

# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JANUARY - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

JANUARY, 1947

NUMBER 490

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

- 4 Halewood (Derby Arms)
- 11 Woodbank (Yacht)
- 12 Annual General Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms)

Lunch at 1-0 p.m.

- 18 Parkgate (Deeside Café)  
(tea at 5-0 p.m.)
- 25 Mold (Britannia)

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- Bollington (Cheshire Hunt)
- Prestbury (White House Café)

Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)

Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)

## FEBRUARY, 1947—

- 1 Halewood (Derby Arms)

Goostrey (Red Lion)

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held on Sunday, 12th January, 1947 at 2-0 p.m. at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood. It is hoped that as many as possible will attend.

*Change of Address.* E. L. Killip, Lynton Cottage, Dean Way, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

J. R. FER,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## EDITORIAL

We regret to record the deaths of two old members of the Club, Frank Roskell who died on 19th December, at Eype, Bridport, after a long illness, and F. H. Koenan, who passed away on 23rd December. Owing to the holidays it is not possible to print obituary notices of these two members of the old Brigade, but fuller details will be given in next month's *Circular*. We extend our deepest sympathies to the relatives of both.

Hearty congratulations to Bert Lloyd who has been appointed Superintendent and Deputy Chief Constable of Southport. The brothers Connor will have to behave themselves now.

## RUNS

Goostrey, December 7th, 1946

The day dawned with quite a keen frost, but before the streets were aired it turned to rain, and it rained all morning and had every appearance of being a wet day, not that this disturbed me, because I do not like the cold weather, but know full well that in winter it's either wet or cold.

On leaving home about three o'clock I was amazed to find it not raining but instead a strong cold wind was blowing and to me it was quite a struggle to reach the Red Lion. Being the first to arrive as I thought, a walk through the moonlit village seemed to be indicated. On arriving back at five-fifteen I found Jim Cranshaw and his brother-in-law in sole possession of the front room ; it seems that Jim had started the five-day week and spent Saturday morning motoring to town to do some shopping and had come on the Run in the car. By five-thirty nine members and a friend were sitting down to a good meal, quickly followed by Stan Wild, post-haste from a football match.

The discussions over tea were numerous, but I am afraid sitting at the end of the table I missed most of them. After tea a circle was made round the fire and a heated debate took place on how to infuse new blood into the Club, some were of the opinion that Sunday runs will have to be introduced, while others would rather leave things as they are, and I can foresee some lively discussions at the forthcoming A.G.M.

By eight-fifteen a general move was made for home and the writer had a pleasant ride home in the company of the Presider and Laurie Pendlebury via Knutsford, and so to bed.

Members present were the Presider, N. Haynes, W. Orrell, Bren Orrell, S. Wild, H. Catling, Hubert Buckley, J. Cranshaw, L. Pendlebury and J. Newton.

#### **Halewood, 7th December, 1946.**

The day for the Christmas run to the Derby Arms broke with miserable conditions, the foulest morning of the winter so far. Mid-day came with bursts of sunshine and a promise of a dry run to one of the few remaining 'Anfield' venues. So out with the bike and down the high road to Hinderton, up over the hill past the ivy-covered water tower and along the winding way to Willaston and Hooton. Across the bottom Chester road with its scurrying traffic into the quiet Riveacre road. A halt for a moment by the aerodrome, with its view over Merseyside, and an impression that the circuit of the 'drome would make an excellent massed start centre for the district. On again, a fast drop, a sharp climb through dismal suburbs of Ellesmere Port on to the broad Queens Ferry highway. The full moon was beginning to show his face through the heavy clouds and cheered one up once more. The ride home would not be so bad after all. Helsby reached, and the wind gradually put astern. Lights on and now for the scurry to Frodsham and the Transporter. This being the first ride of any mileage since Nantwich I was afeared that Rock Savage would prove my master and I was well prepared for a hungry last few miles from Widnes to Halewood. The break by the bridge and a quiet smoke remedied that and the white road under the railway arch, the last mile at full steam ahead.

Our stalwarts rolled up as promised. George 'Stevie,' Ralph Fer, Albert Preston, Frank Perkins, George Connor after a really sticky ride from the Lancashire coast, Eddie Morris, Tommy Mandell, Messrs.

Tierney and Swift, Salty and Harold Kettle. We also had with us Mrs. Stephenson and her friend Mrs. Balmer, who promises any Anfielder a right royal time in the Lake District. After the preliminaries were over the eleven fortunates retired aloft to a succulent repast. Sarah, with the aid of a mid-week visit from the Editor, turned up trumps and we were all well filled before Eddie Morris commenced the break up of the party. Ralph looked very ' plutocratic ' behind a fragrant cigar. Tierney's usual shades of Teddy Edward's, his half corona at Cerrig-y-Druidion, when we were Bettws bound, Easter or Christmas. To be followed by the complete job after dinner. The party gradually sorted itself out into six motorists and three cyclists. Two of the latter made their way to Gateacre to rendezvous with the lazy birds. Frank turned away to make his way Ferry-wards and home.

It's quite some time since we had a night of it after a Halewood run. The dearth of beer being the main reason, of course, but I think I can safely say we will be going Gateacre-wards on our way to the Ferry in future. Even the threat of rain didn't mar the effects of a jolly evening, although poor Albert no doubt will see to it that he catches the last bus home in future. Of course he could come on his bike. Footslogging through Birkenhead to Irby is no fun, as the narrator well knows. Midnight found him on his doorstep in Heswall. Albert no doubt got home in time for breakfast. All you birds who flew away, don't forget that Halewood can still do its stuff and so closes one of the best runs we've had for some time.

#### Dane-in-Shaw, 14th December, 1946.

It was a day " not fit for a dog to be out."

Why should a dog be out on such a day? A dog's pleasures are (to use the present fashionable terminology) purely objective. The source of his satisfaction would, on such a day, be liquidated by an excess of moisture.

But one of the few qualities by which man seems to rise superior to the other brutes, is his ability to purge the retrospect of pain and even to obtain an abstract joy from the memory of hardship endured.

Seeking in this lofty train of reasoning (?) to justify my turning out on such a day, I donned my more or less protective clothing and sallied forth.

Reaching Woodford, I lifted up my eyes unto the hills, but no help was forthcoming for the hills were blotted out by a grey, unlovely mist. The same applied to Kerridge and all the other hills. The once beautiful earth was a dismal level of mist and rain. From the fact that my glasses were almost opaque with moisture, I deduced that I was riding into the wind (elementary, my dear Watson) and it was very hard going.

By way of Macclesfield, North Rode and Key Green, I reached the Coach and Horses in darkness and after disposing of the " barrer,"

succeeded in cajoling Phyllis into giving me a cup of tea. Thus, I started "one up" on Stan.

We mustered eight, the President and Mrs. Cranshaw, Buckley (Hubert), Catling, Newton, Taylor, Wild and Hodges; quite good for such a filthy day.

After an excellent tea, the President and Jack Newton left early. We others sat awhile and talked on various subjects and it would be about 8 p.m. when we rose to leave.

Jim Cranshaw, who had come by car, left alone. I think Stan and Hubert went via Macclesfield. George Taylor, Catling and I, all on tri-cycles, rode together via Congleton and Alderley Edge. I had donned my waterproofs, although it was not raining, with the idea of drying them. What a mistake. Owing to the exertions of Catling, who has no consideration for age, an attitude which he no doubt can justify scientifically, my oilskins became wetter inside than they had previously been outside.

We parted at Handforth and from thence to Cheadle Hulme I adopted a speed more in keeping with my grey hairs.

It seems to me that Stan's hypothesis is very plausible, *i.e.*, that satisfaction is not derived from auto-flagellation but from the surcease thereof.

Hence, with great content, to bed.

#### Woodbank, 14th December, 1946.

It would not have needed much persuasion to forego the pleasure (?) of turning out this afternoon, and only the nearness of the tea-place decided me. Start at 4-30, into the cold dampness, and it was so dark even then that the lamp was used all the way out. Needless to say, I took the shortest way, and reached the Yacht to find Blotto in front of the stove.

Frank Marriott brought Peter Rock along; Peter was on the way home when they met, having decided that nobody would be coming. Incidentally, Frank said he saw me in front, but couldn't catch me (flatterer). Rigby came along from a cross-country mud-plug with the Harriers—what it is to have plenty of energy.

We had just agreed that no more were coming when Harold Kettle came in, and completed the muster. One can only speculate as to the reason for the absence of some of the regulars, particularly those almost "on the doorstep," but probably the weather was partly to blame.

Eric Reeves was reported to have announced his intention of having tea at Corwen, but from information afterwards received, it would appear unlikely that he made it.

#### Mold, 21st December, 1946.

The first day of winter and truly a winter's day, and this is a 'Winter's Tale.'

Up in the morning early to be greeted with a bright sky and a hard frost. Down the high road to Neston and the 7-45 a.m. train to Hawarden,

a trip well worth following up, you Merseysiders. Tumbling out of the guard's van in haste to be away. A brisk walk up Triskersdale and out into the open with the inviting panorama of Hope Mountain before me and the sunlit Clwydians away to the right. Beckoning for all they were worth. Across the Mold-Wrexham road at Pont Blyddyn to enter the land of enchantment. The air in the narrow Ffrith was deathly still, every movement of nature was magnified times over. The walls of the Ffrith wreathed in icicles, the roadmen busy and with a cheery word bade me be gone on my way.

Five minutes to nine found me at the crossing at Coed-Talon, dismount and afoot for the next half-mile till over the "Bakery." On again and into the open land, Trydden and Rhyd-talog. Here winter had everything very firmly in its grip. The roads were becoming treacherous and so one received a timely warning fore the headlong run down to Llandegla.

The sun now up, but only just breasting Minera mountain, gave the surrounding landscape that warmth of colour which makes our own North Wales so delightful this time of the year. Breasting the rise to the cross roads it was apparent that the remainder of the day was to be a grim grey and cold one. The drop to Bryn-Eglws, of a necessity taken very gingerly, was suddenly brought to a stop. A voice from the hedgeside brought me up quickly. There stood Tommy "Corwen," an old work-mate of mine eager to gossip and myself likewise. This was in essence the reason for my roundabout trip to Mold. After asking each other how old So-and-So was, what's So-and-So doing, we came down to more mundane matters, hen fruit, and all that. Needless to say your humble said he could soon arrange his tryst to be Bala-wards at pretty frequent intervals, and so a sample safely nestled in my saddlebag, it was cheerio and westwards once more.

Being short of cigarettes it was then decided I make a detour to the left over the ridge in order that my luncheon stop be approached via Corwen. So into the lane that climbs and then drops so steeply to Carrog.

At the foot of the drop, right to the river bridge to cross the Dee into Corwen to find it but 11-15 a.m., so as there was only another mile to do. It was with a cigarette and contented mind I padded along A.5 to the accompaniment of the voices of children merrily sliding on the ice in the Dee-side meadows. A half-hour by a roaring fire, then lunch. A lunch of gigantic proportions well suited to such a day. An after lunch chat with mine host and good wife and out once more into the wintry landscape, but no. During the one and a half hours indoors a rapid thaw had set in, the roads were dripping wet. Even thick ice was rapidly turning into water. A dull grey sky, a warmer west wind did not look too rosy, for the journey was gradually to turn homewards. Out along A.5 as far as the "Goat" and a sharp swing right and uphill to be brought to my feet once more. To my left, rose hurriedly a large green woodpecker, over my right shoulder a glimpse of the towering Berwyns wreathed in cloud and bearing a mantle of snow. On again and a fast mile or two along the quiet valley

to Bettws-Gwyrfil-Goeh. Afoot again prepared for the long climb up to the Cerrig road. The countryside was so quiet.

The football match at Bala with Shrewsbury Town had seemingly emptied the district, for which I was exceedingly grateful. While walking up one stiff slope 'master stoat' was sporting himself in the roadway, a very unhurried retreat to the wall side and there he stood poking his nose higher and higher as I passed to see me on my way. His beautiful white throat and beady eyes so attractive.

At last the main road and a glorious sweep down into Clawd-Newydd, with memories of a very painful mountain time trial earlier in the year. Sharp left into holly bound lanes, of course a dismount to gather sufficient to please my youngster and it was such grand stuff. Just bars of red with flicks of green, not the stuff in the shops at 1/6 a pound. Clocaenog gone and into Ruthin, busy with its farmers and families busy shopping. Delightful tea and cakes at 'Sarita.' Then, alas, rain. Up and up the Bwlch, mostly afoot and then down very gingerly with brakes suddenly deciding to be temperamental to Mold and the Britannia.

I was not the first arrival, but the owner of the cycle was not in view, Fawcett had gone for a walk round town and to me the first arrivals were the Hon. Secretary and Blotto. Our man from Cilcain then appeared, to be followed shortly by Frank Perkins. A quiet glass or two, the ale was good, and into our meal, also top-hole, thanks Sammy for the introduction. A long gossip by the fire after our meal till about eight o'clock, and then out on to the highway once more. Fawcett for the hills and we four together as far as the 8th milestone and then our different ways to the land of sleep.

To finish. Even though the weather be not so good a few more out to another Mold run will establish it as we know the runs to the "Dolphin" in the '30's.' You mile eaters can put as many as you like in before the tea stop, those who like to travel in comfort in bad weather have every convenience, so don't forget. Roll up.

SALTY.

#### Wildboarclough, 21st December, 1946.

Earlier in the day, Harold had suggested in definite terms that we should set out for Stanley's not much later than 2-30; it was therefore hardly surprising that we finally got under way at 3-40, and our journey developed into a steady and uneventful slog through the gathering dusk. The going seemed slow; Macclesfield appeared later than it should have, and the "Cat" seemed longer and steeper than I have ever known it. (I have a scientific explanation of the well-known fact that hills are getting steeper, but being Christmas, I won't inflict it on you now.) Worse still, Harold was ascending better than I was. I held him most of the way but he made his "jump" at the Setter Dog and got away. We finally staggered into Stanley's, admittedly somewhat late, to find four Anfielders already



# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(FORMED MARCH 1879)

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey,  
Cheshire,  
20th December, 1946.

Dear Sir,

The Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held on Sunday, the 12th January, 1947, at 2.0 p.m. at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood.

I hope you will make a point of being present.

Yours sincerely,

J. R. FER,

*Hon. General Secretary*

## Private and Confidential

*(for Members only)*

## AGENDA

1. To read and confirm the Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting.
2. To read and confirm the Hon. General Secretary's Report.
3. To read and confirm the Hon. Racing Secretary's Report.
4. To read and confirm the Hon. Treasurer's Report.
5. To fix the Annual Subscription.
6. To elect Officers, Committee and Auditors for 1947.
7. To arrange the Club Races for 1947.
8. To arrange the Club Tours for 1947.
9. To consider the following Proposition, moved by the Hon. Secretary on behalf of the Committee :—" That the Financial Year of the Club shall expire on 30th September of each year, and that Rules 6, 25 and 29 be amended accordingly."
10. To consider the following Proposition, moved by the Hon. Secretary on behalf of the Committee :—" That Rule 4 be amended to read ' The Committee shall consist of fifteen members, including the Officers,' and that the word ' six ' be substituted for the word ' seven ' in Rule 18."
11. To consider the following Proposition, moved by E. Haynes and seconded by H. Catling :—" That one or more Sunday runs be arranged each month, in addition to the Saturday runs, these to be included in the list of fixtures. Any member attending a Sunday fixture to be credited with a run. Members attending consecutive Saturday and Sunday runs to count only one run."
12. To consider the following Proposition, moved by E. Haynes, and seconded by H. Catling :—" That a number of invitation runs be arranged during the year."
13. To consider any other Business.

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putting away food in traditional style. Having assured themselves that we had arrived under our own steam (we were emitting it in clouds) they allowed us to sit with them. Further, they agreed, in order to spare our embarrassment, to continue eating with us, a sacrifice which we greatly appreciated.

Appropriately to this season of peace and goodwill, the conversation turned to thefts and robberies, which doesn't seem a suitable subject for this journal. However, furthering the spirit of goodwill toward men, the subject of "mountain trials" next came up. Talk about man's inhumanity to man—the courses that some blokes can think of for others to ride on. For a variety of reasons I will not mention any of the suggestions, but it is probably only a question of time before somebody organises a circuit of the Lake District peaks on tricycles fitted with tank-tracks.

The only bicyclist among the select company of tricyclists showed a desire to make an early departure, no doubt considering the possibility of a five-mile walk to Macc. Leaving the more bibulous members to await the witching hour of 7-30, Harold and I decided to accompany him; no doubt it was the same subconscious urge that makes people go to dirt-track meetings. However, we found that the weather outside was rapidly warming up, and although there were faint traces of ice on "the top," the road was already wet on the long drop to Macc. So our bicyclist arrived at the bottom still on his wheels and in full control. Before he had a chance to get his own back by giving us the usual "towsing," our ways parted, Ned travelling straight on to Stockport, while Harold and I took the lanes to Handforth. The frost which had covered everything on the way out had gone and was replaced by a slight dampness. With the thaw, the last hope of Harold's gas-lamp bursting had gone, and our journey home was without incident.

Those present were the Presider, N. Haynes, J. Hodges, S. Wild, H. Catling and G. G. Taylor.

#### CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

#### CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

*The Editor wishes all readers a  
Happy and Prosperous New Year*

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VOLUME XLIII

FEBRUARY, 1947

NUMBER 491

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- |   |                                 |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1 Halewood (Derby Arms)   | Goostrey (Red Lion)             |
| 8 Woodbank (Yacht)  | Buxworth (Navigation Inn)       |
| 9 Committee Meeting at The Peacock, Chester<br>Lunch at 12-0 noon |                                 |
| 15 Mold (Britannia)   | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses) |
| 22 Tarvin (Bleak House)   | Wildboardlough (Stanley Arms)   |

## MARCH, 1947

- |                         |                     |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
|-------------------------|---------------------|

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## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

The following Members have been appointed Delegates for 1947 :—

- |                          |                                    |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| R.R.A.                   | P. C. Beardwood and N. Turvey.     |
| N.R.R.A.                 | H. Catling, E. Haynes and S. Wild. |
| L'pool District R.T.T.C. | F. Marriott and J. J. Salt.        |
| L.T.T.C.A.               | J. E. Reeves and T. Sherman.       |
| W.C.T.T.C.A.             | W. P. Rock and J. J. Salt.         |

F. Marriott has been appointed Editor of the *Circular* in succession to G. Stephenson, who merits the thanks of the Club for a job well done.

R. J. Austin and A. Lusty are Official Watch-holders.

The Handicapping and Course Committee consists of the following :—  
R. J. Austin, E. Haynes, F. Marriott, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, and J. J. Salt. This Committee will have the assistance of I. A. Thomas on matters relating to courses for the "100" and "12."

*Committee Meeting* :—Committee members please note that lunch will be served at 12-0 noon on 9th February, this being a more convenient time for the Hotel.

*Change of Addresses* :—N. S. Heath, Thistleberry, Lythwood Road, Bayston Hill, Salop : 3090580 AC/2 Stephenson, P. T., Hut W37, C. Squadron, 4 Wing, 2 Radio School, R.A.F., Yatesbury, nr. Calne, Wilts.

J. R. FER,  
*Hon. General Secretary,*

## TREASURY NOTES

After an interval of some years I once again resume responsibility for the Club's money-bags. Several Members have suggested the re-introduction of the system of paying their subscriptions direct to the Club's Bank account. I hope to have the necessary arrangements completed shortly and shall make a further announcement in the next issue of the *Circular*.

The following Subscriptions and/or Donations\* are acknowledged with thanks :

	1946	
K. W. Barker	J. S. Jonas*	F. W. Smith
H. G. Buckley	W. H. Kettle*	Ashley Taylor
T. R. Hinde	C. Selkirk	J. H. Williams
	F. H. Swift*	
	1947	
C. Aldridge	J. R. Fer	J. Newton
H. S. Barratt*	W. J. Finn*	F. Perkins
D. L. Birchall	E. D. Green	J. E. Reeves
A. E. C. Birkby	E. R. Green	W. P. Rock
E. Buckley*	H. Green*	J. J. Salt*
H. Catling	E. Haynes	F. W. Smith
F. Chandler	T. R. Hinde	R. C. Swindells
W. G. Connor	T. Mandall*	G. G. Taylor
J. H. Fawcett*	G. Molyneux	
	1948/9	
	W. C. Tierney	

J. RIGBY BAND,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

## EDITORIAL

Once again duty leads us to the pleasant task of running this rag, a job that was ours before we changed our vocation from insurance to serving char and wads to the lads and lassies on a Norfolk airfield. Again we will try, although not always to succeed, to make this *Circular* bright and breezy. The ultimate result always rests with you. When you do write, and we hope you will often do so, please don't send in the first words to come to mind. Use them only for a basis to improve and polish, until your effort is fit to shine with the best of the month.

As for scandal, nice luscious scandal, we love it. A mag. such as this thrives on it, and if none comes to hand, we will have to fabricate some, and no one knows where the hand of the romancer will rest ! We would also like all the news we can get of the Elder Brethren.

Elsewhere in this issue we have written of what we think about the Sunday run resolution. It is purely a personal opinion, and we would like to know what you think.

Just one item more. The cycling press was enlivened not long ago by some letters from cyclists' wives. We have an idea—we know!—what some of our lady readers think. And we would like, for a month or so, to give them a page to themselves to "let fly at cyclists in general and Anfielders in particular." Please write, and we will promise to keep your names very, very secret, and they will not pass from the Editorial department. Be as saucy as you can. We like it!

FRANK MARRIOTT.

### An Old Photograph

In a recent issue of *Cycling* our old friend G. H. Stancer slipped up slightly when, in referring to the passing of "F.H." he published an old photograph and dated it about 20 years ago. The picture was of George Poole, "F.H.," W. P. Cook, F. T. Bidlake and Bick, and we understand from the last mentioned that it was taken at Ellesmere after a Manchester Wheelers "50" in one of the years immediately prior to the 1914/1918 war. In any case George Poole was a casualty in the first world war. We hope "G.H.S." does not mind us offering this friendly correction, and we would like to thank him for the friendly references to our Anfield which he makes from time to time.

### Does anyone remember Charlie Rogers?

In the *Liverpool Echo* of January 18th, reference is made in the athletic notes to the passing of Charlie Rogers, at 84. He was a well-known athlete in his youth and also remembered as a long-distance racing cyclist who won several 12 hour events.

## CORRECTION

We apologise for crediting Mrs. Cranshaw with a run last month. This was meant to be "Mr. Cranshaw," and was written thus as a mild leg pull because of Jim turning up by car.

## SUNDAY CLUB RUNS

Some of you might be disappointed at the A.G.M. outcome of the proposition regarding Sunday runs, and the consequent lessening of the hope that thereby we might acquire new blood. We don't think any active Anfielder is not aware of the supreme importance of new members to fill our ranks, we all know that it is essential to the eventual continuance of our Club. It is the methods which are proposed to attract new members that raise the doubts.

The Anfield reputation was based on exploits, on splendid bicycle (and tricycle) rides, not on the number of Club runs, nor the number attending them. Club runs are a restricting factor to your cycling, however delightful and desirable it is to meet and eat and yarn with friends old and new. To have Club runs on Sundays would be to limit one's freedom, and freedom has always been such a desirable accessory to Anfield Club life. You

learn to be much better cyclists when you have the freedom to go where you will, and get to know routes and roads and places.

What we on Merseyside miss is the Wednesday (or other evening) meeting at Willaston or Parkgate. Here was a happy hunting ground where we talked cycling and well, other things—"wherever Englishmen do gather . . ." but we were keen. To those meetings we invited potential Anfielders, and we studied their prowess on Sunday runs. Not until they had been thoroughly "vetted" were they even invited to Anfield's magic circle on Saturdays. We made our mistakes, but not everyone who hoped to, found their names on the honoured annals of Anfield membership.

We are still on the fringe of the great upheaval that has passed, and we have not yet found our feet. We want new members, but we want cyclists. Potential Anfielders who love cycling now, and will do so after 20 years. They are present, but they need to be noticed just that little more.

F.M.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

### JANUARY 12th, AT WARRINGTON

Halewood could not manage us on this day, and so we went, at a price to Warrington. It was very pleasing to step into the Lion there and see so many Anfielders in one room. Some had come by car, but most had arrived by their own self-propelled wheels. A glance round and we noticed the Connor Brothers (it was nice to see Walter after so long): Arthur Williams; Laurie Pendlebury; Arthur Birkby; Rigby Band; Ken Barker; Ira Thomas; George Newton; George Taylor; Tommy Mandall; Frank Marriott; Eddie Haynes; Eric Reeves; Peter Rock; del Blotto (resplendent in an overcoat, and complete with a civvy fire engine); Peter Stevie and his Pop; Ralph Fer; Bert Green; Harold Catling; Jimmy Cranshaw; Harold Kettle; Salty; Stan Wild; Rex Austin and Bobby; Mr. Bick and Hubert; George Molyneux; and Tommy Sherman. We all had a satisfying meal, which put a good mood on for the meeting.

First business was apologies for absence, and the names mentioned were Jimmy Williams, Eddie Morris, Cotter and Powell. Unofficially, we also heard that Russ Barker was unwell and unable to be present. A quick recovery to you, Russ. In his ample report Fer mentioned that Bert Green once more had made all the runs during the year, and here we would like to wonder how he does it. Then Salty gave us a résumé of racing activities during the year, and Kettle explained his cash statement. These writings are not intended to be a detailed report of the Meeting, and you will get the official news in the Handbook.

Items 9 to 12 on the Agenda gave cause for some discussion. Some may wonder why the financial year had to be altered to September 30th, and the reason for this is that our arrangements are better brought into line with the R.T.T.C., to decide next year's races earlier, and appoint delegates.

The matter of less value for money for one year in the matter of subscriptions has been mentioned, but the Club only asks you to pay one sub. in each twelve month, and when you "dole out" is up to you.

The Sunday run proposition was very fully discussed, but it was not carried, and the Club policy remains the same, *i.e.*, you express your loyalty to the Anfield on a Saturday, and Sundays are available to fill as you please. The reason for this proposition was to test the feeling of the meeting, and if it was carried to hope that the new arrangement would attract new members, of which the Club is in dire need.

The proposition to hold a number of invitation runs during the year was carried, and from time to time you will see the arrangements publicized in these pages.

Harold Kettle has passed the money bags over to Rigby Band, who had them before the war and hasn't quite acquired his row of houses. With this exception, and a smaller Committee, the staff are the same for 1947. *En passant* a little bird whispers that as George Stephenson has once more taken on the Vice-President's position, he has ordered a brand-new bicycle, and that he couldn't just face the Annual Meeting again as holder of this office with a total of only 8 runs for the year. The whisper says he just hasn't the nerve—or has he?

It was five p.m. when we finished, and this scribe rode home with Tommy Sherman. When the hirsute one went, we had our tea walking up Edge Lane Drive, a bicycle in one hand, and a large bag of cheese sandwiches in the other.

## CORRESPONDENCE

40 Church Avenue,  
East Sheen, S.W.14,  
22nd January, 1947

Dear Ralph,

Thanks for yours of 13th. I am gratified at the Club's renewed confidence and will attend the A.G.M. of the R.R.A. on the 24th ulto., you can rely upon my best endeavours in the Club's interests, meanwhile should any controversial matter appear on the Agenda, you can let me know your wishes. Pleased I shall meet Turvey there.

I was interested in the motion you had for Sunday runs. When I joined the Bath Road Club in 1919 they only had Sunday runs, in fact the Club was formed for the purpose of having Sunday runs. I did not take very kindly to Sunday runs, being steeped in Anfield tradition, also, being a married man, I liked to have Sunday dinner at home and set an example to the family, so I only attended the runs if I happened to be week-ending, etc. On Saturdays a few kindred souls used to meet unofficially at Ripley and other places, just a few of us, and these runs were very happy affairs. Soon their fame spread with the result one or two gradually chipped in until there were usually half-a-dozen or so, we did not want this number

to grow, as it somewhat spoiled the intimate nature, but grow it did in spite of our trying to discourage it. The result was these private runs became as well attended as the official Sunday runs, so the Club decided to have Saturday and Sunday runs; to-day the Saturday runs are the best attended and most popular. The Sunday runs are attended by the racing men who want to use them for training. Everybody these days has Saturday afternoon off and can attend a run if they want to, whereas Sundays are difficult for the married members, but if you passed the rule, you will be in the same position as the Bath Road, viz., you will find the Saturday runs attended best and the Sunday mostly by the youngsters and racing men. The advantage of Sunday riding is that it enables one to get in the necessary training, but there was always plenty of this in the Anfield, at least in my time.

I see Harold Kettle has retired from the Treasury, I hope he has not got away with so much that he has also retired from the Committee: however, he has had the job a long time and it is time he gave someone else a chance to make a bit.

With kind regards, reciprocating your Good Wishes,

Yours sincerely,

P. C. BEARDWOOD.

16, Old Finglas Road,  
Glasnevin,  
Dublin,  
20/1/47.

Dear Stephenson,

Recently I had the inevitable misfortune of shearing off the set screws of my differential (Abingdon) axle.

My local repairer, otherwise excellent fellow, is loath to undertake what he considers might be only a make-shift job on a fitment of which he has no practical experience. After a lapse of more than three weeks my letter to the maker of the tricycle, F. H. Grubb, is still unanswered.

Perhaps you would therefore be good enough to make my needs known through the medium of the *Circular* in the hope that some of the A.B.C. trike-ists may come to my aid. A replacement set of the all important 3/16th inch screws—cost and postage refunded—or exact specification to enable me to have a set made locally would be greatly appreciated.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM J. FINN.

G. Stephenson, Esq.

## IN MEMORIAM

Frederik Hendrik Koenen was born in Haarlem, Holland, in 1866, and whilst at school learned to ride the Ordinary. By 1886 he was racing on the track, in that year winning a race at Amsterdam. In 1887 he came to Manchester and joined the Manchester B.C. and later the Manchester Wheelers. He raced a lot on the track and was very successful, on one occasion at Belle Vue, winning no less than three firsts in one afternoon. In those days the general public flocked to track meetings and "F.H.," with his debonair air, striking appearance and good sportsmanship, became very well-known and popular. The track frequenters called him "The Flying Dutchman." He raced also on the road, with success; in 1895 he joined the Anfield and in 1896, with D. H. Simpson, held the 50 miles and 100 miles Paced Tandem records—in 1899, with J. V. Marchanton, the Unpaced 50 miles Tandem record—later in the same year the Paced 50 miles Single Bicycle record—in 1901, with W. R. Oppenheimer, again the Paced 50 miles Tandem record.

In all things he was an individualist—he wore what he liked and put such gadgets on his machine as he thought fit. But always there was a good reason for the departure from convention and chaff did not move him to change. He toured extensively and became an authority on English roads and historic remains, the Roman roads in Britain being especially well-known to him. In talking of the remains of ancient buildings he had the faculty of peopling them and bringing before the mind's eye of his hearers the daily life that had been lived in them. His collection of old newspaper cuttings and books on cycling was large and most interesting, to both old and young cyclists. Always a charming companion, he shone at the entertainments held under Club auspices, his recitations, delivered in his inimitable style, bringing down the house. Although during his later years he used a car a good deal, he did not entirely desert the bicycle but rode out on runs during the war, riding hills that many younger men were more content to walk. But a seizure made it impossible for him to continue to ride and in the last year or so his activities of all kinds were cut down. He died on December 23rd, 1946. All those who had the privilege of his friendship will miss him greatly, for he was unique.

### An Appreciation

And so "F.H." has gone. My memory of him goes back to 1899, when I joined the Anfield, and I think of him particularly when I recall those winter runs to Cronton and Hunt's Cross, plugging through Warrington, with its sets and greasy tram lines on many a murky-foggy drizzly Saturday afternoon.

I think of him—after our putting away a right royal meal—getting on his hind legs to give us one or more of his screamingly funny recitations, with contortions of his face, appropriate or otherwise, passed imagination.

I remember once—only once—calling at his place of business, and his

taking me round the corner to a nearby pub for a "free lunch," to discuss our projected tandem attempt on record. In my mind's eye I can see him now—a billy-cock hat, a morning coat over a black jersey—and cycling pants and shoes!

As to the ride itself I am more or less hazy—it was a paced fifty and there was a triplet out to help, steered by a man by the name of Buck, but it was no damn good, it never really got going! F.H. was in the rear seat, but do you think he would allow me to steer the tandem—not a bit—coming to any corner he would lean out, violently, and literally heave the machine over in the required direction. At the time I must confess it was somewhat disconcerting to the nominal steersman! Whether we got the record I do not know, my impression is that it was passed by the N.R.R.A. and later rescinded, owing to the discovery that the distance was short.

When I knew him F.H. lived for cycling. He was a great "character." Long may his memory live.

W. R. OPPENHEIMER.

The announcement in the Liverpool Press, of the death of our dear old Club-mate, Frank Roskell, which took place at Eype, Bridport, after a long illness, came as a sad shock to his many friends in the Club. We last saw him on the occasion of the funeral of his brother Hubert in the early part of last year, and he was then, apparently, in good health.

Frank's cycling record will be little known to the younger members, but in his early days he was in the front rank of the road-racing fraternity. Of superb physique, he was the beau idéal—ideal of an athlete, and was a keen and enthusiastic cyclist.

He joined the Anfield B.C. in 1898 along with his brother Hubert (one year before the present writer joined). His engaging personality, his geniality and his good mixing qualities soon made him a favourite and won for him friendships on every hand. Shortly after joining the Club he rode in a 50-mile unpaced race, and came in an easy winner. He was well to the fore in all the Club's fixtures in 1899, and in that year he partnered his brother Hubert on a tandem, and together they secured the N.R.R.A. tandem record for 50 miles, unpaced. In 1900, his merits as a rider and clubman, gained for him the Captaincy of the Club, which office he filled for a few years with marked ability, conscientiousness and distinction. In 1902, he created a N.R.R.A. 50 mile tricycle record for an excellent performance over a triangular course, in 2 hours, 43 minutes. Unfortunately for the Club he abandoned his racing activities all too early, in the plenitude of his powers, leaving great promises unfulfilled. He continued, however, a regular attendant at Club functions, until the outbreak of the last great war, when he joined the Army and went to the French front. On his return to civil life, he left Liverpool for the North, and we only saw him on rare occasions. Later, he got an appointment in Bristol, where he fell ill and, on his doctor's advice, he moved to the South



coast, and finally settled at Eype, near Bridport, in a charming spot on the cliffs, with his wife. From that time on we seldom had the pleasure of seeing him save on the occasions when he attended the "Anfield 100," at Shrewsbury. He never ceased, however, to take an interest in the Club's doings and welfare. The writer speaks from intimate knowledge of him during his active cycling career. He was a most likeable and interesting companion, of kindly disposition and a staunch friend. His attachment to his brother Hubert, was quite touching. He was the last of three brothers, the eldest, Nicholas (also at one time a member of the Club) having predeceased Hubert. May his memory be long cherished.

Our sympathies go out to Mrs. Frank Roskell in her sad bereavement.

F.J.C.

## NORTH ROAD C.C. ANNUAL DINNER

DECEMBER 20th, 1946

It was suggested by the Committee that as I now live more or less "on the spot" I might like to go along and uphold the honour of the Club at the Annual Dinner of the North Road C.C. at the Pavioir's Arms, Westminster. Being always open to consider suggestions such as this, six o'clock on the evening appointed found me outside Westminster tube station, where I had arranged to meet Norman Turvey. Norman, however, had told me during the week that he might not be able to attend, and I eventually had to proceed alone.

Six years away from the cycling game, during which time I might have acquainted myself with some of its personalities, ensured that most of the people present would be strangers to me. "G.H.S." was one of the few familiar figures, and I had time for a brief handshake with Jack Beauchamp of the Bath Road, before we went in to dinner.

The dinner filled me with a feeling of well-being and general *bonhomie*, and on that count alone I should have enjoyed the evening. The Chairman, H. H. England, proposed the toast to the King, and the revels were on. Members and visitors toasted each other at random on every conceivable pretext, being interrupted periodically by the "official" toasts, the presentation of awards, or the entertainers.

The toast of "The Visitors" was ably proposed by W. C. Frankum, who said some nice things about the Anfield. As he put it, while there might be some doubt as to whether the North Road or the Bath Road is the Anfield of the South, they (the N. R.) were in no doubt that the Anfield are the North Road of the North, which seemed to me to be fair enough.

The guest of honour was Professor C. E. M. Joad, and he responded to the toast in a very capable and witty manner, expressing concern at the future of the cyclist on the roads of Britain with the increase of motor traffic, and showing himself to be a brave man by advocating cycle-paths. He was followed by G. H. Hampton, of the Finsbury Park C.C., whose

recollections of his early introduction to cycling were brilliantly coloured with memories of a certain B.17 saddle. I wonder whether he and Tommy Sherman have ever got together !

The next item was the presentation of awards. The highlights were, of course the Memorial '50' trophy, presented to Albert Derbyshire, and the presentation of the cup for the Invitation '24' to R. J. Haythorne, of the Luton Wheelers, for his fine ride of 435 miles. The latter was carried to the table shoulder high, and several bottles were later poured into the cup. This seemed to be a highly popular proceeding.

"The Club" was proposed by Vic Jenner, of the Charlotteville. The response by Les Cousens introduced a rather more sombre note. The fact that only two riders turned up for the Memorial '50' in 1946 proved a bitter disappointment to those who had worked so hard to organise the event. It had been suggested that some riders had been "scared off" because Derbyshire was riding, and it was also felt that the search for B.A.R. honours had claimed others. It had been decided, therefore, to run the event in 1947 for the benefit of a class of rider whose sportsmanship and love of the game were never in doubt—the tricyclists.

The toast to the Chairman closed the "official" proceedings, and the evening came to a close with the singing of Auld Lang Syne. And very nice too.

LEN KILLIP.

## RUNS

Sandiway, 26th December, 1946

A nice bright morning, albeit a trifle keen, and I was glad Frank Perkins didn't keep me waiting long, though Birkenhead Corporation had thoughtfully provided a comfortable seat at our rendezvous. One advantage of an early start is that one can drift, and we certainly did that, warming our feet whenever we sighted anything that looked at all like an acclivity.

We followed a favourite route of mine, through Stanney, Stoke, Mickle Trafford and Delamere Forest, and had the road practically to ourselves. Near Mickle Trafford we *did* see a tricycle, which proved to belong to Harold Kettle, who was having elevenses at the roadside. Not having had the forethought to provide ourselves with a thermos, and cafés being shut, we perforce did without, but managed to reach harbour without any symptoms of the "knock," and with just nice time to have a wee one before lunch.

Among the brethren already assembled were Tommy Mandall, and chauffeur Peter Stevie, taking a holiday from the R.A.F. We were sorry that Pa Stevie could not make it on account of a bad dose of 'flu.

Delighted to see Len Killip home again for a brief spell—many thanks for the card, Len. (I understand that Dakotas don't always choose a row of houses as a landing-ground.)

Rigby, Salty, Newton, were already there, and Bert Green, Ned Haynes

and three-wheel Catling arrived as we did. Others noted were Eddie Morris, Rex Austin with his wife and Bobby, E. Buckley with Hubert and *his* wife, Jim Cranshaw and *his* wife, The Mullah, Stan Wild, Frank Marriott, Eric Reeves and Peter Rock. Also friend Harold Stevie and fiancée.

A really good lunch, though I've an idea Mr. Strachey might not have approved, and as it was served promptly at the appointed hour there was time afterwards for those still suffering from thirst.

A few Merseysiders set off together, but Frank Marriott soon fell behind, and as Len Killip was on his own in the car and the weather was then very wet, we feared the worst. Surprising to relate, however, when Len drew alongside we heard that Frank had actually refused a lift. He must *like* cycling!

Most of the journey home seemed to be taken up with donning and doffing oilskins, a rather disappointing ride. Salty and I left the others by Childer Thornton, as I had been invited to have tea with him, and after a very enjoyable interlude I completed the journey under a clear sky.

#### **Parkgate, 28th December, 1946**

The last Club run of 1946 coincided with my first for some time, and also a considerable improvement in local weather conditions. A slight breeze helped to disperse threatening rain and although the air was dampish the ride out was accomplished comfortably and without incident.

Arriving at the Deeside Café only one machine was in evidence and I thought that there would not be a large turnout. But I had overlooked the cars, and with the arrival, per cycle, of Ralph Fer, we made our way into the Café. Here we were pleasantly surprised to find about ten already present, and these were quickly reinforced by the arrival of Peter Rock, Frank Marriott and Don Birchall.

Len Killip and Peter Stevie were home on a spot of leave and formed the Motoring Section. Peter has quickly settled down to "square bashing" and the easy way to promotion by adopting the Sergeant as a drinking partner. Frank Marriott immediately upon arrival divested himself of his jacket and the reason was soon very obvious! Ever to the forefront in sartorial developments, our aesthetic friend displayed a very fine hand-knitted "hug-me-tight." He informs us that his latest literary commission is a weekly article (with pattern) for the "Knitter's World."

Tommy Mandall, looking very fit after his recent sojourn under the surgeon's knife, managed to scrounge a lift in the Rover. The twins were there, of course, and Peter has procured a photographic accessory which, if manipulated correctly, should give the secret of atomic energy. Eric and Jack Salt, ever cheerful, talked of mountain trials of "only 73 miles." Ginner Williams gave very excellent and professional assistance with the serving of the victuals which were, incidentally, of Seasonal Fare and lacked nothing in quality or quantity. Don Birchall, still in uniform and flatly refusing to be demobbed, arrived in time to see only

the debris of this wonderful repast. Ralph Fer is fast developing into a greater menace than Sammy with his assertive "You write up the run—and no argument!" but at least it is spoken *to you* and not spluttered *at you*! Harold Kettle brought along daughter Barbara, who with Mrs. Salt helped to restrain the usual bawdy conversationalists.

After indulging in "absenteeism" for some time (where has he been?) Sherman managed to force himself to attend.

Heaving themselves to their feet noisily, the majority of the party made a jet-propelled move to the "Chester Arms" where elbows were bent and tongues wagged until the time-honoured request-cum-order of "Time, Gentlemen, Please." The reader will realise the scope of the conversation if I mention, in passing, that the subjects ranged from Chas. (19th hole) Randall to the unfathomable and inexhaustive "Clara!"

Writing as one of the Cyclists present the ride home was very pleasant, but I am sure that, in their present state, my muscles (?) would have reacted more kindly to the occasional depression of clutch and foot brake rather than to the incessant turn of the pedals!

*Stop Press.* The Jungle Telegraph reports that Elias and Son were present earlier, but departed before the above-mentioned gang arrived.

#### **Buxworth, 28th December, 1946**

After a seemingly endless succession of wet weekends, the last Saturday of 1946 brought us a pleasant surprise. Not only was it fine and dry, but there was even a hint of blue in the sky. It seemed to me an ideal day for a pilgrimage to the Roosdych, near Whaley Bridge and I determined to call on Jack Hodges with the object of persuading him to reveal the "gen" on, and lead me to, that ancient earthwork.

Alas! I was too late. "He hasn't been gone ten minutes," said Jack's brother-in-law, adding, tongue in cheek, "You'll soon catch him up." He was wrong of course. Jack is far too fleet and I should have known better than to try. And how I tried!

Through Poynton and Pott Shrigley I never paused. Up the hill by the brickworks. Out of the saddle now, I left the Bowstone Gate behind urging my groaning steed ever upwards to Charles Head. Still no sign of my clubmate ahead.

Not completely disheartened (after all he might stop to admire the view or take photographs) I plunged on through Kettleshulme and down to Whaley Bridge. There I encountered merciful release in the form of Russ Barker who, with a friend, was making for Bill Garlicks Tea Bar. I was quick to accept an invitation to join them and we were soon drinking that delightful Eastern infusion.

There is a military character in Itma whose miraculous appearances from nowhere at the sound of drawing corks or the tinkle of glasses occasions no surprise. Nor were we surprised that the pouring of our tea should herald the entrance of Stan Wild come to join us in our bibbing.

It was dark when we left Whaley Bridge but Stan had a good light and

the winding road to Buxworth was followed without incident. Five members, including my quarry of the afternoon, were already installed at the Navigation and Brenda had everything prepared.

By six o'clock we had made a Wakes of the meal and were seated round the fire discussing ships and sealing wax, cabbages and Kings. Seventy-three came all too soon but as it was still fine and dry I, for one, thoroughly enjoyed the leisurely ride home.

Present were : The Presider and Messrs. Russ Barker, Catling, Cranshaw, Haynes, Hodges, Newton and Wild.

#### **Halewood, 4th January, 1947**

There is little to be said of this run. In the bar downstairs were to be found T. Mandall, Sherman, Birkby, Fer and Stephenson, to be joined later by G. Connor all the way from Southport and Jack Salt, who reported Kettle on the way.

Tea had been ordered early so that the Secretary could catch the 6-42 back to town for some lecture or other. This same lecture possibly accounted for the absence of some pillars of the Club.

We went upstairs and sat down to a good meal of roast goose and the usual trimmings, and warned Sarah that there was another member on the way.

Frank Perkins arrived next and, of course, swiped Kettle's portion in true Anfield fashion, and Sarah was again warned that there was still one on the way.

Harold arrived at last and was able to get a portion of goose, though not quite as good a helping as the rest of us got. We were just finishing when JACK WALTON blew in from Wrexham, where he has been doing some job or other. He got lost apparently between the Transporter and the Derby Arms, and unfortunately there was nothing left for him, only a hearty welcome and a cup of tea.

Then Ralph Fer was heard to say quietly to Miss Markwell—"Can you give us lunch for about 25 a week to-morrow for the A.G.M.?" To be met with a blank refusal. Stevie then went to see Sarah but there was nothing doing. Consternation in the camp, but a spell of telephoning over the week-end obtained alternative accommodation at Warrington.

The usual little party called at Gateacre for a short session and then dispersed.

#### **Bollington, 4th January, 1947**

A bitterly cold east wind made the ride into the Cheshire hills both hard and uncomfortable on this first run of the New Year. The temperature was low enough to make the mucous flow freely and the tear-ducts to empty with the rapidity and regularity of a syphonic cistern.

If, however, one could withstand the severe conditions it was good to be out. The roads were hard and dry and long before I had reached Woodford the propelling of the perambulating birdcage had engendered a healthy glow within my mortal coil.

The last few miles were covered in darkness through delightfully winding lanes, past the weather-beaten tower of Pott Shrigley Church, and so to the dip by the Dean, the last gradual climb to the short lane leading to the inn, and, at last, sanctuary !

The attendance was modest but of excellent quality. The Presider sat at the head of the table with his back uncomfortably close to a most healthy fire, and arrayed before him were Jack Newton, Harold Catling, George Taylor, Jack Hodges and Stan Wild. Tea was first class, and during the meal Bert received a lot of compliments with regard to his riding of the Cat and Fiddle on three wheels on New Year's Day. In fact, he seemed rather embarrassed, and tired to camouflage his feat by pointing out that this afternoon he had been forced to walk part of the rising road between Adlington and Pott Shrigley. And so had we all ! Thus Bert's red herring did not come off.

After tea we gathered round the fire until a late hour, and the party left in a body. During the ride home Jack Newton seemed very much on his own—he was the only bicyclist of the party and seemed very much out of place amongst five tricyclists. It is reliably understood that Jack is considering seeking an injunction to restrain members of the "Anfield Bicycle Club" from riding tricycles on official club runs !

The wind was well behind for the return journey and this combined with a favourable gradient was more than ample recompense for our struggle out during the afternoon.

#### Woodbank, 11th January, 1947

The Yacht, a lousy day, and the unfortunate inspiration to ride a bike again. That just about sums up my feelings on the way to the club run last Saturday. The ride started, as all rides shouldn't, with cape and cap donned. A blustering wind hindered progress down to the pier head, but I think it must have done me good, for my legs seemed to get a hang of how a bike should be ridden, anyway they went down, when the pedals pushed 'em up and that was O.K. by me. My intentions were to call for Salty and on the way up to Heswall, from Birkenhead, I almost regretted it. The wind was really tough and I soon realised I wasn't ! Anyway, Salty's was finally reached in plenty of time for a chat with the family, also a very welcome cup of tea and a cake.

About 5-15 Jack donned his American overcoat—sorry jacket—and we had a very enjoyable ride to the Yacht, where there was a fine selection of bikes. Inside was a finer array of faces. There was Ralph Fer, the bloke that reads the minutes, Ginner Williams, who pulls strings at Parkgate, Frank Marriott, who likes his grouse about the price, Rigby Band, our proud daddy and Mr. Kettle, better say nowt about him !

The twins arrived late as usual—I think, and Ken Barker came in after tea. That made up our total. The meal was quite enjoyable and after some persuasion, Ralph, Ginner, Jack and I went for a drink ! We packed in early and rode as a foursome to Willaston, where Jack and Ginner

left us. Ralph and I were in good condition for walking the old Sych, parting company at the top. From then till home was an absolute slay (sorry, sleigh) ride and I arrived home in a real lather, having thoroughly enjoyed myself.

#### Dane-in-Shaw, 18th January, 1947

"Man wants but little here below—but he likes it nice and hot." In the matter of cycle tyres my wants are small but I do like some degree of reliability in a tyre. It doesn't very much matter that the treads wear away more rapidly than they did in those halcyon days before the war but it is most exasperating when the fabric of a tyre, whose tread still retains its pristine pattern, disintegrates without warning. At least I used to find it so but it is becoming so common an experience to users of H.P. tyres that the phenomenon is now accepted as the ultimate, and usually early, fate of all lightweight tyres.

Even so I was a little disgruntled on inflating a brand new cover (fitted to replace a war grade "Highp" which had developed Austinian curves at an early age) to observe that it took up a shape suggestive of a boa-constrictor attempting to swallow a football.

This incident so delayed our start on this fine Saturday that it was almost 3-30 before George Taylor and I took wheel for Dane-in-Shaw.

The sport on the Wilmslow Road was up to its usual thrilling standard. There were split second decisions and hair's breadth clearances as some of our mechanically propelled road mates displayed their unerring skill and judgment with the utmost *sang froide*—and at little risk to their comparatively well protected persons.

George and I were riding similar tricycles on similar gears and soon the idea of a "Prime" up the hill to Dane-in-Shaw was mooted. With his usual modesty George showed decent and becoming reticence but didn't say "No." It was getting dark by the time we swept down to the bridge which was the start of our "Prime." George is naturally a somewhat blasé type and before long he became bored with the business and dismounted but, so as not to spoil my fun, refrained from drawing my attention to his retirement. I, simple soul, struggled upwards, blissfully unaware of his withdrawal, to arrive at the Coach and Horses in company with Bren Orrell.

Six machines were already stabled and before long we were discussing the recent Club A.G.M. in front of a roaring fire. There seemed to be general approval of the retention of our "100" as a real invitation event and of the decision to award a special tricycle prize in the "100" but there were mixed feelings on the question of invitation runs and the recruitment of young members.

A very good tea was soon disposed of then more yarning before we left, almost in a body, at about 7-15. The party broke up in Congleton and again at the Grove Inn so that I finished the journey as one of a tricycling trio consisting of the Presider, George and myself.

Members present were : The Presider, Hubert Buckley, Harold Catling, Jack Hodges, Jack Newton, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, George Taylor and Stan Wild.

#### **Parkgate, Saturday, 18th January, 1947**

The write up of this run ends a long period of undiscovered crime, the Sec, nice chap, had detailed all victims in the preceding year, but with the change in editorship and editorial policy the editor now selects his scribes and this gentleman was determined to end my slothful habits. Though forewarned of his intentions in ample time to consider evasive action, the ride to Dane-in-Shaw was not a pleasing alternative with a return journey of 50 miles into a nor'wester. This same wind produced a day of clear skies and should have been a rare opportunity to enjoy a full day with the capes where they should be. I was going for a long ride and Peter and Frank planned to do a photographic expedition, but all these plans failed to reach fruition. I rode straight out and on arrival spied two bicycles, impregnated with the odour of mild beer through long standing in the exudings of many taverns, warning me to expect Ralph and Tommy sitting by the fire.

With the arrival of Harold Kettle and daughter Barbara, we decided to start and ordered spaghetti or corned beef according to taste. A male of undoubted military mien entered next but the dramatic was lost as the writer, with back to the doorway, was not able to call the mess to attention at the psychological moment to welcome our Rodney. He sat down muttering something about the 4-45 boat but making sure that we all gathered how fit he was. Peter Rock was next to arrive and admitted shamefacedly to having ridden straight out. Arthur Williams then insinuated himself into the group after having had a free tea in the staff only part of the establishment. The last arrival was the Editor, who passed through the doorway with a graceful courtesy produced by many years of consideration for the paintwork on door lintels. His order attended to, I watched the byeplay of his eating utensils and the disappearance of many rounds of bread and numerous cakes for at least twenty minutes. He stoutly denied my accusations of being a hungry so and so, but to refute his denial the pounding noise of his molars carried on for another ten minutes. The silence as he ceased was of the startling, you could almost hear, type. Whilst this was going on, Ralph and Tommy had been entertaining Barbara with a polished exhibition as bar parlour illusionists with matches and handkerchiefs. She found it so good that Harold had great difficulty in getting her ready for the journey home. The rest of us climbed slowly to the high road and so to the parting of the ways at the Glegg Arms. Ralph, Tommy and Rodney to seek some tonsil tonic, while the editor with the not so terrible twins, dropped slowly down through Burnstage for home.

#### **Prestbury, January 11th, 1947**

Weather conditions for this run were not too good ; however, eight



of us foregathered at the White House café for the usual enjoyable tea. We were pleased to see Buckley out again, and Bob Austin was also with us in his new uniform. The rest were the usuals—Rex Austin, Hubert Buckley, Ned Haynes, Latrie Pendlebury, Stan Wild and, of course, the Presider. The Wheelers were also in the house, and one or two dropped in to wish us a Happy New Year, but the party broke up early, and it looked as though Stan Wild would be left alone. However, Hubert found his bus had just left, with an hour to wait for the next, so they filled the time with pleasant conversation.

By the way, the pub. was closed.

#### Wildboarclough, January 25th, 1947

Where were our irrepresibles? This run sorts them out. Though I must admit that today's weather was patchy, often gloomy with occasional bright intervals, and quite a chance of heavy snowfalls up on the Cat and Fiddle.

However, the fates were kind and after an easy run across the Cheshire Plain, on reaching the tilting Cat road, I was surprised to see such a light sprinkling of snow, though as I ascended, care was needed in a number of places.

I was the last arrival at Stanley's, just in time to sit down seven strong. (Well! fairly strong!) Over tea our conversation as usual ranged far and wide from what should be done with Germany to the percentage of economy in effort on riding a shaft-driven cycle.

We didn't linger very long after tea, and on climbing out to the main road, very shortly, as is our custom we became well spread out in the descent to Macclesfield. Again care was required especially where the snow had packed, but everyone got down to the Plain without incident.

As often happens after a somewhat gloomy day, the night sky cleared, making a pleasant star-lit umbrella to the comfortable journey home. As the Presider and I were trundling our way home we came to a tee road, where the signpost, I was interested to see, gave the information that it was  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Knutsford, 12 miles to Stockport and 12 miles to Buxton. Do you, dear reader, know where the signpost is? The gentlemen selected to carry the banner on this January afternoon were as follows: H. Green, H. Catling, G. Taylor, H. Buckley, J. Hodges, D. Shaw and L. Pendlebury.

#### CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead

#### CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MARCH - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# AMENDMENTS TO 1946 HANDBOOK

## Alterations to Rules

- Page 10, Rule 4.* Delete "eighteen" and insert "fifteen."  
*Rule 6.* Delete "January" and insert "October."
- Page 11, Rule 18.* Delete "seven" and insert "six."
- Page 12, Rule 25.* Line 9. Delete "March" and insert "December."  
*Rule 25.* Line 12. Delete "August" and insert "May."  
*Rule 25.* Line 14. Delete "October" and insert "July."  
*Rule 25.* Line 16. Delete "31st December" and insert "30th September."
- Page 13, Rule 29.* Delete "31st December" and insert "30th September."

## List of Members

- Life Members.* Delete F. H. Koenen (Decd.)  
Change of address : W. Orrell, "Orrwood," Twemlow, Holmes Chapel, Crewe.
- Full Members.* Delete H. Bracewell (Decd.)  
Delete W. J. Jones (Struck off).  
Delete W. L. Rich (Struck off).  
Changes of Address : E. Byron, 11 Porto Hey Road, Irby, Wirral.  
W. G. Connor, 11 Preston New Road, Southport.  
N. S. Heath, Thistleberry, Lythwood Road, Bayston Hill, Salop.  
E. L. Killip, Lynton Cottage, Dean Way, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.  
E. Snowden, 55A, Dorset Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.  
N. Turvey, 22 Draycot Road, Wanstead, London, E.11.  
New Members : J. Newton, 1946, 5 Grosvenor Road, Urmston.  
R. C. Swindells, 1946, 198 Urmston Lane, Stretford, Manchester.
- Honorary Members.* Delete F. Roskell (Decd.)  
Delete Lord Kenilworth (Resigned).
- Transfers.* E. Snowden, from Full to Honorary Membership.  
J. H. Williams, from Honorary to Full Membership.

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

MARCH, 1947

NUMBER 492

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- |                                     |                               |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 Halewood (Derby Arms)             | Goostrey (Red Lion)           |
| 8 Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms) |                               |
| Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m.         |                               |
| 15 Mold (Britannia)                 | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 22 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)           |                               |
| 29 Woodbank (Yacht)                 | Goostrey (Red Lion)           |

APRIL, 1947

- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| 5 Parkgate (Deeside Café)                            | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 4/7 Easter Tour. Headquarters, White Lion, Welshpool |                              |

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5, Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

*Easter Tour* :—At the time of going to press, accommodation has been booked for ten members, but it is hoped that additional space may be found for a few more. I shall be glad if members wishing to be present will notify me as soon as possible.

*Whitsun Tour* :—Headquarters will be the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, and accommodation has been reserved. I am taking names.

*Committee* :—Will members please endeavour to be punctual on Saturday, 8th, to avoid delaying tea.

*Resignation* :—The resignation of K. B. Crewe has been accepted with regret.

*Change of Addresses* :—L. King, 19 Fernbank Avenue, Huyton, Lancs. ; W. H. Lloyd, 4 Rutland Road, Southport.

Our 'Erb sends his love to all and he hopes to see us at the "100." We note that George Connor and his good lady have already made the acquaintance of the Chief Superintendent of the Southport Police. Nice work !

J. R. FER,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## TREASURY NOTES

According to Club Rule No. 25, your Hon. Treasurer should be burning the midnight oil writing to some dozen members whose 1946 subscriptions are still outstanding. To save fuel and expense to the Club, will the

members concerned please accept this, the only intimation, and send their subscriptions (and/or donations) as soon as possible?

I have now arranged for members to pay their subscriptions direct to the Club's bank account if they wish to do so. They may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5, Branch.

Subscriptions and/or Donations\* for the current year from the following members are acknowledged with thanks.

R. Barker	N. S. Heath*	L. Pendlebury
W. Henderson	L. Oppenheimer*	S. Wild
J. Hodges*	E. O. Morris	

J. RIGBY BAND,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

## EDITORIAL

When these writings see the light of day we sincerely hope that the sun will be shining, and that what a correspondent is pleased to call the Ice Age will once again be a horrible memory.

With the lighter and brighter days the sap of enthusiasm begins to rise again, and we think of things. Grand times when we can take the bicycle along delectable valleys into lonely places, and up to the windyness of high horizons.

On other pages you will see announcements for both Easter and Whitsuntide. Please book for both if you can, and at Whit we want you. The famous Invitation "100" is again on the card, and we want all the help possible.

Last month we asked for some Old Wives Tales. We haven't had one. Have you ladies stopped reading this little Mag, or are your fingers frozen?  
F.M.

## SUNDAY RUNS

Whether this contribution comes within the scope of the "Sunday Run" discussion is not a matter of great moment. It is not even intended to be controversial, but rather the expression of a point of view which seems to have been passed over with all too little thought.

My own reasons for joining the A.B.C. were many and varied. I had grown beyond the junior mixed club stage, and had great admiration for the Anfielders I had met in the course of racing. There was always a cheery word and a spare drink wherever I went, whether it was during a "50" on the Wirral or East Cheshire, a "100" on Shropshire roads, or even farther afield at Tewkesbury and Theale.

These little services to my mind were in some way responsible for the affection which the great name of Anfield held in the racing game. Unfortunately, the war disrupted the tenor of our ways. Now we are groping for the way back. Some, frankly, seem apathetic, which is a great pity.

Others in their haste would take measures which may well break down the fabric of our Club and still fail to achieve the desired renaissance.

True, at the A.G.M. I spoke in very strong terms in support of the motion. Not because I had any real desire to have my Sunday activities "controlled," but because, like others, I hoped, rather than believed, that suitable new blood would thus be readily acquired.

We have no current great names in the racing world, which means so much to a keen youngster, but we have many who can help in other ways. The 1947 season will soon be opening. A few of us will no doubt enter the lists yet again to do grim battle against advancing years and departing fleetness.

We are promoting two major open events this year, and a great deal of help will be required. Even helpers need practice. Last year one helper mistook Maitland for a tourist! What easier way is there of developing one's enthusiasm and skill for the great days ahead than by doing a turn in local events, both in the Liverpool and Manchester areas?

Nothing pleased me more than the grand way in which the "fifties" were supported last season. Let these up and coming youngsters see that we are active in the manner that means most to them, and my own reasons for joining may well be the reasons for many others.

PETER ROCK.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

12th JANUARY, 1947

*Present :*

Mr. H. GREEN in the Chair.

Messrs. R. J. Austin, R. R. Austin, J. R. Band, K. W. Barker, A. E. C. Birkby, E. Buckley, H. G. Buckley, H. Catling, W. A. Connor, W. G. Connor, J. D. Cranshaw, S. del Banco, J. R. Fer, E. Haynes, W. H. Kettle, T. Mandall, F. Marriott, G. Molyneux, J. Newton, L. Pendlebury, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt, T. Sherman, G. Stephenson, P. T. Stephenson, G. G. Taylor, I. A. Thomas, S. Wild and A. Williams.

Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. W. E. Cotter, E. O. Morris, J. Pitchford, H. W. Powell and J. H. Williams.

The Minutes of the last A.G.M. were taken as read and confirmed, after which the Hon. General Secretary, Hon. Racing Secretary and Treasurer presented their respective reports, which appear in this issue.

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

*President* :—H. Green.

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

*Captain* :—W. P. Rock.

*Hon. Racing Secretary* :—J. J. Salt.

*Sub.-Captains* :—J. E. Reeves and E. Haynes.

*Hon. Treasurer* :—J. R. Band.

*Committee* :—K. W. Barker, H. Catling, T. Mandall, F. Marriott, T. Sherman and S. Wild.

*Auditors* :—W. E. Cotter and E. O. Morris.

*Hon. General Secretary* :—J. R. Fer.

A very special Vote of Thanks was passed, with acclamation, to W. H. Kettle for his work as Hon. Treasurer.

J. R. Fer proposed, and W. P. Rock seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That the Financial Year of the Club shall expire on 30th September of each year, and that Rules 6, 25 and 29 be amended accordingly.”

J. R. Fer proposed, and F. Marriott seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That Rule 4 be amended to read ‘ The Committee shall consist of fifteen members, including the Officers,’ and that the word ‘ six ’ be substituted for the word ‘ seven ’ in Rule 18.”

E. Haynes proposed, and H. Catling seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That a number of invitation runs be arranged during the year.”

R. J. Austin proposed, and W. H. Kettle seconded :—“ That the Club promote open events at 100 miles and 12 hours during 1947, and that an entry fee of 5/- be charged for the ‘ 100.’ ”

An amendment, proposed by F. Marriott, and seconded by E. Buckley—  
“ That no entry fee be charged for the ‘ 100.’ ” was carried.

The amended proposition was put to the meeting and carried.

R. J. Austin proposed, and H. G. Buckley seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That a Special Prize be awarded to the Tricycle doing fastest time in the ‘ 100.’ ”

R. J. Austin proposed, and H. G. Buckley seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That Club Races be left to the Committee to arrange.”

F. Marriott proposed, and R. J. Austin seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That the Easter Tour be left in the hands of the Committee, with no limitation as to district.”

R. J. Austin proposed, and J. Newton seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That the Whitsun Tour be held to Shrewsbury.”

W. G. Connor proposed, and J. J. Salt seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That the August Tour be left in the hands of the Committee.”

R. J. Austin proposed, and J. R. Fer seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That the Autumnal Tints Tour be held to Glynceiriog.”

S. Wild proposed, and F. Marriott seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That the Comforts Fund be closed, and the balance transferred to Club Funds.”

R. J. Austin proposed, and F. Marriott seconded, and it was Resolved—  
“ That the holding of an Annual Dinner, confined to males, be agreed in principle ; and that the Committee be instructed to arrange, if possible, such a function during the autumn of 1947.”

This concluded the Business.

## HON. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

*Presented at the Annual General Meeting of the Members,  
12th January, 1947*

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,

It is with much pleasure, tempered by a certain amount of trepidation, that I present my Report of the Club's activities during 1946.

I realise that in donning the mantle of so capable an official as my predecessor, I am necessarily starting under a handicap, and trust that you will overlook any shortcomings in this Report due to my inexperience.

The Membership now numbers 134, a decrease of 8 since last year.

This figure is composed of 96 Full, 8 Junior and 30 Honorary Members.

Three Full Members have been elected during the year.

Two Full Members have transferred to Honorary Membership, and one Honorary Member has transferred to Full Membership.

Three Members have resigned during the year.

Two Full Members have been struck off for non-payment of subscriptions.

It is with the deepest regret that I have to report the death of five Members during the year, viz., Mr. H. Roskell, Mr. A. Crowcroft, Mr. H. Bracewell, Mr. F. Roskell and Mr. F. H. Koenen.

Hubert Roskell joined the Club in 1898, and soon shewed his capabilities by winning his first Anfield '50.' He was prominent in all the Club '50's' the following year, and, partnered by his brother Frank, secured the N.R.R.A. unpaced tandem 50 record. At the end of that year he took up an appointment in South America, but on his return a few years later he resumed activities with the Club. His active interest in the Club was maintained up to the very end, and one can only say that whether he be regarded as an able administrator, as guide, philosopher and friend, or simply as an ardent Clubman, we have lost one of our most valuable assets with his passing.

Austin Crowcroft joined the Club in 1906, and was an enthusiastic cyclist and a regular attender at Club fixtures until heart trouble forced him to curtail his activities. He had a seizure in 1934 and another in 1943, and though making a partial recovery his health broke completely last February. He was a popular Clubman and was fond of the social side of Club life, and his death will be regretted by all who came in contact with him.

Bert Bracewell joined the Club in 1945 as a second-claim member. A member of the Cheshire Roads Club, he knew many Anfielders, and his quiet unassuming personality soon won him the regard of his new Clubmates. He was an enthusiastic tourist and a regular attender at Club fixtures, and his passing came as a severe shock to us all.

Frank Roskell joined the Club in 1898 and, like his brother Hubert, proved to possess a useful turn of speed. In addition to securing the

N.R.R.A. Tandem 50 Record with Hubert, he broke the Unpaced Tri-cycle 50 Record in 1902. He was an enthusiastic Clubman, and although residence on the South Coast since 1920 precluded any but very rare attendances at Club fixtures, he availed himself of every opportunity which presented itself of doing so.

F. H. Koenen joined the Club in 1895, and was an enthusiastic Clubman throughout his Membership. Between 1896 and 1901 he broke the following N.R.R.A. Records :—Paced Tandem 50 (twice), Paced Tandem 100, Paced Single 50 and Unpaced Tandem 50. During the last few years ill-health prevented him from taking any active part in the Club's fixtures, but he retained a keen interest in the Club's affairs right up to the end.

There have been 53 fixtures during the year, with an average attendance of 17.868, an increase of 5.321 compared with 1945.

Quarterly average attendances were—January to March, 18, April to June, 18.154, July to September, 17.923, and October to December, 17.429.

The highest attendance was at the Club '50' on 7th September, when 36 Members were out. The lowest attendances were at Pulford on 26th January and at Buxworth on 25th May, 4 Members being out on each occasion.

Officers and Committee being barred from the attendance prizes, Messrs. J. Newton and P. T. Stephenson share the First and Second Attendance Prizes with a total of 31 runs each.

Individual attendances during the year were as follows :—

H. Green	..	52	J. S. Jonas	..	14	S. T. Carver	..	3
J. R. Fer	..	49	F. Marriott	..	13	W. H. Lloyd	..	3
H. Catling	..	43	K. W. Barker	..	11	G. Molyneux	..	3
S. Wild	..	41	H. G. Buckley	..	11	R. R. Austin	..	2
E. Haynes	..	37	F. Perkins	..	10	A. E. Preston	..	2
W. H. Kettle	..	36	G. Stephenson	..	10	J. Ward	..	2
R. J. Austin	..	35	W. G. Connor	..	9	H. S. Barratt	..	1
W. P. Rock	..	33	E. Byron	..	8	P. C. Beardwood	..	1
T. Mandall	..	31	E. O. Morris	..	8	F. D. Elias	..	1
J. Newton	..	31	A. E. C. Birkby	..	7	J. H. Fawcett	..	1
P. T. Stephenson	..	31	I. A. Thomas	..	7	J. Leece	..	1
E. L. Killip	..	30	C. F. Elias	..	6	A. Lusty	..	1
J. J. Salt	..	29	G. Farr	..	6	G. Newall	..	1
S. del Banco	..	27	R. Poole	..	6	C. Randall	..	1

J. Hodges	..	27	C. H. Turnor	6	T. T. Samuel	1		
J. E. Reeves	..	27	E. Buckley	..	5	J. Seed	..	1
L. Pendlebury	..	24	G. Lockett	..	5	F. H. Swift	1	
T. Sherman	..	24	J. Pitchford	5	U. Taylor	..	1	
G. G. Taylor	22	D. L. Birchall	4	S. T. Threlfall	1			
R. Barker	..	19	F. Chandler	..	4	N. Turvey	..	1
W. Orrell	..	18	L. King	..	4	W. T. Threlfall	1	
A. Williams	..	17	C. Selkirk	..	4	W. C. Tierney	1	
J. R. Band	..	16	D. Shaw	..	4	J. H. Williams	1	
G. B. Orrell	..	16	R. C. Swindells	4				
J. D. Cranshaw	15	K. Turnor	..	4				

There have been 12 Meetings of the Committee during the year. Individual attendances are as follows :—

H. Green	..	12	E. Haynes	..	8	S. del Banco	6	
J. R. Fer	..	12	E. L. Killip	..	8	R. J. Austin	..	5
W. H. Kettle	..	11	S. Wild	..	8	J. R. Band	..	5
H. Catling	..	9	T. Mandall	..	7	F. Marriott	..	5
J. E. Reeves	..	9	J. J. Salt	..	7	R. Barker	..	4
W. P. Rock	..	9	K. W. Barker	6	G. Stephenson	4		

The usual Tours were successfully carried out, and have been fully recorded in the *Circular*. Brief particulars are as follows :—

*Easter.* April 19/22. To Llanrwst. Headquarters—Victoria Hotel.

*Whitsun.* June 8/10. To Shropshire. Headquarters—Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.

*August.* August 3/5. To Newport, Salop. Headquarters—Barley Mow, and to Bath Road '100.'

*Autumnal Tints.* October 19/20. To Glynceiriog. Headquarters—Glyn Valley Hotel.

The Club's best thanks are again due to Mr. G. Stephenson for the excellent way in which he has edited the *Circular* during the year.

In conclusion, I should like to thank the President and Members of the Committee for all their assistance during the year. I would also add a special word of thanks to Mr. H. W. Powell for his advice and guidance, without which my task would certainly have been very much more difficult.

J. R. FER,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## COMMITTEE MEETING

CHESTER, 9th FEBRUARY, 1947

"Black Friday" and "Black Monday" said the newspapers, but as the select Members of the Committee prepared to journey to Chester it was a "White Sunday," and the problem was not one of coal or electricity but to ride or not to ride? That was the question!!

At the time the writer settled his personal problem Bert Green had already ventured forth "en tricycle," but even Homer was known to nod and our gallant President returned home to ride later in the comfort of Rex Austin's Standard.

Yes, it was a pleasant ride to Chester, back to the engine, feet up and heat on. I am not a Sunday Run Wallah, but if this is the style then count me in every time! I slipped away quickly from the precincts of Chester Station and soon fell in with Ralph Fer and Tommy Mandall, who had travelled on the same 'rattler' but much nearer the engine.

By this time the snow was thick and falling fast and the Secretary-bird ploughed ahead, for was it not near opening time?

At the "Peacock" were the President, Vice-President Rex and son Bobby. Soon after the arrival of "we three," that Superman and Hero of Novices, that drummer-upper, etc., barged in and in case we had missed his arrival spluttered in a loud voice that he had ridden out! Brave chap! I wonder was it because he couldn't afford the bus fare or a petrol coupon, poor fellow.

Captain Rock slid in and silently divested himself of many coats and pullovers. He had also ridden out.

A short session at the bar and we adjourned to lunch, which was extremely satisfying and well served.

The Treasurer arrived during lunch and his arrival made us "Three three's"—three by car, three by train and three by cycle. Leaving Sammy to finish the sprouts we soon got down to business. The fire proved to be a distraction, but despite this we discussed runs for March, accounts, correspondence, including letter from the T.A. and our friends the North Road, until eventually the President declared the meeting closed.

The motorists were quickly away, the cyclists more gingerly, Rigby leading on three wheels, leaving the Three Stooges to await the pleasure of the G.W.R. Time passed easily and eventually, after nearly leaving Ralph behind, we left Chester at 4-15 to arrive comfortably at Woodside about fifty minutes later.



# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

*Dr.*

## Cash Summary for 1946

*Cr.*

1945		1946		1945		1946	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
360	17 0	To Bank Balance from 1945	329 9 11	100	4 10	By Printing and Postages	146 5 6
2	7 5	Cash	7 7 0	—	—	Prizes in Races	7 17 0
0	10 0	Entrance Fees	0 15 0	—	—	Feeding in Races	17 12 9
0	4 6	Badge Deposits	0 10 6	0	10 0	Sundry Payments	11 4 6
8	10 6	Arrears of Subscriptions, 1945	12 5 0	62	5 2	Gifts to "Ours" on A.S.	9 15 11
4	10 0	Subscriptions and Donations in Advance	18 3 0	0	7 9	Bank Commission	0 5 0
6	3 10	Bank Interest	6 8 4	329	9 11	Bank Balances	324 16 11
76	6 6	Subscriptions, 1946	108 12 0	7	7 0	Cash Balance	0 11 5
40	14 11	Donations, 1946	34 18 3				
<hr/>				<hr/>			
£500	4 8		£518 9 0	£500	4 8		£518 9 0

1945		1946	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
15	8 3	To Prizes not yet selected	34 11 6
4	10 0	Subscriptions and Donations in advance	18 3 0
13	4 7	Printing A/c outstanding	7 4 2
313	14 1	Balance	272 9 8
<hr/>			
£346	16 11		£332 8 4

1945		1946	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
329	9 11	By Bank Balances	324 16 11
7	7 0	Cash Balance	0 11 5
10	0 0	Subscriptions outstanding and good Badges, Bronze Medals and Shield in hands of Hon. Treasurer	7 0 0
<hr/>			
£346	16 11		£332 8 4

Audited and found correct—

E. O. MORRIS

7th January, 1947

W. E. COTTER

W. H. KETTLE,

*Hon. Treasurer.*

## RUNS

### Mold, 25th January, 1947

Our new Editor seems to have acquired the additional vice of detailing his victims in advance.

To see him mid-week is fatal, for behind the bland enquiry "Will you be at Mold next week?" there lurks the sadistic glee of easy acquisition of an unsuspecting victim.

This day started about two p.m. for me, when the weak morning sun had gone and the dull leaden skies gave a wintry aspect to my journey Chester-wards. The wind was South-easterly and of sufficient strength to make my lack of fitness very apparent.

On completing my business in Chester it was still early; four-twenty was surely too soon to make a beeline for Mold. None of Ours had been sighted, so with wind now favourable I hurried down the Wrexham road. Perhaps at Wrexham the Editor would rattle by on his way back from Shropshire where the "brains trust" had intended doing a little preparation for the Invitation '100.'

Little did I know that owing to illness of two of the prime-movers, Salty and Ken Barker, the scheme had been hastily shelved, and that the Editor should be the first person to greet me as I fell off after the last few gruelling miles from Wrexham.

Inside we made our way to the tea-room, where Kettle, Mandall and Reeves were entertaining two youthful friends whom Rodney had brought out. Jolly good show, what!

The meal was plain but satisfying, and all but completed when Rigby Band appeared. Later still Fawcett descended on the party for a few moments before returning to the wilds of Cilcain. Williams was also present, bright and breezy as ever.

Kettle was first to leave and Marriott very deftly detached himself from the Skipper and Sub. as they accompanied Sherman and the two youthful speedmen homewards. For a while Tommy took the lead with Neville, while Derek and the older hands tucked in behind—waiting—!

At Shotwick dip it came, Peter accused Tommy of stopping, metaphorically, of course. The aggrieved reply came back in an instant—"Take the ruddy lead yourself and give us a spell."

In a short while Peter and Derek were going through all the normal preparatory tactics of a blind with Eric just waiting. Neville fell back to keep company with Tommy, who had fallen by the wayside.

At Hadlow Road Eric took over from Peter who by exerting a far greater amount of will power than fitness, managed to hang on until our ways parted at Clatterbridge. Eric and I were able again to ride in comfort, having duly upheld the honour of the Club.

### Halewood, 1st February, 1947

A very uneventful run, with Fer, Kettle and Morris arriving per rattler—the convenient one that gets you there at the right time. Stevie brought the car, and Tommie Mandall came out under his own steam.

Harold was nursing a cold : luckily there was something other than beer to dilute his glasses of hot water.

The meal was good and sufficient as usual and Eddie Morris was first away as usual to catch his train. Harold went for his bus, and Fer accompanied Stevie in the wagon. A call on the way, and we joined Tommie for a short session at Gateacre.

#### **Goostrey, 1st February, 1947**

Cycling along the road to Goostrey last Saturday it was cold and wintry. The snow looked to me unattractive after having spent the last two winters abroad in the sunshine. I had thought many times on hot nights of the picturesqueness of home on a winter's day, but it did not seem quite so romantic now. However, arriving at the Red Lion with its warmth and always welcome atmosphere, I was very pleased to be back again among my friends, and even the bleakness of a very cold day was soon forgotten. The tea was as usual, good, and the fire cheering.

We had just sat down to tea when in came Tommy Sherman. We were very pleased to greet our friend from Liverpool, and hope we shall see him many more times on this side of the county. The conversation round the tea-table covered many topics. The venue for the Easter Tour, the Tricycle Association week-end at Buxton, and the chances of another member claiming heavy damages for libel against another member.

After tea the first to leave was Tommy, who after donning a wonderful collection of jerseys and scarves, set off to return to the City of Perpetual Sunshine. The party broke up soon after 7-30. Members present :— The President, Catling, Taylor, Jack Newton, Ned Haynes, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Stan Wild, Tommy Sherman and Hubert Buckley.

#### **Buxworth, 8th February, 1947.**

Hazel Grove was reached without sweating, but to the turn near Whaley Bridge the strong icy wind plus the adverse gradient made progress very strenuous. At the sausage works the road had been cut out of deep snow and as one climbed higher the surface became icier. Forward movement became so slow that at any moment the landscape might be expected to overtake one. The surface became mostly icy packed snow flogged into painful corrugations by motor chains. Climbing the hill towards Buxworth the loose snow at the roadside was hurriedly sought to allow the passage of a downcoming snow plough.

George Taylor—on trike—was already at the Navigation and in course of time there arrived the President, Stan Wild and Jack Hodges (on tricycles), Ned Haynes and Laurie Pendlebury on bicycles.

The food was good, the room was warm and we sat some little while and talked.

Ned was the first to leave and soon afterwards we others moved off.

The return journey was a glorious wind assisted swoop. We overtook Ned (a rare event) at Disley, picking his way unhappily over that terrible surface.

As we three—George, Stan and I—on “barrers” swept careful over the deadly road we discussed our reasons for persisting in riding a machine which to most people is an anachronism to be eliminated by ridicule. And indeed the writer has often pondered the question. Why persist in the practice in spite of the aggressive jeers and ill-natured inanities of fools?

Apart from the undoubted satisfaction derived from being “different,” our chosen mount must possess some virtue not inherent in the two-wheeler and to the writer this virtue is stability. Relieved from the effort of balancing one can dawdle more efficiently, with a consequent augmentation of the powers of observation. Stopping needs no acrobatic ability. Added attention can be given to rhythmic pedalling at all speeds. With just sufficient pedalling speed to conquer dead centre one can climb hills more easily. On greasy and icy surfaces the tricycle is paramount. Assaulted by blinding headlights there is less tendency to hit kerb or bank. This Anfielder has noticed that motorists, realising that three wheels indicate either mental or physical deficiency show a tendency to give him greater elbow room on the road. To me the thrill of cornering occurs chiefly when the inside wheel lifts more than a foot from the ground.

I left George and Stan at Cheadle Hulme. All the others reached their homes without untoward incidents.

#### Woodbank, 8th February, 1947

Owing to a slip-up in our covering arrangements, which we hope will not occur again, this is written by the Editor, who wasn't out at the run. Earlier in the afternoon he was with some friends in his petrol wagon, and—honestly!—he had every intention of returning home for his Green Goddess of a bicycle and venturing forth to the Yacht Inn. But it was the roads that scared him. The ice and his penchant for measuring his length on frozen snow were just too much. He is sorry now that he missed such a happy run.

Peter and Eric liked it out, and, as Frank did not show up in his ancient car (pity!) they walked home again. Rigby rode his barrow, and Tommy Mandali, Ralph Fer and Arthur Birkby ventured forth on bicycles. They reported conditions as not too bad. After tea, and after the hikers had left Salty dropped in, and at the other end of the scale we must report that Chandler called at the Yacht at *lunchtime* and wanted a Club run for it. The nerve!

#### Mold, 15th February, 1947.

The third Saturday of the New Ice Age saw the roads in worse condition than ever. In the circumstances it was understandable that the two-wheel brigade (bar one) were daunted by the frost and snow. But where, oh where, were the stalwarts (again bar one) of the tricycle brigade?

So it happened that only two Anfielders reached Mold to enjoy the best Club meal for some time and both of us agreed that it had been worth riding for. Enjoying the fire just long enough to smoke an after-dinner pipe we picked our way through Mold's ice-bound streets and recklessly (for the bicyclist) sped to Queensferry. Thence all was plain sailing on clean

roads and apart from a chain unshipping and a spot of dynamo trouble (bicyclist each time) home was reached quite comfortably.

Did someone say "who turned up?" Well, you'd better ask the Skipper or the Hon. Treasurer.

#### **Dane-in-Shaw, 15th February, 1947.**

Despite the snow and several degrees of frost it was a bright afternoon. A deceptively bright afternoon in fact. But we were not deceived. George wore two pairs of stockings and a flying helmet. Ned and I were more conventionally attired in a plurality of pullover and G.H.S. caps. George was riding his best tricycle and grimly determined to maintain the cracking (?) pace set by Ned and myself on Sylvia, the multibraked and multigeared tandem trike. Near Wilmslow we encountered Stan (creaking axle) Wild, painfully punishing his audibly complaining barrow whilst chanting mournfully "This hurts me more than it hurts you."

At Alderley we turned right to call on the Orrells at Twemlow, whilst Stan and George continued along A.34 to Congleton. It was easy to Holmes Chapel, but there we turned into a bitter East wind which made the miles to Congleton into leagues.

Apart from a few icy boulder fields the road surface was pretty fair until we reached the last climb to Dane-in-Shaw. The large drifts had been cleared but even without its gradient the road would have been unrideable. As it was the climb to the Coach and Horses was one in which an ice axe could have been used with advantage.

We were ready for the meal and, as usual, Phyllis did not disappoint us. Stan's great gifts as a forager were again displayed. Stan is probably our greatest single asset. He has a way with him. If I had to select my "Desert Island Discs" I should choose recordings of Stan Wild saying "We will have some more bread and butter please—and another pot of jam too." Even on a desert island I feel that his voice would not fail us and food would be showered from the skies. Why Mr. Strachey does not send Stan to America in his stead I don't know.

After tea we toasted ourselves before a log fire of ample dimensions whilst Hubert regaled us with anecdotes of his days with the 'Barf' Road Club. Soon it was time for the elder brethren to leave for home and before long the rest of us followed. The descent to Congleton was full of incidents but none serious, and within half-an-hour we were picking our way through blacked-out Congleton.

Those present were the President, Hubert Buckley, Harold Catling, Ned Haynes, Jack Hodges, George Taylor and Stan Wild.

#### **Tarvin, 22nd February, 1947.**

"Bleak House" was an appropriate venue for this very bleak Saturday. The grip of winter had not relaxed, though the main roads were fairly clear; Willaston alone seemed to be enjoying a temporary thaw which made the road into a mud bath.

Tarvin was white and cold but the tea place belied its name and proved a comfortable haven as usual.

Peter and Eric, not liking the temperature outside, were already installed when the President, Rigby Band and Ken Barker met on the doorstep. These five were soon joined by Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton, to make the final score seven.

The Presider was first to move, having a puncture to attend to and soon the Manchester and Wirral contingents were winding their several ways.

Fuel cuts seem to have touched the Anfield, for Rigby's gas producer was on half pressure and ceased to function at intervals, whilst Peter's power station imposed a cut out on the rearward lighting circuit, and it was in this patriotic spirit of economy that four cold Anfielders reached Bebington. It was good to be out again but we hope it will be warmer next time.

Rumour had it that the Editorial Wee had been lured into North Wales by an Arran Pilot. For further details watch the cycling press for a thrilling new serial "With sack and spade through Spudland," by "Wotnotaters."

#### **Wildboardrough, 22nd February, 1947.**

After a hasty lunch I hauled the trike on to the road and rode forth into a blinding snowstorm. The reason for this unnatural act was that according to a carefully laid plan, somewhere on the way to Twemlow Green I should overtake Harold Catling, mounted on a fantastic composite vehicle, something like a railway train. Alas for the best laid plans, I arrived at the abode of the Orrells without seeing any trace of Harold. Sadly deciding that his contraption had come to grief and the ambulance had already removed the remains, I retraced my course towards Siddington lane. I hadn't gone very far when Harold hove in sight, hot but undamaged, and nonchalantly explained that, lacking the true Anfield spirit, he had waited for the snow to stop before setting out.

Harold's business was soon concluded and with Harold more normally mounted, we set off through Siddington lane towards Macclesfield. Up to this point, the weather had been very dull, with occasional snow showers (sorry this reads like a weather forecast) but now the incredible happened; the clouds cleared, leaving a deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine. Until then I had had a growing suspicion that we had exported the sun to defray the cost of the recent war, and it is amazing how the discovery that it is still with us affects one's mood; until then my main feeling had been of determination that somehow, as the Prime Minister said, we must get through the present crisis (he surely doesn't expect us to lie down and die?). But when the sun shines, we can laugh at our worst troubles as merely the normal British method of muddling through.

There was enough snow on the landscape to produce those Christmas-card effects which seem to be rarely met with in reality, but I soon began to realise that Harold was in no condition either to appreciate scenery or maintain an intelligent conversation; considering his earlier exertions this was hardly surprising. So we arrived in Macclesfield in silence, and

began the main business of the day—the ascent of the dreaded Cat and Fiddle. The first mile was more or less normal, apart from occasional lumps of ice, and we had just reached the snow-line when the Manchester V.P., with wife and Bobby, tore past us, not as one might have hoped, on a triplet tricycle, but on a four-wheeled vehicle which was even faster. We were consoled by the thought that however long it took us to reach Stanley's, our arrival would be expected. We also noted a set of tricycle tracks in the snow, which we guessed to have been left by Jack Hodges. Progress was not difficult, apart from a few snowdrifts which would have required rocket-propulsion to force a tricycle through them. Perhaps some day we shall have this, and "burning off the opposition" will take on a new meaning. Harold and I were the last arrivals at Stanley's, so did not hear what difficulties the snow had brought to that noble establishment. At all events, the tea was of the usual excellent standard; one can't help wondering what sort of cataclysm would be necessary to upset Stanley's equilibrium. Mrs. Austin presided over the teapot, and unlike the usual holder of that office, did not insist on the principle that whenever she poured a cup for somebody else, she should also pour one for herself.

The Austins departed early, leaving the three tricyclists to a serious conversation which as there isn't space to do justice to, I will conveniently omit entirely. By a majority of two to one, I was appointed to write up the run, and the others then endeavoured to heap honours on my head by proposing that I should lead the descent into Macclesfield. With becoming modesty I attempted to decline this honour, but without avail. It was very dark and snowing slightly when we finally set out. With the assistance of gravity we battered our way through the snow, though often with a peculiar motion. This should be the point at which to write some verses in praise of the tricycle, but, alas, I have not the pen of Stan Wild (perhaps I lack the source of liquid inspiration on which he draws so freely). All I can add to Stan's recent essay is that on snow and ice, the tricycle has none of the vicious habits of the wild and intractable bicycle, but is essentially docile and domesticated, and even more than the horse, a true friend of man. The ability of a tricycle to find its way straight along a snowy road, even when it isn't pointing in that direction, is little short of amazing.

We arrived at Macc. without mishap, and the Stockport road and the lanes to Handforth were wavy but unexciting.

So ended a memorable run, under conditions which could not be much worse without being impossible.

Those present were: Rex Austin, Mrs. Austin and Bobby, H. Catling, J. Hodges and G. G. Taylor.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



APRIL - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*



# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

APRIL, 1947

NUMBER 493

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

5 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Prestbury (White House Café)

4/7 Easter Tour. Headquarters: White Lion, Welshpool

12 Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms)

Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m.

19 Mold (Market Vaults) Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)

26 Woodbank (Yacht) Goostrey (Red Lion)

MAY, 1947

3 Mold (Market Vaults) Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)

3/4 Week-end at the Bridge Inn, Bont Uchel.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

*Easter Tour* :—A meal is arranged for 7-0 p.m. on Friday. Lunch on Saturday at 1-30 p.m. at the Aleppo Merchant, Carno. It is hoped that lunch on Sunday will be at Clun.

*Change of Address* :—C. Aldridge, "Fair Mead," Legh Road, Knutsford, Cheshire.

J. R. FER,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## WELSH WEEK-END

The Merseyside Mountain Trial is due to be held on Sunday morning, May 4th, the start from Llangollen being at 7-01 a.m. and for those keen on seeing this very interesting time trial we have arranged accommodation at the Bridge Inn, Bont Uchel, near Ruthin, for the night. There are beds for eight, three doubles and two singles, and we have booked them all. The charge for dinner, bed and breakfast, has been arranged at 11/6, and arrangements are in the hands of the *Editor*. Names, please, as soon as possible. The inn is now in the hands of Mrs. Dick Ryalls, and we are assured of a grand welcome.

## THE "TWELVE"

This year we revive our "12," and the date, please note, is Sunday, July 13th. Helpers will be wanted in their hundreds (or nearly, anyway) and we ask you to keep the matter in mind. Headquarters for the event will be at Chester.

## TRICYCLING NOTES

*The Tricycle Association Winter Meet* was to have taken the form of a week-end at the "Eagle," Buxton, and several of Ours had booked, but were disappointed when it became obvious that, owing to the snow, the projected venue was unattainable.

*The T.A. Annual Dinner* was held at the Comedy Restaurant, Haymarket, on Saturday, 1st March. Principally as a result of the snowbound state of this pleasant isle, the numerical strength of the Anfield at this function was low. In fact, only one member, ex T.A. Northern Chairman Snowden was present to reply to the toast of the A.B.C.

I was loathe to miss the fellowship of the dinner, but I must confess that the unpalatable prospect of paying 12/6 for so poor a meal as that normally provided by the Comedy tipped the scales against my facing the hazards of the journey.

*At the T.A. A.G.M.*, held at High Barnet on Sunday, 2nd March, 1947, the President, G.H.S., spoke of "our very good friends the North Road C.C. and the Anfield," in referring to the N.R. Tricycle "50" and our decision to award a special tricycle prize in the "100."

One resolution of the meeting was that the next A.G.M. and Annual Dinner should be held in November next and that, subject to a suitable venue being found, it should be held in the Midlands. Reducing the distance from 200 to 100 miles may induce more of us to make the journey next time.

*The Northern T.A. Opener* was held at the Royal Oak, Alderley Edge, on Sunday, 23rd March. We were well represented by eight members. Medals were presented by Eric (5.01 Tricycle "100") Wilkinson up from the South. Alf. Layzell and Dick Petrie, of the North Road, had also ridden up from London despite the floods.

Considerable interest was shown by the faster men in our "100." I think we can count on several 100% enthusiastic entries from the T.A. The keenness and almost fanatical enthusiasm of so many of my brother tricyclists is a perpetual source of wonder to me.

*The T.A. Northern "25"* will be contested on the Goostrey—King Street course on April 28th. Cannot we muster a few entries? After all, T.A. events are supported by real sportsmen who ride because they enjoy it. The out and out racing pot hunter is not a tricyclist. The spirit of time trialling has suffered badly of recent years by the impact of the B.A.R. and system of promoting opens every week-end, but the old sporting spirit still survives in the T.A.

*Help Wanted.* During August week-end J. K. Letts and S. W. Parker propose to attack the End to End on a tandem tricycle. Help over the Hodnet to Lancaster section is being organized by Alan Littlemore (53 Halton View Road, Widnes) who will welcome offers of assistance. The courage of these veterans in making this attempt fills me with such admiration that I am quite willing to follow them, with hot drinks and sandwiches, for the whole of the 850 miles, petrol permitting.

H.C.

## LANDS END, SCOTLAND, AUGUST, 1946

The Mull of Galloway is the most southerly point of Scotland and lies about twenty-four miles from Stranraer.

We had arrived at the Old Kings Arms Hotel for lunch on Thursday, and had been well received and booked our room for two nights. Wednesday had been spent on the very pleasant road from Dumfries to Newton Stewart, where we had explored the total resources of the town for beds, almost, before we found a truly hospitable hotel, the Cree Bridge (whose name is recorded in heaven). It is true we slept on the floor, but in extreme comfort and apart from other considerations it is the best hotel in the place. Castle Douglas, Gatehouse of Fleet and Glenluce were the chief places we had seen on the way, together with much pleasant pastoral country. The music of the reaping machines rising from the big fields of grain gave promise of porridge in plenty. But it was the hills and the sea that made the greatest impression on us. Blue hills in the distance; green, grey and brown hills above us and nearby; the blue sea, the white surf, the green black rocks and the great rolling white clouds cruising about on a light blue heavenly sea about us.

And thus it was that F.D.E. and I, the youngest and one of the oldest members of the Anfield agreed to show the Club Colours once again to the Lighthouse Keeper at Scotland's very own Lands End.

And so on Friday morning we set off from Stranraer (not forgetting our iron rations) on a home-made summer's day with a helpful wind and on a more or less level road, we rode along the easterly side of the peninsular with the lovely Luce Bay in full view the greater part of the way. The hills and the sea, and the sea and sky all blending to make an artist's paradise.

Nothing beyond a few small villages and a patch of woodland here and there took our eyes from the Bay until we reached Drummore about twenty miles south. And in this charming little fishing village was an unexpected joy, a really good Inn with an innkeeper who seemed to welcome travellers and his lunch was as good as his welcome.

In due time and not before, we started on the last five miles of our pilgrimage. The first mile was a long grind up hill, which the elderly walk with dignity and the young take in their stride, and wait with friendly courtesy at the top. Stage two was another mile of undulating and fairly good going and then a left fork showed us the Kingdoms of the Earth—rolling hillsides tumbling to the sea at either side and a rough brown lane like a switchback leading on to the tall white light-house in the distance; it looked near enough every now and again and yet again what latitudes away. The surface was almost too bad to ride and yet not quite bad enough to walk. Some stretches one could coast gently, others ride dangerously, and yet others ride strenuously and the remainder walk painfully, and so on we went with F.D. making light of it all and riding to the gates of paradise and there waiting for the elder statesman,

Here is a great circle of whitewashed stone wall surrounding the Estate of the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, but the gate was not against us so we came on to the settlement itself.

And at last here was the lighthouse of the Mull of Galloway; the Store House and Fog Signal Equipment buildings, and the comfortable and snug dwelling-houses of the three separate families who make up the team; the men who keep the light bear one another company and make the watches, four hours on and four off.

The friendly keeper in his trim blue uniform and white covered cap took us over the house, and up the many steps to the light, burning an incandescent mantle; a frail thing enough, though safe inside a multi-leaved glass screen, three hundred feet above the sea and looking down on the seething maritime roundabout where seven tides meet and fight it out among themselves and divide the spoils.

"Lonely? Oh, no. I've been round the coast in the Service on many different stations but this one suits me fine. A day off every week to Stranraer and the mail van here every day, and many visitors especially on a Sunday."

"These are fine blankets the Service supply" he said pointing to the Naval looking clothes line, "and here is the store and the log signal and the log book."

So we looked across to Ireland and to the Isle of Man, the English coast and the Scottish headlands, and departed in peace.

Homeward along the same rough lane in the same order of progression and then Drummore again and what better than a good Scottish tea—truly the land of cakes.

Back once more along the shores of Luce Bay, and yet a new picture in the early evening light seen from our right, warm and calm the water looked and we paused more than once and talked of a swim but we never settled to our bathe and came to our Inn in good time for a refreshing wash and dinner.

We finished the evening in the fashion of the town by going down to the pier to see the Irish Mail Steamer glide down Lock Ryan in the gloaming, edge gently to the pier and tie up; and then the passengers stepped off and made with concentrated and determined speed for the three waiting trains, two for London and one for Glasgow, with a few remaining souls for Stranraer itself.

As the lights began to blink, the new passengers started to go on board, we turned back to the town once more with all the other spectators and to the Old Kings Arms and so to bed.

*Envoi.* It was almost exactly twenty years ago that the Elder Statesman made this self-same pilgrimage, but the roads then were much better, the hills less steep, the miles were shorter, the lighthouse top nearer to the ground (or so it seemed) but in spite of all this he enjoyed his second journey as greatly and more so in that he had as a very good companion, his youngest son.

C.F.E.



## RUNS

### Halewood, 1st March, 1947

Wot, no Anfielders? This was the prospect that faced a select party of two when they emerged, or rather jumped, from the rattler in which they had made a comfortable journey from Liverpool Central on this cold but bright evening.

Where was Eddie Morris, who is a regular "rattler" on the Halewood run? The select party, consisting of the "Heavenly Twins," Charlie Tierney and Fred Swift (who managed to tear himself away from the editorial table after putting the *Football Express* to bed) looked in vain for any other sign of Anfield life and then proceeded to the Derby Arms.

All was peace in the vicinity—not a bike or car in sight—but there was still plenty of time for more arrivals before tea. Judge of the wanderers' surprise on entering the lounge to discover Tommy Mandall, complete with overcoat, standing with his back to a fire that wasn't there—thanks to Shinwell. He admitted having travelled on the same train, having witnessed the spectacle of Tierney and Swift imploring "Richard (otherwise the porter) to open the door" of the leading coach which had overshoot the platform, and having made off before the train was pushed back towards Liverpool to allow them to escape. He had hoped conditions would be more comfortable in the hotel than on the station platform.

We discussed the weather and other things, including a little lubrication, but as the bar did not open until 8 p.m.—again thanks to Shinwell—we had to go thirsty.

At 6 p.m. precisely, we were informed that the meal was ready. As the rest of the Halewood regulars were still missing, we got up those stairs and had just started to tuck in to roast turkey, etc., when in walked Harold. He had bussed it to Hunt's Cross and then hiked over the fields.

The happy party remained four strong, thoroughly enjoyed the well served meal, returned per bus and thus brought to an end the last Halewood fixture of the season.

Those who stayed away were fed up no doubt with the Arctic blast and were not prepared for the brief let-up which encouraged us to go out.

### Halewood, 1st March, 1947

March 1st, and still no break in the weather. Remembering having agreed with the Secretary that there is no pleasure in riding a bike on frozen roads after dark, I decided to leave mine at home and go on the rattler. Arriving at Halewood and thinking I was the only Anfielder on the train I was surprised to see two others with their heads out of the carriage window—that's the worst of going near the engine for a warm—the train had to be backed to put them on the platform. The roads and fields around the Derby Arms were remarkably clear of snow. Once inside I found myself the first arrival, but in a few minutes my fellow passengers walked in. Just after 6 p.m. the last arrived, making the magnificent total of four, a slight difference to the crowds going to the other "Anfield."

During conversation I discovered you can get to Halewood for 7d., 1/2½ or 1/7—that's handy to know. I wonder if Ralph is aware of that.

We had a good and plentiful meal, topped up with a round of Tierney's specials. The pumps were off until 8 p.m.—just to cheer us up.

Still we filled the front seat of the bus on the way home.  
Present :—Messrs. Kettle, Tierney, Swift and Mandall.  
(*It is so pleasing to receive two reports for one run.—Ed.*)

### Goostrey, 1st March, 1947

The temperature well below saw me wheeling the machine across ice and snow around the house, and planting it gingerly on the firmer surface of the roadway. Mounting, I pedalled away no less gingerly.

It was easy going with the wind astern past Ringway airport, with its usual youthful sightseers and parents in cars, down Oversley Ford and up the other side still in the saddle—amazing! A brief halt at Lindow to watch skaters' antics, and on through Wilmslow and Ryleys Lane towards Chelford.

It was here that I was overtaken by three speedmen on bicycles and foolishly if automatically I swung on to the rear man's wheel. A nice cracking pace was maintained by the four of us to Chelford, and by three of them beyond, for I was well and truly dropped. Continuing at a much more leisurely pace I came across Jack Hodges, and together we idled on to the Red Lion. Putting away the machines, we decided on a short walk to warm our feet and pass the time, and were joined by Jack Newton.

Returning, we found a goodly assembly and joined them immediately at the excellent meal which is a feature of this run, and a credit to our hosts. The various conversations which ensued at our table were all interesting, and I found myself listening with one ear to a discussion on the debt incurred by Black Marketting amongst Forces in Germany and was greatly relieved to find that I was not entirely responsible for the 50 million odd debit. With the other ear I absorbed a story of how one of Ours after failing to poleaxe a horse resorted to cutting its throat! We have all had our experiences.

After tea, following the President's invitation to partake the "W.O.G." (Western Oriental Gentleman), whippings of same were handled oratorially in the true Hodges style. Too early it seemed the party broke up, and, girding sundry sweaters, took off into the moonlit frosty night. Myself with Ned Haynes, Harold Catling and George Taylor to Wilmslow and the parting of the ways and so home. A truly enjoyable comeback.

Present :—The President, G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, Jack Newton, E. Haynes, Russ Barker, Jack Hodges, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Harold Catling, George Taylor and Hubert Buckley.

### Little Budworth, 8th March, 1947

A party should have gone to Shrewsbury to-day to chain a measured mile on the "100" Course, but a 'phone call from Ira Thomas enabled us to postpone what promised to be a very cold trip. Our member for Salop

was full of tales of drifts six feet high, and yards of folk getting lost down Severn way. A couple of St. Bernard dogs and we would have been back—so it seemed—on that very hard road across the Alps.

Then Ralph Fer came on the telephone and said that owing to an appointment with someone or other he couldn't get to the Shrewsbury Arms on time for the Committee Meeting at 5-0 p.m., and would I be going in my wagon? I tried to foist him on to Stevie, but that wouldn't work, and another very plaintive call came through late on Friday.

So I, a very impecunious editor, bought six very nimble shillingsworth of petrol with the very laudable object of saving our affluent Secretary some railway fare. All the world knows how much I would have preferred to cycle—remember Boxing Day! Ken Barker also came with us, and we had clear roads until we came to the Fishpool Inn, whence to the Arms of Salop it was slush, miles of it.

Mine wasn't the only wagon though. Rex Austin had brought Bobby (or v. v.) and George Taylor had dragged Harold Catling out in a similar manner. The others gave the impression that they had ridden on their own steam; Rigby Band (who had been snowlarking around Harthill); Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Newton, Salty, Bert Green and Tommy Mandall. Salty was garbed in—inter alia—a pair of very natty Yankee Army gaiters which keep the stockings very dry, and cost only a few coppers at Woolworths.

The idea was to have the Committee Meeting at 5-0 p.m. and tea afterwards, but our host on this occasion asked if we could have our meal first and the meeting afterwards. This led to the non-Committee men having their meal while we were deliberating as we could only use one room on account of the fuel shortage. A better arrangement is promised for next time.

The tea was quite good, and we actually were able to consume a fresh egg! Going home to some presented a problem, as the miles of deep slush surrounding Little Budworth made for unpleasant riding. Tommy Mandall was going our way, and we hitched his star to our wagon, and then made for the fire in the tank for pints (for those who wanted them) and a warm. We passed the other Merseyside troops outside of the Randall establishment.

#### **Mold, 15th March, 1947**

For our journey into Wales, the Arctic spell tightened its icy grip yet again. My route lay through Chester and even before the blizzard commenced the wind penetrated into my lethargic limbs with freezing intensity.

At Davies's call for an item of equipment which I guessed would not be in stock, gave welcome opportunity to thaw out. The weather was now running true to form, with snow driving an almost parallel course along the streets.

At ten-to-five, with the wind now favourable, it was time to push on along the road into Wales. In true Anfield fashion caping was deferred until at Broughton Church with a change of course, discretion prevailed.

Turning across the wind I realised yet again how unpleasant driving snow can be. Along the roadside drifts of earlier falls spilled their searching fingers through breaks in hedgerow tracery, and here and there the howling wind whipped the new fall into smoking clouds of blinding spume. On through the Warren and over Llandegla's weather-bound road I wrestled my way through many a drift. Just where road finished and ditch commenced was beyond conjecture, as a derelict petrol wagon amply portrayed where it rested firmly embedded at a drunken angle.

It was a day for madmen, heroes or Anfielders, and I was not greatly surprised to find Perkins and Marriott seated in comfort beside the fire in the Britannia, coping efficiently with the fare provided. At my arrival Perkins, murmuring polite surprise, very graciously moved away from the fire in order to allow me to thaw out of my wintry covering. On the dot of six the Secretary arrived, full of lurid adjectives regarding conditions encountered *en route*. He had also made a lone journey via the "Glue Pot."

Precisely what our young waitress thought about it all is hard to say. Her gaze of wonderment, as each made his snow clad entrance, truly illustrated the phrase "eyes popping out like organ stops." We were reluctant to leave the cosy room where our meal had been so leisurely consumed. It was still snowing as the rutted streets of Mold were slowly negotiated. Although our way was in the main downhill there was still the blinding spume to contend with and drifts which made us believe that morning would find this route closed.

At Queensferry the worst was left behind. No longer did the driving snow stretch forth its menacing tentacles. Here the covering was more superficial and the pace rose accordingly.

Where the road turned again across the wind's path to reach Willaston drifting was again evident but to no great depth.

A sign "road closed" at Clatterbridge where, due to an earlier thaw the road had collapsed, kept our little party together until Bebington. Here, instead of parting, we accepted an invitation to the Editorial sanctum.

We parted at the customary hour for such occasions, midnight, but not before unstrapping the Secretary's and Captain's bicycles from that much maligned chariot where they had precariously perched since leaving the Britannia.

Present :—Marriott, Perkins, Fer and Rock.

#### Dane-in-Shaw, 15th March, 1947

This report may well be sub-titled "The Lament of the Backsliding Cyclist, or The Motorist Discomfited." For many reasons I had not done much cycling during the few weeks prior to this run, and had determined on a special effort. The bicycle was carefully prepared and the correct clothing assumed ; but alas, the south-easter howled, the spirit was weak ; the bicycle was returned to the shed, and the decrepit Standard came into its own again.

Now my wife decided to accompany me, being attracted mainly by the prospect of meeting my fellow Anfielders, but also by the thoughts of "Big Eats" at the Coach & Horses. In spite of the heavy snowfall of the last week, we found the roads in good condition. On the way we passed several of the members and promised that tea would be kept, and arrived at our destination in good time to find a crowd round a huge fire—the finest I have seen for months. Well, as usual, we waited for the fair Phyllis to serve tea, and all the laggards had arrived by the time we had started. By common consent, Mrs. Austin presided over the tea urn, and endeavoured to dispense justice without mercy, but saucy Stan still managed to keep one or two ahead. But tea was a joyous meal, with ten of us to keep the conversational ball tossing to and fro. We had Hubert, Ned and Laurie on bicycles, George, Stan, Harold, Jack and the Presider by tricycle, and only the Vice-President and his wife by car. However, retribution was at hand, as will be seen in due course. The wind was still howling and some snow was falling, and most of the lads made a quick getaway; but Stan and Hubert were in no hurry, and we joined with them for an hour or more in front of the fire. Then it appeared really time to depart, and the car started easily and we set off in great style. Alas, forty yards was enough, as during the wait the road had drifted over, and it was quite impossible to get the car through. There was some wild talk of spades and shovels, but wiser counsels prevailed, and Stan and Hubert went on, whilst the car was stowed away in Mr. Dale's garage. After a couple to warm us up, we walked down to Congleton station, and caught the 9-30 train home.

It would perhaps be poetic justice if I could say that the car was still there. But the gods relented, a thaw set in, and Bob and I went back next morning and retrieved the aged vehicle without difficulty.

I often round off these reports with the hope that all arrived home in safety, and indeed all did. But Jack Hodges had a very narrow escape from serious injury. In the blizzard he found himself confronted by a bus; and whilst he managed to avoid a head-on collision, his trike was badly damaged, and there was a possibility of serious injury to himself. Fortunately, a week of X-ray examinations and consultations with the doctors has shown nothing serious the matter, and Jack was out at the T.A. lunch on the 23rd seeming little the worse for his unfortunate experience.

Many members will regret to hear of the death of an old Anfielder in Russ Rothwell. No details are yet to hand, but a further note will appear as soon as possible.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MAY - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

MAY, 1947

NUMBER 494

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- |       |   |                                |
|-------|---|--------------------------------|
| 3     | Mold (Market Vaults)  | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)  |
| 3/4   | Week-end at the Bridge Inn, Bont Uchel.                           |                                |
| 10    | Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms).<br>Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m. |                                |
| 17    | Rhydymwyn (Antelope)  | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 24    | Prees (Raven)   |                                |
| 24/26 | Whitsun Tour to Shrewsbury. Headquarters : Lion Hotel.            |                                |
| 31    | Utkinton (Smithy Farm)  |                                |

JUNE, 1947

- |   |                      |                     |
|---|----------------------|---------------------|
| 7 | Mold (Market Vaults) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
|---|----------------------|---------------------|

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## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

*Change of Address.*—F. W. Smith, "Stramore," Woodville Road, Altrincham, Cheshire.

*Whitsun Tour.*—Although one normally includes soap and towel in one's week-end kit nowadays, the manager of the Lion specifically mentions that guests provide their own, so I am passing on the warning to all who are staying there.

J. R. FER,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## EDITORIAL

### DAVE ROWATT

We haven't seen nor heard from our old friend recently, but we would very much like him to know that we have not forgotten him. If he could spare us a few words for these pages we would be very grateful.

### SYD DEL BANCO

We have been wondering lately what has happened to Blotto. At the changing of the year there were rumours of him acquiring a fire-engine, complete with sidecar, but excluding a very brief entry to the A.G.M. in January we haven't seen him for months. Have you forgotten *us*, Syd ?

### HELPERS FOR THE "100"

Peter Rock wishes you to know that he is in charge of the helpers' list in the "100." His address is 13 Bolton Road, Port Sunlight, Cheshire, and he will be glad for any offers of help.

### SORRY !

We very much regret the omission of Stan Wild's name from the report of the Little Budworth run last month.

### TRICYCLE WANTED

Arthur Birkby writes from 24, Wylfa Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, to ask if anyone knows of a tricycle that is looking for a good home. He had thought of going in for a one-wheel drive job, but somehow the differential type is more appealing, and he will be pleased to hear from anyone who has any news.

### SYD JONAS

News comes by a somewhat circuitous route that Syd is now out of the Army, and that he has taken a post at Chepstow. A note from him for these pages would be very much appreciated.

### TREASURER'S NOTES

64 Cavendish Drive,  
Rock Ferry,  
Cheshire.

Despite the urgent appeal in the March *Circular*, only two of the dozen outstanding subscriptions for 1946 have come to hand. In case the members concerned are unaware of their defect it has been suggested that their names be published. However, as your Hon. Treasurer is at present very busy preparing for an examination it is hoped that he will not have to encroach on his studying time to write memory-jogging letters. Subscriptions and/or donations to the Prize Fund may be sent to me at the above address or paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for the account of the Anfield Bicycle Club at 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5 branch.

The following subscriptions and/or Donations(\*) for the current year are acknowledged :

R. J. Austin.	A. Lucas.	W. M. Robinson.
R. R. Austin.	*A. Lusty.	E. Snowden.
S. T. Carver.	*G. B. Orrell.	*G. Stephenson.
G. Farr.	*W. Orrell.	P. T. Stephenson.
*J. Long.	A. E. Preston.	

J. Rigby Band.

*Hon. Treasurer*

## THE INVITATION HUNDRED

Before the next issue of the *Circular* sees the light of day, yet another Anfield "100" will have passed into the long list of those that are history. Whit Monday is the date, and Shrewsbury (as ever) the venue. Yet again we vary the route of our famous event, and this year the riders will use the Ludlow road for the first miles, and the Tanat Valley for the second fifty, making the route very similar in outline to the famous west of London course.

We dislike making changes like this. Besides, the work involved, it savours very much of inconsistency. Since the Mountain Trial events gained their popularity, our course has been likened to being neither one thing nor another, and if our beloved "100" is not to be debased into a rabbit warren we must do something about it. Four-thirty-two has been achieved on the old course, the new version should be much faster. So the stage is set, our hopes our wondrous high, and if the weather is to be bad, we pray fervently for a morning not quite so rotten as the last.

## A YOUNG WIFE'S TALE

"My husband is a member of the Anfield B.C."

"What Club is that?" I am asked.

I then have to conjure up past history and state just what the Anfield *has* stood for. Yes! past history. What of the future?

Are you going to restore the grand name the Anfield had or let it become still more decadent than it is already?

The programme for 1947 does, I know, include the famous "100" and the "12," but what kind of a field are you going to get—not a rider an Anfielder. Why?—because the keen youth, anxious to ride, and wanting to be a member of a good club is spurned. You older members have had it, and are quite content to have your Saturday afternoon potter, and sit over many cups of tea, delving into the past.

To encourage new members, there should be alternate programmes for Sundays, to allow youngsters a spot of good riding with older and experienced men. We wives know several of you are bachelors and the appearance of a mere woman at a Saturday tea is met with animosity. We do not charm you with our presence very often, perhaps once in twelve months, so do please forget tradition and give yourselves a treat and enjoy our company.

After all, we do spend the majority of our lives seeing to the diets, overhauling clothes and even giving up some of our precious coupons to replenish the cyclists outfit.

Our "nights" out are very few and far between, as one has to forego them for training, taking bicycles to bits and repairing same.

We are bricks to allow our husbands out every Saturday, the only half-day we have, particularly when some of us are still at the stage when we do enjoy their company. Reading the *C.T.C. Gazette*, I came across

an article about a man who had a favourite saddle, which, when too old to ride, he had it specially mounted, and this replaced his chair when having meals at the table. Some Anfielders' wives put up with even more than this.

Think it over, all of you, before the rot finally sets in and get cracking with some re-organisation.

Another word before I close.

Did I hear a whisper about an annual dinner and, as usual, no ladies invited?

Gentlemen, you owe it to us!

*(The above will enliven our pages, and, we think, set the pussies amongst the pigeons. We make no apology for printing it, and you can take it as a perfectly genuine expression of opinion. The least we can do is to appreciate it whether we agree with all her remarks or not.—Editor.)*

## CYCLING IN THE R.A.F.

Having at last managed to get my bike down at Yatesbury and the weather at last bucking up, I have been punishing myself quite a lot this week.

The first night, a ride to Marlborough and back, using a few lanes is best ignored or shall we say forgotten. I then put the bike in cold storage for a couple of nights. Then having gained enough courage, once more a few startled airmen saw a figure dash up to the guard room on the Yellow Peril to "book out." A quick dash down to Calne, wind behind, ah, how nice to propel oneself through the atmosphere at speed! Left to Devizes and a little slower, or shall we say quite a bit slower? The road climbs quite a lot in four miles and yours truly enjoyed himself. Left off the Melksham road and pushing downhill was not so good, and a hell of a climb up to Devizes—worse still! Rain here, so out with the cape: by the way, I ran into snow on the Monday night. Up hill slightly for 3 or 4 miles, very enjoyable, then almost flat to Beckhampton corner. Left up to camp and a good rub down. Twenty-two miles in a little under an hour and a half with two stops for caping—quite pleasing after Monday. Friday night, a potter up to the Duke Hotel at Hilmarton, where Ansell's are in possession—known to certain Anfielders—for a couple of drinks. Mr. Ansell has asked after all his acquaintances in the Club and seems particularly interested in Mr. Bickley. He wishes to be remembered to all he knows. Coming back turned from a potter into a blind up from Calne and I was belching sweat from every pore as I "booked in" amidst startled airmen once more.

To-day, Saturday, found me with my own Club run to West Lavington—The Railway Hotel, introduced to us by friend A. B. Smith, of the North Road, last Sunday when Ma and Pa were down here. Tea was good. A plate of bacon and eggs (yes, plural) and fried potatoes, bags of B. and B. and jam and cakes, tea, and plenty of sugar—pity it's so far down here

from Liverpool, it would make a good Club run for the lads ! The ride back to camp was quite amusing. A fast run to Devizes—right up to Beckhampton corner, but alas, three miles out of Devizes, and bang, an infinite acceleration of revs—yes, you've got it—the chain had broken, Too fit ? I don't think so. I hadn't a spring link, and as the road doesn't pass through any villages, a nice six mile walk was started back to camp, occasionally a free-wheel down hill, but unfortunately the road was mostly flat or uphill. I even resorted to lowering the saddle and using the bike as a hobby horse—not too successful—and did I get some queer looks from motorists ! Still it's all in the fun of cycling.

If the Editor accepts this and no one has any objections I shall endeavour to let the Club have some more news later. Who knows, I may and I sincerely hope to get fit enough to have a go down here later.

Good health.

PETER STEVIE.

## RACING NOTES

As our racing strength is somewhat thin at the moment, no club events have as yet been fixed.

We are, however, very pleased with Eric Reeves. He has ridden in two events this season. In the West Cheshire " 25 " he clocked 1.9.49, while Harding of the Walton won with 1.5.13. On April 28th Harding was fastest in the " 30 " with 1.19.15, and Eric with 1.21.37 was fifth fastest and gained first handicap. Nice work !

## OBITUARIES

### S. T. (SAMMY) THRELFALL

It is with every sorrow that we record the passing, at the very early age of 43, of Stanley Threlfall. He was taken ill on his way home from the office early in the month and passed away on April 7th. Sammy, a name by which we were much more pleased to know him, was in his 25th year as an Anfielder, and in the early days he was a keen rider and a supporter of the Club's time trials as well as an excellent Committee man. Just before the war we didn't see quite so much of him, although during the years of strife he and his good lady were frequent visitors to the Parkgate runs. The last time he was out at one of our fixtures was the occasion of the last " 50 " last year, when he ventured forth in a car. We are very, very sorry that this has happened, and our sincerest wishes are extended to his wife and family.

Frank Chandler and W. T. Threlfall were members of " Ours " who were present at the funeral.

### PERCY BRAZENDALE

We also very much regret to announce the death of Percy Brazendale, a member of the Club since 1924. As a bicycle rider Brazendale was not well-known, but for his immense work in the cycling movement he will

be remembered for a long, long time. His labours were chiefly confined to the C.T.C. movement, but he will be forever remembered as the man who gained the access of the Mersey Tunnel for cyclists.

George Molyneux represented the Club at the funeral.

### RUSS ROTHWELL

As mentioned briefly last month, we regret to record the passing of Russ Rothwell, a very old friend, and a member until he could not continue his membership in 1941. His name might not be known to the present generation of Anfielders, but to older members he will be remembered as a kind-hearted, genial soul who on many occasions rendered good service to the racing men. He was a regular attendee at the Glan Aber Easter Meeting, and entertained quiet gatherings with his Lancashire dialect monologues of Amos Wrigley, or Sam Fitton.

We remember many happy days together, and deeply regret his passing on March 12th. He was cremated at Rochdale, on St. Patrick's Day, and his ashes were scattered amongst the heather near the Buckstones fork road.

### RUNS

Utkinton, 22nd March, 1947

Doing the last few tasks to prepare the bike in the wind-sheltered yard of the house the warmth of the sun was evident, and it seemed to be tapping me on the shoulder to hurry out whilst the going was good. Taking the hint, I was soon covering some brisk miles to the Mills for the inevitable cup of tea and smoke. Happily gazing at the array of clouds hanging against the blue background of the sky, my contentment increased until it seemed like a year and not a week since I had looked out of the same window at a dirty afternoon of wind-blown snow. Company would have been most acceptable, but the weather cancelled the need for moral support to do a few extra miles, and thus I made my way to Queensferry and Hawarden to take the left turn at the Mold-Chester crossroads to Broughton. The flooding was responsible for retracing my steps to Chester, when a circuitous route would have held more delights. This journey through Chester made it necessary to cover the unlovely stretch to Tarvin, but the right fork there opens up a stretch of delightful country so that Duddon was reached all too quickly. The effect of the long frost on the roads is well illustrated on the lane to Utkinton, for the road was opening up and clutching at the wheels at the most inconvenient hard pieces of gradient. A lone bicycle leaning in the shed told me that I would find Salty waiting in the house. The rest of the party were so long in arriving that we asked if we could start but the good lady wanted to fill the tables up first. The Manchester lads arrived, led by Stan Wild, who said they had had a hard ride. Bert came in next removing the evidence of toil from his brow, Russ Barker, Jack Newton and Laurie Pendlebury completed the party from the East and enabled us to get started on the two



boiled eggs and other victuals. The hungry Editor arrived next and viewed with delight the prospect of having a go at four men's rations, but the Hon. Sec. came, followed by Harold Kettle, to defeat his evil designs. The large table was the scene of a lively discussion on the correct way to treat the pronunciation of Welsh names, and Bert had a good point when he countered with the question "How do you expect to hear Paris pronounced on an English programme." This seemed to answer the Llangollen or Thlangothlen argument. The party broke up as usual with a drifting away in ones and twos. The ride home was pleasant despite a storm, for the rains came at the right place near a purveyor of beer, ales and porter. A further stop to cape up, this time for good, and so ended another run.

#### **Northern T.A. Opener, Alderley, Sunday, 23rd March, 1947**

Nearly sixty members of the T.A. attended the Opening Run, held at the Royal Oak, Alderley, with C. E. Green, of the North Road Club, in the Chair. The weather mitigated against the customary good representation from London, but Petrie (North Road), our old friend Layzell, of the Westerly, and competition record holder Eric Wilkinson (Luton Wheelers) made up in quality for anything lacking in quantity.

Ed. Green made his usual good speech from the chair. Eric Wilkinson presented the prizes, a ceremony which was preceded by a very friendly speech towards northern tricyclists as a whole. The Presider was warmly received when he amplified the conditions governing the special award to the fastest tricyclist in the Invitation "100" this year. Stan Wild was called upon to speak on the art of tricycling and the history of the Northern Section of the T.A. Allan Littlemore made one of his typical humorous speeches, and Fred Turner (Hon. Secretary of the Manchester and District Time Trials Association) was prevailed upon to speak on Association matters that affected the T.A.

Altogether a very happy gathering.

Members present : The Presider, R. J. Austin, R. R. Austin, H. Catling, E. Haynes, J. Hodges, G. G. Taylor and S. Wild.

#### **Goostrey, 29th March, 1947**

After a most depressing morning of heavy and continuous rain I got out my trike and resigned myself to another soaking in pursuance of the cultured cult of cycling on three wheels. I took the straight and narrow path through Wilmslow and Alderley and was pleasantly surprised when the rain ceased, thus enabling me to discard leggings, etc., which resulted in my slow pace smartening up considerably.

I reached Chelford at 4.50 p.m. with four miles to go. Whilst Jack Hodges could comfortably cram nearly fourteen miles into this period of time, even I could manage more than four, so I turned down As le Hall Lane to Whisterfield, musing the while over the many fine finishes to twelve-hour time-trials that have taken place along this very stretch of road. I emerged at Windy Harbour and with a gentle breeze on my tail

sailed easily along to Twemlow Green and reached Goostrey just before the appointed hour.

Tea was about to be served, and it was with some alacrity that I joined the cheerful throng at the table. To the mellifluous murmurings of Jack Hodges and the kittenish cadences of Catling, we proceeded with the usual mammoth meal, the while Jack subtly flattered the tea-tasting capabilities of one member of the party whilst he (Jack) surreptitiously supped everybody else under the table ! The Easter Tour and, of course, tricycling, bulked large in the conversation until the Presider too modestly mentioned that he knew someone in the C.T.C. who had once travelled to Lichfield on a Saturday afternoon for the sole purpose of having tea there. To Wilf's amusement, Bert was immediately identified as the culprit, and the incident closed with somebody making the remark that our Presider has not changed a bit with the years !

The roads were still dry when we rose to depart and our route lay by way of Badger Bank and Chelford. I was most disturbed to find myself at the front with Jack, but relieved to find that owing to suffering from the effects of a tea-distended stomach he was compelled to ride (for once) at a reasonable pace. Harold Catling, Russ Barker and Ned Haynes were in our party until Jack chose to puncture opposite to the picturesque moated hall of Chorley. I elected to stay with him and allowed the others (married men all) to carry on home. The puncture was a simple one to repair and we carried on conversationally until the Waggon and Horses at Handforth brought the parting of ways.

A most enjoyable fixture, all the better for the weather clearing up, too.

Present : The Presider, Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Ned Haynes, Jack Hodges, Jack Newton, Laurie Pendlebury, Wilf Orrell and Stan Wild.

#### **Woodbank, 29th March, 1947**

Four turned up to this run, T. Mandall, H. Kettle, E. Morris and A. Williams. Four others I heard were down Salop way fixing up a new set of hills for the Shrewsbury "100." However we still have a lot more than eight in the Anfield, also the "Yacht" is a good house of call, the food is good, the beer is good, you can ride round the Wirral to get there, or you can come straight out. So, Anfielders, wake up and come out on a few runs. The small party broke up after tea leaving Mandall and Williams to sup a lonely pint before going their respective ways.

#### **EASTER TOUR**

##### **Welshpool to Carno, 5th April, 1947**

And so we came to the day of the great downpour ; being active Anfielders we are all well broken in to high winds and torrential rain, but when Jupiter Pluvius and extremely rude Boreas combined to give us the display we endured on Easter Saturday—well ! Strong men quail and contrive to seek shelter and transport via the rattler.

After making a good breakfast at the Lion, including much juggling with coffee pots and tea pots (we have at least one member who dislikes either beverage when common choice falls on one or other of these drinks) the tourists made good and steady progress up the Severn Valley to Newtown, being overtaken en route by touring members of the Dukinfield Cycling Club (commonly called the "Ducks" and I could wish for the nonchalant attitude to rain of this same gallant bird). Well to the fore amongst the Dukinfielders were the three Livingtones—Albert, Stan and Tom pounding the pedals to some purpose.

On reaching Newtown the Presider led a foray in search of "elevenses," this we successfully tracked down and consumed with relish; meanwhile, the main *péloton* (unlucky wights) still journeyed on to Carno. I noted the care Jack Hodges took to secure his machine against theft at this café stop, an example we should perhaps follow more often than we do. After this refreshment we crossed through Newtown over the river and into the lanes on the far bank from the main road, here the rain started and after the usual reluctance we donned waterproofs, joining the highway some minutes later; wearing capes made conditions more difficult, but in spite of this and the rising gradient we arrived at the "Aleppo Merchant," Carno promptly at 1-30 p.m. We sat down to an excellent lunch and soon achieved the usual array of empty plates. Everyone gravitated to the fire where desultory conversation and some shut-eye took place. Tommy Mandall was noted putting in some good work in this eye-resting business. And do you know! nobody had any great desire to be off, no wish to be grabbing their irons and seeking fitness down the road, meantime the rain and sleet beat a repeatedly heavy tattoo on the windows. Here we were! The Anfield Bicycle Club trapped without a train or a bus to rescue us! In fact, it looked almost as if we would have to go out in it! At last, driven to despair and hunger a suggestion was thrown out that we should stay to afternoon tea, to be instantly agreed to by everyone present. And so under the table we put our feet again; after some swift, devastating work, known to few other than Anfielders the board was again cleared! And now replete we could face the prospect of cycling to Welshpool with calm confidence—anyway calm!

So capes were donned and machines mounted and gradually we filtered into Newtown, here the wind of gale force became more helpful and I personally in an effort to avoid saddle-soreness peddled myself nearly dizzy. By the time our H.Q. was reached I'd had enough of pedalling and water. We all got back safely but moist a few minutes late for dinner which awaited us, here I consumed potatoes for the third time in one day. The meal over, most retired to the private tank where relays of large jugs (full) were continually being brought in. Three of us spent a couple of hours at the cinema trying to find the reason why folks laugh at Abbott and Costello. And so to bed, in retrospect a day not illspent, some hard pushing, quite a lot of fast pedalling, some interesting and tasty meals, plenty of good clean air. What more could a Bicycler want?

**Easter Sunday, 6th April, 1947**

The weather clerk relented, and after a breakfast that satisfied the most voracious we rolled up the capes and put them away. Setting off on the Newtown road. The wind was a trifle sticky for a half-dozen miles, but when we turned off towards the hilly town of Montgomery there was a welcome respite !

Over the hills to Bishops Castle the field became split up, and in the latter town I was joined by Bert Preston, when about to seek refreshment. We left in plenty of time, but my back tyre flattened and there was a nice new boot stud to mark the spot. Mended and put back the tube, but would it hold air— ! So out again, and found a pretty little cut in it. Or perhaps we used other terms to describe it, both having been in t'Army.

Just in time for the soup, and the Buffalo at Clun can be recommended to anyone who fancies himself as a gourmet. The beer is drinkable, too.

After lunch, the President's main idea seemed to be to get fixed up for tea, so the Captain did a spot of telephoning. Then away via Bishops Castle again, the fast pack gradually drawing away ; but somebody's machine seemed to be falling to pieces or something, and so it happened that Len Killip and I were first to wheel into the yard of the Herbert Arms, Chirbury, about 20 minutes before time. Bert Green and Jack Hodges were hot on our heels, and the remainder arrived before we started tea.

We had hoped to meet Bick here, but heard that he was not expected for a few days.

A leisurely ride back, there being ample time to spare before dinner, and the weather remaining "set fair," and I joined Tommy in a sherry as an aperitif.

The meal was good and plentiful, and brought back memories of the lettuce leaf and cream cracker of Easter Sunday twelve months ago. Ye gods, what a contrast !

First to finish secured the best seats in the sitting-room upstairs, and before long the ritual of the gallon-jug and the cider flagons commenced. Many and varied were the topics related and argued, and personally I think these evening sessions were the most enjoyable part of the week-end. Midnight came all too soon, and we sought our beds at peace with the world.

**Monday, 7th April, 1947**

Having again been honoured with the task of reporting the last day of the Easter Tour I must safeguard my reputation for accuracy by making no statements of whose truth I have the slightest doubt.

The day started with the departure of Len Killip for the deep south. Despite his simple, touching faith in Air Transport and Dakotas it is

rumoured that he was armed with a G.W.R. ticket for Paddington.

The next item was breakfast for the remaining ten. Having ascertained that everyone else was having tea, a member, who regards vegetarians as awkward fellows, insisted on having coffee, but no fried potatoes, whilst the vegetarian, uncomplaining, but at great personal inconvenience, forced himself to eat the bacon with well-feigned relish.

By 10-30 bills were paid and bags were packed, tyres were topped up and we were ready for the road. The Manchester elder brethren moved off first whilst Russ Barker and I made tentative inquiries of the Liverpool gentlemen, Messrs. Fer, Mandall and Preston, about the times of the trains to Liverpool. They affected complete ignorance on the subject. It seemed a genuine surprise to them to learn that there were trains to Liverpool. Certainly the thought of travelling home by train seemed novel to them and it was rather a pity that we crude Manchester fellows had sown such evil seed in their innocent minds.

Whether or not the seed bore fruit, I can't say.

The fourth Merseysider, Peter Rock probably hammered home by way of Hereford and Haverford West. Its all for the cause, Peter, keep it up.

Russ Barker and I followed the tracks of Messrs. Green, Hodges, Newton and Pendlebury overtaking them at the Pool Quay level crossing.

The wind was helpful to such an extent that we were soon having difficulty in following our '63' gears on the down grades. The miles slipped by as we sped through West Felton and Rednal, skirted Ellesmere and reached Whitchurch for lunch. More provident cyclists had booked all the food available at Hughes' and we were reduced to riding up to Fairlawn. Miss Farr greeted us in her usual boisterous fashion and an hour later, with bunkers refilled, we took the road for Nantwich.

On the Nantwich road a little romance crossed our path—or, more accurately, pursued us—in the form of two young lady cyclists wearing plusfours and ankle socks. We answered their enquiries about local geography before making our getaway. But they were made of sterner stuff and it was not long before they overtook us, down on the hooks and grimly determined. After a hasty council of war we mustered our strength and made a dashing break-away on the next hill. We were successful, but for some miles we did not dare to relax to our normal easy pace.

We parted company at Wilmslow, Russ for Hale, whilst I continued along the high road for Cheadle and home. With the old trike still moving easily I ended my best Easter Tour for years docking in Didsbury at five o'clock.

What a tour! First class food (and drink). First class company. Good weather and a tail wind both out and home! Put me down for next year's tour Mr. Secretary.

Present: Bert Green, Jack Hodges, Jack Newton, Laurie Pendlebury, Harold Catling, Ralph Fer, Len Killip, Tommy Mandall, Albert Preston and Peter Rock.

**Little Budworth, 12th April, 1947**

"Editors are sometimes spoken of as an extinct species, once rosy and robust, thunderous and clamorous fellows, now replaced by pale ersatz creatures . . ." So wrote quite recently the Editor of *The Observer*, but, unfortunately, these pale ersatz creatures (amazing how applicable this is, isn't it Sammy?) can be a menace.

As unobtrusively as possible I slipped into the committee meeting and was beginning to take some interest in the proceedings when I experienced an uncanny feeling of being watched. Casually glancing round the earnest faces of the committee I am suddenly arrested in my doodling by the Editor, who is simply "ogling" at me, twisting his face into fantastic contortions, eyeballs out like Carverian chapel hatpegs, he assumes the rôle of a shy high-school girl making the time-honoured request to leave the room. Nonchalantly I wave him a greeting, but he persists and eventually blurts out the obvious, "write up the doings."

Now, previous to all this I had an extremely enjoyable ride out with Tommy Mandall, a perfect day, and we were on the road early enough to have one before they closed at 3. Over the Transporter, and the slopes to Kingsley saw us both shedding the odd pullover, etc. A welcome halt for the usual "cupper" at Hatchmere and then on to the rendezvous.

The last club run I attended I also reported, so it was reasonable to assume that for once I should be exempt from the task of thinking up some new insults to the Editor, and be able to enjoy myself as much as that B—saddle would allow.

Alas, it was not to be, so here goes.

The Committee discussed the usual subjects in the usual way, but one or two times cropped up which did cause some controversy. The first was the discussion on the R.T.T.C. statement on the Paris—London Race at Whit, and a certain section felt that the publicity which might result from this promotion may be detrimental to road sport as a whole. The opposition contended that publicity is definitely needed and had this club sought the public eye a little more in the past we should not now have a dwindling membership. From remarks during the discussion the impression was gained that in the hey-day of the club the title "Black Anfield" was derived from the fact that members wore cloaks and daggers and hotly denied any association with the name "Anfield" if challenged.

Sammy reported the praiseworthy efforts of the Course Committee, and despite weather delays and chain troubles a new and faster (we hope!) course has been devised. It was decided, because of the dearth of racing men in the Club, not to arrange any Club "50's" as yet. The arrival of food on the scene rather shortened a lively discussion on Invitation Runs, how they should be organised, when they should be held, etc., and for the time being this question was shelved.

Twelve had been the order, but with a turn out of seventeen, the victualling department was hard pressed and the grabbers and quick

eaters won the day. My indigestion didn't subside for at least four hours and three "black and tans."

The Select Secretary's Section was away quickly having donned all available pullovers, gloves and jerkins, for the retreat of the sun had left it chilly for hanging about. Wind outside and within didn't materially help the ride westward but thoughts of a pint enroute kept us in the saddles. "Have we time to go before we have one for the road?" forestalled the usual "Time, please!" and we slowly remounted to complete the last few miles to the ferry.

The Secretary bade us "goodnight" at Rock Ferry and we continued to the boat. Here this report might have been completed, but unfortunately upon arrival on the Liverpool side Tommy Mandall's chain parted company from the bike and after a vain search for the spring link Tommy was last seen trying to persuade a tram driver to take him and his chainless machine on the tram. We hope he was successful.

Those present were: Rigby Band, Ken Barker, Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Ralph Fer, Bert Green, Ned Haynes, Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, Jack Newton, Wilf Orrell, Peter Rock, Jack Salt, Tommy Sherman, Reg Swindells, Stan Wild and Ginner Williams.

#### Wildboardclough, 19th April, 1947

Another day of Summer weather as the writer went by way of Pott Shrigley, Blue Boar Farm and Lower Ballgreave to our rendezvous at Stanley Arms. It was distinctly warm slogging upwards and yet patches of snow here and there on the hills remained to remind one of the winter so recently passed.

Tea was up to the usual Stanley Arms standard and was followed by the cautious lighting up of several  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. cigarettes and pre-budget pipes of tobacco (no more when these have gone).

Unfortunately I was slow in leaving the table and was roped in by Ned Haynes to concoct this report. I shall have to alter my teatable technique in future and am advised to observe the following procedure: Gobble up your eats, take a good swig of char, bawl out "How much?" bang your money down on the table and beat it. And if a voice calls out "what about writing up the run?" pretend to be deaf.

Still it was an enjoyable run, followed by the usual discussion on the hundred and one subjects that cyclists seem to enjoy.

The run home was uneventful under perfect conditions giving one the full benefits of D.B.S.T.

Present were: The President, N. Haynes and friend, J. Hodges, G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, R. Swindells and S. Wild.

**Mold, 19th April, 1947**

After parking my bicycle in a leisurely manner and expecting to wait for the next arrival sometime, I was agreeably surprised to see Tommy Mandall entering the yard of the Market Vaults, arrayed with an elegance I often aspire to but never succeed in reaching. That manner of riding which ruins appearance also produces a terrific thirst so with my knowledge of Tommy's habits I lost no time in ordering a couple of beers. The order was very soon increased to three by the arrival of another teetotaler in the shape of Ralph Fer. The second round was half consumed when they shouted "Come and get it," now, in descriptions of a film star "it" might have another meaning, but to a cyclist especially an Anfielder, the word refers only to food so we hurriedly complied. Jack Salt, Peter Stephenson and Arthur Williams were next to arrive followed by Harold Kettle to complete the party. There was much by-play with cigarettes after the meal and many novel ideas were expounded on how to soften this heavy blow to a comforting habit. After two more drinks, out of the non-smoking profits, a start was proposed by Tommy, who said in very definite terms that the first hill was to be walked but I was told he slammed in top gear and went. Peter changed a tyre and I waited for him, we lost no time but never caught the leaders, who, through a misunderstanding, took the road to the Yacht, whereas the proposed meeting place was the Nags Head, where Peter's mother and father were waiting for us. A few more drinks and smokes then to wend our ways homeward. A mad motor-cyclist on a powerful American-type machine was slewing from side to side at great speed going through Willaston and I for one was getting ready to abandon ship, as the motor-cyclist's starboard tack was most alarming. However, he straightened up and went roaring past to our heartfelt relief. The rest of the journey home was happily free of further incident.

**Woodbank, 26th April, 1947**

The sunny morning gave every promise of a pleasant afternoon ride, and so it was.

Covering the lanes through Raby Mere, Hooton, Little Sutton and Ledsham, gave a minimum of motor traffic and an opportunity to see how the countryside has recovered from the recent severe weather.

Near Ledsham village I met Kettle and we rode on to meet Byron as we entered the main road.

The Skipper, George Connor, Tommy Mandall, Cyril Selkirk and friend were all sunning themselves in the yard at the Yacht, and further arrivals in the Hon. Secretary and Ginner Williams completed the muster of ten.

The Beer Biters dashed in for a quick one, but as the bar did not open until 8 p.m. officially, I think they drew blank. During tea the



radio in another room was blaring out hot jaz, and Ralph, who seems allergic to this kind of music lost no time in closing the open door. The usual chinwag ensued and the B.B.'s determined not to forego their liquid refreshment suggested the Nags Head at Willaston, so off we rode.

Here the majority made for the pub, leaving Rock and Perkins to ride home well satisfied with the afternoon's pleasure.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

#### CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; Under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5, branch.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JUNE - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

JUNE, 1947

NUMBER 495

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- |    |                                   |                                |
|----|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 7  | Mold (Market Vaults)              | Goostrey (Red Lion)            |
| 14 | Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms) |                                |
|    | Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m.       |                                |
| 21 | Rhydymwyn (Antelope)              | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 28 | Utkinton (Smithy Farm)            |                                |

JULY, 1947

- |   |                 |                     |
|---|-----------------|---------------------|
| 5 | Farndon (Raven) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
|---|-----------------|---------------------|

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

*Change of Address.*—W. Orrell, Ivy Cottage, Cocks Moss, Gawsworth, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

J. R. FER,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## ITEMS

Percy Beardwood writes from 40 Church Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.14 to say he has a few of the famous "Sylvere Maes Tour de France" bends in alloy with genuine "Titan" stems. Widths available are 15 and 17½ inch, and 2-in., 2¼-in., 3.150-in. and 3¾-in. extensions.

We very much regret crossing swords with our Secretary, who on another page extols the virtue of the feeding at the "Yacht" at Woodbank. We will not compare nor contrast. We only state that in our experience the costs have been on an ever-ascending scale, and that the food available has never in our opinion even in these inflated days, been in accord with the price charged. Yet perhaps we are biased. We must admit having not quite recovered from the stinging of a 7/6 Christmas dinner 18 months ago.

If you want to live for nothing or next to nothing, ask Frank Chandler how to do it. His suit, patched up to the eyes, dates back to 1926, but he goes one better with his maps. He has had most of them nearly 40 years,

and he keeps them up to date by borrowing modern sheets from a library and inking the new roads in on his old charts. And he expects others to live !

Tommy Sherman's spot (or should we say length ?) of hirsute is coming on very nicely. He is gaining the appearance of a bold, bad villain more each day. And the way he fingers the luxuriant growth is so touching !

#### A Wanderer Returns

Ned Haynes is again an active tricyclist and has rejoined the T.A. He is to be seen making it hard for his less fit Clubmates most week-ends in East Cheshire.

#### Help Wanted

The Northern T.A. '50' will be held on June 8th on the Wirral course. Offers of help in marshalling and checking will be greatly appreciated by Mr. L. J. Hill, 2 Glenavon Road, Childwall, Liverpool. Len would be even more pleased to receive entries from you. What about it ?

#### Pottering !

In search of gentle relaxation our Cheshire Road friends Smith Parker and Tommy Nolan *pottered* down to the Scilly Isles and back at Easter on a tandem tricycle !

#### THE MERSEY ROADS "24"

This year the event has been revived and will be held on July 19/20. A special silver medal will be awarded to tricyclists covering 345 miles. Any offers of help will be appreciated.

### TRICYCLING NOTES

#### Northern Tricycle "25," 20th May, 1947

Our event of the month was held on a wild, wet and windy morning. Of fourteen starters a promising recruit, A. Crimes, of the Crewe Wheelers, was the only rider to beat evens, although many of the old stalwarts were not very far out.

The leading times were :

A. Crimes (Crewe Wheelers)	..	1-14-45
R. Petrie (North Road)	..	1-15-52
S. Parker (Cheshire Roads)	..	1-16-17

Although no Anfielders competed we were well represented in various capacities around the course.



## A YOUNG WIFE'S TALE

*Sometimes it is good to see ourselves as others see us, and last month we printed a letter from a member's wife giving her ideas on the Club and how we do things. Below we print a reply from our President. However much we disagree with what has been said, the ventilation has done no harm.*

May 10th, 1947.

Dear Frank,

"A Young Wife's Tale" is certainly remarkable; one must accept your word for it that it is quite genuine, but as I read it there came to my mind "The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob." However, it must be dealt with.

"The keen youth . . . is spurned." I don't know of any "spurning," but I do think that prospective members are not treated properly. Time was when a member, bringing a prospective out, introduced him to the Club Officers present, giving them an opportunity of saying a word of welcome. That is no longer done. In three cases I can think of prospectives have turned up without their sponsors, and without any previous advice to Club Officers. In other cases they've just been there and their sponsors have said nothing about them, thus leaving it in doubt whether they were prospectives or merely casuals, or even gate-crashers. I suggest that the departure from tradition in this matter has been unfortunate.

As to the "Saturday afternoon potters" of those who "have had it," the older members attend the same runs as the younger ones, and these involve substantial mileage at times. The runs are arranged by the Committee on which the younger members are well represented; the proportion of longer runs would be greater but for catering considerations.

The matter of Sunday runs was fully discussed at the last A.G.M. You'll remember that the majority of the members preferred to keep their Sunday riding unofficial and it was said that this provided an opportunity of trying out prospectives. But in any case, what is there to prevent youngsters getting "a spot of good riding" on Saturday afternoons?

Opinions differ as to the desirability of the presence of ladies at runs of men's clubs, but no lady has met with animosity or anything but courtesy on any run of ours.

As to "re-organisation," any concrete proposals for the betterment of the Club will, I am quite sure, have most careful consideration.

Yours truly,

H. GREEN.

## REX AUSTIN HONOURED

Rex Austin is a man of many parts—R.R.A., N.R.R.A., and R.T.T.C. Timekeeper, Official Handicapper, and Hon. Secretary of the N.R.R.A. to name just a few of his many activities—but the greatest performance of his long career was when he shouldered the Hon. Secretaryship of the then newly-formed Manchester and District Time Trials Association in 1936 and transformed the chaotic condition of road sport in the Manchester area at that time into the smoothly-running machine that we know to-day. This was not achieved without the hardest of labour on his part and he retained the post until last year, thus completing ten years in the most arduous office that we know.

On April 20th there was a pleasant little function at the Royal Oak, at Alderley, when the adherent clubs of the Manchester and District T.T.A. gathered together to do honour to Rex in recognition of this fine work. S. Wild, President of the Association, was in the Chair, and he called upon several prominent personalities of the district to pay their tribute. Such men as J. F. McDermott (of the Press and the R.T.T.C.), T. M. Barlow (Manchester Wheelers), C. E. Green (North Road and Chairman of the Northern T.A.), Harry Wilson, R. McQueen (Chairman, R.T.T.C. M/c. District Council), and F. Turner (present Hon. Secretary of the Association), all spoke with such genuine affection and regard for Rex that he must have felt that his labours had been well worth while.

As a token of the regard in which Rex was held by the local clubs, the Chairman then presented to him a handsome canteen of cutlery, prefacing the presentation with a few words on Rex's racing career and, like one or two of the other speakers, spoke with appreciation of the part Mrs. Austin had played in Rex's activities; finally winding up with the sincere thanks of the Association and its best wishes for his future success.

Rex was obviously deeply moved when he acknowledged the presentation, saying that he had always hoped that he was held in high regard by local clubmen, but this most tangible evidence of it was very touching indeed. In voicing his regret at vacating his office he expressed the view that far too many of the younger men in club life to-day are reluctant to undertake a fair share of the administrative side of the game (which is true enough) and too willing to leave all the hard work to the older men, and he sincerely hoped that for the good of the sport there would be a change in this attitude. He concluded by expressing his most sincere appreciation of the splendid testimonial.

Members present: The Presider, R. J. Austin (and Mrs. Austin), J. Hodges, J. Newton, S. Wild and Harry Wilson.

## RUNS

### Dane-in-Shaw, 3rd May, 1947

We are informed that the only Anfielder at this venue to-day was Hubert Buckley. His comments—we understand them to be somewhat caustic—have not yet come our way, but we cannot but wonder what Manchester was up to on this occasion. True, a small detachment of regulars were week-ending at Bont Uchel, but where were the others?

### Bont Uchel, Week-end, 3rd and 4th May, 1947.

An elusive puncture, acquired within sight of home, delayed my start unduly, and it was nearing three o'clock before I got away. The wind was not antagonistic and I made slow but comfortable progress. It would have been a sound plan to take tea nearer home but the prospect of a session with the Liverpoolian gents urged me on and I reached the Market Vaults, Mold, a little late but not too late.

Messrs. Chandler, Fawcett, Mandall, Reeves, Rock and Wild were already in possession and within a quarter of an hour we were all on the right side of a very good tea. Chandler and Fawcett were soon away, but the rest of us lingered over a spot of mild discussing cabbages and kings. We left about 7-30: Tommy Mandall Liverpool-bound, and the rest of us heading for Ruthin and Bont Uchel. Peter and Eric had no concern for the feelings of a worn-out tricyclist and set a cracking pace: Stan kept with them but knowing my limitations, I followed at a more leisurely speed. The climb out of Mold was amply rewarded by excellent visibility down the Vale of Clwyd.

We were warmly welcomed at the Bridge Inn by Hostess Mrs. Ryalls, and found the President and Jack Newton already installed. Spurning the company of their Clubmates at Mold they had taken tea elsewhere and journeyed to Bont Uchel by an obscure and devious route.

Our party of eight consisted of Harold Catling, Frank Chandler, Bert Green, Harold Kettle, Jack Newton, Eric Reeves, Peter Rock and Stan Wild. There were three schools of thought as to how the Mountain Trial on Sunday should be enjoyed and on Sunday morning we broke into three parties. One took early breakfast so as to ride out and see as much of the race as possible. The second party rode out, before breakfast, to see the riders pass through Ruthin then returned for breakfast at the normal time. The third party rose in time for normal breakfast and completely ignored the race.

How other people travelled home I don't know but Stan Wild and I rode by Mold and Chester for lunch with the Cheshire Roads at Bleak House. The rain started at Mold and persisted for the remainder of the day, but was insufficient to mar the impression of a very enjoyable week-end.

H.C.

**Little Budworth, 10th May, 1947**

It would have been a pleasant morning but for having to spend a couple of hours in my medico's waiting room, and consequently I was not able to set out until after 11-30. Surprised to get rained on after about 40 minutes, and caped up and rode to that "disgraceful" place, the Yacht, in a deluge. I noticed a table was set for one, and Mrs. Butcher said her husband had told her one of the regulars was coming and would I have salad. I said yes, salad would do very nicely, and ordered a pint to assist me to solve the mystery of mine host's clairvoyance. However, before the lunch appeared Frank Chandler walked in and the mystery was elucidated. Luckily for one of us, there was enough salad and meat for both, and it was one of the nicest and most satisfying meals I have had for some time.

Incidentally, I have heard this "disgraceful" place compared (or rather contrasted) very favourably with one of our most recent acquisitions, to wit, Mold, partly on the score of cleanliness, and I must say I agree wholeheartedly.

We caped up, and Frank proceeded North, while I went to Chester and a certain cycle shop. The latter was shut, and Peter Rock, contemplating a notice on the door "Back at 4-30." He had another call to make and I wandered to the Grosvenor Bridge and was just in time to see the Chester Cup. Then on to Tarvin and a pleasant afternoon tea, while watching a party of bookies counting their winnings. Decided I was in the wrong job, and plugged steadily on in the rain to the Shrewsbury Arms. Everybody seemed to be wet. Bert Green, Rigby Band, Stan Wild, Ralph Fer, Tommies Mandall and Sherman, Peter Rock, Franks Marriott and Perkins, Ken Barker, Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton.

The meal came first, and the Committee soon got down to committeeing, routine stuff mostly. Frank Marriott informed us that he had taken it upon himself to authorise George Connor (ex-Signals) to purchase a pair of field telephones and a length of wire for £8 or so. His action was approved, as the figure appeared reasonable and the Club certainly needs this equipment.

Thank goodness the rain had stopped by the time we set off, and the floods had subsided from the road. Gave a chance to dry-out slightly, though there was a thick mist most of the way. I put Tommy Mandall on the right road for Heswall, in return for which he presented me with a meat pie, and this, with a few black-and-tans, enabled me to reach home safely.

**Rhydymwyn, 17th May, 1947.**

It was not the glorious weather alone which lured me out on the Rhydymwyn run—it just happened to be the first practicable day after being bed-ridden for several weeks. However, I won't deny that the balmy air had

*something* to do with it. I felt even light-hearted as I crashed over Bootle's relentless setts. Steamers, even the world's greatest, have no fascination for me and I was glad to escape from the smell and noise of Liverpool and, to a less degree, Birkenhead.

Peter Price's lane was my first real introduction to spring this year—here the hedges were green and larks carolled in the warm sunshine as I sped along through Clatterbridge, Willaston, Two Mills. Soon it became apparent that my enthusiasm was greater than my physical ability, for by the time I had reached Sealand I was beginning to suffer every conceivable form of pain and discomfort and would certainly not have enjoyed so much the remainder of the ride had it not been for the timely overtaking of Harold Kettle on his trike. He had just partaken of liquid refreshment whilst I had dallied too long with the idea as the café at the cross roads was thronged with a multitude of bikes. However, pleasant company, a reasonable pace and an interesting discussion on the fascinating tricycle soon disposed of the remaining distance and my aches and pains so that almost too soon we were drifting down to the "Antelope," where the stalwart figure of Jack Salt hurtled past. Tea was just commencing as we strolled into the dining room and assisted Fawcett, Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall and Frank Marriott to dispose of a very enjoyable meal.

The conversation was mainly about the forthcoming "100," and all too soon the party broke up. Mandall and Fer were moving off for an alleged "cycling" week-end up the Ceiriog Valley—we gave them an almost complete list of the farms at which buttermilk could be purchased (they appeared to be quite up-to-date in the matter) and Frank's directions as to the shortest and most pleasant route, embracing the Horseshoe Pass and Allt-y-Bady, being laughed to scorn, we decided that they were persons of a low type in whose society one might even be tempted to resort to the consumption of alcoholic liquor. Thus it was that I was privileged to accompany Frank and Jack through a series of unfamiliar lanes to Allt Taine and down the inevitable Ewloe to Queensferry. Near Two Mills we met Ken Barker, out for a breather and so on to Willaston Corner where the party separated, leaving a very tired, but happy, Anfielder to wend his way back over the seemingly endless cobblestones of Merseyside with the memory of a very pleasant afternoon well spent.

Those present were: Fawcett, Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, Harold Kettle, Jack Salt and Arthur Birkby.

#### **Wildboarclough, 17th May, 1947.**

As lovely a day as one could wish for, was the Weather Clerk's edict for the ever-welcome run to Stanley's, with the sun streaming down in such strength as to give a clear indication that Summer was not far away, yet a cooling breeze blew from a southerly direction to render riding conditions ideal.

I was looking forward to a pleasant potter on my own, but, to my dismay, that energetic member, the Manchester Sub., overtook me near Cheadle and I knew that the afternoon would be strenuous, as according to Ned, the word 'potter' does not exist. Together we hammered up Long Lane and along Dean Row, and although I had slowed Ned down slightly, conversely he had increased my speed by a mile or two per hour that was not to my liking. I was not looking forward to riding the Cat and Fiddle in such company and all the way I schemed schemes, finally suggesting to Ned that we took the road through Langley and then foot the long and steep hill to Forest Chapel. At least, I thought, I could hold Ned on foot. And so it proved.

We tackled the final climb in the strong heat of the afternoon sun and reached the tiny hamlet of Macclesfield Forest with some relief. There is a grand view of the Stanley Arms from the road dropping down to Wildboardclough and I imagined that we could see a crowd of members gathered outside the inn awaiting our coming. But this was not so. We arrived a minute or two after the appointed hour to find the Presider patiently awaiting his flock. Bert had broken a three-speed cable, but the mishap proved to be no hardship at all to our man of iron. He had ridden *all* the hills on top gear just the same. Memm. : Must put a brick in Bert's bag some time !

The sun was streaming across the Clough in all its glory as we three sat on the wall opposite the inn awaiting further arrivals. Then we saw an unprecedented sight. Harold Catling on a bicycle and George Taylor on Harold's trike. I refuse to believe that Harold found the trike too hard up the Cat. Harold rides a trike because he is like the fellow who hit himself on the head with a hammer—it was so nice when he stopped ! Then Laurie Pendlebury, rather wearily appeared round the corner, and we were six, and before long we received Stanley's call and went in to tea.

George Taylor holds high office in the Stealthy Tea-Drinkers Association (its President is Jack Hodges and President of Vice is Rex Austin) and although I am far removed from the class of its members, it did give me great pleasure today to put it across George in good and hearty fashion—every star has his off-day !

Yes, a most pleasant meal and it was with some reluctance that just after 7-0 p.m. we rose to depart. Half the party were on three wheels, namely, Harold, Ned and the writer, and with Bert threatening to ride the hill up to the Cat road on his top gear I left the others to make my way to Dane-in-Shaw where I was spending the week-end.

On a glorious evening, the road down Wildboardclough was delightful with splendid views of Shuttlings Low. At Clough Bottom I took the long hill to the pleasantly situated Wincle Church and then dropped

swiftly to Danebridge. I took all the ups and downs very gently, finally emerging at Rushton Spencer, where I climbed past the Fox Inn to Bridestones, and with difficulty negotiated the descent to the Coach and Horses owing to the many steep hills having worn my brake-blocks down to the shoes.

Rex Austin joined me at the Coach and Horses. On the morrow we were out early for the Cheshire Roads "50," in which Eric Reeves and Russ Barker were riding. Eric maintained his recent fine form with 2.17.7 for ninth fastest time, whilst Russ achieved a meritorious 2.25.14. Peter Rock was about the course, but I did not manage to see him.

Those present at Stanley's were: The Presider, H. Catling, E. Haynes, L. Pendlebury, G. G. Taylor and S. Wild.

#### Utkinton, 31st May, 1947

Only eight. Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton from Manchester, and from Merseyside Tommies Sherman and Mandall, Rigby Band, Peter Rock, Arthur Birkby and Frank Marriott.

Peter had lost his map of the district, and the only way he knew to the smithy which stands so pleasantly on the western slope of one of Cheshire's hills was by way of the Horseshoe Pass! He had to start fairly early, and it cost him a latish lunch at Llangollen, but he reached the venue quite safely, a bit warm, though.

The two Tommies and a friend had come across Delamere via the Transporter, while Arthur, Rigby and Frank meandered their separate ways. Your Editor was a bit late, as he had called at Mrs. Bell's for a refresher, and talking over the good old days took some time.

Tommy Sherman wishes it to be put on record that the bluepenciller swiped all, or nearly, anyway, the jam, and we would like to ask him to cease forever caressing that damned moustache of his. Now had he been in Poona . . . . but he hasn't, and the best place for most of it is in the shaving water each morning.

And so, one by one, away. We found Rigby down the road wrestling with a patch that wouldn't play, and Tommy Mandall also had to use his pump every mile or so. Eventually both were mended and we celebrated the occasion at Christleton's Red Lion Inn.

It was easy, then, home. Arthur Birkby whanged his top gear for the 10-30 boat, while Tommy Mandall and Frank meandered across Wirral to miss closing time at Raby before parting above Brimstage.

### RACING NOTES

In addition to other performances mentioned elsewhere in these pages, Eric Reeves in the L.T.T.C.A. "Express" 50 finished with a splendid ride of 2.14.57. Eric is getting down to training very seriously and we are sorry that we have not a team of such enthusiasts as he.

## THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to the Liverpool Century Road Club, the Birkenhead North End C.C. and the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers for their valuable help in the "100."

## BADGES

Club Buttons are now available from the Secretary.

## THE "12"

In case your memory needs refreshing, we would repeat that the "12" is to be held on July 13th. Start and finish will be near Chester, and there are jobs galore awaiting your attention. Peter Rock is on the warpath now.

## WHITSUNTIDE WEEK-END, SHREWSBURY

All the roads in Anfieldland led towards the black and white and timbered town on Severn's side on Saturday, and in small parties we drifted from Merseyside and Manchester to the Lion Hotel. Salty had lunch in Corwen in the hope of seeing Peter and Frank, who very glibly had suggested the Moel Sych crossing of the Berwyns as an unusual way of reaching Shrewsbury. Actually, Peter pedalled down with Eric, who was down on the card for Monday's event, while Frank and George Connor renewed their acquaintance of the Whitchurch road to have tea at the Raven in the hope of seeing someone. Two tandem friends turned up, but the only Anfield property we noticed was Chandler's wheelbarrow decorating the outside of a scruffy café on the Heath. "Damned rotten tea" was the trencherman's only comment when we saw him outside the inn at Hadnall.

We were last to arrive at the Lion. Bert Green, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Newton, Peter, Eric, Salty, the Austins, Ralph Fer and Tommies Mandall and Sherman were already installed, while grace was added to the party by the respective better halves of George Connor and Salty, Sherman's fiancée and Frank Marriott's sister, who was driving the Editorial wagon.

The party was delightfully completed by Jack Beauchamp, of the Bath Road Club and his good lady, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, of the North Road Club, and Frank Slemen, of the East Liverpool.

Sunday's highlight, and the bright spot of one of the grandest weekends we have known for a very long time, was the visit to Minsterley Hall, where Mr. and Mrs. Barratt and son entertained us to afternoon tea. The main group lunched at Welshpool, while Rex Austin had a small party at Chirbury, but around four o'clock Mr. Bick joined us, and all foregathered at the delightful timbered old hall not far from Minsterley church.



Frank and Peter had a message to leave at Four Crosses for Jack Hodges, and via Alberbury, Rowton Castle and Lea Cross they made a somewhat circuitous route to the venue. The possession of a map would have saved miles and many minutes on this glorious afternoon.

Tea was a delightful memory to most when the two wanderers arrived, but in a few minutes they too were sitting before a huge pile of sandwiches and cake, and drinking cups and cups of tea. All this caused Frank Chandler to turn a sickly green colour, as he was sure that Peter and Frank had already tucked in with the rest.

With such a crowd it was hoped that in the call of the cameras we would not be missed, and that quietly we could go on stuffing ourselves. But it was not to be. We were dragged outside, admittedly with the promise of a return, while Frank Slemen, Rex Austin and George Connor made use of their cameras. Then there was quite a little circus when Frank Marriott was ordered by Frank Slemen to take his picture, and those who watched the touching scene will be amazed to know that the photograph turned out quite satisfactorily !

The final item was a snooker match between Tommy Sherman and Frank Slemen, a challenge to the Anfield by our East Liverpool friend. At first we thought we were going to lose, but when Tommy got his whiskers wagging things began to move and all was well.

And so, soon after six, to the bicycles again and a swift run back to Shrewsbury. Thank you very much for a grand afternoon, and we are looking forward to next year already !

In the evening the party increased, and we were delighted to see Ben Orrell and Jack Pitchford, Norman Heath, Albert Lusty and Sid Carver, who had ridden over from Hull by way of Birkenhead. Peter Stevie was on his way back to Yatesbury. Ned Haynes, Ira Thomas and Harold Catling were also around, while Russ Barker looked in on his way to join Jack Hodges at Four Crosses.

Other Anfielders round the course were J. R. Band, K. Barker, A. Birkbay, S. del Banco, Len Killip, G. Molyneaux and Stan Wild.

#### AND NOW FOR THE INVITATION " 100 "

Four hours twenty-seven minutes ! So goes into history the fastest ever Anfield " 100 " by Reuben Firth, the Yorkshire lad who is now in the Altrincham Ravens and the winner of our event in the two immediate pre-war years. Hargreaves, of the Yorkshire Road Club, was second fastest with 4.41.47, and Hammond, from Cheshire, in 4.43.26. Handicap prizes were won by Griffiths, of the Mersey Roads, who with an allowance of 29 minutes, and an actual performance of 4.51.40, gained the lowest net time. Bright, with 21 minutes and a ride of 4.44.17, was second, and Firth, from scratch, was third. Team award goes to the Warwickshire

Road Club, Burman, Bright and Craddock, with 14.24.16. Of Ours, Eric Reeves was fastest with 4.52.18 and a puncture, and Salty managed to keep inside evens with 4.59.27. For some time he was in the handicap. His allowance was 31 minutes, and quite a few people are wondering how our veteran roadman qualified for such a good mark.

The first half was a run to Onibury (near Ludlow) and back, a ride into the wind and the Stretton Gap with a fast run back to Shrewsbury. Half-way times showed Greenhalgh, of the South Lincs., to be fastest with 2.14.14, Firth 2.14.16, and Hammond 42 seconds slower. Firth covered the second "50" in 2.12.44!

This year we offered a prize for the best tricycle performance, and 10 three-wheelers were included. The winner was Petrie, of the North Road. With a splendid 5.14 ride he easily gained first place. As we go to press the complete finishing sheet is not available, but below we append a table giving the various intermediate times for a few of the riders:

	21½ miles	43	59½	88	Finish
Firth	.. 1.1½	1.57	2.35	3.53	4.27.0
Hargreaves	.. 1.3½	1.58	2.40	4.02½	4.41.47
Hammond	.. 1.2½	1.56	2.38	4.01½	4.43.26
Griffiths	.. 1.6	2.02	2.45	4.9	4.51.40
Bright	.. 1.4	2.06	2.42	4.5	4.44.17
Reeves	.. 1.3½	2.00	2.43	4.11	4.52.18
Salt	.. 1.5	2.01	2.46	4.16	4.59.43
<b>Tricycles</b>					
Petrie	.. 1.10	2.12	2.57	4.33	5.16.19
Armstrong	.. 1.10	2.15	3.03	4.38	5.22.13
Smith	.. 1.11	2.15	3.05	4.43	5.27.58
Parker	.. 1.12	2.14	3.00	4.46	4.32.31

#### CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

#### CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5, branch.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JULY - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

JULY, 1947

NUMBER 496

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

- 5 Farndon (Raven)
- 12 Tarvin (Bleak House)
- 13 Open "12" Hours.
- 19 Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms)  
Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m.
- 26 Club "50" Start 4-30 p.m.  
(Headquarters—Peacock, Chester)

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

Goostrey (Red Lion)

## AUGUST, 1947

- 2 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
- 2/4 August Tour : Newport (Barley Mow) : Bath Road "100"

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

*August Tour.*—Accommodation is bookable for six at the Barley Mow, Newport, and I shall be glad to receive names as soon as possible.

J. R. FER,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## EDITORIAL

Elsewhere in these pages we print a letter from Jack Hodges, a reply to "A Young Wife's Tale," but also containing some comments on the Sunday run question. First of all, we would like to tell him that we did not condemn old men to their cups of tea. This was a statement in the original letter which incidentally we disagree with entirely.

Regretfully we have to draw swords with Jack on the question of Sabbatarianism. Never in our 17 years Anfield membership have we seen any trace of this "ism" either in individuals or club policy. When the "12" was first proposed to be run on a Sunday we heard of no objection, and one year in the mid-thirties the "100" also was held on the Sabbath.

Our idea of Club policy is that (as we have said before) you express your loyalty to the Club on a Saturday, and Sunday is free for you to do exactly as you wish. For many of the younger members, Sunday has been

a day for cycling for years, a day free for wheeling where you will and unrestricted by Club loyalty. It is our opinion that better, more lasting, cyclists are made by this practice.

As Jack says, the stark fact is that we have skipped a generation, and we have got to do something about it. Surely there are some who prefer our way of doing things rather than follow the herd instinct of the average cycling club.

In mid-July we are running the "12," and we are in dire need of assistance. How many of you would help the Club by bringing out a young unattached cyclist to do a marshalling job somewhere? Many of us were introduced to the cycling game in this manner.

Another suggestion has come our way too. Many of us know young cyclists, wheelfolk who want to do the right thing. If only twenty members offered to bring a youngster to the fold and nurture them in our ways of the greatest game of all, we would be well on the way to having a splendid nucleus of a new generation, a young layer sadly needed in Anfield membership. We are serious in submitting both suggestions. If you know of a youngster who would do a job in the "12," someone who would appreciate the responsibility of the task, just drop a note to Peter Rock and a job and a card for the event will be forthcoming.

FRANK MARRIOTT.

*We have great pleasure in including the following letter from J. G. Shaw.*

3, Peel Terrace,  
Sheffield, 10,  
17/6/1947.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It was a great thrill to meet Frank Chandler at the Antrim Arms, Ballycastle.

They say old friends are best, and by gad, sir, they are.

Earlier in the evening I had seen a suspicious looking bicycle in the yard, but forgot about it after consuming a remarkable evening meal, followed at 9-0 p.m. by copious draughts of coffee.

Then came the great moment, when, after covering 400 wonderful Donegal miles, I saw, not only the Anfield badge, but Chandler himself. We had a wonderful yarn about many things, including Belmullet and Peplow.

Although no mug myself about the Emerald Isle, I was enthralled by Frank's tale of 18 Irish tours and his great knowledge of the whole place.

The pair of us chose well for our tours, which were a smashing success, but after all, do not great minds think alike?

Please remember me to Kettle and McCann.

Yours very cordially,

J. G. SHAW.



## A LETTER FROM JACK HODGES

Dear Frank,

I have read your Editorial under the heading "A Young Wife's Tale," and now that the President has spoken perhaps I may be allowed to contribute my view.

"Conjure up past history and state just what the Anfield has stood for." Perhaps it would have been better to state just what the Anfield did stand for in those far-off formative years when cycling was the sport and pastime of the élite. Do you think that any club could acquire in these days the peculiar fame that distinguished the A.B.C. in its halcyon days? Further, do you imagine that we can regain and retain our old pedestal in the democratic cycling world of to-day? Perhaps it would be better to scrap the past and concentrate on the present.

Never mind the older members who sit over many cups of tea (this from *you*, Frank) and who have had it: what about you not so old members? You cannot escape blame by using the old men as scapegoats, although it is now the fashion to lay all the ills of mankind at the door of old men.

The tragic truth is that we have skipped a generation. We have no foundation of young, progressive, 'up to the minute' members. 'Our not so old' members are already *passé* and more or less stagnant. Don't let it be said that they are overawed or over-ridden by the old men.

Have we ever done anything to attract youth? A mere negative policy of not "spurning" them is of no use in these days. The amount of the subscription is no attraction to many fine lads. The emphasis is now on Sunday racing. Have we not fought bitterly to preserve a Sabbatarianism which has long been outmoded.

It seems to me that the Club is treading the path of the prehistoric reptiles who failed to adjust themselves to a changing world, and perished. Do we wish to reform and persist or would we rather die in the Anfield tradition?

"Several of you are bachelors and the appearance of a mere woman at a Saturday tea is met with animosity." I wonder if *all* the animosity comes from the bachelors.

Yours sincerely,

J. HODGES.

## FRANK CHANDLER ON TOUR

One Sunday in June Frank Chandler carried the Anfield Button to the furthest westward point near Erris Head on the Mullet (Mayo) and nailed the flag on the Rocks over which the seas of the Atlantic were smashing themselves and spray being blown by the uplift of the gale some 100 or 200 feet high. A fine sight—the water being lashed into foam and the spume sent racing over the highest rocks and covering everything with its bubbles. The scenery was very wild.

## AN IRISH STORY

On his return journey via the Antrim Coast Road Chandler called at Ballygally Castle Hotel and walking into the place as if he owned it promptly sat down and ordered lunch, when the following episode took place :—

Waitress :—How many ?

*(This question seemed rather puzzling at first and as our trencherman hadn't enough cheek to take it to mean lunches, presumed it to refer to persons.)*

Answer :—One person with two appetites ! Have you ever heard of the dragon with two stomachs ? Well, that's me !

*(Exit the lady, whose Irish eyes were smilin'.)*

The upshot was that it all worked and besides a full plate of soup the ould divil got two chops, a pile of potatoes and veg., sweets and coffee. (Really enough to make Salty, Abdullah and myself envious.—Ed.)

## TREASURER'S NOTES

64 Cavendish Drive,  
Rock Ferry,  
Cheshire.

As we go to press there are still nine members whose subscriptions for 1946 and earlier are yet unpaid. Does the old Club mean so little to them that they do not care or do they skip the Treasurer's Notes in search of lighter reading. Anyway, the Anfield expects . . . . .

I would remind all members that the Club financial year now ends on 30th September and that nearly sixty subscriptions for 1947 are still outstanding. I shall be pleased to be snowed under with these any time before the end of August.

Incidentally, subscriptions are still being sent to Harold Kettle six months after his retirement. Subscriptions should be sent to me at the above address or paid into the Midland Bank as announced at the end of the *Circular*.

The following Subscriptions and/or Donations\* are acknowledged with thanks :—

P. C. Beardwood	W. H. Elias	J. J. Salt (1948)
J. A. Bennett	J. S. Jonas *	D. Shaw
J. O. Cooper	E. L. Killip	A. Williams
C. F. Elias	F. Marriott	J. H. Williams
F. D. Elias	W. R. Oppenheimer	H. Wilson
	H. W. Powell	

J. R. BAND.

## CAPTAIN'S NOTES

### Open 12 hours' Event, July 13th.

Before we go to press again the "12" will be upon us, and I make no apologies for once again asking all members who can possibly do so to turn out in strength and so maintain our worthy name as promoters par excellence.

For those who cannot be present in the morning there will be work later, so please report to me at Waverton Church not later than 4 p.m.

### Club "50."

With the revival of racing interest a Club "50" has been fixed for July 27th on the usual course and times. Will all who can ride, help or merely encourage, please drop me a note so that necessary arrangements can be made.

W. P. ROCK,  
13, Bolton Road, Port Sunlight.

## A "36" IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

Having written to A. B. Smith in the hope of meeting him for a weekend, he generously invited me to accompany him and his better half on a trip to Minehead with them.

The general idea was to meet Smithy at Frome for lunch, and then carry on and join the rest of the party for tea. A good start was made a.m. Saturday, and I reached the lunch place in time to repair a puncture collected *en route* before Smithy turned up. A good lunch and we were soon on the road for Wells, over the Mendips. The drag up to the top soon showed A.B. to be fitter than myself—he had done a 1-14 on a trike the previous Thursday! but we got along O.K. and took our time on the top, where beauty spots were pointed out to me—very nice too! A drop down to Wells, where I was much impressed by the Cathedral, then on to Glastonbury, for we were getting behind on schedule. Just short of Glastonbury we passed a pub where a "Tea" sign was displayed; both of us seemed hesitant, as the heat of this grand afternoon had withdrawn huge quantities of liquid from us. However, neither dared suggest a stop, but when we heard a hail from behind A.B. immediately recognised Eric and Bill, the Bath C.T.C. contingent (Hon. Sec. and membership). What a grand excuse thought I and before A.B. could object I was through the door and sat at a table while Eric disappeared and did the necessary. We were soon on our way again, at a slightly more sedate pace, and reached Chilton in time to be an hour late! Mrs. Smith was there with Len and Seymour, the latter undecided whether to accompany us or not. A good tea, during the removal of which we discovered our host was related to nearly all our sportsmen! Still thirty miles to go, so we made our way outside to ride leisurely along the coast whilst I admired the beauty

of the country. Near Minehead Len took the lead as he knew our resting place for the night. Our route led up hill and finished our journey on a sandy track. A real homely welcome complete with a huge supper and then I retired for the night. The previous night had been spent protecting Yatesbury from infiltration !

Breakfast at nine o'clock, and what a breakfast ! A late start and we were on the road to Bampton over the Brendon Hills. A drink in Devon and then off to lunch at Waterow on the Wivelscombe road. Another grand meal and off again, for I still had quite a few miles to do. Tea at our pub just outside Glastonbury. It was a grand ride from lunch to tea, although it hurt. Seymour, who had joined us for lunch, kept us going with his grand sense of humour and the miles passed quickly. Tea was again a grand meal and we left Glastonbury about 7 p.m. Through Shepton Mallet and up into the Mendips again, where the rest of the folks turned off for Bath. A quick drop to Frome, then Trowbridge for a drink and some cheese and biscuits and on to camp in the gathering dusk. Back at camp a quick shower and so to bed.

A grand week-end with lovely weather and two hundred miles behind me, in fine company. More to come I hope !

To-morrow I'm off to Ross-on-Wye, and the following week-end up to home and back, calling in at Shrewsbury for our "100."

PETER STEVIE.

## RACING NOTES

In the West Cheshire "50" on June 22nd we had four riders on the starting sheet. Eric Reeves and Salty have been regular riders this year, but on this occasion Peters Rock and Stephenson were also down to ride. Peter Stevie was a non-starter—presumably there was some hitch in his leave arrangements, but our Captain revealed the result of all his secret training since Eric clocked a 2.14 the other week and finished with 2.19.31. It only needed the gift of 12 minutes from the handicapper for him to walk away with first prize. Salty rode consistently to complete the course in 2.18.30, while Eric, not at his best, clocked 2.22.16. We're blaming a trip to Manchester a day or so beforehand for the débâcle.

### Other Results.

Stretford Wheelers "50." R. Firth, 2.4.56 ; Russ Barker 2.28.11.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50." C. Farebrother, 2.10.16 ; Eric Reeves, 2.16.29 ; Jack Salt, 2.17.37.

Manchester Wheelers "100." Hammond, 4.39.55 ; J. E. Reeves (7th), 4.59.11 ; Russ Barker, 5.13.7.

The "12." Elsewhere in this issue Peter Rock comes forth with an appeal for the "12." We would just like to emphasise that this is *your* event just as much as those whose job it is to run it. Particularly do we want

cars for the finish. Around the triangle riders will be finished on the time-keeper basis, but cars for following will be necessary for competitors who ride more than 227 miles in the event.

### MORE COMFORT—MORE SPEED ?

Wilf Orrell has long maintained that the reduced rolling resistance of hard, small section tyres is more than offset by the increased fatigue due to vibration. I noticed that in our "100," Dick Petrie's trike was shod, not with "silk fifties," nor even "hipes," but with full one and a-quarter inch sprites—and there is no doubt that his ride lends support to the elder Orrell's view.

## TRICYCLING NOTES

### T.A. Whitsun Meet at Shrewsbury

Tricyclists from all corners of this island were drawn to Shrewsbury—using our "100" as an excuse for a convivial meeting. To cater for our social and cultural needs a room was booked at the Brooklands Hotel, Shrewsbury for Saturday and Sunday evenings, and we filled it!

Many were the tall tricycling tales told to the tinkle of tankards—for tricyclists together are cheery, exuberant souls. In fact it was an altogether delightful gathering and certainly very much to my taste.

### TRICYCLISTS IN OUR "100"

Our name is high in the world of triple wheels and our invitation to tricyclists to compete for a special prize in the "100" met with a splendid response. Not only was the entry greater than could be accepted, but the rides done by tricyclists were a real credit to the event as well as a tribute to the new course.

Petrie's 5-16 was an amazing achievement. Moving with a deceptive appearance of ease and comfort his riding was always a delight to the observer. A very fine ride indeed.

With all due regard to such stylists as Dick Petrie, Syd Armstrong and Smith Parker, it must be admitted that they all rode slick speed-irons and looked like speed men, but A. B. Smith, mounted on a somewhat decrepit looking vehicle, contrived to look like a middle-aged tourist, yet still finished inside 5-30. How does he do it?

Leading times were :—

R. Petrie (North Road C.C.)	..	..	5	16	19
S. E. Armstrong (Addiscombe)	..	..	5	22	13
A. B. Smith (North Road C.C.)	..	..	5	27	58
Smith Parker (Cheshire R.C.)	..	..	5	32	31

### T.A. Northern "50," 8th June, 1947

The Tricycle Association Northern "50" was held on a West Cheshire course on a cold windy morning. Despite the unfavourable conditions none of the twelve starters failed to return to timekeeper Jack Hawkins.

The ride of the day was that of Doug. Jackson, whose 2-23 not only gained for him the fastest time award, but also enabled him to beat handicapper Rex Austin and take the Snowden Trophy for the second time. This is also the second time in a Northern T.A. event when Doug. has come within striking distance of Competition Record at 50 miles, and on both occasions conditions were far from ideal.

Leading times were :—

D. R. Jackson (Altrincham Ravens)	..	2	23
A. Crimes (Crewe Wheelers)	..	2	32
H. Millington (Warrington R.C.)	..	2	38

### A TOURING NOTE

Mention is made elsewhere this month of the Bwlch-y-ddenfaen, the grand pass between Roe Wen and Aber, and we wonder if Jack Hodges noticed the unique set of hairpin bends which are evident on the last slope of open mountain before the pass leaps to the lane and the river Aber. As a fine Roman milestone has been found nearer the coast and Llan-fairfechan, it is thought that here the road is of prehistoric origin. Can these be the earliest attempts at road grading in our land?

### ATTENTION, PLEASE !

From the runs list you will notice that we revisit the Raven at Farndon on July 5th. As the Secretary will be away and the Editor hopes to be with him, may we plead with everyone who can, to make a point of attending the Farndon run. Ralph Fer has ordered the tea, and we must not let the club down !

### SORRY !

We regret that owing to an oversight we omitted to mention the presence of C. F. Elias at the Mold run in early May.

## RUNS

### Mold, 7th June, 1947

The Editorial Eye balefully gleamed at my cringing person and the Editorial Voice thundered " Who's going to write up the run ? " Dithering with fear and with perspiration oozing from every pore, I said I would ; so here is the account thereof.

Much water has passed under the bridges since I last attended a Club run and the urge to be out again was too strong to be resisted ; other and perhaps more important matters were put aside for the day.

Digging the barrow out of its coating of November mud and flinging the birds' nests from out of the spokes I pumped up the tyres and took the road through Willaston to Qucensferry, where tea and cakes gradually dispelled the mists that were gathering before my eyes. Time being on my side I spurned the route direct and tackled the hill up to Hawarden ; having surmounted this without collapsing gave me ideas. On I trundled

through Coed Talon to Tryddyn, where I turned right through the lanes, just following my nose, eventually reaching Mold with half-an-hour to spare.

Outside the Market Vaults I found Arch, Williams and Len King, watching the world passing by; we were soon joined by Salty. Our stalwart Racing Sec. had been out for an all-day jaunt; just a gentle potter through Whitchurch, Wem, Loppington, Knockin (lunch), Llynclys (more lunch), Llangynog, over the Milltir Cerig to Bala, Corwen, Llandegla, Llanarmon and so to Mold. Yes, just like that!

Zero hour had just passed when Frank Marriott arrived and tea was served. Conversation ranged from the "100" to shot guns, rifles and fire control in warships—the technical knowledge of Rear-Admiral Williams was too much for our Editor.

Seven-thirty saw a move made for the homeward journey and things were going smoothly until Jack suggested turning into Summers' road and taking the old lane to Shotwick and across the fields to Puddington. Suffering from a late attack of Easter knees I agreed on condition that Arch lifted my barrow over all styles, gates, railings and any other obstacles that may be encountered. As usual that man's proverbial luck held again; the barrow's narrow axle passed easily through all gates.

On again through Puddington, Burton and Neston, where the Rear-Admiral's efforts to entice us on board his flagship were successfully resisted and we actually persuaded him to accompany us up Boathouse Lane to the Glegg Arms. Here the writer detached himself to carry on homewards through Brimstage. I hope Arch was able to ride home by himself. Altogether a pleasant and successful run methinks.

Those present were Frank Marriott, Jack Salt, Arthur Williams, Len King and Syd. del Banco.

#### **Goostrey, 7th June, 1947**

It being a fine sunny afternoon I journeyed out in leisurely fashion, following the lanes through Knolls Green, Ollerton and Peover. Near Peover I overtook George Taylor who was proceeding in a manner even more leisurely than my own. Absorbed in philosophic discussion, we arrived at the Red Lion almost simultaneously with the President, who, on the last lap of a fortnight's tour, looked very bronzed and fit.

Over a tea of the usual excellent standard, we talked of many things. The good rides done in our "100" and the possible reasons for the lack of support given to the Manchester Mountain Trial. The strongest reason seemed to be the absurdly difficult nature of the course, some of the climbs could best be tackled with nailed boots and a rope whilst the corresponding descents would be little less than suicidal under racing conditions.

Jack Hodges had taken full advantage of the recent fine spell and done some strenuous exploration in North Wales. His tales of dikes, steps and cromlechs, were both interesting and illuminating—particularly in the matter of the crossing from Aber to Roe Wen.

The journey home was too hard. It started nicely enough as Jack Hodges and I, both on tricycles, left the Red Lion together. Before long, however, we got into bad company—Russ Barker and George Taylor. They were determined to make it hard for us. They did not allow us to drop behind, but kept the pace so adjusted as to give us just as much punishment as we would take. However, all things come to an end, and by nine thirty I was home and setting the alarm clock to ensure my rising for the T.A. "50" on the morrow.

Present were: The President and Rex Austin, Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Jack Hodges, Jack Newton, Bren Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, Peter Rock and George Taylor.

#### Little Budworth, 14th June, 1947.

If there had not been a Committee meeting; if I had not arranged to call for Tommy Mandall; if I was a pessimist; if I didn't usually enjoy the Club runs so much, then I should not be writing this, because instead of braving the downpour I should have spent a pleasant afternoon in bed.

Caped-up, the Thomases (not Tommies, please!—being too indicative of brutal and licentious soldiery) picked their tortuous way through Liverpool's suburbia. Conversation was in mono-syllables, I was fascinated by the constant stream of raindrops from the end of Tommy's nose which from time to time he artistically varied by blowing upwards to create the impression of a public drinking fountain.

The wind was unfavourable and belied the romantic scribes who write of swishing tyres, etc.—we squelched, groaned and wheezed our way to Kingsley. With every turn of the pedals we got wetter, and by the time the Shrewsbury Arms was reached our cup of misery was overflowing.

The Committee was in session and apart from a proposal which rather frightened our Editor, and was not carried, the business was disposed of expeditely and efficiently.

The horde then descended upon the food and between boiled egg, bread and jam and cake, I noticed the following were even more efficiently disposing of the victuals:—

Bert Green, who will shortly feature in Ripley's "Believe it or Not," because he recently missed a Club run; Ralph Fer, soon to make his annual pilgrimage to the hustle and bustle of the Outer Hebrides; Stan Wild, on so many committees he spends five minutes before each meeting on orientation and prayer; Captain Rock, sadistically ordering people to their "12" jobs. "No need to be there early, about 6-20 a.m. will do"; Eric Reeves, strong and silent, and who wouldn't be after a 2-14?; Jack Salt, with junior's school cap; Frank Marriott, with a new technique. Gone is the brusque "write-up the doings," and in its place an almost apologetic request to the barber as it were: "The usual, please." I almost expected to hear "short back and sides."



Rigby Band has joined the fraternity of house-painters ; Ken Barker informed us that his youngster's rag-doll has now been christened "Tommy Mangle," following an introduction to a member who shall remain anonymous ; E. Haynes, keener than ever ; Jack Newton, around whom an operetta is to be written entitled "The Blue Shadow" ; "Ginner" Williams, who should be re-christened "Grinner" ; Tommy Mandall, with some kind words about the water-proof qualities of Pagetsilk, and of course the writer, who despite the hirsute camouflage, was located by our Radar-eyed Editor.

A short chin wag and the party dispersed, I to splash a lonely furrow through Delamere and Runcorn. Home was eventually reached about closing time and I was wet, yes, very wet, tired and hungry, and to end a perfectly \_\_\_\_\_ day my mother's greeting and comment was to the effect that my dripping moustache reminded her of a cat with a mouse in its mouth !

Did some one say "Ichabod" ! ! ! ! ?

(No ! The glory was never there !—Ed.)

#### **Rhydymwyn, 21st June, 1947**

It was four p.m. before a start could be made on this glorious June day and the time factor ruled out thoughts of a lengthy detour, but several roads lead to Wales and fortunately the petrol fraternity only like one of them.

Lanes and byways brought me within a half mile of the Welsh boundary and in a few minutes I was crossing Queensferry bridge.

A short stop for a bird's eye view of some small craft refitting on the bank of the Dee, brought back memories of many happy days, cruising and racing on the Mersey ; it also meant company for the remainder of the afternoon in the shape of Arthur Birkby.

Ewloe Hill is bad enough without a constant stream of "charas," and we were glad to turn into lanes and eventually reach the Denbigh road with time for a short lounge in the sun before dropping down to the "Antelope."

In the yard, Fawcett joined us, Arthur Williams and the Hon. Sec. were discovered in the Tank and soon we five sat down to an excellent meal.

Tea was almost over when your Editor arrived and the events of the next half hour made us grateful to Harold Kettle who had delayed the lanky one so that shorter mortals could get some food. Sammy should join the B.L.R.C.—that would teach the blighters that there is no future in the massed start game.

Outside again, we dawdled about chatting and showing no eagerness to be off, until the Baron made the first move, towards Merseyside.

Through Northop, down to the coast road and Queensferry, we were five, Fawcett having made for his rural retreat at Cilcain, and this small party split at the lane to Shotwick, Birkby and the Hon. Sec. making

for home direct, the others electing to sacrifice speed for the quieter enjoyment of Shotwick, Puddington and Burton.

And so, eventually, to the Sych and the old Anfield custom of a walk up to the Wishing Gate, then the quick drop down to home and another run was over.

What was there about this afternoon which made me tell my wife, "I don't know when I enjoyed a run so much"? Perhaps the weather, in direct contrast to the previous weeks' run to Budworth; perhaps it was the venue, for the Denbigh road is a firm favourite and the "Antelope" which will provide tasty and sufficient calories at a reasonable price.

An abler pen than mine will one day write a recipe for the perfect club run. I wonder what the ingredients will be?

#### **Wildboarclough, 21st June, 1947.**

The Presider, who had called at my domicile to transact some little business, and I left Cheadle Hulme in very good time, and in splendid weather. Travelling by way of Bramhall, Woodford and Dean Row (where we had a cup of tea), Beech Hill was reached. Here, lo and behold, there stood by the kerb, talking to hefty John Wood, of the Chesh', Stan Wild, the notorious rough-stuffer, fresh from his Highland tour. So we prised him apart from his willing victim and the three of us tackled the mountain between us and "eats."

It was hot, damnably hot, and as we approached Walker Barn Stan suggested a cup of tea. Now, as neither Bert Green nor the writer are great tea drinkers we were lukewarm, but the agonized expression on Stan's face made us relent. During the session the President and I were entertained by accounts of hair-raising crossings far above the eagle line. But for his unfortunate addiction to football matches in the winter the C.R.C. President would surely be 100% real cyclist.

Wilf Orrell, Harold Catling and Ned Haynes were already at the Clough when we arrived and so only six sat down to tea which was well up to "Chapel House" standard.

Ned left first; I think the three wheels he now trundles make the Openshaw part of his journey somewhat of a trial which casts a dark shadow on his young life. At times obviously thinking of his "via dolorosa" he seems to wear a cowed and furtive expression. So would I in his place.

The rest of us soon followed and I trust we all reached home safely after a most enjoyable run.

#### CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5, branch.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



AUGUST - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

AUGUST, 1947

NUMBER 497

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

- 2 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)  
2/4 August Tour to Newport.  
Headquarters—Barley Mow.  
9 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)  
16 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)  
(Committee, 5-0 p.m.)  
23 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)  
30 Woodbank (Yacht)

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)  
Goostrey (Red Lion)  
Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)

## SEPTEMBER, 1947

- 6 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)      Goostrey (Red Lion)

## TREASURER'S NOTES

64 Cavendish Drive,  
Rock Ferry,  
Cheshire,  
23rd July, 1947.

I would again remind those who receive the "red slip" with this number that the Club's financial year ends on 30th September, and much work will be saved for myself and the Honorary Auditors if we can have all subscriptions in by that date.

The following Subscriptions for the current year are acknowledged with thanks:—

E. Byron.	J. Park (to 1950)	D. Turnor.
S. J. Buck.	J. Seed.	K. Turnor.
W. E. L. Cooper.	J. G. Shaw.	F. H. Wood.
H. L. Elston.	A. Turnor.	

J. R. BAND,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

## IN THE HEBRIDES

The Secretary and the Scribe spent the first two weeks in July far beyond the Border. The rattler dumped them in Dumbarton about 11 one Saturday morning, and in pleasant weather they headed northwards. Loch Lomond was, as ever, grand, and the ride through Glen Falloch before the slight drop to Crianlarich for tea was perhaps better still. They pitched their tent within sight of the waters of Loch Tulla, and in the afternoon of the Sabbath did a spot of rough-stuff from the top of Glencoe across the mountain to Kinlochleven. (No ! they did not do the military road, but rather swung round the shoulder to ride on the conduit from the reservoir which winds high above the valley before the fearsome drop to Loch Leven—an unusual and very pleasant experience). From the Great Glen the road from Invergarry took them westwards until came the Kyle of Lochalsh on Tuesday afternoon. A week then was spent on Harris, in weather that made their crofter friend insist that the tent was packed up and our tourists should sleep instead within the shelter of the croft. In the wind and rain it wasn't a bad idea. So went the programme to the waves, but it was a grand holiday.

## JACK HODGES

We have it from an unimpeachable source that our old friend was seen boarding a plane for Switzerland not long ago—bicycle and all. Nice work !

## ALBERT PRESTON

We would like to express our sincerest sympathy with Albert Preston on the recent passing of his father. Mr. Preston, senior, had been very ill for some months and his indisposition was the main reason for Albert's continued absence from Club functions recently.

## ONLY EIGHT ?

We are surprised at the continued poor turnout for the runs to Utkinton. In this issue a report notes an attendance of only eight to this delightful spot just under the windy ridge of Kelsall Hill. And if it is not scenery you are after, perhaps you are not aware that up to now we always have had eggs for tea, and you always come away with a tummy nice and full. It is one of the best places on our joint runs list at the moment. Only eight ? It should be eighteen !

## RACING NOTES

Yet again we are pleased to report increased activity. Eric Reeves, Russ Barker and Salty have been keeping the flag flying, and Peter Rock also has had another "do"—with some success, for he achieved his fastest "100" in the West Cheshire event on July 20th with a 4.46.39 and



5th fastest. Eric was 4th fastest with 4.43.22. Had Salty been riding to anything like his usual form the team race would have been ours. Instead, he was on holiday.

In the Championship "100" Eric was within seconds of his fastest (achieved 10 years ago) when he clocked 4.42.7 against Firth's grand ride of 4.25.37 and Salty's 4.57.36. In the Liverpool Time Trials "100" Bentley was fastest with 4.45.8, Eric was third with 4.50.9 and Salty just inside evens with a 4.59 ride.

Meanwhile, over in Manchester, Russ Barker has not been inactive. On June 15th, in the Wheelers "100" he clocked 12th fastest on a really wicked day with a ride of 5.13.4; and on June 29th in the O.D.C.U. "50" Russ finished with 2.29.24 (1½ minutes late start) against Firth's fastest of 2.6.42.

#### Bath Road "100."

R. Firth, 4.17.2.

J. E. Reeves, 4.37.6.

J. J. Salt, 4.43.

A fuller report will appear next month.

#### T.A. Northern "100," 6th July, 1947.

For the first time within my knowledge this event was held outside Cheshire. Headquarters was the Scrooby Top Café on the Great North Road, and there on the previous evening assembled the complete field. It comprised A. Crimes (Crewe), H. Millington (Warrington), C. E. Green, D. R. Jackson, Len Hill (who had ridden from Liverpool, assisted by a strong West wind), George Garside (who had hitch-hiked from King's Lynn in seven hours) and G. G. Taylor. Stan Boyes (Allondon) was absent and subsequently heard to be in hospital following an accident some days previously. The evening was a gay one, as is usual when tricyclists foregather; the Hendersons and Frank Tuplin looked in for a while. The latter had already entangled his trike with Len Hill's, in Rotherham, to the ruin of one tubular.

Sunday dawned windy and slightly wet, but the rain held off while a start was made. The first leg to Ollerton was hard, but more or less compensated by the return to Bawtry. The rain had returned and the day seemed to be getting colder.

Your scribe had had stomach-ache since the first feed at Bawtry; some miles down the road to Thorne this could no longer be ignored, and a halt was called. Equilibrium was partly restored by hot tea at a wayside café, where it was learned that a ladies' "10" was starting on a side-road nearby. A detour was made to watch a part of this (I shall never live this down) then back to the main road to watch the survivors come round again. Crimes was tearing along happily, undeterred by the wind and

rain, two minutes up on Doug. Jackson (70 miles). The latter looked most unhappy and packed a few miles farther on. George Garside was plugging along gallantly far in the rear, having suffered a burst tyre. Len Hill had retired at about 30 miles. So to the finish (Ranskill) where the arrival of the four finishers was spread over more than an hour. Results :

A. Crimes	..	5.21.37
H. Millington	..	5.41.27
C. E. Green	..	5.49.34
G. Garside	..	6.29.1

Alf. Crimes also took first handicap by a big margin ; a fine ride on a discouraging day which gives promise of greater things in the future.

G.G.T.

## TRICYCLING NOTES

*It's too easy!* I see that our Manchester Sub-Captain rode a tricycle in the Club '50,' as, on a bicycle, he finds the course too easy ! What about some more tricycle racing, Ned ? At least you may be able to disprove the previous owners theory that a malignant devil within the diff. opposes the rider's efforts when racing.

M.R. "24." Our local veterans, Parkes, Green and Hill, were down for this classic event together with Southerners Layzell and Onslow. Tricyclists have a real advantage over bicyclists in both "12" and "24" hour events—they haven't so far to go.

### A LETTER FROM SYD. JONAS

Roy House,  
Mount Pleasant,  
Chepstow.

Mon., 21st July, 1947.

My Dear Frank,

Here is a line from an exile wishing all Anfielders pleasant days on the road.

I am sorry I couldn't get to the "100" or the "12" this year and hope that this will be the last year I will miss these two pleasant opportunities to meet old friends and help the speedmen on their way.

Since I moved down here in the middle of April I am sorry to say that my cycling has consisted of one trip in the evening to recover a good ash walking stick inadvertently left in a house of refreshment in Lydney on the Gloucester road.

To those Anfielders who have spent an odd hour in this town and consider it to be "quaint," etc., etc., I can assure them that it is a dump of the first order and it is a pity that some of the bombs I have seen drop didn't drop here.

To walk abroad is to risk death at every turn by slipping on the steep pavements, being pushed under one of the thousands of double-decker buses, lorries, cars or motor cycles which pass thro' the "town" each day. One can also be gassed by exhaust fumes, deafened by the noise or killed by anyone of the numerous decrepit looking buildings falling down.

Suitable places for food in the countryside are, apart from round Tintern, almost non-existent. The pubs don't open on Sunday so we have to fight with hordes of thirsty Welshmen across the border in Gloucestershire each Sunday evening after a ten mile walk. We couldn't even find one open last Sunday.

Does it surprise you after all this that I ask you if you know of anyone who has a tandem to dispose of?

I have walked and walked and now I think it is time to cycle again and get further afield.

The ferry from Beachley and Aust is a help occasionally but one must be back at Aust about six in the evening to ensure getting across to the Chepstow side that night.

The bridge across the Severn will be started next Spring, as the preliminary borings have been completed.

Don't forget to let me know if you hear of a tandem and remember me to all the boys.

With kind regards,

Yours,

SYD. JONAS.

(If anyone has a two-seater for sale, or know where one is for disposal, perhaps they would get in touch with Syd. at the above address.—Ed.)

## RUNS

Utkinton, 28th June, 1947.

When you come to think about it, even Ralph Fer's blandishments must give way to our Captain's silver-tongued persuasiveness when it comes to getting another victim to write up any current fixtures. After suffering this blast of scientific blarney from either of the two principal persecutors, the victim, sitting there with glazed eyes and the expression as of a pole-axed beast, can do no more than nod dumbly and later "come to" to find that he has to jog his memory—"who was on the run?"—"where the deuce did we go to?"

It wasn't a day for hurrying, the air was barely breathable, it seemed to come through my nostrils in thick sticky lumps; so I slowly steered a course for Utkinton with some wind assistance and later the assistance of Jack Newton, who overtook me beyond Hartford: we chatted our way through the lanes to Smithy Farm. On arrival we found our President and Wilf Orrell there before us and gradually our company built up to

eight as we put our feet under the table. Harold regaled us with some plans for a Scottish tour, stirring up my interest and enthusiasm for scenes beyond the Border to white heat !

As we left the tea table in preparation for the homeward run, the Mancunian party headed by the Presider, somehow got away, and so Jack and I brought up a very laggard rearguard to arrive home around 10-15 after a pleasant and leisurely Club run. Members out to-day were The President, Peter Rock, Sid. del Banco, Wilf Orrell, Harold Catling and friend, Jack Newton and Laurie Pendlebury.

#### Farndon, 5th July, 1947.

We entitle this run " Marriott's Revenge."

Sometime about Christmas years and years—about two to be exact—ago, we arranged a dinner at the "Yacht" to celebrate the occasion. It was a good do with an ample hot three-course dinner which everyone enjoyed—except our humble Editor. He's moaned ever since about the extravagance, and it is said he lives on grass when nobody else is around in order to let his pocket catch up after suffering from the charges of this elaborate effort.

No doubt you will be wondering what this has to do with a Club run nineteen months later, so read on :

The ride out was as enjoyable as it could be, with a west wind as far as Liverpool, and then a sleigh ride to Chester to call at Percy Carter's, where I met up with our latest hero, Peter Rock, who reported the two Tommies to be on the road ahead. After spending more than I could afford, we set off on the Wrexham road, cutting across through the lanes from Rossett to Farndon, and as we dropped on to the bridge we met the aforementioned pair wandering aimlessly about—it was not yet opening time.

Peter and I strolled up the hill with them, and parked our bikes among the Rolls Royces to find that Ginner Williams had arrived. Discovering the Raven didn't open until six, we went to search elsewhere, but no luck. Captain Tommy then chased strawberries, but they were sold out.

Six p.m. found us back at the Raven, where Arthur Birkby, Rigby Band and Jack Newton had shown up. Tea started very nicely. " Plain tea or meat, Sir ? " " Meat for eight, please ! "

" Strawberries and cream or bread and butter and jam to follow Sir ? " " Strawberries and cream for eight, please ! "

The food was very appetising, which is all wrong—it should be satisfying ! After about four extra lots of B. & B. nobody could be bothered asking for more, and in any case everyone had eaten their meat and salad. The strawberries and cream were very nice—all six of them, and by this time I was feeling really very peckish, but had to satisfy my appetite with a fancy cake, as I was hoping to get back to Gateacre to the folks.

I went to get the bill, and this is where Marriott came into it. Apparently Farndon was one of his big ideas, and the Secretary had ordered the meal. But these two worthies had quietly slipped up to Scotland, and when we discovered the meal was 5/6 each it didn't take many of us long to wonder if Marriott hadn't been doing a bit of deep scheming—after all, isn't he famed for his organising powers? Various suggestions were made as to what to do about it, some wanted to send the bill straight up to the Hebrides, but the more generous ones decided that we must not spoil a poor man's holiday like that, so we just put it down to his account instead.

I don't think Farndon will prove very popular from now on, and you Committee blokes must beware of any suggestions from the lengthy one! The ride home started in rain, but not enough to cape up, and Tommy and I ploughed along with Peter stuck at the back. Poor old Tommy hadn't been out for four weeks, and after much complaining Peter took his place at the front, and as that gent had a 79 gear on, the pace kept getting hotter and hotter unrelentingly. We swept through Chester leaving a trail of indignant people in our wake.

It started to rain here, so we sheltered under the bridge on the Birkenhead road, and waited for Tommy, who had given us up as merciless. Tommy and I caped up here, but Peter was independent, and the mad dash started again, but stopped abruptly at the top of Backford, where Peter sheltered from a quick shower. Tommy just arrived in time to start down Backford with us, but soon dropped back on the other side. He wouldn't even answer to our encouragement. Peter left me at Sunlight and I caught the boat in time to get to Gateacre. Ah, well, just off to Cranwell now; I'll probably see a bit more of you now—but not at the Raven.

(We are very sorry indeed that we landed the lads for such an expensive Club run. Next time, when we fix a new place we solemnly promise to arrange the price as well.—Ed.)

#### Goostrey, 5th July, 1947.

We have received a report of this run just as we go to press, but as it does not by any means reach a printable standard we have consigned it to the W.P.B. Those present were the President, Jack Hodges, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, Wilf Orrell, Ned Haynes and Bob Poole.

#### The "12," Sunday, 13th July, 1946.

In the grey light of a cloudy summer's morning a group of cyclists stood by the railway bridge two miles from Chester on the Frodsham road, and from 6.01 a.m., at minute intervals, Stan Wild despatched 33 of the 38 entries on their long trek across Cheshire and Shropshire. The non-starters were Hills, Hamilton, Tomkinson, Hickinbotham and Harding. Our riders were Salty and Eric Reeves.

At the Chester turn, 19 miles out, Charles Randall checked C. Farebrother fastest with 52½ minutes; Smith second with 54½, while in the next minute came Salty, Taylor, Reeves, Mitchell and H. Farebrother. Clive Green, at 66 miles, showed a slightly different story. Here Mitchell was fastest with 3.08, Salty, C. Farebrother and Smith with 3.11, Reeves with 3.12 and H. Farebrother 3.13. Back at Chester, 93 miles, Mitchell was still leading with 4.32, Salty 4.34, Reeves 4.37½, C. Farebrother 4.38, Smith 4.41. We were very pleased to see Salty and Eric riding so well. Jack has plenty of experience, and accidents barred, we could expect a good ride from our veteran. But Eric had yet to complete a decent round the clock event, and we were watching his progress with interest.

South to Shropshire was the next leg, and via Battlefield to Shawbury for the test of the eternal triangle before once again coming to the Raven Inn at 175 miles. Here there only remained the Wem detour before swinging northwards through Whitchurch to Waverton and the finishing triangle. The issue was still in doubt. The day was hot and sluggish, and only a slight breeze came up from the south-west. Cliff Farebrother was leading now in 9.11, but Eric, riding a finer "12" than he has done before was not far behind with a 9.14 ride. Mitchell had by this time felt the effect of his earlier exertions, and packed. Jack Salt, despite his formidable list of active racing seasons, was riding a splendid trial and clocked 9.39 with Smith, of the Walton, while Moore, of the Birkenhead North-End, timed in with 9.42.

A word here about the tricycles. Richmond had thrown in the sponge on the way down to Salop, but three of the three-wheelers were still doing battle. The Raven Inn for them marked the 152 mile spot and Ed. Green was fastest here with a 9.31 ride. Parkes came second with 9.40, while Len Hill, of the Liverpool Century, rode in to the check in 9.57.

It was not far, now, to Waverton (206.3.150) and the finishing triangle, and here, back almost in Chester again there was another story. Eric Reeves, riding the race of his life, came to the timekeeper with 10.50.25, and 2 minutes, 14 seconds in hand over Farebrother. Salty, still doing splendidly, came up smiling in 11.8.15, and Smith 11.16.12. The battle was grim. Salty was still fairly happy, and riding his own race, but between Eric and Farebrother there was a struggle. The Raven lad from Altrincham had two minutes margin on the road, the struggle was intense. Yet next time at Waverton (216.7.14) Reeves had widened the gap to 3 minutes 14 seconds with 11.24.2, while Salty was clocking 11.46.30 and Smith 11.54.8. And so to zero hour, and the finish, as one by one 20 weary competitors ceased. We are delighted to announce that Eric gained first place, and Salty third. Where, oh, where, was that third man?

The complete and final finishing distances are as follows:—

1. J. E. Reeves	.. Anfield B.C.	.. 228.4.33
2. C. Farebrother	.. Altrincham Ravens	.. 227.2.198
3. J. J. Salt	.. Anfield B.C.	.. 221.1.104

4. W. J. Smith	.. Walton C. & A.C.	.. 218.6.120
5. H. C. Moore	.. Birkenhead N.E.	.. 215.4.143
6. D. R. Jackson	.. Altrincham Ravens	.. 212.4.44
7. H. Farebrother	.. Altrincham Ravens	.. 208.4.113
8. H. K. Pennell	.. Manchester Clarion	.. 207.0.123
9. D. Devine	.. Walton C. & A.C.	.. 206.2.44
10. D. Jones	.. Mersey Roads Club	.. 205.7.0
11. W. Littlewood	.. Rutland C.C.	.. 204.0.158
12. G. W. Shakeshaft	.. Birkenhead C.C.	.. 203.1.59
13. V. T. Bone	.. Mersey Roads Club	.. 202.4.44
14. G. S. Cave	.. Mersey Roads Club	.. 200.4.59
15. A. E. Byrnes	.. Mersey Roads Club	.. 200.4.39
16. W. H. White	.. Dukinfield C.C.	.. 200.1.172
17. W. H. Jones	.. Birkenhead C.C.	.. 194.5.34
18. H. Parkes	.. Mersey Roads Club	.. 189.2.133*
19. C. E. Green	.. North Road C.C.	.. 186.6.133*
20. L. J. Hill	.. Liverpool Century	.. 181.7.215*

\* Tricycle.

The team race was gained by the Altrincham Ravens.

We would like to put on record that Jackson lost 36 minutes almost immediately he had started by sustaining a broken pedal, and we would also like to commend the alacrity with which Johnnie Williams, of the Mersey Roads lent him his without a thought of how he was going to manage to do himself. Devine had five punctures before finishing on a borrowed machine.

This story of our first Twelve hour event in eight years would not be complete without a sincere expression of thanks to the other clubs who rendered unstinting service: Birkenhead North End C.C., Birkenhead Cycling Club, Birkenhead Victoria, Mersey Roads, Mid-Shropshire Wheelers, and the Chester Road Club. We appreciate their efforts.

Of "Ours" round the course we noticed the following: del Banco, Tommy Mandall, Chandler, Ken Barker, Charles Randall, Rigby Band, Byron, Sherman, Bren Orrell, Newton, Pendlebury, Catling, Haynes, Ira Thomas, Hodges, Jack Pitchford, Russ Barker, Fer, Harold Kettle, Birkby and Bobbie Austin. Stan Wild was chief timekeeper, while Bert Green and the Chief Scribe tootled around in the Editor's very ancient battlewagon. Peter Rock mooned around on his bicycle, it keeps him fitter. Timekeepers around the course were Rex Austin, of "Ours," Ron MacQueen, Jack Royden, Sid. Jarvis, Alf. Smith and George Brobyn. If we have omitted any names please accept our apologies.

And so into history passes yet another Anfield open event. As a personal comment we were a bit disappointed with the distances, and we think that the course has a bit to do with it. Finally, everyone please congratulate Eric Reeves in winning his first open. He deserves it.

**Little Budworth, 19th July, 1947.**

The previous Sunday, whilst returning from the '12,' and coping with a slow puncture, I lost a silver propelling pencil during the pumping-up process. Ever optimistic, it was therefore arranged that Rigby and I should retrace our wheel-tracks in the direction of Mickle Trafford with the rather vain hope that the pencil might be found.

The weather was fine but a cloudy sky looked ominous as did the evidence that some hedging and ditching had been in progress during the week. However, the spot was located easily and much to our surprise the pencil was still there.

If Dame Fortune had smiled then Thor was in revengeful mood, for an overture of sizzling lightning and crackling thunder heralded the downpour which has become synonymous with the Little Budworth run.

Caped-up and with slipping gears Kelsall was tackled on foot and eventually the rendezvous reached to find the stable simply bulging with bicycles. Sid Carver was in the offing, having ridden over from Hull, and he demurely tiptoed past the Committee to bag a deck-chair.

We were sorry that Eric and Jack were not present to be congratulated on their fine rides in the '12,' but Eric had another date with a time-keeper on the morrow and Salty was at Prestatyn on holiday.

Fifteen present was a fair number considering the times and the day. Of course the President was there ; it appears that he was the victim of some typical Serjeant Major language from a rider in the '12' (surely sufficient cause for immediate disqualification ? or maybe he didn't see the Anfield button !) Manchester was further represented by Harold Catling, George Farr, Ned Haynes, Wilf Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, George Taylor and friend.

Liverpool Gentlemen included the Treasurer, Sid. Carver, as already stated rode over from Hull as preliminary training for the '50,' Ralph Fer, bronzed and tweeded after his visit to the misty isles ; Tommy Mandall and the Editor Menace with Sherman completed the party.

If Little Budworth and rain are synonymous then to complete the association my scribing efforts can be included because the lanky one prevailed upon me AGAIN in no uncertain terms—'tis enough to force one into absentecism. (But he sulks so nicely after the first refusal and later in the week addresses a postcard to you in such charming terms—  
" My dear ————")

The inevitable trio repaired to the tank for a quick one, being joined by Sid. and Frank and after a chin-wag we trekked homewards.

The rain had stopped, the breeze was favourable and at Stamford Bridge I parted from the main party to an uneventful ride through Whitby, Ellesmere Port and Eastham.

Home was reached about closing time and I should like to record that there were no nasty cracks or comments to greet my arrival, so I decided to start the write-up—" It was quite like old times———"



## Club "50," 26th July, 1947.

Why is it that a Club event engenders more enthusiasm among the folks than an ordinary Club run, no matter how good the venue? This was the thought that came to us to-day, when we saw so many members on the road.

Peter Rock had managed to rustle up seven riders for the start card, all of whom, with the exception of George Farr, sought battle with the clock. Eddie Haynes was hurtling a barrow around quite nicely; Russ Barker, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves have been keeping the flag flying this season, while special mention must go to Sid. Carver, who came over from Hull especially to take a hiding, and Peter Stevie, who is still in the R.A.F.

The afternoon was delightful—for the helpers, and not too bad (we thought) for the riders. A slight breeze was blowing from the South, but it did not appear to be hard. At No Mans Heath, where Frank Chandler was checking, Eric was fastest with 35½ minutes, Peter Rock 35½, Russ Barker 36½, Peter S. 36½, Sid. 38½ and the tricyclist 40 minutes. Then the run to meet Jack Pitchford on Hinton Bank before retracing to the Peckfortons, where Eric had pushed his lead on Peter up to a minute. Harold Kettle was waiting at Spurstow, and so back to No Mans Heath for the last leg home. Eric was nearly two minutes up on Peter here, but he lost some going home, for the Skipper was fastest on the way back with 32 minutes, Eric 33, Russ 34, Sid just under 36, Peter S. 36½ and Eddie Haynes 38. The finishing times are as follows:

(Order of fastest times, not handicaps).

1. J. E. Reeves	2.19.5	Scratch	2.19.5
2. W. P. Rock	2.20.30	1	2.19.30
3. R. Barker	2.24.5	10	2.14.5
4. P. T. Stephenson	2.33.0	14	2.19.0
5. S. T. Carver	2.33.30	10	2.23.30
6. E. Haynes (Tri.)	2.40.8	20	2.20.8

Russ Barker gains First Handicap prize, and Eric Reeves fastest award.

We were delighted to see the following out on the course:—Jimmy Long (at last!); Fer, Mandall, A. Williams, Sherman, G. Stephenson, Marriott, the two Orrells, Jack Seed, Kettle, Chandler, del Banco, Bert Green, Salty (just returned from holiday), Selkirk and his youngster. That, so far as our memory goes, seems to be all. It was a good "do," and we would like to have another grand event soon. (Ken Barker, Rigby Band, and Harold Catling would have been out but they were assisting with early checks in the Mersey Roads "24.")

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 CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS
 

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



SEPTEMBER - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

SEPTEMBER, 1947

NUMBER 498

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

- 6 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)  
13 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)  
Committee, 5-0 p.m.  
20 Club "50" Start 4-30 p.m.  
(Headquarters, Peacock, Chester)  
27 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)  
(Tea at 5-30 p.m.)

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- Goostrey (Red Lion)  
Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms)

## OCTOBER, 1947

- 4 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)      Goostrey (Red Lion)

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

*The Annual General Meeting* will be held at the Lion, Warrington, on Sunday, 12th October. Any member wishing to have any matter included in the Agenda should send me particulars not later than 20th September.

*Autumnal Tints Tour* to Glyn Ceiriog, 18/19th October. Headquarters: Glyn Valley Hotel. Names to me as soon as possible, please.

*Invitation Runs.* The Cycling Press have been asked to print an announcement inviting interested male cyclists to attend our September fixtures. There is no need to stress the point that these fixtures should be well supported.

*Resignation.* The resignation of L. King has been accepted, with regret.

J. R. FER,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

## TREASURER'S NOTES

64 Cavendish Drive,  
Rock Ferry,  
Cheshire,  
22nd August, 1947.

The response to the "red slips" has been quite gratifying, although there are still many subscriptions outstanding, including four for 1946. The outstanding event in Club financial circles this month was a handsome remittance from our old friend R. A. (Baron) Fulton, in New York. Can any other club boast of such loyalty from a member who has been so far away for so long a time? I think not. Many thanks, Baron; your practical support is much appreciated.

The following subscriptions and/or donations (\*) are acknowledged with thanks.

E. Bright.	F. L. Edwards.	F. D. McCann(*)	T. T. Samuel.
F.J.Cheminais.	R. A. Fulton.	G. Newall.	T. V. Schofield.
W. E. Cotter(*)	W. H. Kettle(*)	R. Poole.	Ashley Taylor.
S. del Banco.	J. Leece.	L. Price.	

J. R. BAND,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

## "MARRIOTT'S REVENGE"

We have received the following letter. The writer asks that he shall be nameless:—

Sammy lad,

Yon chaps who complained of Farndon last month didn't get the sucking WE got at that celebrated Yacht run the other Christmas. Seven-and-six for a meal that just about reached a half-crown standard, and in a room that wasn't as comfortable as our kitchen at 'ome. So back 'ome we went, only to learn afterwards that we missed a concert party so "funny" that it would 'ave made even Charles Randall blush. You book another stinger, Sam, and then beat it again to the Hebrides. That'll larn 'em.

## ODDS AND ENDS

In his Tricycle Notes on another page Harold Catling makes mention of Ossie Jackson's competition record on a tricycle in the Palatine "50" in 1935. Harold wasn't in the Club then, or he would realise the hurt he has caused to George Connor in writing of this feat of Ossie's. George was riding a bicycle in that event, and while moving along (as he thought) quite nicely, he had the mortification of being dropped, well and truly, by the tricycle wizard from Nelson. Ossie was quite pleasant about it, but George has never quite recovered from that calamity to his pride.



We could do with a few more Peter Stevie's amid our ranks. Peter is now stationed at Cranwell, and over the August week-end he made the trip to the Bath Road "100," joining his parents at Marlborough. On the return trip he just missed Salty at Shipston-on-Stour, and eventually reached his temporary home in Lincolnshire at 1-0 a.m. On the occasion of the Highwayside run he made his way home overnight, returning to Sleaford on the Sunday. We hope to see him at the "50," if not earlier.

The latest in tall tales comes from Taddington. Peter Rock and Sid Carver, in a hectic hurry to reach Highwayside from Hull, were having a ding-dong battle. Neck and neck it was, with Peter sticking his wheel in front those same few inches which cause annoyance to Eric Reeves. Came Ashford, and Peter was as full of smiles as the river on that sunny day. Came the climbing miles, and Peter wondered. Now it was Sid who had those relentless inches on his front wheel, now it was Sid who urged forward, faster, faster—up Taddington. They weren't moving really fast, just a grand swinging gait, but Peter was taking a first-class packet. His tummy went all empty, his eyes glazed, his legs ached, his bicycle wouldn't go. At the top he stopped—he had to—and discovered that he had ridden Taddington with his brake on! Now there's no shame in admitting you took a parcel, but we think it's coming to something when you have to make excuses for a hiding—on Taddington, of all places!

We would like to apologise to Jimmy Long. We arranged with him to make a date at the B.R. "100" if we were to venture down Pangbourne way, but it so happened that Jimmy was on his way South before we had finalized our arrangements.

Del Blotto tells us that he will resume his pedal cycling activities when his petrol supply runs out. It's an ill wind. Syd at the moment gets more pleasure (on his own admission) in piloting a colossal motor cycle complete with sidecar around. He's looking for some sprites if anyone knows where they grow.

We were pleased to meet Rourke the other day. He had managed to cycle sixty miles or so on the occasion of the L.T.T.C.A. "12." When he gets his "barrer" on the road again he hopes to attend some Club-runs.

We would like to express our pleasure in having Sid Carver with us on three consecutive Club runs. Sid has been over from Hull on holiday, and it has been grand being with him again.

Stevie and L. Price were seen together at the B.R. "100" talking over old times and encouraging Eric and Salty.

In the Sunday papers recently much mention was made of an archery contest at Scorton, not far from the Bowland Forest. The winner was A. G. Banks, from Yorkshire. Videlex (or Wide-legs) of other days, or not? Does anyone know?

## RACING NOTES

### Liverpool Century "100," 31st August, 1947.

As we close for press we have pleasure in recording the results of a new open "100" inaugurated in the Liverpool area, a needed end of the season century event promoted by the Liverpool Century Road Club.

On the way home from the Yacht run the previous evening we informed Peter and Eric (our only riders in the event) that what we wanted was a first and second between them. Against all the array of Merseyside's talent Peter and Eric ventured forth to see what they could do, leaving R. J. Austin with the watch, and as helpers on the course, Salty, Williams, Band, Preston, Marriott, Carver and Molyneux.

Early in the event it seemed as if Peter had a few seconds on Eric, a margin that increased at 60 miles to more than a minute. Frank and Sid were at 60 miles, and Salty, after chasing round with drinks, joined the first named at 94½ miles, and much manipulation of figures went on. So far as we knew (and we recognised most) Peter fastest, and then Eric arrived with a minute and a half in hand. Fastest and second; could it be true? We must not hope and we hurried to the finish. Eric had been pushed to second place by a rider from the Pendle Forest Club, but he and Peter were second and third respectively.

1. D. H. Smith	Pendle Forest C.C.	1½	4.39.5.
2. J. E. Reeves	Anfield B.C.	scr.	4.42.18
3. W. P. Rock	Anfield B.C.	6	4.43.43

Peter just missed third handicap, but gained a club standard medal.

Once again (for the third time this season) it was a pity about the third man, but Salty had not properly recovered from a leg injury sustained at work a week or two ago. Rex Austin very jocularly suggested that "even" had the Editor been riding the team race would have been ours, but we have several riders who could have upheld our Club's good name in century events.

Jack Pitchford was out helping with drinks. We would like to see more of you, Pitch.

We would like to congratulate the Liverpool Century on the manner in which the event was run, and we sincerely hope that it will be the forerunner of many.

### RACING RESULTS

L.T.T.C.A. "12." August 10th. J. J. Salt. 227m, 6 furlongs.

Phoenix "25." August 17th. J. E. Reeves. 1.7.4.

## TRICYCLING NOTES

### Too old at Forty

Several veteran tricyclists have been disporting themselves in the ways of youth and doing some very fine rides

After a first-class ride of 5.27 in our '100,' A. B. Smith has proceeded to demonstrate his versatility by a wonderful ride of 14 hours exactly for the Pembroke-London record and a 1.9.17 in the Bath Veterans '25.' All at the age of 45.

Tricycle competition record at 25 miles was set up at 1.8.39 by E. A. Fry in 1934. Thirteen years later riding in the Veterans '12' against bicyclists, Fry finished second with a total of 212 miles. A very fine ride Ted!

Veterans S. W. Parker and J. K. Letts knocked more than a day off the Tandem Tricycle standards for 1,000 miles and Land's End to John o' Groat's. Their ride of 2 days 22 hours for the End to End compares favourably with the Tandem Bicycle record of 2 days 14 hours.

### The 50 Mile Competition Record

Tricycle competition record at 50 miles was set up by Ossie Jackson in the Palatine event of 1935 at 2.22.49. Of recent years several riders have got very close to it—D. R. Jackson has twice done 2.23 in T.A. events.

The latest near miss was by Syd Armstrong of the Addiscombe, who clocked 2.22.52 in the T.A. 50 this year.

### What the "Man in the Lakes" thinks when he sees a tricycle

Whilst covering the few miles from Crummuck Water to Derwentwater via Honister I was the recipient of the following remarks from different people:—

1. Is a Tricycle safe with only one brake?
2. Are they solid tyres?
3. Why do you ride a tricycle?
4. Fitted with a sail it would be ideal for use as a road yacht.

The author of the last remark held novel views on the art of cycling and had the audacity to address them to the wearer of a Frilled Anfield Button. His thesis was that power is wasted in pedalling with the ball of the foot and a more effective action is achieved by pedalling with the heel. The W. of the F.A.B., being *ipso facto*, a gentleman, merely expressed surprise and politely murmured something about trying it someday perhaps.

### Tricycling in the Western Highlands

I was surprised to read that Len Wishart, writing in the T.A. *Bulletin* after a Tricycle tour in the North of Scotland, feels that a bicycle would be more suited to road conditions in the Highlands. My own experiences North of the Great Glen have convinced me that a Tricycle really comes

into it's own in such country. A light tricycle fitted with a low-g geared free-wheel and good brakes is my idea of the perfect vehicle for loose surfaces, deep ruts and steep banks. With lightweight camping gear and such a trike the Western Highlands provide an earthly paradise—even allowing for the midges and the rain.

H.C.

## THE GAUNT LADIES

Someone once said that sunshine and mystery don't mix. Associations of horror are synonymous with dark clouds scudding crazily across an intermittent moon : the moan of a rising wind ; the creaking of ancient inn signs, and the fitful sight of a vacant, slobbering face clinging to the dirty windows of a deserted house.

But horror is more cunning than that. The birds sing—the trout rise to the daring, waterskimming fly—the children laugh at their play—a benign sun throws short shadows on the lawn, and the busy traffic of the holiday road hums past the garden gate.

It was to be a simple request. Merely a pot of tea for two travellers, and I made it while Peter chose a shaded table on the lawn. A gaunt figure materialised in the gloom of the cottage kitchen—no welcoming smile cracked that alabaster countenance—a terse nod, and a timed injunction to fetch it from the kitchen door. Here indeed was a creature of bloodless frame—a disinterred harridan of doubtful vintage—a thing of lack-lustre eyes and a heart of petrified malice.

The sun shone without, but within an elemented fear moved from room to room with an unendurable silence. Somewhere inside me the answer clamoured, but could find no voice. I collected the tea when ready without hearing the summons. When I turned my head I knew it would be there, set on the low wall. It was, and as I took it up I saw the Other Two ! Three Gaunt Ladies—three soured, craven haired, neutral coloured ladies. A house without men. It would have been easy to have jokingly conjured up “ bubble, bubble—toil and trouble,” pitied Macbeth, and left it at that—but this was different. At night it would be different, too. For these things were moving about their daily tasks in a bloodless, automatic fashion—weaning—apathetic—loathing the sunshine and the lazing day. And there lay the horror. For these were creatures of the night—oh, yes—but at night the house would be empty while the three gaunt ladies raced through the woods, and in the morning a farmer would find some poor animal with its throat torn out, and standing there in the sunshine he would wonder why there was so little blood.

Three gaunt ladies—confections of skin, bone and stringy gut—small wonder that only the night before they refused another Anfielder water for his bottle. Night was near, and then there was work to be done. Long since had the milk of human kindness turned to very green cheese. Never had the hand of man caressed their non-existent female charms, and neither had a throbbing voice murmured endearments in those bat-like ears. And it is too late for that now.

One day someone will find them where they rest, gorged and replete, waiting for the first light of dawn to give them guile. Then he will drive a mistletoe stake through their hearts, and give release to their unhappy earthbound spirits. And when he does, I hope he's an Anfielder.

S.T.C.

(Editorial Note.—Peter Stephenson called at a certain village one evening on his way home from Cranwell, and on the following morning, by strange chance, Peter Rock and Sid Carver called at the same cottage.)

## RUNS

Newport, 2nd/4th August, 1947

It was rather a disappointment that only three members signed on for this trip. But there are always compensations—with so small a party forward arrangements for meals are not necessary and that means greater freedom of movement and no need to watch the clock.

Frank Chandler was the first to arrive at the Barley Mow, followed shortly by Ralph Fer, and considerably later by the President, who, remembering last year's trip, didn't expect anybody to turn up before 10 o'clock and so didn't hurry. Supper dispatched, we chatted for awhile and then to bed in reasonable time.

Sunday morning broke fine and warm and at Frank's suggestion we agreed to spend the day in the lanes under his guidance. And here let me say that it was very capable guidance and that he bore in mind that not all of us are endowed with his strength—his pace was reasonable, as befits lane riding, and never once was it necessary to ask him to "stint that manly majesty of stride." We started up the Wolverhampton road, turning left about two miles out up a pretty lane by which we reached Church Eaton. A walk round the church and a glance at the village and then on through Stretton to the Watling Street where we found an inn with no beer but plenty of coffee. After refreshment we resumed our line and by quiet roads with little or no traffic, reached the village of Brewood. Here Frank investigated the possibilities of lunch at the Lion and was successful—how successful we didn't realise until we were served with roast duck. Lunch over, we discussed the route for the afternoon; the landlady's daughter had obviously explored the local roads thoroughly and was very helpful. By a circuitous route, all lanes—I'm not too sure, but I think we skirted Somerford Park and Cosdall—we arrived at Bos-cobel House, which we explored under guidance and inspected the various hidey-holes. Ralph entered one of them by ladder; an attempt to withdraw the ladder showed that Ralph wasn't running any risks, for he kept a tight hold on it. After a walk across the field to see the royal oak in which Charles II is supposed to have hidden, we went along to Tong church, highly regarded for its architecture and for the monuments it shelters. Our inspection completed our thoughts turned to baser matters and we commenced to search for tea. None was to be had in Tong, and

Frank's persuasive powers were not enough to get us anywhere at the hotel at Ivetsay Bank. After a brief but powerful expression of his opinion of licensed victuallers who fail in their duty to the community, Frank mounted and showed us a good pair of heels (this was on a main road and so speed was permissible) slowing up only when he arrived at the inn which had supplied us with coffee in the morning. The innkeeper knew his duty and we were well and truly refreshed. The short evening journey was by lanes not far away from those we had used in the morning and we joined the Wolverhampton road about one and a half miles from where we left it. A very enjoyable day.

In the early morning of Monday rain poured down and up to 9-30 the view from the window was one of stair-rods. However, just before 10-0 the rain eased and we started without capes on roads flooded in parts. The route was again by lanes—Egmond, Howle, Child's Ercall, Ollerton, Stoke-on-Tern and Heathbrook. Here we had tyre trouble of a kind previously unknown to me. The rubber rim-tape in an H.P. wheel had snapped at the valve-hole, exposing a number of spoke heads, one of which had punctured the tube near the valve. To find the puncture and repair it was a very small job, but what were we to do about the rim-tape? Fortunately, Ralph for some reason or another, was in possession of a needle and stout thread; the two ends of the tape were stitched together, a new valve hole made, and we were soon again on our way through Wollerton and Darliston, where we joined the Marchamley road, to the Newport-Whitchurch road and the Raven. A very pretty route—nothing striking—just pleasant country. We had intended to make Malpas for lunch but as the tyre trouble had delayed us we lunched at the Raven. Then the party broke up—there was then rain, and Frank decided to make for home by the nearest route and at his best speed. The other two preferred to drink a cup of tea and wait in the hope that the damp would quickly disappear. It didn't seem to be inclined to do so, so we caped up and started off for Whitchurch, where we parted. The rain soon cleared and we had a fine ride home. The whole week-end was most enjoyable—a few minutes' rain only and a brilliant hot sunny day on the Sunday. But we missed Sid and Tommy Sherman and some others.

#### **Bath Road Club "100," 4th August, 1947**

From a social viewpoint this August week-end had not a vestige of its pre-war glory. Not an Anfielder (to our knowledge) spent the mid-day hours on the Sunday amid the delights of Bibury, where in the good old thirties a happy party of us lingered on the bridge after a terrific lunch at the Swan, and the minutes sped by quickly as we watched the mazing myriads of trout in the shining river.

For some weeks, in this year of forty-seven, the Editor bloke had been quietly nurturing an idea of getting down Pangbourne way on his bicycle, but at the last minute Eric's transport facilities had broken down, and the

Scribe's very ancient battlewaggon was persuaded to do its duty. The party was completed by Salty's better half, and Frank's sister, but we dumped them at the Mitre Hotel at Oxford, after somewhat miraculously finding a room vacant.

Eric and the Editor continued down the Thames Valley on the Sunday evening, and arrived at Theale to find Salty already ensconced after a week's tour, and very full of a 4.43, achieved in a girls' "100" that morning. Quite a lot of lads had that 43 on their minds. Do it or die was to be their motto, and as at least 50 beat 4.40 you will see that most of them did it.

A wash and a meal, and a stroll revealed Urban Taylor to be around. Rex Austin (per bicycle) was looking for Stan Wild, who turned up at 10-0 p.m. having ridden from Leicester. We were also pleased to have a word with Bert Morton and resume acquaintanceship with many other old friends. To our regret we did not see Percy Beardwood.

The event itself was amazing. The first fifty riders beat 4.40 ! No mention was made in the cycling press at the time of the wind conditions, but we happened to be at Pangbourne Lane end for four hours, and it was interesting to note how the wind was slightly east of south during the middle hours of the event while most of the men were on their way to Savernake, only to veer to the south-west for the return home. We expected some flying times, and they were recorded ! The following are extracted from the result sheet :

		" 50 "	" 100 "
1.	R. Firth, Altrincham Ravens	.. 2.8.9	4.17.2
2.	A. E. Derbyshire, Calleva	.. 2.5.53	4.17.12
3.	S. Harrison, Vegetarian	.. 2.11.7	4.20.51
43.	J. E. Reeves, " Ours "	.. 2.17.58	4.37.5
60.	J. J. Salt, " Ours "	.. 2.20.55	4.43.41

Nineteen inside 4.30 ; 52 inside 4.40 ; 70 inside 4.50 !

#### Rhydymwyn, 9th August, 1947.

The R.R.A. model having been in daily commission for the last week or so, greatly influenced the idea of my partaking in the run to-day. So a little more air in my tyres and spot of oil in the bearings, a hurried change into cycling rig and away.

I made my way through Willaston : nobody at the 8th, two miles to Sealand Corner, where I joined Harold Kettle in a smoke and a short chat. On resuming the pigskin I am afraid I soon lost Harold (on his trike) in the traffic jam at Queensferry, on and away up Aston Hill to Ewloe, thence to Mold direct, followed by an easy run through to the Antelope, where I found myself to be first arrival.

A few minutes elapsed and up *rolled* Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer and Ginner Williams. At the appropriate hour we advanced to the bar only to be greeted with " sorry, no beer—your tea will be ready at 6 p.m."

So in due course to the dining room to be joined by Ken Barker and Harold Kettle.

Over a satisfying meal the usual cycling topics were discussed and amongst other things Arthur informed us that, after much cajoling by his wife, he had promised to whitewash the kitchenette ceiling on his return from the run, so it was decided to proceed *poste haste* to the Yacht to provide Arthur with the necessary fuel for his domestic duties. A few gills together and Arthur and I left for home, leaving Ralph and Tommy to complete the evening session. I left Arthur at the Runnel, he to his whitewash brush and also his tomato plants, which I nearly forgot to mention, I to a steady run through Thornton Hough and Little Storeton to home, feeling pleasantly fatigued after my first Club run for many months.

(The writer is Don Birchall. We would like to see him ten times as frequently as we do.—Ed.)

#### Goostrey, 9th August, 1947.

The day dawned fine and, surprisingly enough, was still fine when I got on the road, which was some time after dawn. The run to Buxton was uneventful and was followed by the customary visit to both milk-bars. I regard this as a necessary preparation for the ascent of Axe Edge, on the theory that what goes down must go up. Stuffed to bursting point with various delicacies, I tackled the ascent and did not walk more than half of it. Near the top I took the rough and gated road to Earl Sterndale. I had not been over this since 1940, and it had not been improved in the meantime by a derelict R.A.F. bomb dump with a strong smell of mustard-gas, or by some large scale scene-shifting operations which were in progress farther on. However, Glutton Dale and Parkhouse Hill compensated for this desolation and much time was devoted to photography before realising that the time was well past two o'clock, and a hasty dash was made to the "Quiet Woman" at Earl Sterndale. Coming out I was shaken to observe that the church had no roof on, but this wasn't the effect of the cider. No doubt everybody else knows that it was burnt out by incendiaries during the war, but I did not, having been in the South of England at the time.

Studying the map over a very late sandwich lunch I decided it was time to make for Goostrey. The day was not far short of perfection, with brilliant sunshine, white clouds and a gentle cooling breeze. Under such conditions even a Goostrey tea loses its magnetism, but I had promised Ned Haynes to be there, so I reluctantly headed Westwards, by Longnor, Axe Edge and Flash. Midgleygate just had to be photographed, but there could be no more stops after this. Allgreave was reached with an hour to go, but a maze of unsignposted lanes lay ahead. In spite of much map-reading I went astray and eventually crept into the "Red Lion" ten minutes late, hungry, thirsty and almost in liquidation.

Conversation at the tea-table was almost entirely between Jack Hodges and Stan Wild, about Swiss touring. When I arrived it concerned the



immodest habits of Continentals, but I cannot report this or my screed might follow the unprintable account of the last Goostrey run into the Editor's W.P.B. Later, conversation turned to the more usual topic of food, but this is too painful to reproduce.

Ned Haynes was making his last appearance for the present, having for some reason decided that he prefers the leafy lanes of Warwickshire to the more austere beauty of Droylsden.

So far as I remember, those present at tea were the Presider, both Orrells, S. Wild, L. Pendlebury, J. Newton, J. Hodges and G. G. Taylor. Apologies in advance to anyone omitted.

I left early having some marshalling to do on the morrow and as I left the "Red Lion" yard Rex Austin rode in. This was good timing; if he'd been a minute later his appearance might have gone unrecorded.

#### Highwayside, 16th August, 1947.

Having had a very pleasant ride out to Highwayside for the "12," I decided, it being such a lovely day, to have another basinful. After shaking the moths from my shorts and stockings I left home about 2-30, a couple of "drags" at the old trysting place, the 8th from Chester, but no one materialising. I carried on and found myself in Chester at about 3-40. "Edward," I says, "You must be getting fit, or else you've had the wind right up your fluter."

As I had plenty of time on my hands, I decided to have a smoke at Stamford Bridge and I was just dismounting when Tommy Sherman, complete with up-turned and down-turned bars, came along. A gentle amble and we arrived at Highwayside well before Tommy was due for the Committee meeting. Whilst this was in session the lesser fry sat alongside the bowling green, in the shade of the trees and talked of this, and that. The arrival of Sid Carver started a "do you remember" phase in the conversation, mention being made of a week-end Charles, Sid, Ginner and I spent at Highwayside—quite a cheap one—anyway the digs were!

We had a really tip-top tea and it was then that the Editor's eye dropped on me—it's amazing how some blokes can talk so much and yet put away such prodigious amounts of grub.

As I had no lights and not being too sure of my capabilities, I started back at seven with the slow pack. Either the others stayed drinking or we were faster than we thought, but the fact remains that we weren't overtaken. Bypassing Chester we went through the lanes from Mollington to the high road and after a cooling pint at the Shrewsbury Arms, arrived home just on lighting up time.

Those present were E. Byron, A. Williams, Peter Stevie, Tommy Sherman, Frank Marriott, Frank Perkins, Rex and Bobby Austin, Bert Green, Stan Wild, Jack Newton, Peter Rock, Sid Carver, Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer, Rigby Band, Wilf Orrell, Harold Kettle, Harold Catling.

Nineteen! It was quite like old times, and the best Club run for many years.

**Utkinton, 23rd August, 1947.**

We have become so used to mornings of brilliant sunshine that it was a pleasant change to start the day's run 'neath a sheltering blanket of cloud. The Wirral and its hordes of motor traffic was soon left behind, and once across Queensferry Bridge the slow plod up into the hills began. No fixed plan was in my mind, except that I felt the best way to Utkinton was a long climb uphill, and then a long free-wheel to tea.

Steady riding found me at the top of the Horse Shoe Pass, with a pot of tea and sandwiches by my side while I sprawled lazily in the heather. The heather was really magnificent ; on leaving the Liver Inn for the climb over to Llandegla the scent of it was most exciting to the appetite.

During lunch ideas began to generate in my skull, and it suddenly struck me that I would enjoy a repetition of a trip made by Sammy and my good wife and self some year or so before the war. So it was a left turn, and once more uphill into a baking sun. Up, and then around the real "Horseshoe," a grassy way that runs round the hillface looking down into the Vale of Llangollen. Over the shoulder and, then, steep down into World's End. Every time I visit this delightful spot I am reminded of a silent film seen in my school days, "The End of the Rainbow Trail," and its sequel "The Riders of the Purple Sage." The former dealt with a romance in a hidden valley, and could you have a more hidden valley than World's End ? And though not sage, could one have anything more purple than the heather on Minera's mountain this lovely day ? It was pleasing to note that the ancient manor house has been cleaned up, and is in good order.

A hard grind through the pine wood, and I was out into the open moors. Afoot for the next mile or two, enjoying the unhurried pace and the grand view over Wrexham and across the Cheshire Plain. A fast drift into Wrexham led to the easy miles of the Farndon road. A halt at the pump in Holt and over the Dee. A dismount to unearth a couple of apples and on through Barton, Chowley, Tattenhall and Burton, busily a-munching. Through Beeston Brook and Tarporley came Utkinton with its goodly quota of Anfielders.

Bert Green, Jack Newton, Stan Wild, Wilf Orrell and Laurie Pendlebury brought a friend from the Macclesfield side, a prospective, I believe and hope. True Liverpudlians were Tommy Mandall and Arthur Birkby (do you stand for that, Arthur ?) Arthur, by the way, did a smasher, got to Colwyn Bay by 10-45. Wirralians Kettle, Reeves, Rock, Williams, Fer and Salty, while Sid Carver over from Hull, completed the party.

We all enjoyed our most satisfying meal and did full justice to the grub, although Salty had a hard time looking after himself and Stan Wild. We did all right, though. Awheel once more, and the parting of many ways, to leave Tommy, Ralph, Arthur and Salty keeping our seats warm for the next week at the Yacht.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



OCTOBER - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

OCTOBER, 1947

NUMBER 499

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- |   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| 4 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)  | Goostrey (Red Lion)          |
| 11 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)   |                              |
| 12 Annual General Meeting, The Lion,<br>Warrington. Lunch, 1-0 p.m.         |                              |
| 18 Parkgate (Deeside Café)  | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 18/19 Autumnal Tints Tour to Glynceiriog<br>Headquarters, Glyn Valley Hotel |                              |
| 25 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)   |                              |

## NOVEMBER, 1947

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Rhydymwyn (Antelope) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
|------------------------|---------------------|

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,

Wallasey.

*Annual General Meeting.*—Members are reminded that this will be held on Sunday, 12th October, at the Lion, Warrington. It is hoped that as many as possible will attend.

*Tints Tour.*—Supper is being ordered for 8-0 p.m. on Saturday, 18th October. Please endeavour to be punctual.

*Annual Dinner.*—This will be discussed at the A.G.M., and as attempts to find suitable accommodation in Liverpool for a Saturday have proved abortive, the Committee will welcome suggestions for holding this function elsewhere.

J. R. FER,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

## ODDS AND ENDS

Peter and Eric, having tried their darndest to do a decent time on the Club "50" course, are convinced now that it is long. They have rustled a revolution counter from somewhere and the course is to suffer their attentions very shortly. The Editorial department for once can disclaim all responsibility, as this course was measured when he was a little lad, more years ago than can be easily remembered.

We must ask—nay, insist—on more encouraging attendance at the Goostrey run. In this issue only eight members are reported at the last run to the Red Lion, and we have been very kindly informed that it is hardly worth while to cater for such a small number. This, one of the oldest venues on our fixture list, must not be allowed to lapse, and even if you can come out only once a month, please come to Goostrey. If this run is to continue, the average attendance recently must be doubled.

Our special correspondence reports that temperature has been rather cool of late in our racing stable.

It was positively frosty when our curly-headed captain stole a chunk of the sub's thunder in a certain Wirral event last month by beating him by a minute and a half, and it was the Editor in his superbly unconscious way who effected a reconciliation.

That long suffering chariot of his cracked a crank, or more accurately sheared a half shaft some thirty miles from home. The lanky one, complete with spare shaft, led the E.P. twins to the scene of the debacle. After flapping around a while in that mechanically ineffectual way of his, he was rudely pushed aside while the twins, competitive animosity forgotten, recreated that wonderful atmosphere of Wavell's Thirty Thousand, the Desert Rats and all that, dealing with the defective shaft as of the manner born.

Your Editor was amazed at the cordial efficiency of the pair, and displayed his gratitude by eating Peter's sandwiches, and transporting Eric home.

That should complete the story, but on the Saturday following the roads of Cheshire were dripping with blood. Peter thought that by using the gear he twiddled in the "25," Eric could again be screwed down in the "50." Yet it was not to be, for was not the sloe-eyed one smiling at the finish? Yes! it was a sight for which even a Cheshire Cat would gladly have paid entertainment tax.

On the morrow these good friends—these bosom pals from boyhood, led Sid Carver almost to Skipton-in-Craven on his homeward journey to Hull before turning to battle in comradely fashion with a raging wester wind.



## CORRESPONDENCE

4 Oswald Road,  
Chorlton-cum-Hardy,  
Manchester 21,

10th September, 1947.

Dear Frank,

At our last A.G.M., the problem of attracting new members was discussed, but to my mind the real solution was not touched upon. For some time the conviction has been growing on me that there is only one thing that will bring in the young lads, and that is a good programme of Club "25's."

Before you hurl this epistle on the fire, please consider the position from the point of view of the lad who wants to start racing. Before his entry will be accepted in an open event, he must have a "time"—generally a respectable time—to his credit. The reasons being simply the "fastest hundred" rule and the fact that upwards of 150 entries are commonly received—in the Manchester area, at any rate. Hence he must start his career in Club "25's" and any club which cannot offer him any is at a hopeless disadvantage.

I am well aware that 25 miles is a "boy's race," etc., etc., but I would ask holders of this view to consider that racing is taken much more seriously than at one time, and that the pace is getting ever faster. How else are competition records being continually broken at a time when bicycles are not improving and roads are getting worse? There are eminent authorities who believe it is unwise for health reasons for a teenage lad to ride in events longer than 25 miles, *if he hopes to have a long racing career*. We all know of "12's" being ridden by lads of 17, but where are they five or ten years later? In any case a novice wishing to ride in open "50's" is up against exactly the same difficulty as with "25's"—he must have a "time." It is not so very long since 2.20 was a very respectable time, but to-day it will not secure entry into some "opens." Granted we have club "50's" but how many young riders can beat 2.20 on our present course? And I suggest that "50" times are soon due for a further shaking from those who strive to follow Fleming.

The Editor will not thank me for filling the whole *Circular*, so I will try to boil things down to a few practical proposals, as follows.

That the Club should hold six or eight "25's" during the season. These to be held under R.T.T.C. regulations where applicable (approved course, notification, etc.) Time and place are a real problem; evening events in Cheshire and the East Lincs. Road are popular with other clubs but might be impracticable with our scattered membership; Saturday or Sunday events might be necessary. Prizes, if any, need only be nominal, but I think that club standard medals as for other distances would be a good thing.

Finally, my humble apology for having forgotten that the A.G.M. had been put forward to October, or I would have written this in time for the September issue. In the circumstances the best I can do is to put forward resolutions on the above lines and to hope that a few days' consideration before the meeting will be helpful. And to anybody who is after my blood, all I can say is that I know of no other way of bringing in new racing members. So take it or leave it.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE G. TAYLOR.

## RACING NOTES

It has been very pleasing to see Peter Stephenson and Sid Carver competing in our Club events. Such enthusiasm is very gratifying, for Sid lives in East Yorkshire, while Peter is at present stationed at Cranwell.

In the Palatine "50," September 7th, we had one rider—Eric Reeves—who clocked 2.15.37 to 2.7.58 by Baines, Lancaster C.C., for fastest time.

Eric was a late starter and had to face tougher conditions than earlier starters.

Three of Ours rode in the West Cheshire "25" on September 14th. Fastest time was 1.2.6 by W. B. Chapman, Manchester Wheelers. Peter Rock was twelfth fastest in 1.5.18 and took first handicap. Eric Reeves did 1.6.52, and Jack Salt clocked 1.10.0.

Russ Barker rode in the Pyramid "100" on the same day as the Liverpool Century event and clocked 5.9.

He also started in the Manchester Wheelers "12," but desisted after seventy miles.

I would like to offer my thanks to all members who have given assistance in events this year. Although entries in the "50's" have been low they have not been without interest. Next year I hope that with increased entries we shall be able to return to a full programme.

W. P. ROCK,

*Captain.*

### THE CLUB "50," 20th SEPTEMBER, 1947

None of us are really pleased when the Editor's roving eye pauses speculatively on us before giving orders to write an account of the afternoon's activities. Base ingratitude is demonstrated in this instance: one would presume that after racing a "25" and dashing out to a place six miles from Denbigh and mending his car, he would be a little circumspect but no, he plumbed the depths of infamy by making it a condition that one or the other of his mechanics should write up the account of the Club "50" on the following week-end.

The Peacock was unable to provide the usual fare, so the riders all had their own sandwiches before the event, washed down with plain water, so that with only one drink the race proved to be a very dry one despite the fact that showers had soaked the roads in parts of the course. The day was, from a racing point of view, no better than we seem to get with such regularity. It was hard to No Man's Heath and the back roads set the usual problem of where the wind was really blowing from, the last four miles left the impression that it was blowing straight down and pinning one to the road. Noticed around the course, though effort dimmed vision, were Len Walls at No Man's Heath, Ira Thomas and Jack Pitchford at Hinton Bank, Bren and son at Bickley, Arthur Williams and Jimmy Long at Ridley Green, Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer, Cyril Selkirk, George and Mrs. Stevie and the Editor, resplendant in a natty bit of suiting, at the Bickerton turn. Harold Kettle officiated in lonely state at Spurstow. Jack Seed was noted at Milton Green and Ken Barker and Arthur Birkby at the finish. The President held the watch and got rather wet in a futile wait for one rider. The following list of times will give the usual interest to those who like holding inquests on events.

	Hinton	Spurstow	Bickley	Finish
J. E. Reeves	49.30	1.22.20	1.39.15	2.17.15
W. P. Rock	49.30	1.23.30	1.40.40	2.19.25
J. J. Salt	50.30	1.24.20	1.42.30	2.22.23
P. T. Stephenson	53.20	1.28.30	1.46.30	2.27.10
R. Barker	52.00	1.28.30	1.46.00	2.31.10
S. T. Carver	52.30	1.29.45	1.48.15	2.31.22
G. Farr	59.00	1.49.25	2.14.0	D.N.F.
A. Howarth (Private Trial)	49.30	1.23.30	1.39.35	2.17.17

Russ Barker lost 2½ minutes with a puncture at Bickley.

## TRICYCLING IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS

The comments under the above heading in the September issue cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged, as it really is time somebody discouraged Catling from writing nonsense about tricycles. Perhaps as time passes Harold tends to view his own tricycle tour of the Highlands in a rosier light. Has he forgotten that he had barely reached the Great Glen when one axle bearing threatened to seize? Or the dozens (literally) of broken spokes? Or the final curtailment of the tour because his differential brake packed up? (Admittedly he offered to ride backwards down the hills.) A light tricycle such as Harold suggests would soon become a total wreck in the Western Highlands; a sufficiently robust vehicle might be made, but riding it would not be an earthly paradise, but a fair imitation of hell.

Everything in Harold's experience and my own confirms my view that the trike is at its best on a smooth, level and uncambered road, and becomes progressively worse than a bicycle as conditions deteriorate from this ideal. As a *reductio ad absurdum* has Harold also forgotten his slow and painful descent of the Hirnant Pass (Autumn Tints, 1945), while his companion went down much faster, happily bounding from boulder to boulder on a bicycle? And any time that Harold feels like hauling his trike over the Larig Ghru, I will gladly accompany him—with a bicycle.

G.G.T.

## RUNS

Woodbank, 30th August, 1947

It has often been said that racing interferes with serious cycling. How true this saying can be. This glorious summer day found me fidgetting about at home keyed up for the following day's Century "100," when I could have been engaged on finding a pleasantly circuitous route to our venue.

Fortunately the run was short and even Eric agreed that our attendance would hardly detract any potential merit from our forthcoming efforts.

Sid Carver was home on holiday, and together we rode gently forth across the Wirral.

No other members were sighted until the "Yacht," where Tommy Mandall and Ralph Fer were waiting and hoping. Ralph had spent the day riding forth from Wallasey, leaving behind a trail of "sold-out" notices at all the local hostelrys. Perhaps this was training for his forthcoming holiday in the Cotswolds.

Others to arrive were Williams and Connor from Parkgate, Kettle and Perkins, who had been farther afield, Peter Stevie, the Cranwell-Huyton crasher, and Salty, reporting improvement of the knee injury sustained at work. The meal was at the best a jerky spasmodic affair punctuated by the Oliver Twist demands for more sustenance by Eric and Salty.

At long last all were replete or politely said so, and conversation centred mainly on hops, malt and Shipton under Wychwood. An early homeward trek was started by the conscientious athletes who met the Editor on the way. Methinks he has more attractive business on Saturdays.

With lordly condescension he turned about and before parting flung out the imperious injunction that we must head the lists the following morning—and we nearly did, too.

**Wildboarclough, 30th August, 1947**

Another lovely afternoon was our good fortune for the attractive run to the Cheshire hill country. Without question the summer of 1947 will live forever in our memories as one from which we obtained the absolute maximum of pleasant cycling hours.

I elected to ride my trike to-day, and was soon passing through Cheadle and climbing steadily along the gradually rising Long Lane to Handforth. As I got nearer to Macclesfield, White Nancy stood out in grand fashion on the hills beyond Bollington, but every direction in which one looked was lovely on this gloriously sunny day.

The ride up the Cat and Fiddle to Foxstake was warm work, and tough owing to a stiff easterly breeze, but this breeze did have the advantage of being pleasantly cool.

It is always satisfying to leave the Cat road at the crossroads and descend easily to the depths of Wildboarclough and to-day was no exception. Shuttling's Low looked a picture and backed by the Staffordshire Roches completed a pleasing prospect.

Wilf Orrell, on a bicycle for a change, Jack Hodges, on a super touring iron sprinkled with genuine Swiss road dust, and George Taylor, Austin Seven borne owing to competing in the Pyramid "100" on the morrow, were basking on the lawn, and it was not long after my arrival when we received Stanley's call and went in to tea.

The gustatory facilities of the Stanley Arms are well known and we set about the fine spread with enthusiasm. Shortly afterwards the President arrived, and some time later Harold Catling appeared and made the round half-dozen.

Jack and George were observed to empty the tea-pot with amazing rapidity but Stanley kept coming up smiling with more. Jack became expansive owing to the mellowing effects of tea and talked interestingly of his recent Swiss tour and of Scandinavia, where he toured last year. Altogether an interesting session.

We were off shortly after seven and with the wind abaft found the descent of the Cat very fast indeed. We took the Hazel Grove road from Butley Ash and had great difficulty in keeping pace with the energetic Jack; in fact I think the only way to restrain Jack would be to take a court action against him, seeking an injunction to prevent him riding at more than ten m.p.h.

Entering Bramhall we were pleased to run into Rex Austin, mounted on his super lightweight. He was off to the Wirral to time the Liverpool Century "100" on Sunday. After a few words with him we carried on and were amazed at the aplomb of the President in ignoring a red traffic signal—but he got away with it!

Bert was making a call in Cheadle Hulme and after bidding him *adieu* Jack invited Harold and me to call at his demesne for a cup of tea and a preview of his exhibition of Swiss touring photographs. Two of Jack's most interesting photographs were one of the Gemmi Pass taken by him in 1914 and another taken this year. A very good show, Jack. And in the fullness of time Harold and I wended our way homewards after a most enjoyable run.

Those present were the President, H. Catling, J. Hodges, W. Orrell, G. G. Taylor and S. Wild.

#### Rhydymwyn, 6th September, 1947

Making my way through Queensferry I decided to go by the Connahs Quay, Northop route; from the latter place I proceeded up to Rhosesmore. Perusing my very ancient Ordnance Survey I noticed a road that should take me down to the main Mold-Denbigh road by the Dolfechlas Crossing. Either my map reading was at fault or the road had disintegrated with the passage of years, but after a fairly promising start I encountered a stile and the "road" gradually became a footpath. To make matters worse a spot of tree felling was in progress and the timber was lying across the path for a considerable distance, so I had to take to the undergrowth—much to the disgust of the "barrow."

At the Antelope I found George Connor, "Ginner" Williams and his nephew, Don Smith, whom I hope we shall soon welcome into our midst. Peter Rock brought along another prospective member—Len Walls—who is already known to several of us. I trust also that he will soon be one of us. Kettle trundled along soon afterwards to complete the party.

After a very satisfying meal a move was made for home, and the two-wheeled brigade beat it off in good style, leaving Kettle and del Banco—the "barrow" merchants—to potter gently homewards, again via Northop and Connahs Quay. A stop was made at Two Mills to imbibe a cup of tea, after which the journey was resumed without incident to Clatterbridge, where the pair parted.

#### Goostrey, 6th September, 1947

It's rare that I get a pacemaker to help me to attend a Club run; in spite of all efforts to-day I found great difficulty in getting off before four o'clock (definitely the latest time that I've ever set forth on a Club run, with a big doubt about my arriving punctually). But the lady who bears my name was in attendance to see that I didn't fail to express my loyalty to the Club this day. She gave me sterling assistance during the first leg of my ride (about seven miles), often doing a spot of half-wheeling in this best of good causes. When the time came for Gwen to leave me, I had so much time in hand that the rest of my journey can be compared to a hay-ride, being able to sit up, stop for traffic lights and halt signs.

In no time, as it seemed, I was slipping through Knutsford and swinging past the Whipping Stocks. Some rare speed concoction must have found its way into my lunch to-day (possibly a love philtre heavily laced with melted down standard time medals).

Our President, Jack Hodges, Wilf Orrell and Russ Barker were standing outside the Red Lion awaiting the call when I put down the anchors at Goostrey. Hubert Buckley soon joined us and we trooped indoors. We had barely sat down at the table when George Taylor, Laurie Pendlebury and Peter Stevie arrived, Peter informing us quite casually that he'd put back 95 miles since noon from Cranwell via Buxton, after tea continuing to Liverpool to have everything except the Red Lion tea happen in reverse the following day; did you say, Peter, that this was the seventh successive week-end that this "outing" had occurred?

We attempted to keep pace with Peter at the table but all failed miserably before the onslaughts of this trencherman. (I'll bet Salty couldn't have held Peter to-day!)

Shortly after seven o'clock, following some lively conversation and laughter, which accompanied this always excellent tea fixture in one's and two's we dispersed homewards.

This Club-run occurring once every month in my view always typifies what the ideal Club fixture should be, with just that exception of numbers attending; it would be grand to see more members out. What about it Anfielders!

#### Highwayside, 13th September, 1947

The first Anfielder I met to-day was someone who promised (well, half, anyway) to come to the Club run and then didn't—Birchall. "I'll be at the run if the wife doesn't give me too much dinner. If I get a good feed, I'll sleep!" And soak in the saporific the brown man did. I started from home alone.

Ten miles out, at Two Mills, Arthur Birkby joined forces, and I cycled towards Chester to the accompaniment of grand stories of rough stuff touring in Mid-Wales.

In the city we had tea and cake at Arthur's very own place (it was so much his that I still owe him the tenpence), and then made our way South by way of Waverton.

On the canal straight Arthur Williams and friend Davies rolled along, enjoying with us the glorious views of the Peckforton Hills and Beeston Castle.

Beyond Tiverton I made directly for Highwayside and the Committee meeting, leaving the other three to swill more tea at Beeston Brook.

Wilf Orrell was with Frank Perkins when I arrived, and Bert Green, Salty, Peter Rock and Ken Barker were in conclave. Then, as the hatch time drew near, the company was gladdened with the advent of Ira Thomas, Jack Pitchford, Bren Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury and Harold Kettle.

The President showed to the Editor a view of Bergen received from Stan Wild, a simple, kindly act calculated to bring on an attack of nostalgia quicker than anything. (We had hardly recovered from this when a view of Videsaeter, a spot well known to Frank and George Connor, came tumbling through the letter box at home. More nostalgia—more grand memories. Thanks, Stan !)

Our ride home was good indeed. We kept together in neat formation through Tarporley and on the lane route by way of Christleton.

At Backford, Salty and Arthur dived into the lanes for Mollington, and I too dislike the lower road to Birkenhead. With unerring accuracy in the darkness of that autumn night (I didn't think he had it in him) Salty guided us along quiet ways until we eventually emerged on the high road at Badgers Rake. No ride has been so delightful for a long, long time.

We tried to dissuade Arthur from leaving us at Hinderton, but there was nothing doing. Salty and I continued towards Heswall, and at the Glegg Arms I left him for the last miles home.

#### **Woodbank, 27th September, 1947**

There was a wedding reception at the Deeside Café, and consequently the run was changed to the Yacht. This may have accounted for the small attendance, but the company was certainly select.

Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, Harold Kettle, Ralph Fer and prospective Ernie Davies foregathered down the road for a cuppa, and Tommie Mandall got there just too late. George Connor was waiting to open the gate for us, and we soon got down to business. As usual, the meal was very tasty and satisfying and, the hatches not having been removed, we adjourned to Thornton Hough for a short session before finding our several ways homewards.

A very pleasant run.

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#### **CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS**

Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; Under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5, branch.



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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



NOVEMBER - 1947

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*Tea at 6-0 p.m.*

- 1 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)  
8 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)  
Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m.

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

Goostrey (Red Lion)

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- 15 Woodbank (Yacht) Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)  
22 Halewood (Derby Arms) Buxworth (Navigstion Inn)  
29 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)

## DECEMBER, 1947

- 6 Rhydymwyn (Antelope) Goostrey (Red Lion)

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

The following Members have been appointed Delegates for 1948:—

R.R.A. P. C. Beardwood and N. Turvey.  
N.R.R.A. H. Catling, G. G. Taylor and S. Wild.  
R.T.T.C. (L'pool Council) F. Marriott and W. P. Rock.  
L.T.T.C.A. J. R. Fer and T. E. Mandall.  
W.C.T.T.C.A. W. P. Rock and J. J. Salt.

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

R. J. Austin, A. Lusty and S. Wild have been appointed Official Time-keepers.

The Handicapping and Course Committee consists of the following:—

R. J. Austin, H. Catling, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock and G. G. Taylor.

*Resignation.* The resignation of J. Ward has been accepted with regret.

*Applications for Membership.* Ernest Davies, 14 Brookdale Road, Liverpool 15; proposed by J. J. Salt, seconded by W. P. Rock. Leonard John Walls, 40 Regents Way, Bebington, Wirral; proposed by W. P. Rock, seconded by S. del Banco. Alfred Howarth, 81 Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury, Manchester 20; proposed by H. Catling, seconded by G. G. Taylor.

Will Liverpool Gentlemen, and others, please note that as from 15th November, tea will be served at 5-30 p.m.

J. R. FER,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## TREASURER'S NOTES

The following subscriptions and/or donations\* for the current year are acknowledged with thanks :—

D. L. Birchall, A. E. C. Birkby, J. D. Cranshaw, J. R. Fer, E. D. Green, E. R. Green, H. Green,\* T. E. Mandall,\* J. Newton, L. Pendlebury, I. A. Thomas.

J. R. BAND,  
64, Cavendish Drive,  
Rock Ferry, Ches.

## EDITORIAL

This is an austerity *Circular*. We have endeavoured to give you all the news and views of the month in eight pages. It has not been so easy as might appear, and we have been nearly cross-eyed from counting letters and lines and words. It has necessitated a great deal of blue-pencilling. We hope you do not mind.

## IN REPLY . . .

My learned friend G.G.T., has delivered a shattering broadside to deal with my simple belief that the tricycle is an ideal mount for touring in the Western Highlands. His arguments, though purely personal, are vigorous, and delivered with telling rhetoric, but his premises are doubtful.

Does George really think that enjoyment of cycle touring can be measured in miles per hour, or foot-pounds per mile? We all know that tricycles are heavier, slower and more expensive than bicycles, but they have an inherent attraction which is difficult to define. Perhaps it results from the elimination of the subconscious effort involved in balancing a bicycle. I don't know.

Whatever the explanation, there is no doubt that although it is useless alike to the rabid mile-eater and the freak pass-stormer, the tricycle is a delightful mount for the sane and rational tourist.

H. CATLING.

## ODDS AND ENDS

After months of silence at last we have heard from Len Killip. Len's brightest bit of news is that in September he was in Nice for twelve days, and managed to get away with a Simplex gear and a nice chain wheel and crank set. Being an honest sort of a lad he was soaked by the Customs for a couple of quid, and he wondered whether it was worth it or not. Len has also acquired some nice 27 wheels, and he wonders whether anyone knows where the decent tyres grow. All letters will be answered!

The episode of the cheese in the "Aleppo Merchant" at Carno, related on another page, reminds us of the countryman who once was asked to taste some ripe Gorgonzola. He promptly spat it out, disgusted. "Haven't you tasted it before?" he was asked. "No, but I've trod in it!"

One splendid advantage of the five-day working week is the possibility of a Friday night start on a week-end trip. Our Autumnal tourists were perhaps taking too much of a chance with the weather (although it came off) in doing battle with Bwlch-y-Groes in late evening, but a venue at (say) Dolgelly could be reached, gale permitting, fairly easily.

Norman Turvey writes to Ralph to tell him that he still avidly reads the *Circular* the day of its arrival. Nice of him !

Percy Beardwood sends his kindest wishes to all. He still manages to get a few "B.R." runs in, and is quite fit. We sincerely hope that he has many more years for many more runs.

## RUNS

Goostrey, 4th October, 1947

I have reason to suppose that a deep plot was planned and the object was to compel me to write up the run. I think, mind you, I am not sure, but, I suspect that Pendlebury thought that he would have to do the job. I was at the diagonally opposite corner of the table to him so it was impossible to hear what was said, but I noticed a smile of fiendish joy cross his face and I have reason to think that he, feeling that he himself might be called upon, said (mind you I was too far away to hear) "It is ages since the Mullah was out, so ask him, he can't very well refuse." You see, if he was successful he would save himself all the trouble. I managed to get out of the house and into the yard with Wilf Orrell when Wild appeared. Well, you see the artfulness of all this? Wild requested me to write the account of the run. Well, I ask you? This method of procedure does not give a chap a chance. Nobody could refuse Wild now, could they? Well—here goes.

My journey out was in solitary state until I got to Dibble Bridge and as there was not a soul in sight and as I had heaps of time I decided to walk. I had hardly dismounted when Wild on his squirrel-cage turned up and I had the benefit of his company. This was all right and I enjoyed it very much, but the boulder made me ride the mountain, past the church, into Goostrey. When I use the word 'made' I mean that he set me a very bad example by riding it himself. Ah well—boys will be boys.

Upon entering the Red Lion and shaking hands with Mrs. Knowles that lady asked me if I did not know her sister Gertie. I said that of course I did but that we had not met lately. I then shook hands. During tea Gertie (I fear that I do not know the lady's married name) leaned across and asked me if I knew how long it was since we last met. I said that I was afraid I could not say. She again leaned across and said very quietly "it's over forty years." It made me gasp but it was quite true.

As usual Mrs. Knowles provided us with a slap-up feed which was partaken of by R. J. Austin, Catling, Farr, Green, Howarth, Newton, W. Orrell, Pendlebury, Wild and the writer.

The journey home, like the outward journey, was again in solitary

state, but on this ride I did not have the pleasure and benefit of Wild's presence. I was, however, compelled to ride all the hills in case he should again appear.

#### The North Road Memorial "50," October 5th, 1947

This event was run for the first time as a tricycle event, and produced the magnificent response of 50 entries, the largest three-wheeler entry for 60 years ; but it can without doubt be surpassed in the future.

Nine of the Northern contingent travelled down in a specially chartered vehicle, and as we entered Biggleswade we overtook G. H. Stancer, who was on a bicycle, and riding in a manner delightful to behold—an object lesson to the present generation of "strugglers."

Sunday dawned with a heavy near-freezing mist. One got wet, inside and out, before even reaching the start. The first five miles gave some impression of death by drowning, as one's lungs gradually filled with cold water. When completely full, they began to warm up and one felt better. There was no wind, and the course seemed fast.

In a classic event such as this, it is sad indeed that the Anfield could only produce one weakly entrant—George Taylor—who found himself with a wrongly-assembled trike and a fixed wheel derailleur with only one sprocket, and abandoned the struggle around 35 miles. In the result the northern challenge just failed to hold the south, and the first three were as follows :

1. F. C. Whetman (Wembley Wheelers), 2.26.53.
2. S. E. Armstrong (Addiscombe), 2.27.1.
3. D. R. Jackson (Altrincham Ravens), 2.28.4.

G.G.T.

#### Highwayside, 11th October, 1947

Expecting to meet some kindred spirits *en route* for the "Travellers' Rest," I took the longer but more pleasant way to Chester via Clatterbridge, Dame Head Lane, and Two Mills. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the sun had not yet lost its warmth. Alone, I hurried to a pleasant little café where I knew a real cup of tea would be forthcoming. I had in mind to revisit some of the old haunts, and accordingly set off along the Broxton road, turning off a couple of miles past Handley, through Tattenhall and on towards the Peckforton Hills.

Beeston Castle's imposing mass of rock was more thrilling than ever, and I mused over the occasion when, some 25 years ago, Bert Crowe and I scaled the Castle walls from the rear and gained access to the forbidden courtyard. There was very little to see, but the thrill of the feat amply repaid us for the few anxious moments the watchful keeper gave as he pursued us down the slope to the Castle gates, waving a stick in a frantic manner.

More memories, this time of Bunbury church and a scrap with Syd Jonas, partnered by—was it Blotto? The late Bill Scarff piloted me, and we hurtled up the hill hot on Syd's heels, but the crafty fox, knowing the road better, took the sharp left turn in fine style to leave us heading for



the churchyard and disaster. I can still hear the mocking "Haw-haw-haw" as they fled through the village.

The Committee was in session as I docked at 6 p.m. Soon Bert Green emerged with a hungry look and led the way to the grub.

The inseparable Tommy Mandall and Ralph Fer, munching steadily, were punctuating their gastronomical efforts with hearty guffaws at the humorous recollections of Ginner and friend Ernie Davies, who appears to know quite a bit of Arthur's past.

Harold Catling, Bert Green and our dear Editor were engrossed in a technical discussion on the merits (or otherwise) of certain makes of cars. It appears that Frank is the proud possessor of a carburetter, and I fancy he took a dim view of the remark made by Ralph that these modern contraptions had not been invented when Frank's car came off the stocks! Others seated around the table were Arthur Birkby, Peter Stevie, and two friends, Len Walls and Alan Howarth.

In two or three parties we moved off. All went well as far as Waverton, except for when the Editor came creeping alongside from the darkness of the rear. He menacingly "suggested" that I should write up the run—still, he said that I was riding a "posh looking bicycle," so I was amply repaid.

However, just as the cavalcade slowed down to join the Whitchurch road, Ralph sent out a despairing call for help and promptly collapsed from his machine into the writer's arms. A dose of cramp can be very painful, but the fumes from a nearby inn appeared to work wonders (or was it Tommy's breath?) for he was soon on his machine and away.

The remaining trio split up on Backford Hill, leaving yours truly to his own memories of a pleasant afternoon well spent.

#### Annual General Meeting, Warrington, October 12th, 1947

The occasional, disturbed rumblings of one's tummy can be responsible for many feelings, some distinctly physical, others a mere sense of being outwitted. Quite frequently the two are combined, and here on this sunny autumn morning I was restrained to within a mere sprint of my home while the lads—all the Anfielders I knew—were making their way Warrington-wards to consume (I fondly imagined) a scrumptious lunch of the Lion's best.

My meal was of bread, butter and honey, washed down by copious draughts of hot tea made without regard to the length of time the ration was due to last. Noon saw me willing to take a chance, and 2-15 saw me at the meeting, another to join the conclave of solemn faces listening to the disastrous story of how devastating to the Anfield assets had the *Circular* been this year. Perhaps it was right that the Editor should have walked in at this moment.

Already Ralph Fer had had his say, and Salty in graphic narrative had also brought to mind again in grand manner the story of our rebirth in road riding activity. From Rigby came the sad tale of the cash, and quite a lot of time went in the discussion of how we could keep the cost of the

*Circular* in bounds without interfering with its (alleged) popularity.

The alterations in the "staff" are recorded in the Secretary's Official Report, but we would like to say here how delighted we are to see Tommy Mandall as Liverpool Vice-President. Tommy has been a regular pillar of the Club these last few years, and merit goes where it is due. We would also like to tell you what Eric Reeves said when his name was being bandied about for the "honour" of being Racing Secretary. "Honour be damned, it's a chore!" So Harold Catling very bravely steps into the breach, and a bit of Club drudgery goes across to Manchester for the first time in many years.

We were very pleased to see F. H. Swift out. He has acquired a nice, new-looking and clean-looking Parkes, and it was delightful indeed to have such an old friend with us.

Just before five the party vanished for the varying routes home, and the fast pack—Salty, Eric, Peter and Ernie Davies, encouraged the Editor bloke to venture so far as Utkinton for tea. He was later than them leaving, and hungrily struggled to Smithy Farm for 6-20 only to find the birds had not arrived. They (it was discovered much later) had discovered a tea-place near to Barney's at Acton Bridge, and had their meal there. "Frank wouldn't mind much." Strangely enough, he didn't!

#### **Autumn Tints Tour to Glyn Ceirog, 18/19th October, 1947**

This little story starts on Friday evening, when Arthur Williams, Salty and Frank Marriott left their bicycles against a cottage wall not far from the Holyhead road near Corwen, and delved into a tea of egg on toast supplemented by lashings of bread and jam. While they were eating, Peter and Eric, with half-an-hour between them on the road, were hurtling at "evens" along the highway from home.

Eric arrived when the other four had finished their meal, and he tea'd in solitary state while the quartet ambled leisurely on the Druid road to Bala. At the summit the party was complete. How great, in the sable shadows of the autumn night, was the swift scurrying to the lakeside town, and how reassuring the dynamos' light on the lonely roads. Far away across the silent water a train seemed to be travelling in toy-town, its lights were black against the hills, and its reflections were quivering across the waves.

Llanuchllyn came at 9-0 p.m., and an hour later Salty and Peter were skidding down the savage slopes of the Bwlch-y-Groes to the Dovey Valley, while the other three were cresting the summit of the highest road in Wales. Soon after eleven we were all sitting to a splendid supper at Mrs. Morris's, Glandwr, Dinas Mawddwy.

Saturday saw the quintet on the pleasing road to Machynlleth. The fadings of autumn's golden days were grand in this valley of western Wales, but at Cemmaes Road we turned for Caersws, and along that glorious hill rift the colourings were more fantastic still.

For lunch we dropped in at the "Aleppo Merchant" at Carno. "You could have had goose had you written," but as it was we had to be pleased with rabbit, finishing off with cheese so green, so ripe, that it walked,

entirely unaided, across the table ! Nearly, anyway. Arthur already had devoured his portion, and it was Eric who noticed that his bread and butter was alive ! The whole piece of cheese was a host of tumbling, writhing, squirming, rotten maggots ! We weren't a bit surprised that no one wanted any more cheese after that. And as for Arthur, he felt quite sick !

Drifting through the warm sunshine along the easy road we were soon at Caersws, and in half-an-hour we had a halt at Newtown. The fast pack had ideas of the mortifying highway to Llanfair-Caereinion, but the plaintive pleadings of Frank and Arthur resulted in the easier road to Oswestry being the route for us to Glyn, and we had our tea at Four Crosses.

From Oswestry the easiest way would have been by way of Chirk, and a pleasant trip could have been taken by the direct Selattyn road, but as it was we walked for heaven knows how many miles uphill to reach Selattyn eventually by a circuitous route. Salty was doing the navigating, but we do not complain. Once we had surmounted that wretched mountain it was one of the loveliest night rides we had had for some time, particularly on the last miles down the side of a valley to reach the Ceirog river.

We were all but last. Bert Green, Fer, Mandall, George Stevie, Wild, Catling, George Connor and Ira Thomas were all installed, and it only needed Laurie Pendlebury to complete the party. Laurie had been improving the shining hours by calling at bicycle shops on his way from Manchester and somewhere he had managed to acquire a chain !

Apologies for non-attendance came very sorrowfully from Rex Austin, Peter Stevie and Urban Taylor.

And so to supper, the inevitable chinwag around the fire, and eventually, sleep.

Sunday dawned cool and sunny, and the Manchester men, with a lunch date in Tarvin, were anxious to be away. Ira Thomas returned in his lonely furrow to Shrewsbury, while Arthur Williams had had enough of the fast pack to return home the easy way with George Connor, the Hon. Sec. and the V.P.

Salty, Frank, Eric and Peter climbed by a route that was new to the Editor, and in glorious sunshine they crossed the mountain which separates Ceirog from Dee. Almost too soon they came to the rift down which the track drops as a shelf, and as it was so good, they walked. No hours for years have been lovelier, or more delightful. So to the Dee, and the old coach road, where the solitude was broken only by the rustling of the crisp leaves in the wind.

The story of the afternoon must be told quickly. Ernie Davies and two other friends met us for lunch, and while the others toured via Cerrig and the lanes, Ernie and Frank crossed the hills from Maerdy to Melin-y-wig before coming to Clawdd Newydd and dropping swiftly and delightfully to Bontuchel's Bridge Inn for tea. In the gathering shadows the hillsides were warm with working, and the crests were cool, but it was grand cycling, and a perfect finish to the best week-end we've had for a very long time.

**Prestbury, 18th October, 1947.**

We left Sale at about 4-30 p.m. and made our way through Northenden to Gatley and in rather unpromising weather, on to Prestbury. Conversation was not a notable feature of the ride, but, I find that it seldom is on a tandem with a lot of cars passing.

At the White House Café the Anfield was not conspicuous—no doubt owing to the Welsh Tour.

I was introduced by my father to Mr. "Jimmy" Taylor and one or two other Manchester Wheelers who were there and with whom the "Mullah" exchanged reminiscences.

We left at 7 p.m. and made the return journey with the aid of the old carbide lamp.

**Utkinton, 25th October, 1947**

This is the tale of a lone, but not lonely, ride through some bits of treasured Cheshire which were even more rare and golden in the sunlight of a windless and late October afternoon. Narrow, oak-fringed lanes took me through Capenhurst from the Wirral highroad, and there was more quiet pleasure in the rural windings through Stanney and Stoak.

Manley hill was not as difficult as I anticipated, and the compensating drop by Rangers Bank was, as ever, a rare delight, a pleasure which continued beyond the duckpond, and across the tumbled countryside of this Cheshire treasureland. Is there anywhere better in our county of cats and cheeses than this land of Delamere, where the brackened rifts—burnished now in the setting sun—come sweeping down from the lonely trees on the windy ridges to the green solitude of the forest glades?

I had a try at the one-in-seven slope of the Yeld, but the last yards failed me, and the summit was crested on foot. Five-thirty saw the crossing of the high road on Kelsall Hill, and ten minutes later I was drifting easily on the sandy surface of an old way, sometimes hollow between high banks, at others in the warmth of some woodlands. What the mile-eaters miss sometimes! So the Willington road came, and then Smithy Farm.

I crossed the threshold just on six, but already round the tables the grub-grabbers were there, devouring the meal in more or less mannered style. I noticed Bert Green, Harold Catling, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Stan Wild, Salty, Ernie Davies, Arthur Birkby and two friends. Your Editor, seated at another table, was later joined by Tommy Mandall and Ralph Fer.

There was much rudery when Frank announced that he had disposed of his ancient battlewagon for a mere pittance, although Harold's remark that he had sold his even more venerable fire-engine for a tenner more was received in silence. The Anfield throng has not yet learned to be rude to our new Racing Secretary.

So, in an hour, to the moonlight and the shadows on the ridge. It was grand, riding home in the pleasant company of the lads, and I hope that the Manchester men enjoyed it as much as we did.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



DECEMBER - 1947

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*Journal of the Anfield Bicycle Club (Formed March, 1879)*

VOLUME XLIII

DECEMBER, 1947

NUMBER 501

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

*Tea at 5-30 p.m.*

- |    |   |                               |
|----|---|-------------------------------|
| 6  | Rhydymwyn (Antelope)                          | Goostrey (Red Lion)           |
| 13 | Utkinton (Smithy Farm)<br>Committee, 5-0 p.m. | Tea, 6-0 p.m.                 |
| 20 | Woodbank (Yacht)                              | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 27 | Parkgate (Deeside Café)<br>(Tea at 5-0 p.m.)  | Buxworth (Navigation Inn)     |

## JANUARY, 1948

- |   |                       |                     |
|---|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 3 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
|---|-----------------------|---------------------|

## COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,  
Wallasey.

*Application for Membership.* Percy Williamson, 16 Withnell Road, Manchester 19. Proposed by R. J. Austin, seconded by S. Wild.

*Boxing Day.* I regret being unable to arrange a venue for this run.

The North Road C.C. have kindly sent us an invitation to their Annual Dinner, and exile Len Killip will represent us. No doubt a full account of the proceedings will appear in these pages in due course.

*Change of Addresses.* Mr. J. R. Band, 16 Campbell Drive, Liverpool 14. Mr. E. Haynes, "Bevington," The Green, Snitterfield, Stratford-on-Avon.

J. R. FER,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

### Correspondence

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

### Club Subscriptions

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited, should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Band, 16 Campbell Drive) Liverpool 14, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank, Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5 branch.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

12th OCTOBER, 1947

*Present* : Mr. H. GREEN in the Chair.

Messrs. R. J. Austin, J. R. Band, R. Barker, A. E. C. Birkby, H. Catling, W. A. Connor, W. G. Connor, S. del Banco, J. R. Fer, J. Hodges, W. H. Kettle, T. E. Mandall, F. Marriott, G. Molyneux, J. Newton, L. Pendlebury, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt, T. Sherman, F. H. Swift, G. G. Taylor, I. A. Thomas, C. H. Turnor and S. Wild.

Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. K. W. Barker, E. Buckley, F. Chandler, C. F. Elias, G. Stephenson, P. T. Stephenson and A. Williams.

The Minutes of the last A.G.M. were taken as read and confirmed, after which the General Secretary, Racing Secretary and Treasurer presented their respective Reports.

The election of Officers resulted as follows :—

*President* :—H. Green.

*Vice-Presidents* :—R. J. Austin and T. E. Mandall.

*Captain* :—W. P. Rock. *Hon. Racing Secretary* :—H. Catling.

*Sub-Captains* :—J. E. Reeves and G. G. Taylor.

*Hon. Treasurer* :—J. R. Band. *Committee* :—K. W. Barker, R. Barker, W. G. Connor, F. Marriott, J. J. Salt and S. Wild.

*Auditors* :—W. E. Cotter and E. O. Morris.

*Hon. General Secretary* :—J. R. Fer.

W. G. Connor proposed, and H. Catling seconded, and it was Resolved—“ That the arranging of Club races be left to the Committee.”

R. J. Austin proposed and H. Catling seconded, and it was Resolved—“ That the ‘ 100 ’ be held on the usual date, that an entrance fee be charged, that a prize of £2/2/0 be awarded to the fastest tricycle, and that tricycle entries be limited to 10 unless fewer than 90 bicycle entries are received.”

R. J. Austin proposed and S. Wild seconded, and it was Resolved—“ That the Club promote an open 12-hour event, and that our delegates obtain the best available date.”

J. R. Fer proposed and J. J. Salt seconded, and it was RESOLVED—“ That the Club Tours for 1948 be left in the hands of the Committee.”

G. G. Taylor proposed and W. P. Rock seconded, and it was Resolved—“ That time trials of 25 miles distance be included in the Club's racing programme for 1948.”

G. G. Taylor proposed and W. P. Rock seconded, and it was Resolved—“ That Club standard medals be awarded for events at 25 miles, and that Rule No. 2 of Rules for Competition be amended accordingly.”

The President proposed and S. Wild seconded and it was Resolved—“ That the thanks of the Club are due to F. Marriott for his work as Editor of the *Circular*.”

A. E. C. Birkby proposed and S. del Banco seconded, and it was Resolved—“ That a Vote of Thanks be accorded to the Officers and Committee.”

This concluded the Business.

## HON. TREASURER'S REPORT

A perusal of the Club's accounts appearing elsewhere in this issue gives much food for thought. Although only nine months' expenses are set against twelve months' income (owing to the financial year ending on 30th September) we are overspent to the extent of some £22. Steps are being taken to remedy this state of affairs. At the A.G.M. it was decided to charge entry fees for the "100," and the Committee was empowered to consider means of reducing the cost of the *Circular* and put them into effect. It is hoped that the quality of the Club's Journal will be maintained even if the size has to be slightly reduced.

The figures for outstanding subscriptions shows a marked increase over 1946, and I would appeal to the dozen members who have not yet paid (and two for 1946) to do so as soon as possible. The value of prizes not yet selected is also high. I shall advise all prizewinners of amounts due to them, and hope they will claim them within the next few months.

J.R.B.

## HON. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

*Presented at the Annual General Meeting of the Members,  
12th October, 1947*

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,

I have much pleasure in presenting my Report of the Club's activities during the first nine months of 1947.

The Membership now numbers 129, composed of 93 Full, 8 Junior and 28 Honorary Members.

Two Members have resigned during this period.

It is with very deep regret that I have to report the deaths of Mr. P. Brazendale and Mr. S. T. Threlfall.

Percy Brazendale joined the Club in 1924, and although he was physically unfitted to be an active cyclist there was no doubt about his enthusiasm for our pastime. He did an immense amount of work for cyclists and was instrumental in gaining access to the Mersey Tunnel for bicycles. Most of his work was on behalf of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and his name will be remembered for a very long time.

Stanley Threlfall, or "Sammy," as he was better known, joined us in 1921, and was a very keen rider in the first years of his Membership. He was a popular Clubman and did excellent work on the Committee. In latter years his health was not very good, but it was a great shock when he passed away.

There have been 39 fixtures, with an average attendance of 16,538, a decrease of 1,330 compared with 1946.

Quarterly average attendances were—January to March, 15,846, April to June, 15,692, and July to September, 18,077.

The highest attendance was at Whitsun, when 32 Members were out. The lowest attendance was at Mold on 15th February, only 2 Members being out.

Officers and Committee excepted, the highest individual attendances were—L. Pendlebury, 26, and W. H. Kettle and J. Newton, with 24 each.

The President missed only one run, and considering the exceptionally severe weather during the first quarter of the year this must be considered a really meritorious performance.

Individual attendances were as follows :—

H. Green ..	38	R. Barker ..	14	R. C. Swindells ..	3
W. P. Rock ..	32	R. J. Austin ..	13	G. Farr ..	2
J. E. Reeves ..	31	A. E. C. Birkby ..	13	E. L. Killip ..	2
T. E. Mandall ..	30	G. B. Orrell ..	12	J. Long ..	2
S. Wild ..	30	P. T. Stephenson ..	11	E. O. Morris ..	2
J. R. Fer ..	27	H. G. Buckley ..	9	J. Seed ..	2
L. Pendlebury ..	26	W. G. Connor ..	8	D. Shaw ..	2
J. J. Salt ..	25	S. T. Carver ..	7	D. L. Birchall ..	1
H. Catling ..	24	S. del Banco ..	7	E. Buckley ..	1
W. H. Kettle ..	24	F. Perkins ..	7	W. A. Connor ..	1
J. Newton ..	24	R. R. Austin ..	6	J. D. Cranshaw ..	1
F. Marriott ..	22	I. A. Thomas ..	6	N. S. Heath ..	1
J. Hodges ..	20	F. Chandler ..	5	A. Lucas ..	1
A. Williams ..	20	J. Pitchford ..	5	R. Poole ..	1
W. Orrell ..	19	G. Stephenson ..	5	A. E. Preston ..	1
E. Haynes ..	18	J. H. Fawcett ..	4	C. Randall ..	1
T. Sherman ..	17	E. Byron ..	3	F. H. Swift ..	1
G. G. Taylor ..	17	C. F. Elias ..	3	U. Taylor ..	1
J. R. Band ..	16	G. Molyneux ..	3	W. C. Tierney ..	1
K. W. Barker ..	14	C. Selkirk ..	3	J. R. Walton ..	1

There have been 9 meetings of the Committee, attendances being as follows :—

H. Green ..	9	W. P. Rock ..	8	J. J. Salt ..	5
F. Marriott ..	9	T. Sherman ..	7	R. J. Austin ..	4
J. R. Band ..	8	S. Wild ..	7	E. Haynes ..	4
J. R. Fer ..	8	K. W. Barker ..	6	J. E. Reeves ..	3
T. E. Mandall ..	8	H. Catling ..	5	G. Stephenson ..	1

The usual Tours were carried out successfully, and have been recorded in the *Circular*. Particulars are as follows :—

*Easter.* April 4/7. To Welshpool. Headquarters—White Lion.

*Whitsun.* May 24/26. To Shropshire. Headquarters—Lion, Shrewsbury

*August.* August 2/4. To Newport. Headquarters—Barley Mow.

And to Bath Road '100.'

The best thanks of the Club are due to Mr. F. Marriott for his excellent work as Editor of the *Circular*.

To conclude, I should like to thank most sincerely the President and Members of the Committee for their assistance during the year.

J. R. FER,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## SID CARVER, PLAYWRIGHT AND ACTOR

Readers who have noticed Sid Carver's occasional brilliant contributions to the *Circular* will not be surprised to learn that our member for Hull is something of a playwright. On a Sunday last month his "China Bridge" was played to an enthusiastic audience at a Hull theatre. Sid has two more plays on the stocks, and he also finds time enough to be an active member of *three* amateur dramatic companies.

### BOXING DAY

We are sorry about Boxing Day's cancellation. Sandiway, with more than a month's notice, and two previous years' attendance, were fully booked. Mr. Johnson, of Highwayside, also could not take the booking.

### VERACITY !

Truth is a lovely thing. So is honesty of statement. Elsewhere our member for the Cherry Orchard division of Shrewsbury tells us of his journey to and from the Yacht Inn the other Saturday. As he has written, we hesitate to believe the tale of riding his bicycle for 46 miles into that fierce northwester in a mere 3¼ hours. When he arrived he was as fresh as the proverbial paint, and not even hungry ! Not even his vivid description of an autumn afternoon on Grinshill will convince. You can see that from the train !

### SORRY !

We have had to be more ruthless than ever this month with our blue pencil. This is due to the inclusion of A.G.M. matters. Jack Salt's Racing Report for the year will appear next month.

### ON DEESIDE . . . .

At Parkgate, on December 27th, we have arranged for a very special meal. The charge will be 6/-, the time 5-0 p.m., and up to 40 can be catered for. Ladies on this occasion will be very welcome, and probably a few Manchester members can be accommodated overnight. Names, please, to Ralph Fer as soon as you can.

### RUNS

Rhydymwyn, 1st November, 1947

Just having a cup of char and a wad at Queensferry, when Tommie Mandall walked in and announced that he had brought a few friends along—Eric Reeves, Arthur Williams and Frank Marriott. After their appetites had been partially satisfied we resumed the journey. I got fed up with the Coast road first, Eric and Tommie left it a few yards farther on, and Sammy and Ginner carried on to the next turning. Strange to relate, we all met farther up the hill.

Once past Northop we took to the lanes, and only emerged on to a road again just above the Antelope. In the tank our calm was completely shattered by F.M. saying "Wattle!" He must be psychic, as there was nothing doing in that line until 8 o'clock. Some people have all the luck!

Cyril Selkirk's youngster must be fit these days, to push his father all the way out there. I can see his name figuring prominently in the prizes in a few years.

The meal was not quite up to the usual level. I hope we don't have to discard this house, but one can't ride far without plenty of good filling.

The tandem left first, and we others followed sedately, via Mold and the direct road to Queensferry. Ginner, Tommie and I completed the run by a session at Hinderton, having tried in vain to shame F.M. into liquidating his earlier offer.

#### Goostrey, 1st November, 1947

A grey, doubtful sort of day it was for our monthly pilgrimage to this Anfield Mecca, and there wasn't much inducement to do more than ride directly to the venue. Peter Rock was the shining (and perspiring) exception to this rule, he having done 40 miles at "at evens" to be with us.

In accordance with custom, George Taylor approached the stranger within our gates with a request that he write up the run. Peter demurred, and explained that he had set out with the Editor for the Liverpool run to Rhydymwyn, and Frank, getting things settled early, had told him to write up the run. Peter declined, politely but firmly, whereupon the Editorial One showed signs of getting awkward. Peter promptly settled the matter by deciding to come to Goostrey and forthwith left the Editor on his lonesome, and smashed through to Goostrey with all speed.

Hence Peter's reluctance to accede to George's request—a reluctance carried so far that, although he finally agreed to do the job, he has actually gone to the trouble of *catching measles* in order to relieve himself from the need to fulfil his promise.

Apart from this, the run, attended by the Presider and ten others, was without incident.

#### Highwayside, 8th November, 1947

"Virility is life, and for life in the *Circular* we want as many different contributors as possible!" *vide* Marriott, page 100, Vol. 35, No. 400; so why, Mr. Editor, pick on me?

The ride out was pleasant enough except for the persistent breeze which called for a steady slog. This, however, was compensated by the beautiful Autumn Tints of Delamere Forest. Darkness descended quickly and the last five or six miles called for lamps.

The Committee was in session when I blinked into the comparative bright lights of the tank, and to add to the fantasia the Editor was spluttering forth Nuffield-like offers of munificence much to the astonishment of everyone!

At six we trooped in for the grub, which was *par excellence* and under the watchful eye of Mr. Johnson cups were refilled and bread and butter plates mysteriously replenished. Bert Green headed the table and the party was completed by Jack Salt, and friend, the Barkers, Rus and Ken, Rigby Band, Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, the Secretary, the new V.P., Tommy Mandall, Stan Wild, the aforementioned Sammy, prospective members Ernie Davies and Alan Howard, and Sherman.

Suitably refreshed a small party turned homewards. The Wirral party continued through Tarporley, leaving Tommy Mandall, Ernie Davies and the scribe heading towards Delamere under an inky black sky. At 9-30 we were inbibing at a hostelry near Liverpool.

The last few miles found us encaped and the liquid refreshment had seeped slowly down to my knees making them feel quite watery both inside and out by the time I reached home, "tired but happy!"

#### Woodbank, 15th November, 1947

I had hoped to start early, but it was past two o'clock when, with Les Russell, of the East Liverpool Wheelers, I started on the ride to Wirral. The weather forecast was not too good, wasterly gales had been predicted, but in Salop it was a beautiful autumn afternoon.

Grinshill looked very inviting with the russet tints of the trees and bracken blending with the outcrops of rock. As we entered Cheshire ominous stormclouds hovered to the west, and we sped over roads that brought back memories of a decade ago when on certain Saturdays I was wont to beat Father Time. Does Tommy Sherman remember the scrap we had from No Mans Heath to the finish of the "50"?

A sharp hailstorm in Chester sent us to shelter, and leaving Les in the city I felt the full force of the wind on the last miles to the Yacht Inn. Birkby was sitting in front of a nice, glowing fire, and we were joined later by Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer and a friend. With them was the Editor fellow, who promptly remarked: "What the 'ell are you doing 'ere?" I replied that I was a member of the Anfield and that I had ridden from Shrewsbury. "What, on a lorry?" I was about to reply when it was announced that the meal was ready.

Sammy made a rush for the nearest plateful, and began to devour it ravenously. (Remarkable how hungry one gets after a strenuous five miles!) I joined Tommy and Ralph, and was enjoying an appetising meal when I was disturbed by that man again raucously demanding that I write up the run.

Birkby was the first to leave, and I followed. Seven was chiming as I entered Chester. In Christleton the heavens opened, but the rain did not last long. Another storm caused me to shelter in Whitchurch, and on the Wem road I called for a quiet pint at my favourite hostelry before tackling the last ten miles. I arrived home tired, but content that I had another Club run to my credit and 90 miles in my legs.

**Dane-in-Shaw, 15th November, 1947**

On arriving at the Coach and Horses I found that four had arrived before me. Just when we were ready to start tea Stan Wild arrived. It was quite a pleasant change to attend a run at Dane-in-Shaw again and find some company there. At the last two runs at this very pleasant rendezvous I have been the sole attender.

During and after tea talk centered on two new subjects : Can any one who prefers to tour the Western Highlands on a trike be considered as a reasonable and rational being ? And, are rim-tapes really necessary ?

When tea was over we seemed to be overwhelmed by an outbreak of tyre repairing, first by Alfred Howarth, and then Stan Wild. It seems a much better idea to bring them in after tea and let other willing hands tackle the job for you, even if it does mean having the rim tapes removed, than to have to do it single handed on the road.

The party broke up about 7-45, when the fast men—Catling and Howarth—set out first, to be followed in a more sedate style by the President, Stan Wild, Wilf Orrell and Hubert Buckley. This party split up at the Grove Inn, when Wilf and Hubert turned off. I left Wilf at his front door, and arrived home about 8-45 p.m. after one more delightful Saturday in really excellent company.

**Buxworth, 22nd November, 1947**

I left home between showers, and was forced to cape up after a few miles. The rain got thicker and thicker as I climbed through High Lane, and as the water stealthily invaded my shoes it occurred to me that my goal was peculiarly appropriate to the day, for the word "Navigation" is principally associated with a superabundance of water.

Arriving early, I was first, but there soon followed the President and Messrs. Catling, Taylor, Wild and Howarth, making, with Jack Hodges, six.

The food and drink was plentiful—Stan saw to that, and the conversation covered a large field. It was not raining when we left Buxworth, but that was soon remedied. This member was separated from the bunch by the vagaries of his austerity rear light. Getting quite wet before deciding to put on the sweat inducers, he eventually donned oilskins and thereafter it was perfectly fine.

I trust that the other five members reached home safely, as I did. It seems strange that six men, of widely varying ages, but with at least one common enthusiasm should turn out on a day when, according to popular standards, "it was not fit for a dog to be out," and apparently enjoy themselves. There's no accounting for taste.



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