very excellent fare provided by Mrs. Knowles. The quality of the Red Lion catering seems to have suffered not at all during the war years.

One is glad to be able to record that the President is fit and well again and that Mister Bick can still turn a graceful pedal; that Bren Orrell can still survive the long and arduous journey from Twemlow to Goostrey, and that his brother Wilf remains an active and regular, though less boisterous, attender.

No attempt to provide a catalogue of attenders will be made, but it should be noted that there was a full attendance of all regulars with the exception of Rex Austin, who was on holiday.

The journey home was made at a dignified though adequate pace in the company of Mr. B. and Sub-Capt. Cranshaw, with many a pause to admire the scene illuminated from a low angle by the setting sun, and with longer and more purposeful calls at the Queen's at Alderley, the Thieve's Neck at Woodford, and finally the Church Inn at Cheadle Hulme.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

August Week-End, 1945.

Twelve months ago Peter Stevie and I arranged to make our August Week-end this year another pilgrimage to the Bath Road. It was to have been per tandem but as facilities for training improved with the age of the season the writer decided to have another bash. Then quite a spate of letters. Russ Barker was to ride, Peter Rock on ten days' leave, Peter Stevie still eager and Herbie Moore, one of my Birkenhead North End friends, also making the trip south. Finally, the arrangements boiled down to my leaving work at 5-30 p.m. and a lone trip to Newport on that Friday evening. Here I was to fix up for two or more for the night. To my delight Peter the Lanky, waylaid me at Handley, a quick cup of tea and we were off together. Ambling through a countryside golden with ripening crops. A halt for more tea and cake south of Prees and a gossipful ride through Shropshire to Newport. The Barley Mow was quickly entered, booking for two with a proviso for a third maybe. Then while Peter Stevie did a spot of repair work I strolled round the Square awaiting the arrival of the North Endite. If you know Herbie as well as I do that is a thankless job. A date for 9-30 is more likely to be four hours later. Anyway, to my delight up rolls Peter of the broad smile. How pleasant that used to be in Club '50's' till he got serious. That was the third bed filled. We gave our fourth party till 10-30, but then decided it was time for bed. Needless to say a visit to the local fish and chipper was approved by all.

Up in the morning, the Barley Mow is a good house by the way, we were soon down the road. Blazing sunshine and a gentle breeze abaft. Up the lumps to the fork for Weston-under-Lizeard and we were soon rattling along through Gailey and over the wastes of Cannock. A halt at 'Sain's' for mugs of tea and Spam sandwiches for elevenses put us in good humour for the skirting of Brummagem. A halt for milk shakes and Salty was off in search of fodder. We had plenty of grub in the bag but he decided it would need lettuce, tomatoes and radishes to make them go down. A spot of culinary work in a stream short of Stonebridge soon made the salad fit for our meal. Eaten in the shade of the willows, enviously eyed by lorry loads of Heinies, R.A.F. and what have you. Finally to be washed down by a brew of ale.

The afternoon found us in more pleasant surroundings. Kenilworth, Warwick, Wellesbourn, Shipston-on-Stour. Here a halt for plums. A couple of pounds of Victorias soon came to an end and we were off once more. Long Compton, with an attractive tea garden decided the need for a halt and tea. We all hope the little lady in white enjoyed her farming holiday: don't we, Peters long and short?

Over tea we were joined by a garrulous Black Country youth. Very full of his prowess as a tourist and not the least bit backward. We put him right as to the whereabouts of the next likely place for digs and then did a dive, we did not feel like carrying on the conversation over the rolling miles to Chipping Norton. He would have talked us into trouble somehow or other. By now we were all three feeling our legs and the pace began to liven. One or two very lively episodes and then Woodstock. No digs there, so on to Oxford. Call after call and still no luck. Out along the Abingdon road and into the lanes to the east till finally the road just circled and returned. Dark by now, hungered to death, Salty with no lights, not a haystack in sight and still some miles from Abingdon. There a copper offered us no hope. A boatman offered us a punt under a bridge, with plenty of cushions. No takers. Peter Rock, skilled at reconnaissance, located two Cheshire Roaders on tandem trike. They offered to speak to their hostess and we were offered settee and easy chairs in a cafe. A word whispered produced me a bed. No grub though. What a night! Rats all over my room and bed, turned out by light of morning to be a kitten enjoying itself, and the rats diving into barrels of potatoes and water on arising were found to be trout rising in the stream. A fit of the blues, says you.

Needless to say I was soon up in the morning. The two Peters were well away when I looked in on them and for all their uncomfortable beds were fast asleep and most annoyed to be

© Anfield SC

awakened. Toast and marmalade for brekker and off to the nearest hotel for breakfast. The ' George ' at Dorchester treating us in satisfactory fashion. A quick search for spokes, luck in, a quick overhaul and we were away into Thames-land, Shillingford, Wallingford and Pangbourne. To meet Harvey and Len Baker, Bath Road Club.

They put us on to a good spot for lunch and we were soon fixed up for 12 sharp. You will note our main worry, or at least first thought has been food. It's very important. Often and early is the motto and while we stuck to that we did well. Mrs. Farmer greeted us a Theale in her usual motherly way and enquired after all her Anfield acquaintances — Hubert, Charles, Frank, etc., and hopes to see more of us e'er long. Russ Barker and his friend George of the coppery head rolled up about tea-time, and so the table looked almost like a pre-war Anfield Bath Road. The evening found the Lamb full of Northern talent. Dukinfield, Altrincham, Cheshire Roads, Warrington Road, Birkenhead North End and we five.

Morning found us all eager (?) for the fray, riders and helpers. A distinct change in the weather, grey skies and wind looked like making the ' 100 ' a hard ride. So it was. For once it was a hard plug out to the Oxford turn, legs aching for 23 miles. Then a fast run back to the Bath Road and Salty feeling comfortable. Plenty of drinks and food, the event was very well organised this year, as well as any B.R. ' 100 ' I can remember. Plod, plod, plod, out to Savernake and round with the wind. The old legs couldn't take advantage of it and I only wished for about twelve years off my 38. I would have thrashed my 86 top back to some tune. Still I was quite satisfied with my 4-51, my fastest ' 100 ' for some years. Russ returned with 5—9, not quite satisfied and not up to his Manchester Wheelers ' 100 ' standard. The two Peters did their stuff with refreshing tea at Basildon and Thatcham. Rex Austin timing at the 50 mile point, Stan Wild his assistant. Percy Beardwood somewhere in the offing but unseen.

We hadn't much time to waste after the event as Salty was due home that night in readiness for work on the morrow. So a quick snack after fixing our bikes and we were all five soon hastening Oxfordwards. Salty and Peter Stevie up in front, ploughed the way into a strong headwind to some tune. Four o'clock and we were in the city of colleges. Into a snack bar for a satisfying feed. Sandwiches, cake, chocolate biscuits and tea fitted us out for the miles of grind to Banbury. The two lads up in front put the miles behind to the tune of 16 m.p.h. and by 6 o'clock we were inside for a second tea and digs for the four lucky ones arranged. The lonely Salty at 7-30 beat it to make the remainder of his journey home by rail. To his surprise the train almost on time, a comfortable seat, and from Salop to Chester a stretch out on the seat and a snooze. Unshipping at Hooton to be met with a pitch dark night and no lights. A crawl through the dark and so home to bed, 1-30 a.m. Tuesday. Another good week-end over and ready for work ? ? ?

SALTY.

August Tour.

For many reasons the attendance on the August Tour has always been relatively small and in present circumstances one must expect it to be very small. Two only—the Presider and Syd Jonas—were scheduled for it, and Syd's attendance was subject to the exigencies of the Service. These exigencies evidently were too pressing for Syd, for only the Presider reached Nesscliffe on the Saturday evening, having had a pleasant but very warm ride via Nantwich, Whitchurch, Wem, Baschurch and West Felton.

On Sunday he took the road through Knockin to Llanymynech, where a very heavy shower forced caping-up, and then to Welshpool and Chirbury for lunch. The Herbert Arms was full up as usual, and there was no beer. Thence on to Church Stoke, where Bick was in residence and, after half-an-hour with him, on towards Bishops Castle and then to Marshbrook, where the main Hereford road was joined.

In these days of scarcity he was relieved to find a cafe where tea could be had and, fortified, he pushed against the wind through the Strettons and on to Shrewsbury, observing on the way a number of instances of bad

driving. It almost looks as though the unaccustomed fumes of petrol have got into the heads of the drivers who have now got back on to the roads for some of the passing was quite inexcusable.

In Shrewsbury there was another shower, but not of any consequence, and it provided an excuse, if one were needed, for a call at the George. Here all seems more changed than ever; even Hubert's friends "The Corner Boys," were not in evidence.

The shower over, the last few miles in were soon done. Apart from the two showers the day had been fine and warm, and was finished by a pleasant chat with a young Liverpool chap on tour during his month's leave from the M.E.F. It was a great pleasure to see his enjoyment of the country after four years abroad and to hear him talk of the thrills he had got in revisiting his touring haunts of pre-war days. By this time he is on his way back to Syria, carrying memories which will help him to continue to endure the boredom which military routine must impose on such a bright personality.

Monday morning opened with very heavy rain and prospects looked anything but good. However, by 10-30 the rain had stopped and later the sun came out and the ride home via Shrewsbury, Newport and Nantwich was comfortable, despite a strong wind blowing over the left shoulder, from which some shelter was obtainable from the hedges.

Halewood, 4th August, 1945.

All's well that ends well, as you'll see.

I ventured out on this eventful day, under the gracious auspices of dear old Hubert. The arrangements for our meeting were planned with such meticulous care as to time, place, and what not, that they were absolutely fool-proof, so much so that we had no difficulty in missing one another at the rendezvous, which lay amidst a chaotic confusion of moving vehicular and pedestrian holiday traffic. Faithful to my tryst, right on time, and full of anticipation, I was standing at what I fondly believed to be the appointed spot, all alert, but no Hubert was in evidence, nor had he materialised after the lapse of a further five minutes. Now Hubert is the soul of punctuality, while I—I blush to say it—in this connection, am also painfully conscientious—well, perhaps more painful than conscientious. No wonder I was not easy in mind or feet. Ten—fifteen—minutes went by, and restlessness began to give way to despair. What had happened? The answer was decidedly in the interrogative. After twenty minutes of disappointed vigil, I left my post, but before abandoning all hope, I set about reconnoitring the terrain, when, lo and behold, in the dim distance I espied a dejected figure among the throng, moving towards a forsaken car. It looked like Hubert—yes, the gods be praised! It was Hubert. He had been patiently waiting, the whole of the time, at the opposite side of the plateau, passing through the same emotions as myself. Overcome with joy, we gave vent to our pent-up feelings and fell sobbing into each other's arms.

We now started off gaily through the city. Reaching the outskirts, we found the once familiar countryside of our younger days had undergone a bewildering metamorphosis, making unrecognisable to us now the course of the lanes we once knew so well. Consequently, we missed the major road, and got involved in suburban developments which seemed to have been planned on the lines of the Hampton Court Maze and through which we went floundering, in and out and up and down avenues apparently leading nowhere, until, finally entering what looked like a cul-de-sac, we emerged into the outer world, dazed and completely disorientated and under the humiliating necessity of having to ask where we were—almost on our own doorstep, so to speak! Set on the right track, we were soon passing Hunts Cross, which brought to us pleasant memories of distant bygone days—of festive evenings with visions of a banqueting table groaning under the weight of luscious food of infinite variety—boiled turkey; prime, succulent porter-house steaks, steak and pigeon pie—what would you—eating your fill for a merely nominal charge—the good old times when good cheer abounded, when vitamins were unheard of, or ignored. Hubert's mouth kept watering at the very thought!

Before the first great European war we were living in a fool's paradise. Alas ! *les guerres ont change tout cela.*

Hurrying on our way, we soon romped up to the Derby Arms in style. We had accomplished the journey in no time, so we discovered on looking at the clock. Entering the Bar, we found Eddie Morris sitting there in lonely state in front of a pot of ale. He was greatly cheered by our arrival. Tommy Mandall followed close on our heels. This completed the party of four. (The small attendance at this function, we learned, was due to some of the members having gone down to the " Bath Road " event, and to others being on holiday elsewhere. We hope they all had a good time). After a short symposium, we were called to table, where an excellent cold collation was set before us, quite up to the high reputation of the house—some reputation ! In these hard times of rationing, such catering cannot be an easy task.

As the nights are beginning to close in, we left early, Tommy Mandall by cycle, Eddie Morris and myself with Hubert, by car. Eddie had come out by rail, and was loud in extolling the luxurious comfort of Hubert's automobile, in which he has booked a place for the next Halewood meeting. We arrived in Liverpool in good time for a stirrup-cup before separating. Thanks, Hubert, for a very pleasant outing.

Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cafe), August 4th, 1945.

The return of the basic petrol ration has now unfortunately put the Brown Owl within easy reach of the motoring fraternity, especially from the Manchester and district areas. I counted no less than 10 cars and a motor coach when I arrived.

Louis Oppenheimer was already there, so I made enquiries about tea and was informed that we could have attention in about 20 minutes if we cared to sit at a table on the lawn at the back of the house ; this we did, and sure enough we were presented with our tea in approximate time of 20 minutes. It turned out to be home made meat pie and green salad, with a spot of radish and beetroot, bread and butter (perhaps) and cake.

We had just finished when Harold Catling walked in and as far as I know he was the only other Anfielder to call. As Louis and I had arranged to make an early start for home Harold decided to accompany us instead of waiting for his tea and perhaps it was as well because from all accounts there was little or nothing left.

If these motoring parties are going to start butting in I'm afraid we are in for a sticky time on some of these impromptu runs.

However, in spite of a little inconvenience it was an enjoyable run out.

Members present were Louis Oppenheimer, Harold Catling and Bob Poole.

Mold, 11th August, 1945.

Many years have passed and great events have occurred since the " Dolphin " was last visited by the Club, and it was with high hopes that I journeyed thence, ruminating the while on the good times we used to have there.

Arriving in Mold with time to spare, I made my way to the Dolphin to find I was the first arrival and having ordered a meal and warned the culinary department to expect further arrivals, I wandered for a time around the town. On my return I found Len Killip (on a spot of leave) and Harold Kettle gossiping outside. Harold was bound for Bont and could not wait for the meal which would not be ready until about 6-30, so he carried on.

Len and I have not seen each other since he joined the R.A.F., so the ' tank ' was the first objective. As I sat there memories came upon me in quick succession—memories of Anfielders who used to grace this very room and who have passed to the Great Beyond during the intervening years.

Syd Jonas and Ken Barker then appeared, followed by Peter Rock, and another barrel was opened. Peter, unfortunately, had to depart early as he had as a tandem partner a young friend of tender years whom he had long promised to initiate into the art of cycling ; a future Anfielder, perhaps.

Fawcett's arrival completed the party and an adjournment was soon made to the dining room, where a meal of ample proportions and of

© Anfield Road Club

good variety was served at a reasonable price. Everything was nicely and pleasantly served, and it was nice to know that most of us were immediately recognised by the lady who doles out the liquid refreshment in the 'tank'; she remembered our visits in the years before the war.

A move was then made to the yard for the machines, and Fawcett proudly displayed his Triumph No. 33, still going strong and in perfect fettle after thirty years or more.

Seven-thirty saw us on the road for Queensferry and home. Fawcett to turn off at the Northop fork and later Syd Jonas right fork for Hawarden and his camp. The remainder continued on to Bebington together.

To sum up: it was a most enjoyable run and must be repeated at an early date.

Those present were Kettle, Fawcett, Killip, Ken Barker, Jonas, Rock and del Banco, accompanied by Mrs. del Banco.

Dane-in-Shaw, 11th August, 1945.

This second Saturday in August saw seven members at the Coach and Horses.

As is usual at Club teas no one would have expected above three or four at 5-29 p.m., but that figure was nearly doubled by 5-31 p.m.

Members arriving individually, the chairs around the tea table were soon filled.

Bert Green, now fully recovered from his leg trouble, looks very fit once again. Wilf Orrell is quiet these days but is regaining his enthusiasm for his old love, now that the big job of work is over; although we understand his responsibilities at home these days are far from negligible. Harold Catling apparently believes in looking like a real rough rider and succeeds; his handling of a tricycle down hills has to be seen to be believed. Rex Austin, getting fatter and jollier as the years go by, has decided to part with his "stable": we understand that Wild has succeeded in acquiring the tricycle whilst one of his bicycles has gone to another well-known Manchester stable; perhaps Rex will be earlier at Club runs now he hasn't to ponder over the choice of machines. Jack Hodges reported having seen some of the riders in the Birmingham to Glasgow mass start road race taking "acid" somewhere in the Staffordshire area. Jack should be persuaded to keep records of the explorations he is making now he is on the retired list; the Club annals would benefit by them.

Stan Wild's thirst for tea rivals ought we have seen in the Club for years: one hardly dare imagine the scrap that would take place when this member meets our friends the tea-tasters of Wirral.

The Anfield Penalty having been collected by Sub-Capt. Cranshaw, the party broke up to wend their various ways homeward.

Wildboarclough, 25th August, 1945.

There are, of course, quite a lot of members away on holidays just now, but one would have expected more than three—the Presider, Wilf Orrell and Stan Wild—on this fixture. For the afternoon was ideal—bright sunshine and a wind in the right direction. The wind was so good that Wilf was not satisfied with climbing the Cat hill the distance absolutely necessary to get to the Stanley Arms, but went further up, to near the Cat, and doubled back by the side road. Stan too, found the hill very easy but resisted the temptation to lengthen the ride. The Presider, who considers the Cat hill monotonous—it's beautifully graded and rideable in all circumstances except against a very strong wind, but there's too much of it at one go—went via Sutton Four-land Ends Cleulow Cross and the length of the Clough—a harder route and mostly on the collar, but full of variety and there's never monotony in the Clough, beautiful in all seasons of the year. A quiet chat over the excellent meal, mainly reminiscences, and then up the hill to the Cat road and down to Macclesfield, the wind serving as an excellent brake most of the way. In Macclesfield Wilf broke off for Twemlow and the remaining two finished via Butley Ash, Handforth and Cheadle.

© Peter Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI NUMBER 475

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

OCTOBER - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

October
6 Halewood (Derby Arms).
13 Tarvin (Bleak House).
20 Autumnal Tints Tour—Glyn Ceriog. (Glyn Valley Hotel).
20 Woodbank (Yacht).
27 Rossett (Darland House).

November
3 Halewood (Derby Arms).
5 Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

October
6 Goostrey (Red Lion).
20 Knolls Green (Brown Owl).
27 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).

November
3 Goostrey (Red Lion).

Full Moon, 21st inst.

CONTENTS

Treasury Notes 78
Tints Tour 78
F.O.T.C. 78
Correspondence 78
A Tour in the North-West of Scotland 79
Runs 82

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI | OCTOBER, 1945 | NUMBER 475

TREASURY NOTES

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

F. J. Cheminais. E. M. Haslam.
J. D. Cranshaw.* J. Seed.
J. R. Fer.* I. A. Thomas.

There are 17 Full Members and 15 Honorary Members whose subscriptions for 1945 are still unpaid and I hope those to whom it applies will give the matter their early attention.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

TINTS TOUR

There are now nine definite bookings for the Tints Tour ; but there is room for one or two more if early application is made to Rex Austin. In any case, neither bookings nor cancellations can be received later than October 13th.

F. O. T. C.

The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists held their Annual Luncheon at the Royal Hotel on Sunday, the 9th September. About 70 answered the Roll Call, read by the Hon. Secretary, J. Brereton Summers.

It is plain to see that the Old Timers are at last beginning to grow old. Anyone who has attended the Functions for the last 25 years has noticed the gradual mellowing and now most are in the " sere and yellow." This is to be expected in an organisation whose qualification is to be born in 1872, or earlier, and to have owned or ridden an " Ordinary."

R. T. Lang was elected President for 1945-6. The Committee re-elected *en bloc*, also the Hon. Secretary re-elected.

The Anfield was represented by G. P. Mills (looking wonderfully fit for his years) and Beardwood. Amongst those present known more or less to old Anfielders were J. Cecil Paget, Syd. Capener, A. E. Walters, Lint. Ilsley, Harry Miles and Ernest Allen Tooth.

One, well-known to our members, did not answer the " Roll." It was Arthur Gastall. He evidently hoped to be present as he had applied for a ticket ; probably the Sunday railway strike prevented his getting to London.

P.C.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

2210541, L.A.C. Buckley, H. G.
Equipment Sect.,
77 Squadron,
Royal Air Force,
S.E.A.C.

24/9/45.

Dear Stevie,

I am leaving England on Thursday next and this will be my address for a few months to come.

I am at present at Broadwell near Burford and am leaving here by Dakota and flying to India to commence with but where we shall finish I don't know.

I asked Peter in July to tell you to send *Circulars* to Macclesfield for the time being as I had left Germany. However, they have both caught me up, having travelled to the Continent and back and around England first.

Give my best wishes to any Members of the Club you meet.

Sincerely yours,
H. G. BUCKLEY.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

A. Williams, 4c Shpt.,
D.M.X. 728300,
Hut 48, P.O.'s III,
H.M.S. *Mayina*,
c/o G.P.O. London.

3rd September, 1945.

Dear Stevie,

Many thanks to the Club for the P.O. I am sorry I could not answer before this, but I was away from the ship on a job of work, while I was away Japan surrendered, and when I arrived back I had quite a nice little bundle of mail, including the *Circulars* and the P.O. One thing that happened when I got back to the ship, I was chased off to this transit camp (above address) and I hadn't been in the place for twenty-four hours when my draft note came along. I collected a jungle green uniform, was inoculated in the tummy and arm and am now waiting to go. You probably have a good idea where I am now so if you stretch your imagination you can no doubt see where I'm bound for : the one saving grace is that the war is over, so being a wood butcher we shall have the job of putting the port in shape again. The censorship is still on all our mail so it is still a bit awkward writing.

The trip I had that I mentioned earlier in the letter took me through some wonderful country, the only thing I lacked was a parachute, for a more hair-raising ride I have never experienced before. The trip was about 250 miles and we climbed to 16,000 feet by some of the craziest roads I've ever seen ; at one place about 12,000 feet, the rain was pelting down and it was as cold as January at home. I stood shivering in the rain while we filled up with juice, and wished that I could see a C.T.C. sign ; all around were plantations of tea and rubber, loads of tea, but nobody to make it. While I was up at this place I had the opportunity to go through a tea factory, and was quite surprised to find that they crushed the leaves while they are still fresh and then they dry them afterwards. It just looks like mint before it is dried. I had a native driver with me, and we had about another four hours journey to do, so I suggested that we had better start moving. His idea of moving was to crash down these hairpins at about thirty miles per hour : when he came to a bend he would brake sharply, turn to me and grin. I might add that these bends have no brick wall, no railings at all, in fact, if the slightest thing went wrong—well, we should have taken a short cut to the road below. In the end I had to tell the black fool : he still grinned and said "master scared." So as a tough Empire builder I'm afraid I'm a wash-out. I've lost face. All I can say is the Horseshoe Pass and the Stay-a-little and other noted passes in Wales and England would be child's play with that "Wog." However, I've survived and am now waiting to go further East. One thing, the further I go East the nearer I get home. I hope to be out in civvy street next year sometime. I suppose now some of the lads are out and about again.

I shall let you know when I get my new address, until then, all the best.

Cheerio

ARTHUR.

A TOUR IN THE NORTH-WEST OF SCOTLAND

The tour was undertaken during the last fortnight of August by George and myself. George rode a bicycle, whilst I rode my old tricycle with an axle brake and a 60-in. free wheel. We carried camping tackle, mountains of dried eggs and milk and tons of nutmeat.

The night train enabled us to start from Glasgow on the morning of V-J Day against a steady wind from the North-west. All day it rained spasmodically and by the time we camped near the Bridge of Orchy it was raining steadily. It is no use trying to dry wet clothes when two of you are sharing an Itisa tent and we agreed that our first camp was not a propitious one. The prospect of hot soup and milky cocoa cheered us a little until our morale received a shattering blow on discovering that the legs of the Primus stove had been forgotten. George nobly offered to hold the cooking utensils above the flames, but eventually a rather doubtful pan support was made from surplus tent pegs.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

Thursday morning was dull but dry, and our spirits rose. Whilst I packed the tent, George manufactured a new set of Primus stove legs from a piece of stout fencing wire found by the roadside. As a result of this triumph over difficulties we felt on top of the world. A steady head wind and the climb to the top of Glencoe took the edge off our high spirits but nightfall found us pitching our tent in Glen Garry on the too well-wooded shores of the Loch.

About 5 a.m. I was wakened by George, who had risen and declared war on all midges in Scotland. After an hour, vainly spent in trying to light a fire and frighten the midges with curses, George wakened me again to say that if I were determined to stay in bed he was going for a ride up the glen and would return in a couple of hours. Eventually I did get up and found that the midges were real and present in such numbers as to call for immediate action. My military training came to the fore. Within a few minutes of emerging from the protection of my sleeping bag I had kindled a roaring fire. By the time George returned my fire had cleared the midges from the district and cooked our breakfast.

The road from Glen Garry to Cluanie Bridge is hard and stony so that it was mid-afternoon before we dropped, by the Sisters of Kintail, to Loch Duich and tea-time before we reached the new bridge at Dornie. At least it would have been tea-time if we had had any bread, but the V-J days had plunged Scotland into a bread famine. Near Nostie we waylaid a van driver and managed to prise a loaf of bread from him. This elevated our morale, as the thought of an unrelieved diet of porridge and semolina pudding had lengthened many miles, and we tackled the climb from Auchtertyre with real enthusiasm. We camped just over the hill and, as usual, the midges swarmed round us in their millions. Another fire was lit at the expense of all the dead wood for miles around and the midges were again dispersed.

Next day, Saturday, we reached Loch Carron in glorious sunshine, to pick up our first cache of food—a parcel of tinned and dried foods posted from home. We also tried, unsuccessfully, to buy bread. As we took the road to Tornapress we agreed that to be without bread on Saturday, without the prospect of a village during the day and certainly no bread on the Sabbath, was most depressing. A three pound packet of self-raising flour, bought at Loch Carron with some vague idea of making scones or muffins on hot stones, was little comfort to me and less comfort to George, as it reposed in his saddlebag.

As we rode along I tried hard to remember details of a small general stores tucked away in the hamlet of Sheildaig which had proved an oasis on a previous visit. We looked for and found my oasis. It soared above our wildest hopes. Not only had they bread, delivered before V-J Day, of course, but many other foods to gladden the heart of the touring cyclist. We had just finished stowing the things in our bags when the good lady came dashing after us with a couple of real eggs—for Sunday breakfast, she said.

We tackled the road to Balgy and the Balgy-Annat footpath more cheerfully. I had had some doubt as to whether the footpath was wide enough for my 30-in. Abingdon, but fortunately it is and we were again on top of the world. Nothing untoward occurred and we camped that night, with another roaring fire, in Glen Torridon.

Next day we struck tarmacadam again at Kinlochewe and travelled over good roads in brilliant sunshine, by Gairloch to Aultbea. Here the good surface ended and we were back on waterbound roads again, to ride along that magnificent coast, by Gruinard Bay, to Dundonnell. The sun was setting as we reached Dundonnell but we climbed the first five hundred feet up the glen before camping.

The following day we rode hard, by Ullapool, to within a couple of miles of the ferry at Kylesku. Determined to reach Durness on Tuesday we made an early start, rising about six and presenting ourselves at the ferry at an early hour. The ferryman was not anxious to make the crossing and it

was almost eleven o'clock when, after solemnly warning us that his rowing boat was not insured and that anything might happen, he agreed to try the crossing. The trike and bike were stowed in the bows whilst George and I crouched in the stern and the ferryman took to his oars.

After a few minutes rowing we began to understand the man's lack of enthusiasm for the trip. We were tossed about like a cork and I had visions of George and myself dragging the Loch to recover our vehicles after swimming ashore. At one time I thought we would have to give it up and go back but half-an-hour's hard rowing got us to the Northern shore with no more hurt than a wetting with salt water.

This delay had put us well behind the day's schedule but we really set about the hard miles through Scourie to Laxford Bridge, where we were delighted to find a fine new tarmacadam road to take us to Durness. The Post Office at Durness was reached with minutes to spare before closing time and our second food parcel was collected. This parcel had suffered in the post and what appeared to be sand trickled out from one corner. This sand was later identified as a mixture of coffee and sugar but our disappointment at the loss of our sugar was forgotten in the acquisition, at the Durness general store, of two grapefruit.

After a day and a half of riding to the South-east we found ourselves at Garve by midday on Thursday all set to ride South-west through Strath Bran and Glen Carron to Strome Ferry and Kyle for Skye, with high hopes of reaching Broadford early on Friday morning. But it was not to be. About 3 o'clock a strengthening breeze from the South-west blossomed into a real gale—bending stout trees and blowing cyclists off the road. We couldn't ride into the wind and were reduced to struggling forward on foot. With the wind came rain and the prospect of camping without shelter seemed very bleak. We plodded on to the small hotel at Achnasheen but they could do nothing for us and we seriously considered the plan of running, with the wind, back to the East coast and civilisation. In the end, mindful of the Anfield tradition (there are fools, damned fools and Anfielders) we elected to carry on and hoped to find some shelter in which to erect the tent. It took something like an hour to cover the two miles from Achnasheen to a deserted farmstead, behind the crumbling walls of which we found shelter enough to camp. Next morning the wind was a little easier but it rained in patches for the whole day. The ferryman at Strome was pleased to tell me that mine was the second tricycle he had carried over this summer, but was a little disappointed to find that it was the same vehicle coming South again.

The weather on Skye was most depressing. Mist and heavy clouds were everywhere and not a Cuillin to be seen. Knowing that Skye is no place for the cycle-camper in such weather we rode down to Armadale on Saturday morning to get the steamer for Mallaig.

We stood on the pier in the wind and rain for two hours after the advertised time of departure before the steamer came in from Uist looking very weatherworn and filled with many unhappy passengers. We joined them and, considering the shortness of the journey, had a most unpleasant time. When we reached Mallaig we had little stomach for cycling but enjoyed a nicely served meal in company with two old friends from Oldham who had boarded the steamer at Loch Boisdale the night before. Their description of the trip made us thankful that we had travelled only from Armadale.

That night we camped near Arisaig and next morning left our Oldham friends to potter down Kintyre, whilst we hammered along the hard road by Fort William, Ballachulish and Glen Coe to camp in Glen Falloch.

An early start on Monday morning enabled us to reach Glasgow in time to get seats on the afternoon train for home and the end of another enjoyable tour.

H. CATLING.

© Anfield Rover Club

RUNS

Woodbank, 25th August, 1945.

How good it is to be back on one's native heath ! After a week of pottering about the old familiar roads, sometimes with Eric Reeves, sometimes alone—a week which began with the Tarvin run, the writer wended his way in leisurely manner *en route* for the Yacht. Near Willaston, a fleeting glimpse of Snowdon moving homewards and a verbal encounter with Peter Rock, after which the curly-headed one had spare time for a quick tea at home, and the train to Halifax.

Just past the eighth, Jack Salt and Peter Stephenson made it a trio, and Sid. " Blotto " at the sixth completed the harmonies, although the quartet did boast an odd number of wheels.

Harold Kettle was already at the Yacht, taking the air, so while tea was prepared, some tuning-up was accomplished in the tank. During this latter exercise Ken Barker came in, and then we were six. Ken must feel his duties strongly. He left office at 5 p.m. (1700 hrs. for military blokes), caught train to Capenhurst—and walked. Reason—some felonious creature of uncertain ancestry has borrowed his bicycle with an eye to permanent retention. So—if any Anfielder has or knows of a bicycle for disposal, Barker is willing—to misquote an immortal.

Following the very good salad tea the quartette and friend Coolan, of the Century Road Club, gave heart and voice to more serious business—then back to the road. Salty was the first to " peel off," going home to prepare for the morrow (he did 1.7 in the Birkenhead Open " 25 ") while del Banco, Carver and Peter " Stevie " carried on together to Clatterbridge, where Peter went left for the Sych and the boat. A long and reminiscent chat over tea and sandwiches at Maison del Banco brought a very happy day to an equally happy conclusion. The great days are slowly returning, my friends—do not let them perish from the earth !

Halewood, 1st September, 1945.

The fabulous feats of feasting which take place at the " Derby Arms " on the first Saturday in each month have long attracted my attention, and for many moons now it has been my firm intention to inflict my presence on this happy hostelry. But, alas ! the coincidence of the Goostrey run has always reduced my good resolutions to nought.

To-day, however, the Goostrey run was off, so after 'phoning Bert Bracewell " What about Halewood ? " and receiving an answer in the affirmative, I called for him at Flixton, and at 3-30 p.m. we set off for Halewood.

This was Bert's first long run since the Tarvin fixture in June, but fortunately a useful wind was abaft and we made good progress to Lymm and Runcorn. We looked in vain for a suitable place at which to stop for a cup of tea between Moore and the Transporter, but saw not a single catering establishment along this length of road. The mechanical miracle literally transported us into the Land of Smells, and in passing, may I express surprise at the fuss people have made about the atomic bomb when we have had Widnes all the time ? If Widnes could have been removed to the Far East the war might have been over years ago ! Hubert later said that Widnesians are the healthiest of people, and by gad they've got to be!

Coughing and spluttering, Bert and I took the Hale road before turning off for Halebank station, and just before 5-30 we came to Halewood. We had both conjured up visions of an old-fashioned country pub, and there stood the Derby Arms, as modern a road-house as one could wish (or not wish) to see. Inside, however, the atmosphere was delightful. There was Hubert in the corner, absolutely oozing with geniality and good cheer, ably aided and abetted by Tommy Mandall and Eddie Morris, and a most pleasant quarter of an hour was spent, until with the arrival of the two Stevies, Harold Kettle, Sid Carver and Peter Rock, we moved upstairs to a really

© Anfield Cycle Club

cosy room, quite in keeping with the old-fashioned country pub the place used to be.

The meal was excellent, and I had a lively wrestle with a grand side of roast duck. Conversation was lively and interesting, and all too soon Hubert rose to depart, which seemed to be the signal for a general dispersal. Bert positively refused to traverse Widnes again and as I was not keen myself we took the Warrington road, and having passed through that sweet-smelling city (certainly a true statement in comparison with Widnes) we continued together as far as High Legh, where Bert had a call to make (something to do with the black market, I believe) whilst I carried on southwards to Holmes Chapel, in the vicinity of which village I was assisting in the running of a local " 100 " on the morrow.

In conclusion, I must say that the venture by two of the merest of Manchester men into the haunts of Liverpool gentlemen was delightfully enjoyable, and we hope to repeat it at no distant date.

Those present were H. B. Bracewell, S. T. Carver, W. H. Kettle, T. Mandall, E. Morris, W. P. Rock, H. Roskell, G. and P. Stephenson and S. Wild.

Allgreave (Rose and Crown). 1st September, 1945.

My journey to Allgreave was entirely without incident. At Throstles' Nest I stopped for a cup of tea which, however, did not make the hills any easier nor did it relieve the wind of any of its force.

Reaching Allgreave I was pleased to see Hubert Buckley and his wife, also Frank Smith had already arrived. A few minutes later Bert Green arrived to be followed by George Taylor and Harold Catling, so completing the party.

The tea provided was not fit for hungry cyclists, but then that is often the case these days.

We stayed on yarning for a while after tea but left with just time to get home before lighting up if we hurried.

Mold, 8th September, 1945.

As far as I remember this was a day without sunshine and I left it rather late before I set off for the Dolphin.

There was very little wind, so I was soon through Chester and on the Queensferry road and made good time to Ewloe Hill, where a workers' bus overtook me, so I hung on and so free-wheeled as far as Ewloe Cross Roads.

I arrived in Mold and found to my horror that the first pub I saw had a " sold out " notice up, but on arrival at the Dolphin Frank Perkins and I were soon assured that there were ample supplies and we got busy.

Ira Thomas blew in next and joined the party, having done a very good ride from Shrewsbury, and then the Presider came in and first made sure that his room was booked for the night as he was week-ending there, and off to see the Wheelers " 12 " the next morning.

Tea was very good and after a final drink Ira departed back to Salop, while Green, Perkins and Jonas scoured the town for a new bulb for the Presider's head lamp and one was found and fitted and we all departed.

Perkins and Jonas parted company at Ewloe and that was the end of another run and a very pleasant one.

Dane-in-Shaw, 8th September, 1945.

My original intention was to potter out to Dane-in-Shaw via Goyts Bridge, Wildboarclough and the Bridestones, but various factors conspired to delay my departure so that it was 3 o'clock before I left West Didsbury. With only two and a half hours available for the journey I was forced to abandon my original plan, although I was not reduced to travelling by the well-worn direct route.

My way was by Mottram St. Andrew and Prestbury to Gawsworth, where I made a slight detour to look at Maggotty's grave and the church—partly because I like to potter about Gawsworth but principally to avoid any more boring reminiscenses of a young wiseacre who had introduced himself near Prestbury by asking me if I liked riding a tricycle and was it easy ? I was feeling too much at peace

©Anfield Road Cycling Club

with the world to reply that it was extremely unpleasant and very hard and that I only rode a trike because I was a damned fool. After the first few stories of his prowess as a tourist I was beginning to wish I had feigned deafness and was glad of the excuse to leave him at Gawsworth.

Leaving the church I went by the lower lane to Bosley, passing my late companion busy picking blackberries, and crossing the Dane by Bosley Station. Then followed a spell of collar work over the shoulder of the Cloud to Timbersbrook.

Arriving at the Coach and Horses I found a lone tricyclist waiting in solitary state. We were joined almost immediately by the Manchester V.P. and his wife. Tea was shortly served by our buxom friend Phyllis—most apologetic about the unproductive habits of hens at this time of the year.

We had just started the meal when the fifth and last arrival came panting along the road.

The conversation embraced a wide field, including the manufacture of imitation seeds, etc. for jam, touring in Scotland and the Wheelers' "12." After a very enjoyable meal the party broke up a little after seven o'clock.

Present were R. J. Austin and wife, H. Catling, J. Ward and S. Wild.

Tarvin, 15th September, 1945.

A day of disappointments, this. Firstly, I hoped to scrounge a bicycle for the day (my own iron being U/S in Norfolk); then I thought that if Peter Rock turned up in time I might allow him to persuade me to take a back seat on the tandem. (A queer crew we must look on that two-seater: Peter a stubby little fellow in the front, and a long-drawn-out figure like me doing all the shoving). And then finally I was ordered to write-up the run. It was Peter of the Stephenson ilk who did the delivering of the ultimatum, but I think Perkins had a hand in the dastardly work. When last did YOU do some writing, Frank? A born dodger, that lad, when it comes to scribing for the *Circular*, and I should know. And as for Peter Stevie, well . . . . Even the plaintive pointing out of the fact that I have written more Anfield Club runs than anyone in the last decade didn't work. Gone was the gentle cajolery of other days, when the Editor sidled up and said "Please." I had to do it, and so here you are.

Firstly I had to scheme out a way of getting to Tarvin without the dispersal of much energy (and here I must say that Elias very kindly offered me the loan of a bicycle, but taking delivery at West Kirby and a return thereto didn't seem to work out too conveniently). I had to buy the section of railway between Birkenhead and Chester for the princely sum of 3s. 2d. and then walk the five miles to Tarvin. There were loads of 'buses, but I eschewed them all, even though I was nearly dragging my feet along for the last uphill stretch to Bleak House.

"Get there early," said Salty, a day or so previously, and I stepped across the threshold soon after 4-30 p.m. to find the Presider already with his feet in the trough, and Rex and Mrs. Austin nearly there. Bert Green hoped to leave at 5-0 on his lone trip to Newport. I wonder what "the boss" has got burning there? "Oft and alone" seems his motto.

Rex and his better-half were for Ffestiniog, and a week amid the mountains. Elias, Ned Haynes and Russ Barker were there to greet them before they left, and I think Jack Hodges was there, too. Peter Rock and Frank Perkins staggered in later, and Peter's eyes were glazed, just as if he had been trying to drop the redoubtable Frank.

Peter Stevie and his pal crawled in looking as if they had been for a real ride, but it transpired after much talking that they had merely ridden by way of Birkenhead and Chester. But you should have seen the tea they scoffed, to use Charles Randall's word. (The R.A.F. term is "Wuffed," but I don't guarantee the spelling). Salty and I, when we get going again (if ever we do) will have to look to our laurels.

There were only two more to come. Harold Catling managed to get through the door before it was locked, and even

Stan Wild managed to enter without sneaking through the window. He got his tea, too.

Talk and discussion swung around to the "100," and next year's event, and the mere thought of those rivers, and the hills sweeping down to the roads of the course did a world of good to an exile in a flatter land. I look forward to next Whitsun with a brimming measure of enthusiasm.

There is little more news. Russ Barker is on the boat again for a while longer, and Ned Haynes has offered to find accommodation for Peter and Eric when they have their Demob. Leave Tour sometime in November. I did hope to see Syd Jonas, but our swarthy friend didn't show up.

And so 6-50, when I made a dive for the 'bus (I just couldn't walk both ways) saw the end of my only Club run for many months. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.

Tarvin (Bleak House), 15th September, 1945.

The Manchester section were well represented at Bleak House by the President (on his way to Newport), the Vice (off on holiday with his wife), Catling, Hodges, Barker and Haynes.

Liverpool had to be content with five members and a friend, namely, Peter Stevie, Perkins, Elias, the ever-smiling Peter Rock, and the not-so-lean and lanky Frank Marriott. The meal was good and plenty to choose from. Young Stevie appeared to be taking each article on the menu in turn until he reached the end (no doubt he was satisfied). Five Mancunians left together about 7-15 but Hodges turned for Winsford and the other four hurried on through Northwich. Stan Wild punctured opposite the "Smoker," but being unable to disguise themselves as motorists they didn't have one; instead they imbibed later at the "Windmill." Russ Barker turned off at Hale Bank, Catling and Wild at Northendon and Ned Haynes was last to dock after a very enjoyable run.

Woodbank (Yacht Inn), 22nd September, 1945.

Only seven miles away from home but by a little judicious meandering through the lanes of Wirral one can make this new run of ours into a pleasant afternoon's outing.

Having a date with a cycle shop in the early afternoon, my way was very roundabout. I hoped to pick Peter Rock up in the vicinity of home but for once he was still in Yorkshire. So leaving Rock Ferry behind I made my way to Bebington, Spital Cross Roads and then into that network of lanes that lie twixt the two main Wirral thoroughfares. Great excitement at Poulton, N.F.S. tenders in action at a burning stack yard. Was Blotto on duty? No sign of him and so round the bends and down into Raby hollow. Alongside the mere, dodging the boys after the inevitable 'conkers.' Right past the golf links, left past Hargrave till finally reaching the Hooton road. Left over the station bridge, right alongside the railway and then a muddy ride-cum-tramp through the copse which runs out finally in Badger's Rake. A quiet undisturbed run till halting at the Two Mills to find Peter Stevie and friend Watkins and then Tommy Mandall. Then to the Yacht, to be joined by Syd's Jonas and del Banco. Succulent rabbit pie was our fare, eked out with bread and jam and the cake off the old girl's table. We thought they had gone but with their sudden return it was difficult to say who was most surprised.

Sid del Banco and Peter and friend left early, leaving we three to a peaceful session in the bar. Sid and Salty making dates for the Tints Week-end and then the latter with Tommy, Heswall bound, Sid for Chester.

Wildboarclough, 22nd September, 1945.

Sunshine with a threat of rain promised interesting lights on the hills, and I set out in pleasurable anticipation of a run through Poynton, Pott Shrigley and wherever else I could find time to go. This mood was rudely shattered when on the steep climb from Higher Poynton I changed down my *derailleur* to the lowest gear

© Manchester Rambling Club

of 42 and found I could rotate the free-wheel freely on the hub. The cause of this phenomenon was painfully obvious—a partially stripped thread—and my prospects of reaching Stanley's or anywhere else except on foot, seemed rather poor. However I managed to remove the free-wheel by the method probably used in the Stone Age ; at any rate a large stone was the principal tool. Removal of a spacing washer seemed to give the free-wheel an adequate grip on the hub and although the four-speed would now only run on the three higher gears this was much better than none at all and I set off again for Stanley's. Time was now getting short and it had to be the quickest route—by Billinge and Nab End. With much toil and sweat and complete disregard of the scenery, I " made it," a few minutes late.

I should apologise at this point for allowing my personal troubles to figure so prominently, but the truth is that there is little else to say about this run. The Presider, Wilf Orrell and Jim Cranshaw had already arrived, and a meal of Stanley's uniform high standard was soon rapidly disappearing. I had been warned before I joined the Anfield that trouble with one's bike generally resulted in one being black-balled out of the Club, so I kept quiet about my troubles and hoped that my dirty hands were either unnoticed or dismissed as normal. Halfway through the meal—Stan Wild arrived, quickly obtained possession of the tea-pot, squeezed it dry and sent for another one. To his evident delight he was in almost undisputed possession of the latter, as some of those present had apparently had a preliminary session before reaching Stanley's, and were soon full to capacity. Perhaps because of the smallness of the gathering conversation was rather subdued, the main topic being the list which the Presider was attempting to compile of caterers still functioning in Cheshire. For some reason this is always a favourite subject at Anfield gatherings, and it evidently recalled many beautiful memories. The present writer is perhaps fortunate in not having known the " good old days," but he can understand how those who have are suffering under present food restrictions.

The party broke up early and we wended our various ways to the accompaniment of further showers.

Those present were the President, Wilf Orrell, Jim Cranshaw, Stan Wild and G. G. Taylor.

© Anfield Cycling Club

VOLUME XLI

NUMBER 476

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

NOVEMBER - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

November
3 Halewood (Derby Arms.)
5 Committee Meeting at 3, Whitechapel, Liverpool, 7-0 p.m.
10 Tarvin, (Bleak House.)
17 Woodbank (Yacht.)
24 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe.)
December
1 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

November
3 Goostrey (Red Lion.)
17 Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
24 Buxworth (Navigation Inn).
December
1 Goostrey (Red Lion.)

Full Moon, 19th inst.

CONTENTS

Treasury Notes 87
Editorial 87
Correspondence 87
North Road Club Jubilee Dinner 88
Runs 89

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/- ; Under 25, 21/- ; under 21, 15/- ; Under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI NOVEMBER, 1945 NUMBER 476

TREASURY NOTES

The response to my appeal last month for outstanding subscriptions has been very disappointing, only four members made it worth their while to pay up. My thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or *Donations to the Comforts Fund.

P. Brazendale.* H. Kinder.
W. E. L. Cooper. J. Leece.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL

Will Members please note that the 25th of the month is the latest date for receiving copy for the *Circular*, so that we can get it out before the first Saturday of the following month?

. . . .

Notification of Changes of Address should be sent to the Secretary and not to the Editor, as the former is responsible for addressing the envelopes.

. . . .

Ralph Fer is back in Civvy Street again and has been at work for a week or two after seven weeks holiday. He says it is difficult to realise he has been away from the Office for six years.

CORRESPONDENCE

59 Queen's Road,
Cheadle Hulme,
8th October, 1945.

To George Stephenson from
Jack Hodges.

Greetings!

I am well. How are you?

I have in my stable a speed-iron of subtile fabrication. It was created by that cunning craftsman, Johnnie Berry, and is compounded of rare metals and resilient rubber. Inside every one of its tubes of chrome molybdenum is engraved a speed spell and its bottom bracket imprisons a mighty genie—
—the sworn foe of "Demon Dead-weight." It is fitted with seven league wheels and a pair of Astral wings.

This murderer of miles, this canceller of kilometres, this spurner of space, this Inimitable Iron is held by me for the delight of the first Service member who shall find himself at home *sans* cycle. The price asked will be reasonable. (Advt.)

74506 Staff Sergt Barker R.,
62 Depot Control Coy.,
R.A.O.C.,
B.A.O.R.
21*st October*, 1945.

Dear Stevie,

Whilst carrying out the arduous duties of Duty Officer, which means 24 hours of complete inactivity and inertia, to-day being Sunday, I seize the opportunity to let you know my new address. I have been wandering about Belgium and Germany for the last few weeks together with thousands of other "Displaced Persons," and have finally come to rest in a unit, which suits me perfectly. We are billetted in a furnished house with good food and every convenience. Five minutes from work, good hours (finish at four daily), week-ends off, little to do but supervise German labour and wait for "Der Tag." (Demob.)

I am still hoping to be home and in a different shade of brown by Christmas, and am doing everything in my power to prove I am not a key man and that Field Marshal Montgomery does not really require me. There is not a great deal of scenic interest in this part of Deutchland, and any architectural interest has been destroyed by the bombs. This is the eleventh country in which my weary war bones have rested and I hope it will complete my travels.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

Best wishes to your wife and Peter and all of ours.

Sincerely,
RUSS BARKER.

P.S.—Would appreciate if you will continue to address the *Circular* to my home.

(a) My wife likes to read it.
(b) Any change of address will be notified there first.

Thanks.

NORTH ROAD CLUB JUBILEE DINNER

23rd October, 1945

It was a happy idea on someone's part, to suggest that I should represent the Club at the Jubilee Dinner of the North Road Club, held in London on 23rd October. True, it meant a journey across East Anglia and the Home Counties by rail, but the pleasant hours in the company of old friends were well worth the tedious travel.

I wondered as I climbed the staircase of the Paviour Arms, Page Street, S.W., how long it would take for me to find those whom I knew amid the vast throng of nearly 200 North Roaders and friends who had gathered there.

But I need not have troubled. They were standing at the head of the stairs, waiting as if especially for me. I saw " Evergreen " first, the one and only A.B. Smith, who won the handicap in our " Hundred " more than 15 years ago and who can still show a clean pair of heels to most. Then, to my extreme pleasure, I came to our Percy Beardwood, looking very well and as genial as ever. He is still getting them round. The Arch-Owl, in a reply to Maurice Draisey, says that there cannot be any Owl's feeds yet. " You can't have a banquet on spam ! "

" Goostrey " Green, the tricycle expert, I noticed, too ; and then I said " Hello ! " to Frank Marston, who promptly took me back to a " 24 " we had once when, as I was too tired to search, I pitched my tent on the hard yard of the Three Greyhounds at Allostock. I've an idea he shared that hard floor with me, anyway Frank remembered the newspapers we used as blankets ! Happy days, now !

The difficulty with this meeting of old friends after the lapse of so many years was that they had to look twice in my direction to recognise me. It seems that a few pounds have worked differences to my contours, and that while I am still long, the lean adjective cannot be applied now.

I am sure Albert Lusty had to take a second glance, but I was very pleased to see him so fit. He tells me that Len is in Germany at the moment.

Of the North Roaders present I spoke with Harry Cole (" Coley " when you have a North Road badge in your coat). I am grateful to him for accommodating me for the night at his home ; the Pagets " Mouldy " and " Mildew " ; President Harry England ; Secretary Frank Armond ; Jimmy Inwood ; Len Copping and Captain Ernie Haldane.

I landed amid the Barf Roaders who were present in full force and led by Jack Beauchamp, ever smiling and ever genial.

President England, after opening the proceedings, referred to those who could not be with us, Founder members G. P. Mills and E. P. Moorhouse. We regret G. P. Mills is in hospital and we wish him a speedy recovery. G. H. Stancer also is ill, and a letter from him was read.

A feature which pleased was the quality of the speeches. Speakers can either make or mar a dinner, and they made this. A large palm branch goes to Stainless Stephen, who was at his best in toasting the North Road " 24." I cannot remember half of the delightful quips and I would love to have a recording of that splendid talk—just for the lads to hear. It was a masterpiece of after-dinner oratory.

Rossiter and Bill Ellis, who replied, were just as good in their own whimsical ways. Secretary Frank Armond contributed a masterly catalogue of visitors, and this was delightfully responded to by Stanley Baron, Jack Beauchamp and Commander Stephen King-Hall, who gave us quite a lot to think about in deciding how much was " shooting the line " he indulged in.

© Audax Bicycle Club

This fine function was concluded by Woodbine Haylock, giving us a cursory history of the North Road Club in proposing its toast, and President England in responding gave us some ideas for the future. "Auld Lang Syne" wound up an evening which I will never forget. Thank you all very much.

F.E.M.

RUNS

Rossett, 29th September, 1945.

A pleasant afternoon, a pleasant ride, but disappointment at Darland House, the old lady had decided on a holiday and "we'd had it, chums, we'd had it."

Ken Barker (still *sans* bicycle) was my informant, also that del Banco, another arrival, was out scouting up the road but he returned after drawing a blank at three places.

Whilst debating the best thing to do, Fawcett came along and after a chat decided to return home right away.

Blotto and Perkins decided on Chester and leaving Ken to catch a bus, got on with it, promising to see Ken in Lower Bridge Street at "Ye Olde Edgar."

Just out of Lavister we gave Peter Rock the about turn and he tucked in behind. Unfortunately he was short on sleep and in an unguarded moment touched the side wheel of the trike and came a cropper. This caused him to graze his forehead and completely wakened him and thankful it was no worse we pushed off in search of the elusive tea.

We drew blank at the pub and the cafés hereabouts and decided to try Needhams' Fish and Chip Emporium. The meal was satisfying enough for hungry men and after our usual chat Ken took his leave to catch his train, leaving the trio to jog along homewards into gathering clouds and the promise of rain.

The rain had come and gone, our ride finishing on wet roads but without the need for capes.

One query, is there any precedent for a Club run ending at a chip shop?

Buxworth, September 29th, 1945.

This was our first visit as a Club to the Navigation Inn, although several of us have known it as individuals for many years; and six of us sat down to an ample meal. The Presider, of course, was present; so was the Vice and the Sub-captain. Catling and Taylor (not on the tandem trike) and Stan Wild, made up the half-dozen. Tea over, there was an immediate scramble for home, and only Rex and Stan were left to smoke, drink and talk. No doubt there were good reasons for the early departure of so many; suffice it to say that the writer finds much of the pleasure of Club life in the free exchange of views on current topics taking place during the hour or so after the meal is over, and deplores the urgent business which so often prevents this from taking place.

Halewood, October 6th, 1945.

The Editor complained on October 25th of not having any copy for the Halewood run, so I offered to do him some on the eve of that day. Therefore I make an apology for any incorrectness in the following account.

When I arrived at the Derby Arms Syd Jonas and Arthur Birkby, one of our exiles, were just parking their machines. In the tank were H. Roskell, E. Morris, George Connor, another stranger on leave. Then Tommy Mandall and Jack Salt arrived. At 6 p.m. prompt we sat down to a very nice meal, after which the party broke up very quickly. Messrs. Roskell, Morris and George Connor investing in trains and buses, Syd Jonas and Salty were going round the earth, Tommy Mandall to Heswall, Arthur Birkby to Liverpool and myself to Huyton.

The Editor, by the way, offers as excuse for his absence that this particular Saturday was the rounding off, breaking up or the end of the season, or whatever the particular phrase is, of his bowling season. Is he excused? Is he hell's like!

Goostrey, 6th October, 1945.

As I had not been out for some time on a run the Presider ventured to ask me to write up this one. First, it was a

glorious afternoon and not being as fit as I used to be, I took full advantage of this short journey to the Red Lion, and Mrs. Knowles' well-known hospitality, and splendid table, which I have frequented since as far back as 1926.

I was overtaken on Long Lane by Harold Catling and I immediately informed him that I was in no particular hurry, so we both ambled along at a steady gait, arriving at our rendezvous about five o'clock.

Harold had a call to make at Harrison Drive so being on the early side I decided to kill time by riding up towards the station, where I came upon Jack Hodges leaning on the railings apparently doing likewise.

We made our way back again about ten minutes before zero hour and were greeted by Wilf Orrell ; on going in we found Bert Bracewell already in possession.

Soon after the Presider arrived, followed by Rex Austin, Bren Orrell and Stan Wild, so we now decided to get under way. Harold Catling did arrive eventually and we now had the full contingent apparently as no one else turned up.

It did not take us long to remove the usual good things that one always finds on the Goostrey table after which we had our usual confab on various topics.

Harold Catling then moved off first to meet someone at Newbridge Hollow, then Jack Hodges and I made a move, leaving the others to depart at their leisure.

Members present were the Presider, Wilf. Orrell, Rex Austin, Harold Catling, Bren. Orrell, Jack Hodges, Stan Wild, Bert Bracewell and R. Poole.

Tarvin, 13th October, 1945.

The weather seemed fairly settled when I set off from Wallasey at about two o'clock for my first Club meeting since being demobbed. Having only a ten years' old raincoat with me, I tried to purchase a cycling cape at Chester, but my attempt was in vain. Apparently Civvy Street has its disadvantages.

Arrived at the not-so-Bleak House in good time and was soon satisfying the aching void. Syd Jonas came along just as I had finished and was shortly afterwards followed by a stranger to us both, who introduced himself as one Catling. He was accompanied by a " barrer " as was Bert Green who completed the party.

Time passed pleasantly discussing all sorts of things and speculating as to the cause of the small turn-out, until finally a move was made homewards. The two three-wheelers three-wheeled Northwich-wards, while Syd accompanied me to Chester, where we had one or two for the road. Thus fortified I somehow managed to reach home after an enjoyable run though I could do with a little pre-war fitness in my legs.

Woodbank, 20th October, 1945.

Only two members attended this alternative to the " Tints."

Ralph Fer, heavily disguised as Maurice Walsh's Small Dark Man was keeping the " Yacht " warm when Ken Barker arrived.

Tea over a chat and a smoke then a move outside ; Ralph whose permanent address is now Civvy Street, to trundle his way to Wallasey whilst the rail assisted pedestrian made for Capenhurst Station, vowing to have a bicycle assembled before the next time he attends a run.

Autumn Tints, 1945.

Glyn Ceiriog, 20th October, 1945.

As so often before with the fall of the year it was arranged that our Annual Week-end for admiring the Autumn colouring be to the valley of the Ceiriog. We returned to the venue of our trip two years ago with pleasure as so many enjoyable week-ends have been spent in this vicinity.

The three younger members of the party—Syd Jonas, Peter Stevie and Salty—arranged to rendezvous at the Wynnstay, Wrexham, this being the most suitable meeting point for our soldier, scholar and slave to work. Saturday afternoon at 2-45 found us in the Wynnstay enjoying our first thirst quencher, much needed, as it was a warm, sticky day for riding.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

We were glad to leave the 'local' as the dregs of some low wedding feast fairly soured our ale. Wind in the South decided our route for us. The high road to Ruabon and Chirk and then between them Syd and Salty lead the guileless Stevie into the ups and downs of most Northerly Salopia.

New bikes have to be given their once over as soon as possible and we proceeded to do the necessary. The hilly lanes between Weston Rhyn and Selattyn soon brought us to our feet and in the dusk and gloom of a threatening evening we sat down to tea at the hill top farm to the West of Oswestry.

Tea over, we retraced our steps for about a mile, then left and up into the mountain mist, very thankful for Syd's powerful and penetrating dynamo light. It was only his presence that saved yours truly and Peter from plastering themselves on quite a few gates *en route*. At one point you got the impression that you were riding along a cliff top and away below, 'neath the mist lay the sea. Really, it was very fortunate that our moorland crossing was of no great length. Once over the summit we could see the lights of Glyn down below but in the now heavy rain we had to dismount. Our cycles seemed brakeless and it was wiser to walk.

Our journey short and now over, brought back to mind to both Syd and me many hectic trips of the past. One always reckoned on a hectic one in Syd's company. And so indoors. To be met by Urban Taylor and friend Phil Mossay, both in from the wilds of Shaw. Urban to make his presence felt after a few years lying fallow. Then up comes Tommy Mandall, to be followed at intervals by Bert Green, Harry Austin, Rex Austin, Stan Wild and Ira Thomas. We soon made our presence felt in the bar, one small table double-decked, empties on top, full ones below and the evening's pleasure had begun.

The meal was for eight o'clock and a short hour was spent lubricating our systems suitably in preparation.

Our party was still two short of the inevitable thirteen, the Anfield lucky number, but a 'phone call from Harold Catling and George Taylor put our minds at rest. They were doing Wales in one day but found it not quite long enough and seven p.m. found them still far away at Pen-y-bont Fawr, yet still determined and a later hour found them inboard at the Glyn Valley putting away our landlord's excellent meal. It really was excellent and in fact the entire party I am sure returned home greatly refreshed after such excellent fare.

We soon retired from the table to pack our worthy bodies into more comfortable quarters in the lounge. Rex Austin and Salty flanking the fire the rest in a semi-circle toasting their toes, laving their throats and meanwhile listing to Urban Taylor relating the doings of the infamous Ann, Gee and Urban. Some of the villages round their part of the world must consist of about twenty pubs, and two cottages; of course with twenty pubs you must have a Mayor who has lovely daughters. Yet Urban tells us they only went to his worship's house for BASS. We must seem sober-sides to our member from Shaw, but we have our moments, Urban. The conversation then veered to Engineering, but soon passed over that, our interests of the moment being of a lower scale. So back to cycling to hear that Ira has recovered his tandem which I believe spent a four months' sojourn at the bottom of the Severn. The miscreant that stole it was a cunning lad, one large jar of vaseline and lo, plop! one good tandem beneath the waves. We are pleased to relate that it is very little the worse for wear. After suitable attention from Jack Pitchford it is said to need only re-enamelling. We do not however recommend such storage as suitable for your pet steed. Though I do believe Syd, Peter and I rode through at least four months' fall of future Dee water on the morrow.

Amd so to bed, a peaceful night. Shades of two years ago, when Albert reads this in far off Egypt I am sure he will have spasms of nostalgia. We went to bed with our boots on that time.

The morning found us full of ideas but after farewells and photographs, fortified by a smashing breakfast, the three hopefuls turned North into the

hills. The Salopian, Mancunians and solitary Liverpudlian down valley and into less rugged ground. We started by taking the wrong side of the valley but soon remedied this and after one halt to cape up were soon on our way to Plas Nantyr. Skirting this grandly situated mansion we slogged our way up and up into the mist and rain. We were all surprised to notice the dearth of sheep. In normal times these hills are dotted with the animals, and one is constantly peering from side to side to prevent unwelcome collisions. We had quite an ambitious programme for the day but the weather caused us to curtail it. The long and exceedingly slow drop into Glyndyfrwdwy tired our hands from constant braking, so a halt to search for food. We were told it would be best to go to Corwen and right pleased we were. The Central Café gave us excellent fare. Service in five minutes and piping hot. We three drowned rats really appreciated it. Lunch over and off up the Bryn-Eglws road. Pouring rain but grand riding conditions fast and warm. Syd, whose pre-war Mono-Mac was rather porous, decided to make straight for Chester and so at Llandegla he veered off to Cefn-y-Bedd and Rossett. Peter and I over the moors to Rhyd Talog and the fast run down to Queen's Ferry. A halt for a more than welcome cup of tea and cake and then to Heswall. A bath and we two worthies sat down to a hearty tea. It was pleasant to sit back for awhile but Peter still had the few miles to do to Huyton, and so we had to see him go. Rain over, which was one blessing, and so we have to look forward to our next Anfield Week-end, which from conversation of Saturday night might be in Salop, as we have preparations to make for the '100' next year.

SALTY.

Wildboarclough, 27th October, 1945.

After a week of "Gale Warnings" and "Imminent Gales," Saturday dawned bright in comparative calm. By afternoon the wind had dropped, if anything, so I decided to make one more trip to Wildboarclough before the year was out. Leaving in plenty of time to cover the forty-odd miles, I was soon in Warrington, and that none-too-pretty town was thronging with people all going to some match, I suppose. At last, with the help of a bus I navigated myself round the lot and was soon on the Knutsford road. Down under the little canal bridge, now sporting traffic signals, and on to High Legh, Mere corner and Knutsford, where I remembered having a good glass of Sarsaparilla once before and finding the shop, I soon had my drink and was on my way again. The road to Macclesfield always seems slow and so it did to-day, and I was not in that town until after 4 p.m. This left me bags of time to get up the Cat. Once out of Mac. I took my time, hoping somebody might overtake me but my luck was out. So strolling and riding I arrived at Stanley's nice and cool for once. I had noticed a slight drizzle before arriving but it soon went off, for which I was glad, as a wet ride back was not my ambition.

There was nobody at Stanley's when I arrived, at which I was very surprised, thinking everyone would get there before dark. Harold Catling and Jack Hodges arrived together and after talking outside for some minutes we went in for tea, ordering three and saying at least one more would arrive. Tea was quite good and half-way through our Presider arrived, to be the last one of the Club to turn up.

Conversation over tea ranged from the mechanics of cycles to the food of cyclists, whilst Harold Catling suggested to me a splendid method of incorporating a speedometer into a dynohub.

We left Stanley's about 7-15 and walked up to the main road. Then a fast run down the Cat after which Harold and I awaited the Presider and Jack Hodges. Then we parted, they for their respective homes and myself for a quick run to Huyton, with only one stop. That being to take my jacket off.

It was a glorious afternoon and evening and the only disappointing fact about the run was the small number out. Is Manchester weakening? Surely not.

Those present were the Presider, Jack Hodges, Harold Catling and P. T. Stephenson.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

VOLUME XLI

ANFIELD

NUMBER 477

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The Anfield Monthly CIRCULAR

JOURNAL of THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

DECEMBER - 1945

FIXTURES

Tea at 6-0 *p.m.*

December
1 Halewood (Derby Arms.)
8 Pulford (Grosvenor Arms.)
15 Warrington (Lion.)
22 Woodbank (Yacht.)
26 Sandiway (Blue Cap). Lunch, 1-30 p.m.
29 Parkgate (Deeside Café.)
January
5 Halewood (Derby Arms.)

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 *p.m.*

Dec.
1 Goostrey (Red Lion.)
8 Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms.)
22 Buxworth (Navigation Inn.)
29 Prestbury (White House Café.)
January
5 Goostrey (Red Lion.)

Full Moon, 19th inst.

CONTENTS

Treasury Notes 93
Committee Notes 93
A Message from the President 93
Editorial 93
Obituary 93
Correspondence 94
A Journey to the Lakes .. 94
Hubert Roskell 95
Runs 95

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25/-; Under 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; Under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/- and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

ROLL OF HONOUR

LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.
SQDN.-LDR. D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH, 1879)

VOLUME XLI | DECEMBER, 1945 | NUMBER 477

TREASURY NOTES

The response to my appeal in the last two *Circulars* is slow: there is still a large number of Members whose Subscriptions are unpaid. I trust those concerned will save me the time and the Club the expense of having to write to each individually.

A Member, who wishes to remain anonymous, has again placed funds at my disposal to send a Christmas and New Year's gift to "Ours" on Active Service.

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

J. O. Cooper.* F. D. McCann.*
W. E. Cotter.* E. Montag.
F. L. Edwards. G. B. Orrell.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

COMMITTEE NOTES

4 The Laund,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Lunch at Halewood on 13th January, 1946. Any Member having any matter he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than the 24th inst.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Fellow Members,

We who were left behind made up our minds to keep the old Club going so that when the boys came back it would be as nearly as possible as they left it. They're coming back now, and so far as the runs and tours are concerned we can say we've been reasonably successful. But the racing programme had to be dropped; it must be taken up again. We must run the '100' and the '12.' It can't be easy, and without the loyal help of every member, a strong Committee and the best Officers available, it will be impossible to do the job in the Anfield way.

The A.G.M. is to be held at Halewood on January 13th; this time the business won't be merely formal, as in the war years, and we shan't rush it. Come in full strength and elect the right Officers and Committee. It all depends on you.

H.G.

EDITORIAL

At the last Committee Meeting the possibility of publishing the Handbook again next year was discussed and most probably it will appear, though it may be in an abbreviated form. It is very important that the list of addresses should be accurate, so will anyone whose *Circular* is not being addressed correctly at present kindly send along to the Secretary the address he wishes to be used?

Here is a mild rebuke from one of our exiles:—

Bert Green is a popular gent.,
A notable Clubman and rider,
But why can't they write "PresiDENT"
Instead of that silly "Presider"?

OBITUARY

G. P. MILLS.

We regret to record the death of our greatest record breaker, G. P. Mills, at the age of 78, on November 8th, in Westminster Hospital, after an operation for throat trouble.

Most of us saw him last at the Diamond Jubilee Dinner of 1939 at Shrewsbury, when many remarked on his youthful appearance and fitness. Probably Percy Beardwood was the last Anfielder to see him at the F.O.T.C. luncheon in September,

© Anfield Bicycle Club

when he had a chat with him. He was not feeling too fit then and was unable to attend the N.R. Diamond Jubilee Dinner.

G.P. joined the Anfield in 1884 and helped to found the N.R. in 1885, and broke 19 national records between that date and 1895 and rode all types of machines. His 24 hour figures were made on Ordinary, Safety, Tandem, Tricycle and Tandem Tricycle and the Lands End to John 'o Groats on the Ordinary, Tricycle, Tandem and twice on the Safety. His best time on the route was 3 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes on a bicycle 51 years ago, and to-day's best (S. H. Ferris, 1937) is less than 24 hours faster.

In 1886 he broke the End-to-End twice (Ordinary and Tricycle), 24 hours safety ; 50 miles safety and 50 miles tandem tricycle. In addition he won the Anfield " 24 " and the North Road " 24." All in one season ! Where did he find the energy ?

His performances in full would fill many pages, but lack of space prevents us giving more. For most of the particulars above we are indebted to *Cycling*, whose issue of November 14th contained a fine account of his exploits.

Lt.-Col. George Pilkington Mills, D.S.O., to give him his full title, was a soldier by profession, retiring with the rank of Major in 1906, but offering his services again in 1914. He served in France from 1914 to 1918, was mentioned in despatches three times and won the D.S.O. and his promotion to Lt.-Colonel. He also served in the Home Guard in the war just ended.

There are not many left in the Club who remember his early days. Perhaps one or two who do will send us their memories of a fine character to supplement our poor effort.

CORRESPONDENCE

A. Williams, 4c Shpt.,
D MX. 728300,
Naval Bases,
Eastern Theatre,
c/o F.M.O., Reading.

Dear Stevie,

This is an Air Mail Christmas Card from me wishing you and all the Anfield Members a very happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year. Myself, I am now at Saigon in French Indo China, just waiting for the surrender of arms from the Japanese Navy and then I hope to be *en route* to dear old England, but one thing is certain, that I shall be at the Anfield " 100 " next year and in civvy clothes. I shall be out of the R.N. by the end of April. This place isn't too bad for the Far East ; it's called the Paris of the East and the climate at times is quite cool : beer and wine was quite plentiful until the Anamites, who don't want the French back (I don't blame them) poisoned the beer in the local brewery. Luckily the ever-watchful Navy and Army found out in time or else there might have been fatal results. When we are gathered round the table at Halewood the tales that will be told will be quite interesting. Well, Stevie, thanks for your letter and I realise that you can't write to all the boys, so don't worry. All the best for a happy Christmas.

Yours sincerely,
A. WILLIAMS.

A JOURNEY TO THE LAKES

The Editor and his wife were staying at Bowness, so I took the opportunity of riding up to see them—we had a week off at school for potato picking. I had already been up and back in the car on the Saturday and Sunday, so the road was fresh in my mind. By getting up at 4 a.m. on the Monday morning I was out of the house and into the thick murky fog within an hour. However, despite the fog I didn't cape up, later, to my regret, for there was fog until Lancaster, and it was only after the other side of Ormskirk that I could turn out the lights. At Knowsley my front brake cable had broken, but as everywhere was shut up I could do nothing about it. The first stop was made the other side of Preston where a cup of cocoa and some cake were quickly disposed of, and I was on my way again. Just after re-starting I overtook another cyclist on his way to Kendal, so we stayed together. Leaving the main road near Garstang for a few miles we eventually reached Lancaster at 9-30.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

My friend took me to a transport cafe for a pint pot of tea and some cakes. After partaking of this refreshment I found a cycle shop open so I bought a brake cable and fitted it for the best part of the journey. Once out of Lancaster we soon left the fog behind and were rising and falling through the first really appetising countryside I had seen that day. Refreshed by this encouraging sight we covered the sixteen miles to Levens Bridge in just over an hour, and after chatting for a few moments we made our farewells, and I started on the last dozen hilly but beautiful miles. Remembering my flask of cocoa in my bag I finished it off with only six miles to go and reached my destination in good time to dash up to my bedroom, wash and change, and emerge again to bid Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson "good morning" before going into lunch at one p.m. A lazy afternoon with tea at four and a good meal later, a walk down to the local and then to bed completed the day.

Tuesday morning saw us in a rowing boat on our way down to the Ferry Hotel to fish, also, to land for a quick one, then into the boat again and back for lunch. In the afternoon I took the family round the lake in the car, disaster nearly overtaking us on the way home. Wednesday dawned fine and although I meant to go cycling I was outvoted 2—1 in favour of fishing, at which sport we were engaged the whole day, catching 40 perch. Thursday afternoon I should have gone home but deciding that another day would do me no harm we set off in the morning in the car to hunt out a couple of pubs, then in the afternoon out in the boat once more, smelling out the fish.

Friday morning dawned still fine, so I was on the road home by 10 a.m. Taking it easy and admiring the views I was soon at Levens Bridge, turning for Lancaster and a cup of tea, by a few minutes to noon. Off again on the Preston road, where the wind was very sticky and I was obliged to dispose of my packed lunch and flask of tea. On to Preston, not feeling too good by now, but finally arriving to hear the church clock strike two, straight through and on to the Liverpool road and still into the wind. A stop for a drink and then left just before Ormskirk on the cross country run to Knowsley and finally Huyton, in plenty of time to get the bike—and myself—ready for the Tints Tour on the following day.

P.T.S.

HUBERT ROSKELL

Our old friend has gone into a private ward of Waterloo Hospital for an X-ray and general overhaul. He has not been feeling himself for some time and we hope the treatment proves successful. When he rang us up the day he was moving in he was as cheerful as ever and regaled us with an account of a trip comprising Bettws (Glan Aber), Newtown (Bear) and Shrewsbury (George) with notes on the landlords and their habits; he did this trip early in November while his landlady had the painters in.

Good luck, Hubert.

RUNS

Knolls Green, 20th October, 1945.

The long spell of fine weather was at an end: to-day was cloudy and inclined to be damp, although not enough to warrant the use of a cape.

I arrived early at the Brown Owl, left my cycle in the rack and waited on the bridge by the cafe gate for the rest to come.

There were plenty of cars outside the cafe but they left one by one as I waited so that when I finally decided to have tea on my own there was hardly anyone else in the place. However, it filled up again as I ate my solitary meal but I did not linger as I had decided to go over Alderley on my way home hoping to get some good views from there in the moonlight but the moon never got a chance against those heavy rain clouds that had threatened all day and were to burst with fury before I reached my home.

I pottered through the lanes in the dark, picking out the lights of the farm houses around me, enjoying once again that peace time feeling when man is no longer frightened to show a light.

Over Alderley I went skirting Prestbury village till I reached the high road by the Legh Arms at Adlington.

Stopping here just long enough to enjoy a bottle of Bass and a chat with the locals, I finally reached home as the first heavy rain came on.

Halewood, 3rd November, 1945.

This being my first Halewood run for six-and-a-half years, it was fortunate that I had the company of the Hon. Treasurer. Without his expert guidance I should still have been wandering around South Lancashire.

The gathering at the Derby Arms was small but the welcome I received on my return to the fold was none the less warm on that account. Hubert Roskell, ever solicitous of a cyclist's needs, presented me with a pint of restorative after which I was able to recognise the assembled company. Taking them in order from the bar were Hubert, Stevie, junr., Eddie Morris, Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall, Harold Kettle, Rigby Band and the V.P.

After another round of drinks dinner was announced and we repaired to the dining room for a veritable feast of roast fowl and vegetables, followed by blanc-mange with stewed fruit and cream and Coffee. Perhaps other members reading this will be tempted to partake next Halewood run. Eddie Morris left early and the rest of us repaired to the bar for one for the road. Hubert and Ralph were for the bus George Stevie had a family appointment by car at Farnworth Station. Tommy Mandall and Peter Stevie formed the Lancashire cycling contingent, leaving Kettle and myself to wend our way to the ferry and home.

Goostrey, 3rd November, 1945.

My tricycle had not been on the road for three months, and this run seemed to provide a good opportunity to give it an airing, particularly as my usual companion would be absent and I should avoid the "towsing" which I could otherwise expect from him. Since last ridden, the vehicle had been embellished with various alloy accessories and although Demon Deadweight has a safe seat in the axle, I felt it should be much faster. It wasn't, of course; I found that although I hadn't forgotten how to keep it on the road, I had certainly forgotten how to propel it. I am admittedly prone to wrestle with my bicycle in true errand-boy fashion when trying to induce them to go faster; the rigid three-wheeler responds poorly to such treatment and I had covered several miles before I got it moving fluently.

The barrow caused a mild sensation in Stockport's shopping centre when I tried to establish my right to a small portion of the road, amongst pedestrians who thought it all belonged to them, but I was soon moving, like a rowing-boat on a rough sea, over Wellington Road's celebrated pavé, *en route* for Poynton and Prestbury.

It was a typical November day, mild, misty and extremely damp (in fact, raining half-heartedly at times), the landscape composed mainly of golden-brown tones and softly dripping with water. As usual on such days, riding was noticeably easy, whether due to lower air density or to easier breathing, or both, I have not yet been able to determine. My progress was solitary and uneventful, and as I entered Siddington lane I recalled grimly that the last time I had passed that way was in the Tricycle Association "50" of last July. On that memorable occasion I was tottering painfully through Siddington, soaked to the skin, half-frozen, and not really caring whether I lived long enough to reach the finish, when I was completely staggered as Doug. Jackson (who had started nearly half-an-hour after me) tore past me to record a 2-24-2—1¼ minutes outside competition record, on a vile day, the finest ride I have yet seen and possibly ever shall see.

I reached the "Red Lion" with 20 minutes to spare, and as there were no other vehicles in the shed, I took a walk through the village in the rapidly gathering dusk, returning to find Bren Orrell and the Presider just arriving. Jim Cranshaw and E. Buckley were already inside, the latter looking very fit and well and in excellent form; he shook the Presider considerably by hailing him as "the ever-verdant Green."

There seemed to be little inclination

to wait for late arrivals, but the meal had barely started when Wilf Orrell and Bert Bracewell appeared. They were the last arrivals, and this must have been the smallest Goostrey turn-out for some time. Several of those who might normally be expected were missing, and perhaps Hodites' lecture in Manchester was the reason. One can only hope it was a very good lecture, as it would need to be to compete successfully with one of Mrs. Knowles' famous teas.

The ensuing conversation round the fireside does not seem to be very memorable; in fact it was rather subdued, due to the absence of some of the more voluble members. The gathering broke up about 8 o'clock, the main group heading for Knutsford and Altrincham. The Presider was riding a trike equipped with every form of lighting except an oil-lamp, and left Goostrey with all of it alight, a most impressive sight.

Those present were the Presider, E. Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, both Orrells, Bert Bracewell and G. G. Taylor.

Tarvin, 10th November, 1945.

When we arrived at Bleak House it was to find Barker and Peter Stephenson already there and both had that satisfied look, for they had both eaten. The Editor was next to arrive with Mrs. Stephenson. Perkins and Jonas were next, followed after a short interval by Wild and the President. For purposes of the attendance list the "we" referred to covers the identities of Reeves and Rock, who are once again civilians and about to resume where they left off so long ago. This does not mean that entry forms can be proffered to us for the exigencies of the last six years have not been conducive to racing fitness. After a very good meal the party gathered around and began to take on the appearance of a black marketeer's convention. Peter Stephenson was vendor-in-chief: his first offer being one bicycle, complete. No takers being found for this he then asked for offers for plus-fours, jerseys, etc. There was an ulterior motive in trying to sell the bicycle because he really wanted to ride home in the car. When the time arrived to go our various ways he was still in possession of all the goods so he had to go home the hard way. The three left to ride to Birkenhead had considerable trouble with their lighting equipment. The Captain's dynamo ever seemed to be near the point of complete seizure, but when we left him at Port Sunlight he still had a light and the horrible noise faded out gradually as he ploughed his way towards home. Peter Rock's trouble was the complete absence of an E.M.F. in his battery, so he was guaranteed an easy ride home, good strategy. This is the second opportunity in months to attend a run and having been a dutiful member by attending each time I have been rewarded twice by that certain look in the eyes of the Editor. I counted myself a friend of the last-named gentleman but I am beginning to wonder what I have done for him to victimize me so wholeheartedly.

Well, that must be all for now, for on the morrow Peter Rock and I start on a fortnight's tour, the venue for the night being the exiled members home in Tewkesbury, namely, Ned Haynes.

Woodbank, 17th November, 1945.

When we arrived at the Yacht about 5-15 p.m. we found that someone had slipped up. No meal ordered. The Secretary has long ago given up this duty partly on account of the small numbers attending runs and partly through stress of work, so we will exonerate him from all blame. The next on the list is the Liverpool Sub., who was supposed to notify them and didn't, but as he never turned up we have no evidence for the defence and will reserve judgment. When this evidence is forthcoming the decision of the Court will be published—with the help of Ralph Fer. The third member is Peter Stevie, who said he would write to the Yacht all week but didn't do it till Friday. His P.C., even if it was properly addressed and had a stamp on (and from what we know of him it is very doubtful) had not arrived up to Saturday night. Well, the Licensee's wife was out and the fire was out too but we got quite

© CTC Bicycle Shop

a warm welcome. He invited us in, got the fire going, produced some beer and Guinness and soon fixed us up with a scratch tea. This quickly disposed of we sought the warmth of the smoke-room and made a circle round the fire—a goodly circle too. Ralph Fer, Jack Salt, Ted Byron (yes), Tommy Mandall, Peter Stephenson, Rigby Band, del Banco, the Editor and Mrs. Stephenson and son Harold. It was a real old-fashioned Anfield evening, and the scratch tea was reinforced by two huge plates of sandwiches before the night was over.

The party didn't break up till 10 p.m., when everyone wended their way home. The Editor and his car party arrived home by 10-40, but Peter crawled in about midnight muttering under his breath.

Dane-in-Shaw, 17th November, 1945.

For the first time since Easter the boney bifurcations of my anatomy were covered by the friendly folds of that loose-fitting nether-garment the proverbial plus-fours. Yes, the afternoon was cold, an easterly wind of some strength making one realise that the full force of winter would soon be upon us. The weather, however, was brilliant, and as I made my way to Alderley the warmth from the sun was astonishing.

In Alderley I paused to purchase an electric battery for my rear-light, and passed along by the picturesque moated hall of Chorley to regain the Chelford road. By this time the sun was lowering itself behind the western horizon, and as I rode through Lower Withington and Trap Street dusk came upon me almost without realisation, and descending Radnor Bank was a merky business. Although there was a full moon in the offing the final miles to Dane-in-Shaw via West Heath Lane and Astbury were covered in pitch blackness through which the lights of roadside cottages shone with cheerful charity.

I reached the " Coach and Horses " at 5-40 p.m. to find Bick, Jim Cranshaw, Jack Hodges and Jack Ward sat in front of a cosy fire awaiting tea, which was not long in coming. It proved to be the usual superb spread, and we had not made much headway when the Presider joined us.

With feelings of supreme satisfaction we gathered round the fire after the meal and talked of many things. Bick recalled his days with a press camera, and also came out with some reminiscences of the late G. P. Mills, one of the original Black Anfielders, whose recent passing we had heard with regret. The C.T.C. and Halt Signs came within the purview of our conversation, and 7-30 came all too soon.

Jim had brought Bick along in his car, and the remaining four took the road to Congleton, and were glad to find the moon was out in good strength and that the wind was not dead against. Jack Ward left us at the Grove Inn, whilst the Presider, Jack Hodges and self had a pleasant ride along that rolling highway the Manchester—Congleton road, with a short break at the " King's Arms " at Wilmslow before finally breaking up after a most delightful run.

Those present were the Presider, E. Buckley, J. D. Cranshaw, J. Hodges, J. Ward and S. Wild.

WEEK-END TO LINCOLN.

November 24th, 1945.

Rigby Band and Marriott between them were the conspirators, but Marriott was the correspondent. So that a number of us received letters calling us to an Anfield conclave in Lincoln at the Saracens Head.

Turvey joined Rigby four miles north of Doncaster and had also the pleasure of meeting his new wife—or nearly new. A cup of tea and then off down the Great North Road and through busy sprawling Doncaster. The air was raw, so it was no day for speeding and by the time Bawtry was reached we voted for dinner at the Crown. Rigby thought it good, Turvey was unenthusiastic. Thence way was made through Gringley-on-the-Hill to the Trent at Gainsborough, and the miles passed easily by as we " reminisced " on bygone days, of W.P.C. and his rows and his foibles (including the famous blackballing of Money about 1924), of " 24's," of the

© Anfield Cycling Club

" feeds " which were current at Club runs in those days. On through Marton and Torksey and past the drains and dykes of Saxilby, past the famous race course with the lights of Lincoln shining over it from the top of the Cliff and so we pulled up at the Saracens Head at about 5 p.m.

As proletarians good and true with the sweat and dust of miles on us, we might have been abashed at the sumptuousness and tone of the Saracens. But were we not Anfielders—*hic et ubique*—proud upholders of a proud and honoured past, fellow members of the mighty Hubert? To hell with bashfulness—have at them. And so it was that, washed and changed, we joined the gallant galaxy of beribboned R.A.F. officers in the smoke room and drank ale at 9d. a glass, what time we were grateful for the merry human company of Harold Stephenson, who though outwardly but a plain R.A.F. corporal was, we know, scion of a noble house—heir to a mighty fortune—your round, Harold.

At 6-30 Turvey led the way into the brilliant dining room, made friends with the boiled shirted Head Waiter and secured a table for six—Marriott, Rigby, Reeves, Rock, Stephenson and Turvey. It was fairly easy also to get on the right side of the pretty waitress, and so we were well and promptly served with an extra lashing of vegetables which Marriott gave a good home to. Thoughts of the bill led our thoughts to tips and tipping and thence to the extent of the tipping ramp in France. Thence to Paris was but a step where Stephenson recounted tipping experiences at " a joint which was a sort of competitor to the Folies Bergeres." Reeves found it difficult to conceive of the F.B. having *any* competitor unless the artistes were sort of skin donors for purposes of plastic surgery. We gathered he must have been there. Anyway, what Continental wanderer hasn't?

After dinner we promoted the corporal to pilot and so he led us unerringly out of the Saracens noble portico, turn to the right, then to the left, straight on for 70 yards, hairpin to the right and —quick—up a ginnel and in. Its name? Nay, that can I not tell you—even if I could remember it—or ever knew it: but Warwick's was the brew and 10 p.m. the time when we emerged, well served and mellow

Supper—yes, but where? " Is there a Shish and Fipp shop near here? " a local was asked. Easily directed we took our places in the queue and emerged ten minutes later with packets of Fipps with a proud Shish a-crowning each. Within a stone's throw of the noble Saracens, we stood in the gutter outside the Jews House, and—er—" scoffed " them—spitting the bones into the gutter. Thence back to the " portico " and in and up to bed quick before they smell us.

Breakfast was just a bit thin, but we made the best of sugar-less porridge, dry fish or mystery sausages, a wafer of butter, a teaspoonful of marmalade wacked out to each guest by the waitress and a helluvalot of dry toast. Marriott was motoring back to Norfolk, Rock and Reeves westward hoeing to Siddington (or more probably Buxton) and Turvey and Rigby northward bound. On the northern journey conversation was varied and interesting in places on distinctly a lofty plain—Social Credit, Common Wealth and the relationship generally between Life, Religion and Politics. A call at the Anchor, Retford, brought us back to earth and to mundane business, and so lunch at a café opposite.

The final leg was taken in fine style at a dashing non-stop eleven miles an hour. Mrs. Rigby very kindly entertained the returning wanderers with a most excellent bacon and egg tea out of Rigby's breakfast bacon. Rigby too, was very nice about it, but we both wished the bacon could have been Marriott's—some amends for those vegetables, Frank!

Thus fortified the last nine miles of metropolitan Ackworth was a sleigh ride or would have been had it not been that a much boosted Lucas gas lamp gave up the ghost—water shortage I believe, but it was a bit cold to attempt to remedy it with any chance of success.

Bye-bye Blacksheep—till next time.