

THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JANUARY - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

JANUARY, 1948

NUMBER 502

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- | | | |
|----|---|--|
| 3 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 10 | Utkinton (Smithy Farm) | |
| 12 | Committee Meeting at 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, at 6-45 p.m. | |
| 17 | Woodbank (Yacht) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 24 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 31 | Heswall (Sundial Road-house) | Middlewich (Woodlands,
Nantwich Road) |

FEBRUARY, 1948

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 7 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
|---|-----------------------|---------------------|

COMMITTEE NOTES

5, Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

New Members Elected. Ernest Davies, 14 Brookside Road, Liverpool 15; Alfred Howarth, 81 Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury, Manchester 20; Leonard John Walls, 40 Regents Way, Bebington, Wirral; Percy Williamson, 16 Withnell Road, Manchester 19.

Applications for Membership. Eric Batty, 69 Rupert Road, Roby, nr. Liverpool, proposed by P. T. Stephenson, seconded by J. R. Fer. Leonard Jackson Hill, Mansfield, 2 Glenavon Road, Childwall, Liverpool 16, proposed by H. Catling, seconded by S. Wild.

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

HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

16 Campbell Drive,
Liverpool, 14.

Since these notes appeared two months ago, only one of the delinquents has paid his arrears of subscription. As the first quarter of the Club year has now passed it is to be hoped that this position will improve. Is it too much to expect two years' subscriptions, thereby killing two birds with one stone and bringing their accounts up-to-date?

The following subscriptions and/or donations (*) for the current year are acknowledged with thanks: C. Aldridge, R. Barker, H. S. Barratt*, A. Lucas, L. Oppenheimer*, F. Perkins, W. P. Rock and S. Wild.

J. RIGBY BAND, *Hon. Treasurer.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Johnnie Band has sent us the following letter which he has received from George F. Honey. It is dated 4th November, 1947, and we regret that extreme pressure on space has prevented us from including it in an earlier issue. We would thank the donor for this interesting addition to Club records.

Cooil Bane,
Sulby, nr. Ramsey, I.O.M.

J. C. Band, Esq.,
Rock Ferry.

Dear John,

I have unearthed the Old Anfield Race Card for their "50" held on 7th May, 1892, and no doubt you will find same of some historical interest, and you may desire to pass it on to the Archivist of this famous Club, so that it may be placed with any other records they already possess. As an old and still vigorous cyclist over 76 years of age, who started the good and healthy exercise on an old ordinary in the year 1886, and I am like yourself still enjoying the freedom of the Open Road. I also enclose an old run card of the Oxton C.C. of which you also were a prominent and sporty member. With my very kindest regards,

I am, Yours sincerely,

GEORGE F. HONEY.

SORRY!

Apropos our note on veracity last month, Ira Thomas has convinced us that he did complete the ride to and from the Yacht the other week on a bicycle. We would like to apologise for being so sceptical, and compliment him on his enthusiasm and good riding.

HON. RACING SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR 1947

Once again I have the pleasure of reporting a successful season for the Club and its small but enthusiastic band of roadmen.

The highlights of Season 1947 naturally were the Invitation "100" on our new and more straightforward course, and the 12-hour in the heat of July. No one can say that our "100" is not once more the event of the Whitsun holiday. Atmosphere, venue and performances were all back to pre-war standard. Reuben Firth, of the Altrincham Ravens carried off the event in grand style. Course record in 4.27.0 for fastest time and rhird handicap. Not a bad effort after a lapse of eight years, for as you remember the last two pre-war events were his victory too. Hargreaves of the Yorkshire Roads was 2nd fastest, Hammond, of the Cheshire Roads 3rd fastest, while the first and second handicaps were gained by Griffiths, of the Mersey Roads and Bright, of the Warwickshire Roads respectively. The Warwickshire Roads Club also won the team race.

In the tricycle section excellent rides were put up by all the eight finishers, Petrie, one of our North Road friends, excelling for fastest tricycle prize with 5.16.19. Of Ours, Eric Reeves did 4.52.18 with time lost with puncture, and Salty crawled home to register just inside evens.

The 12-hour in the heat of July was a real test of stamina. No long wind-assisted stretches to relieve weary limbs, and every finisher did nobly. Eric Reeves to the fore at last and an open win to his credit, a good win by $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Cliff Farebrother, of the Altrincham Ravens, with 228 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Cliff's 227 $\frac{1}{4}$. Salty took third place with 221 $\frac{1}{8}$ miles, but alas, we missed a sure team prize, which went to the Ravens trio, C. and H. Farebrother, and D. R. Jackson.

This past season we have managed to fit in two Club events, one in July and the other in September. In the July event we had six riders, Eric Reeves taking fastest time with 2.19.5, closely followed by Peter Rock in 2.20.30, Russ Barker took first handicap with a nice ride of 2.24.5. The second "50" in September was Eric's again. He triumphed with 2.17.15 for fastest with a slightly greater margin over Peter Rock who returned 2.19.25. Peter Stevie did his best to date in 2.27.10. All these hard miles between Cranwell and Huyton are telling their tale.

In both of these events it was pleasing to see the keenness of the riders, all fancied they had a chance, and rode accordingly. It was also very pleasant to find our Cheshire roads still holding an attraction for members so far afield. Sid Carver very sportingly came over from Hull to get up in both events with little or no training, and performing creditably.

As for open events we had five members up during the season. Eric Reeves, competing in some 20 or so events all told; Salty, in some half-dozen or so fewer; Peter Rock in six only, but every ball a prize is his motto. We heard of Russ Barker dabbling East Cheshirewards, and Peter Stevie in events at home if lucky enough to coincide with his leave.

Eric Reeves got down to 2.14.57 for a "50", in the Bath Road "100", 4.37.6, his fastest "100" ever, and in our "12", 228 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Not a bad trio of performances, for it is the first season since finishing with Army life that he has shown his capabilities so regularly.

In the West Cheshire "30" he was 4th to Harding with 1.21.37.

In the Express "50" he was 3rd to Harding with 2.14.57.

In the L.T.T.C.A. "100" he was 3rd to Bentley with 4.45.8.

In the Liverpool Century "100" he was 2nd to Smith with 4.42.18.

Peter Rock's half-dozen efforts brought the following results:

West Cheshire "25"	1st handicap	1.5.18
West Cheshire "50"	1st handicap	2.19.31
Liverpool Century "100"	3rd fastest	4.43.43
West Cheshire "100"	5th fastest	4.46.42

Whilst he was second fastest in both Club fifties to Eric Reeves, his 3rd fastest time of 4.43.43 qualifies him for large gold Club standard at the "100" mile distance.

Russ Barker's rides were as follows: 5.9.0 in the Pyramid "100"; 5.13.4 in the Manchester Wheelers "100", O.D.C.U. "50", 2.29.24 with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes late start.

Salty competed with little success till the longer distance events when he managed to take 3rd place in the Club "12" and into the first half-dozen in the Liverpool Time Trials "12" and so win a handicap. He rode all told in some dozen events.

And so ends my report on an active season, except to express my thanks to those who turned out so nobly on many mornings in the Wirral to see the boys on the right road.

J. J. SALT.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES

Greetings to all members—old and new—and commiserations to those who for varied reasons cannot join us at our gatherings. We have great hopes for 1948, and it would seem tolerably certain that the old school of Reeves, Salt and Rock may at long last have to bow to youth.

Whatever the outcome we must endeavour to co-operate more closely than was possible in 1947. On three occasions team honours were within our grasp only to elude us through lack of sufficient support of the events in question. With a Manchester Racing Secretary I feel that full co-operation is now possible, and that our prospects for the future are full of promise.

GREETINGS!

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Peter Rock, Len Killip, C. F. Elias, Ira Thomas, Syd Jonas and Fred Brewster for their kind thoughts. We were particularly pleased to hear from Fred. He writes:

"Hope this gets you, Frank, but don't know your present address. Afraid haven't kept in touch like I "oughta" but have been busy trying to carve a niche for myself in the New World. Everything going fine, Sammy, may be moving around a little, but Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, will always find me. You probably know I'm a proud Daddy now. She's ten month's old! Well, Sam, drop a line sometime, and I'll promise to do better in future. Sorry our proposed meeting last year fell through, but I sailed in one heck of a hurry. Fred."

RUNS

Parkgate, 29th November, 1947

Those out at this jolly gathering were Rigby Band and his wife; Arthur Birkby; C. F. Elias; George Connor; Ernie Davies; Eric Batty; Ralph Fer; Harold Kettle and daughter; Tommy Mandall; Frank Perkins; and Tommy Sherman with his fiancée. Arthur Williams with son Ken rolled along later.

Seated amidst the old familiar surroundings, I was reminded of many hilarious Wednesday evenings, when the Tea Tasters made merry. The present meet was more dignified, but none the less enjoyable, and after a pleasant meal and a chat we wended our various ways all the better, I am sure, for this brief interlude with kindred spirits.

Macclesfield Forest and Week-end to Hulme End, 29/30 November, 1947

It isn't often that the Editor bloke is persuaded to come to a Manchester Club run, but on this particular Saturday he was to join a week-ending party to Hulme End. So it was then that Len Walls, Eric Reeves and Frank could be seen chasing across Cheshire on quite a pleasant Saturday. It was mild, sunny, and the only snag was something super in the way of storms which caught us near Twemlow.

On the climb out of Macclesfield, two tiny, glowing pinheads were ahead. Eric hurried on to discover George Taylor on a tricycle, and Alfred Howarth. Len and Frank joined the party much later, and as a quintet we took the steep bits manfully before the slide down the icy road to Stanley's.

Quite a few faces glowed in the grand firelight. Hubert Buckley was decked in a pair of trousers and something very cocky in the way of hats. Wilf Orrell was also dressed up, and he reminded us of the crinkly paper decoration around the neck of a very much legendary hamshank. Stan was there, with Catling the Inevitable, and Laurie and Percy Williamson.

All excepting Bert Green, Laurie, Wilfred and Hubert were for one of Stan's own week-ends, and it was something very special.

A low, full moon was gilding the hills and spreading shadows in the valleys. It was freezing hard, yet only the merest breeze came floating above the lonely slopes. An inch of crisp snow had been dusted across the countryside. A lane from beyond the Cat and Fiddle gave the Axe Edge road, and we dropped to Longnor before coming to the delightful shelf highway leading to Sheen Hill and Hulme End. The silence of a perfect winter's night, the full moon and its shadows on those tumbled hills, the grand company of the lads. Those miles were some of the loveliest we have known.

Crowning all was the supper. A pie, crammed with meat and vegetables, and the largest we ever have had the pleasure of contemplating, graced the groaning table. It rested in an enamel bowl which was more than two feet across, and six inches deep! We really don't know whose eyes glistened most! Stan did the dishing out, but Frank by virtue (lovely word!) of alleging a somewhat meagre first helping, managed to get the opportunity of finishing it.

Morning dawned bright and icy, and it was quite an adventure crossing the farmyard. With breakfast another splendid memory we discussed the ways for the day. Harold said something about waiting for second time round, and the penny dropped an hour and a half later when we passed a signpost which said: Hulme End, 3 miles. "I'd hoped you wouldn't see that", smiled Stan.

Yet I, for one, would not have missed that morning for many things. The crisp snow on the roads made for hardish going, but to the hills it gave glory. Particularly good was the view from the crossways above Wetton. On the drop past Thor's Cove to the dim depths of the Manifold Valley the tricyclists (Harold and George) and Stan (on a bicycle) held their own. Blue ice glittered on those grim slopes. Len went for an easy six, and Alfred wobbled too. The other three managed to reach the bottom without measuring their length on the road.

More ice by the bridge, and more fun by the watersplash at Wetton Mill. Harold seemed to like riding to and fro through the water. Through Butterton we came to Elkstone, and in the upper village of that ilk we had elevenses—at 12-30! More mountains (Stan knows where to find them!) and we came to Dane-in-Shaw for our two o'clock lunch at precisely 3-30.

An hour later Len and Eric and Frank were away. It was cold, much colder than even the proverbial charity. Beyond Congleton we halted to don mufflers, and some miles farther, after winging along at an easy fifteens, we eased off for a run to warm our feet only to find that we could hardly stand! West of Holmes Chapel we ran into fog, thick penetrating stuff it was, and it took all of Eric's and Frank's navigating prowess to get through Middlewich and Winsford. Len just hung on. He didn't know the road at all.

Over saw us clear of fog, but there was snow in the forest and hot coffee in Chester. Our native heath was warmer, but the roads were still icy, and five miles from home Len, with the help of a friend of the Birkenhead C.C., went for another six. I think all were in for 10-0 p.m.

Rhydymwyn, 6th December, 1947

A typical dull winter's day on which I am sure so many of my fellow cyclists were pleased to leave the streets of their home town far behind. An early-post-lunch start down the Chester high road found me pondering over a likely route for my afternoon's journey. Within a mile my mind was made up, sharp right down the lane to the Beathouse, with a short halt to put three map-studying maidens on the choicest route to Raby. Neston is not a charming spot, so we decided, my bike and I, to do a little by-passing, and by way of the path to the rear of the Chester Hotel came to the marsh edge not far from the Old Quay.

The old Harp Inn looked very deserted, and the only signs of life were the dim figures of two fishermen far out on the marsh. It is some years since I last passed this way, and though the tide does not rise as in the mid-twenties, the landscape has not altered. So to the hard highway, up the lane over the railway into Burton and through Puddington to come to Shotwick. More mud and a lane brought the Sealand straight, while with some fast pedalling came Queensferry with the hope of picking up some of the boys. I drank my coffee in solitude.

Shotton, Northop, Rhosesmor, not the quickest, but by far the quietest route. The little valleys were wreathed in mist, and beyond the steep plodding of the incline there stood Northop's tower, beckoning the solitary wanderer on. Into the lanes that climb for Rhosesmor, with the descent an adventure through farmyard and muddy lane, dogs and cattle, and an exceedingly rough drop to find oneself in Hendre Quarry only a mile from tea. So to the fireside and the pub with six good lads for company—the Captain, Editor, Secretary, Vice-President, two commoners, Arthur Birkby and Salty, and Peter Stevie's friend Eric Batty.

A goodly spread and reasonable, even Sammy didn't mind delving for the nimble threepence. Tales of woe from the measly Pete; no reference to the aforesaid threepence (conundrum). It is found that by circumnavigating the globe one may find some Sprite tyres. How far does

one have to travel to get some silk 50's? All tales told, and out into the murk with Tommy and Ralph ahead, Sammy wheeling Pete or vice versa (how cowardly of you, Sam!) Round the back jiggers of Mold, and the rise out of the town with Sammy and Salty ahead. A rapid hand sling, and Ralph found himself up with yours truly. At Willaston corner the group split up. Tom, Ralph and I to make a quick halt at the Nag's Head. We were so quick about it that it took almost exactly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and so the three became one and he rolled into the villa on the Heswall beacons well satisfied.

Red Lion, Goostrey, 6th December, 1947

Few of us are unaware of the difficulties despite which Mrs. Knowles has never failed us. Always the same careful and thorough preparation for our arrival (nothing impromptu or makeshift about Goostrey); always the same sincere and hearty welcome: always the same, almost legendary, repast. Do these things count for nothing with the Anfield? Have we no sense of loyalty to our hosts of the Red Lion?

Our appreciation of their long record of service to the Anfield was ill reflected in an attendance of only five members and two friends.

The early part of the afternoon had been fair enough, but rain came with the darkness. Not normal darkness, but something akin to Milton's "darkness visible". Certainly a darkness to defy the best cycle lamp and check the pace of the most intrepid amongst us. However, before six o'clock we were all arrived at the Red Lion and starting to dry out. The position of a stone marking the centre of Cheshire was hotly contested by two of our number. For long the battle raged with no signs of quarter on either side. Within the last few months each had seen the stone and in neither mind was here any doubt as to its position. Eventually light dawned, and the paradox was explained. They were discussing two entirely different stones, both, of course, purporting to be erected on the geographic centre of Cheshire.

By the time we were ready to leave the rain had stopped, and the stars were visible. The darkness was more readily penetrable, and our journey home was correspondingly easy and uneventful.

Present were the Presider, Harold Catling, Alfred Howarth, Wilf Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild and Percy Williamson.

Utkinton, 13th December, 1947

This dull, dismal, December day, paradoxically enough, proved to be one of the brightest and most enjoyable on record. A mist of varying thicknesses cloaked the Cheshire plain, and it was with some relief that I perspired up the long climb from Cotebrook to gaze upon the welcome lights of Smithy Farm.

A small band of Committee-men were found in the tiny living-room engaged in that pleasurable of winter pursuits—keeping the fire warm. Tommy Mandall looked as full of vice as any V.P. in my experience. Peter Rock was completely unabashed at his childishness in having measles, Rigby Band bore an affluent air—perhaps he's been investing

Club funds in property (this one's rather subtle!). Peter Stevie covered his features with the bowl of a huge pipe and it struck me that perhaps he was playing 'hooky', and Bert Green was looking rather apprehensively for Ralph Fer. Just then Eric Reeves arrived to report that the Hon. Secretary, Editor, and George Connor were on the way, having been delayed by George stripping the thread of one of his pedals.

Whilst Committee was taking place the attendance did not look too rosy, but by six o'clock twenty members and friends had crowded into that tiny room and made it strongly reminiscent of the shoe in which a certain little old woman made her abode. In addition to those already mentioned the following were present: Ira Thomas, Harold Catling, George Taylor, Frank Perkins, Len Walls, Salty, Alfred Howarth, Ken Barker, friends Len Hill and Eric Batty, and the writer (S. Wild).

Tea was a magnificent spread—eggs, bread and jam, ice-cakes, scones, apple pie, and most important of all, a tea-pot of noble proportions. The Editor's appetite is notorious, and as his recent vigorous wielding of the blue pencil has left him very weak, the notoriety has increased, yet in spite of this there was more than enough for everybody.

There was a very enjoyable session after tea, cheery good humour, brilliant conversation, and a delightful sense of comradeship which abler pens than mine have had difficulty in defining. As Sid Carver once remarked: "Verily the Anfield has something that the others haven't got".

The departure was a reluctant one, and in the company of the President the ride home was uneventful, with a short break at the "Windmill" at Tabley, before Bowdon brought the parting of the ways.

Woodbank, 20th December, 1947

I am writing this account after returning from my first run as a Club Member.

To-day was pre-Christmas Saturday, and it brought a much bigger attendance than might have been expected.

I rode as far as Two Mills on a really fine afternoon, the day being dry and warm.

Stopping for a cup of tea at the café, I was soon joined at short intervals by Messrs. Reeves, Mandall, Marriott, Williams, Perkins, Batty, Fer, Selkirk, and Selkirk Jnr.

After all had refreshed themselves, we rode the last mile to Woodbank together.

Arriving at the Yacht we found Tommy Sherman and young Mr. Walls waiting for us.

Twelve of us sat down to a hot meal, being joined later by Peter Roc and George Connor.

While the usual after-tea chatter was in full swing, the two Tommies, Ginner, Ralph Fer and I retired to the licenced rooms, where the conversation was punctuated by the quaffing of ale, but peace was not ours for long. Our lean Editor's head ducked under the door frame, and his eyes settled on me, as he asked the fatal question "Will you write up the Club run, Ern?" Of course I didn't offer to buy him a drink after that.

As I left the company the subject under discussion was "Black Market Furniture". Need I add that Arthur Williams was in the chair!!

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| 14 | Warrington (Lion) (Dinner at 6-0 p.m.)
Committee, 5-0 p.m. | |
| 21 | Woodbank (Yacht) | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 28 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |

MARCH, 1948

- | | | |
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| 13 | Warrington (Lion) (Dinner at 6-0 p.m.)
Committee, 5-0 p.m. | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

New Members Elected. Eric Batty, 69 Rupert Road, Roby, Near Liverpool. Leonard Jackson Hill, Mansfield, 2 Glenavon Road, Childwall, Liverpool, 16.

Application for Membership. John Charles Futter, 5 Broad Oak Avenue, Broughton, Chester. Proposed by J. J. Salt, seconded by W. P. Rock.

Resignation. The resignation of R. C. Swindells has been accepted, with regret.

Change of Address. Frank Chandler, 100 Princes Boulevard, Bebington, Wirral. My very humble apologies to this esteemed member for neglecting to have this published in last month's *Circular*.

Easter Tour. Accommodation has been reserved for ten at the Anchor Inn, Newcastle, near Craven Arms. I shall be glad to receive names.

J. R. FER,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURER'S NOTES

The following subscriptions and donations* for the current year are acknowledged with thanks:

P. C. Beardwood*, H. Catling, F. Chandler, E. Davies, G. Farr, E. Haynes, J. Hodges*, A. Howarth, W. H. Lloyd (1947-8 and 1948-9), A. Lusty*, H. W. Powell, A. E. Preston, Ashley Taylor, L. J. Walls, and Percy Williamson.

Boxing Day

After our last issue went to press, a venue was fixed for Boxing Day at Middlewich, and a very successful run materialised. Thirteen or fourteen members from Manchester and Liverpool attended. We regret not having received an account for inclusion in these pages.

Easter

As we write these notes on a delightful day in January, the mildest January in many years, Easter does not seem to be far away. Dry roads, green hedgerows and sunny skies can be envisaged and the grand lands of the Welsh marshes are calling. As noted on another page, we have arranged for accommodation during the holiday at the Anchor Inn, a noted hostelry on the Kerry Hills, aside of the road between Kerry village and Clun. If memory serves us right, the Anchor stands just on the county boundary. The number of beds is somewhat limited, but is sufficient to cover the average Easter attendance in recent years.

THE OTHER LARIG

The Larig Ghru is the most direct crossing from Deeside to Strathspey. It is not generally known that there is another Larig, of equal severity, which crosses the Cairngorms from Linn of Dee to Nethybridge, some ten miles north-east of Aviemore. This is the Larig-an-Laoigh—the Pass of the Calves.

The Larig-an-Laoigh has no boulder fields, but it has three distinct summits, each over 2,000 feet high, and the going is very rough and stony. As it is several miles longer than the Larig Ghru, there is very little difference in toughness, the boulder fields excepted.

I wanted to cross Larig-an-Laoigh because I wanted to see Loch Avon (A'an). At 2,500 feet it must be the highest and most isolated loch of its size in Scotland. Nestling beneath the wild corries of Cairngorm and Ben Macdui, its situation must equal that of Loch Coruisk, on Skye.

From the comfortable lodge at Linn of Dee I took the rutted road to Derry Lodge. The Larig Ghru bears away to the west, and the other Larig stretches northwards along Glen Derry. The path was difficult to find, but all I had to do was follow the Derry Burn. After spanning the burn by a dilapidated footbridge, I found a wide, flat valley flanked by the imposing heights of the Cairngorm of Derry and Ben Vrack, each over 3,000 feet high. The track rose clear of the glen to the first summit.

I left Linn of Dee at 10-35 a.m., and reached the first summit, 2,250 feet and nine miles out, at 1-15 p.m. The track remained rough and descended gradually to Dobh Lochan and the River Avon. In every book I had consulted there had been a warning that the river would be impassable in rainy weather. One warning reading: "There is no chance of refreshment between Linn of Dee and Nethybridge, and the River Avon is not easy to cross except in dry weather." Often such warnings are exaggerated, this one was not! The river, although only a mile from its source in Loch A'an, was thirty feet wide, and on this fine day, deep and rapid. One authority considers the crossing unsafe without a rope, and half-way over, as I paused with the water above my unsteady knees and the bicycle swaying precariously on my shoulders, I was certain that there had been no exaggeration here!

It was 2-15 p.m. when I reached the other side, and I wanted to see the Loch. It was a half-hour's walk over rough, pathless terrain, but it was grand to gaze on this perfect stretch of water with its fierce surround of mountains. It was the equal of Loch Coruisk, and there is no easy sea passage to it, either!

An hour later I was eating my sandwich lunch. The day was still lovely and I was reluctant to leave this wild and desolate region, but I had covered only eleven miles of the twenty-five to Nethybridge. At 3-55, after a forty minutes' break, I was away once more.

The River Avon forms the boundary between Aberdeenshire and Banffshire, and I remained in the latter county until I topped the second summit (2,510 feet) on the shoulder of Ben Bynac, where I entered Inverness-shire. Actually, I thought this was the final climb, and took photographs to celebrate the occasion. Then, on rounding the next corner, I found, to my horror, that the track descended steeply to the burn, and climbed even more steeply to the last and highest summit (2,586 feet). This burn was not east to ford, and the final climb was excruciatingly hard. But once attained there were some striking views of the Cairngorms, and away in the north I could see the track as it dropped to the bridge over the River Nethy. The descent to the river was very steep and severe on the leg muscles and I was glad to cross the footbridge and traverse the climbing bridle road to Revoan.

I felt rather tired at Revoan, and stopped for a snack and a smoke. The mountain prospect here was magnificent with the charming Green Loch forming a beautiful foreground. The rough bridle road led through the depths of Abernethy Forest, with its gnarled oaks and ancient pines seen to great advantage, to the finely situated Forest Lodge. After crossing many miles of mountain track without the slightest mishap, on this forest road I picked up a hefty twig in my front wheel which smashed my mudguard.

I reached Nethybridge at 8-30 p.m., after ten arduous hours from Linn of Dee and found most comfortable quarters for the night. The day and the scenery had been grand, and the crossing of the other Larig a distinct success.

STAN WILD.

RUNS

Dane-in-Shaw, 20th December, 1947

Someone once said that even in the best regulated households things sometimes go awry. Sometimes things get lost. And here we must confess (for the second time since we resumed editorship of this journal) to doing a spot of losing.

Amid the welter of Christmas mail we received from George Taylor a delightful account of how he, and Harold and Howarth went for a rough-stuff trip in Cheshire. Of how lanes led to footpaths, and footpaths found fields, and they finally found themselves running rings round each other in an endeavour to reach the Coach and Horses. We were pleased with it, as we always are with our Manchester Sub.'s literature, and we put it in a safe place so that it could be printed in this issue. Or so we thought . . .

The place just cannot be found, and we must apologise for going to press with this issue without the said piece of writing. Those present were: Bert Green, Hubert Buckley, Eddie Haynes, Alfred Howarth, Jack Hodges, Wilf Orrell, George Taylor, Stan Wild and Percy Williamson.

Parkgate, 27th December, 1947

The run today was something special, and we took the liberty (without asking the permission of the Committee) of making it a Ladies' Evening, if any of our friends thought it worth while to come.

Thirty or so members and friends sat around the festive board. The friends—we will with grace mention them first—were Ralph Fer's mother, father and sister; Tommy Mandall's family (sorry, Tommy, we can't say who as you didn't introduce us); Frank's sister; Tommy Sherman's fiancée; and the respective better halves of Arthur Williams, Salty and Ted Byron. In the male line were Eric Norton and Ted Moss, of the Birkenhead C.C. of "ours", Bert Green and Laurie Pendlebury gained full marks for pushing the wind away all the miles from Manchester. We were pleased to see Ted Byron, who doesn't forget the happy days of a decade ago, and del Blotto. The others were Salty, Ken Barker, Ginner Williams, Eric Reeves, Peters Rock and Stevie, Kettle, Elias, Marriott, Sherman and Birchall.

Tommy Sherman told us that he is looking for a pair of handcuffs. He wants to get out of the habit of twiddling and wirling that silly moustache of his. We would suggest that the best remedy would be to wipe it off, or at least thin it down a bit. Don Birchall came to show us his nice new uniform of a Warrant Officer of His Majesty's Royal Air Force. It was right that he should, for if any of ours were gas collectors, lift attendants, policemen, firemen, postmen, or cinema and theatre commissionaires we would certainly wish to see them at the club run in their regalia. The sand-shufflers of the fighting years ventured to say how nice the blue would go with the yellow sands of the desert. Don has a couple of decorations up, and we thought it very unkind that the lads should circulate vivid stories of the Battle of Hamilton Square and the Siege of Seacombe.

Only for the leg injury, acquired in the "100" about ten years ago when handing a drink up to Eric Reeves, Don would be on a draft now.

Swiftly, or little by little, it just depended whether you were an Anfielder or guest, the food vanished, and while some ventured to the Chester Hotel for further nourishment, around the fire chatting in delightful manner. It had to be there were ladies present.

At last, one by one, we drifted away, into a night that was perfection itself. A full moon silvered the sand and the sea, and cast a faint light on the distant hills of Wales. It was too good to ride, so we walked above the forgotten shore, and up from the estuary towards the Wirral high road. Laurie walked with us. He and the president were not returning to Manchester until the morrow.

Buxworth, 27th December, 1947

It has been said that Buxworth is an uninteresting run, but I refuse to accept this view, as with a little enterprise it is possible to find a variety of most attractive routes. One can travel by Pott Shrigley and Charles' Head, or, alternatively, follow the roads by which I reached the Navigation today.

With the sky filled with heavy storm clouds I travelled on the wings of a west wind through Marple and Strines to New Mills. Here I deliberated before deciding to go on to Hayfield, along a road which gives the finest approach to Kinder Scout that I know. The clock in the grey stone tower of Hayfield church indicated that I had fifty minutes left in which to cover the remainder of my journey, but this included the long climb to the 1,077 feet height of Hills House. I turned into the wind here, and expected to be forced from the saddle, but luckily, the long ridge of Chinley Churn sheltered me and I was able to ride the whole of the climb. The drop to Chinley was a thrill on three wheels, with the wind forcing up my side wheels in billigerent fashion, on the many narrow bends of the declivity.

A round half-dozen graced the festive board of the Navigation, namely, H. Catling, G. Farr, J. Hodges, A. Howarth, S. Wild and P. Williamson, and the meal was very good. The session after tea was a delight. Harold, in an attempt to justify not using rim tapes, taking us first from Manchester to Newhaven, thence to Dieppe and on to the St. Gothard Pass, a brief stop at Wetzlar and at Jena, the respective homes of Leitz and Zeiss, and after half an hour he suddenly remembered the reason for the journey, and hastened to re-affirm the policy of not using rim tapes. His arguments fell on stony ground as far as the writer was concerned, as after having my rim tapes forcibly removed on a run a few weeks ago, I had experienced a softening in my front tyre as I neared tea, and in consequence took a very dim view of Harold's "sane and rational" theory.

A rather stiff ride into the wind, but in the glorious light of full-moon brought the last Manchester run in 1947 to a pleasant conclusion.

Halewood, 3rd January, 1948

There were a few B.F.'s on this run, namely Rigby Band, George Connor, Ralph Fer, Tommie Mandall and Arthur Williams. The sensible people consisted of George and Peter Stephenson who came by car, and four shareholders in "our" railway, Harold Kettle and his wife, Swift and Tierney.

The rain was as bad as it can be on a Saturday afternoon, and the cyclists were rather more than damp. A roaring fire would have been welcome, but the drying-out process had to be done gradually.

On account of a wedding reception, the usual hot feast was lacking, but we did very nicely with a cold collation—whatever that may be—and there was plenty for everyone. Followed a short session, and we emerged to find a moonlight night. I don't think the cycling party minded putting their waterproofs away.

Somerford, 3rd January, 1948

Hibernation over, I dragged a weary bicycle club run-wards encased in a cape and etceteras, and wondering whether I was or was not sane. This, the first trip—for me—since the basic abolition, was full of wonderment and enjoyment at the quietude of the country lanes. Found Catling mending (or so he said) a puncture under bridge near Chelford. Harold informed me of change of venue fortunately, and we idled on teawards. At Mrs. Lowes already were Jack Hodges, Hubert Buckley (who had come from Treacle Town *a pied*) and Wilf Orrell. Barely had we seated ourselves around the stove when reinforcements arrived to make the number up to nine, Stan Wild just making it before the six o'clock news with first hand results of activities with a leather sphere at some place.

Present at the meal, in addition to those mentioned, were The President, George Taylor, Russ Barker, Alf Howarth. I found myself at the end of the board with certain disciples of Faraday, Newton, etc., and wondered as they pushed back those eggs and scones, etc., whether they had worked out the energy involved, displacement, etc. One of the greatest attractions of the club to me has always been these teatime discussions.

When the party split and departed for home by devious ways the rain had stopped, and a comfortable and pleasant ride with companionable chatter as far as Wilmslow was my lot. Then a few quiet miles home concluded my first run in months and in spite of the weather a real appetiser.

Utkinton, 10th January, 1948

Harold Catling, George Taylor and Alfred Howarth set out with high hopes for a bright day's riding. We reached Altrincham in fine weather, but soon the water grey released nature's blessing to man in generous quantities. Feeling sure that this would soon cease, we rode until we were quite damp before deciding to cape up.

The rest of the journey out was one of those things one tries to forget, and we were very glad to arrive at Smithy Farm, where we discovered the

Presider, Russ Barker, Tommy Mandall, Laurie Pendlebury, Peter Rock and Len Walls, all eating in (comparative) silence. Stan Wild arrived a minute or so afterwards, and after having doffed as much wet clothing as was decent, we installed ourselves at the table by climbing over innumerable obstacles (including ruminating humans) and attacked a most excellent tea.

The subsequent conversation took various channels: If nylon is a plastic, then why is a nylon cape different from a plastic cape? Can you feel four watts? Could Mr. Catling, by means of a slice of cake, bribe Mr. Wild into lending him his (Mr. Wild's) tricycle in exchange for Mr. Catling's pedigree, if venerable, bicycle, to which he was beginning to take a definite dislike?

Gills would have been a distinct improvement on lungs for the homeward journey; the rain was rebounding some way from the road; it did not, however, rebound from our capes, but bounded straight through them, and I feel sure that many will agree with me when I say that the tea was definitely the high light of the run.

Woodbank, 17th January, 1948

Going straight out to the Yacht, I found the wind was against me, so I naturally thought that we should have it nice and easy on the way home. Arriving there, I could not see anybody about, but as I put my bike in the shed I noticed Peter Rock's machine reclining against the wall. As I walked round to the front of the Inn I saw the honorable gentleman standing on the kerb on the other side of the road. I had apparently just missed him as I turned off the road. We both trooped into the tea room to be joined later by Frank Perkins, Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer and Arthur Williams. Our meal was eaten to the accompaniment of humorous revelations of Arthur's camping career.

The party was broken up by someone saying it was 7-30. So we all trooped out, Ralph, Tommy and Arthur for next door, while Peter, Frank, and Len turned their wheels into the gale that was now blowing down the high road. The party broke up at Clatterbridge, when Peter went his way and left us to walk the hill to the Wishing Gate. It was only a matter of minutes then before I said cheerio to Frank, and once again arrived home after a pleasant afternoon.

(Len very kindly omits to state that Frank and Eric Reeves, through not reading the *Circular* properly, went to Parkgate for their run—only a week ahead of time!—Ed.)

Parkgate, 24th January, 1948

Strange, but there were only two bus-ites today—Harold Kettle, who hasn't been fit enough for riding for some months, and Ralph Fer, who just hated the possibility of getting his cape wet on yet another Saturday. These blokes who complain about the rain should be thankful that there isn't snow and ice.

The day wasn't pleasant. An east wind spread a hazy and cold dampness around, and even the most enthusiastic of our riders Peter Rock and Eric Reeves, didn't venture farther than Two Mills for their afternoon's ride. The others rode more or less straight out, and sought the fire at the Deeside Café. The party was complete with Ken Barker, Frank Marriott, Eric Batty, Len Walls, Salty, Ginner Williams and Tommy Mandall.

We had good food, and good talking—Arthur Williams ensures the latter these days with delightful tales of tropical adventures, and today's episode consisted of monkey stories—a vast fund of entertainment. Then, to spoil it, three beat it to the Chester Hotel, leaving a very respectable party to continue reminiscing around the fire before making the journey home.

(We regret not having an account of the January Dane-in-Shaw run to include in this issue—Ed.)

Wildboarclough, 24th January, 1948

Earlier in the week I had decided to make this run with the minimum of effort, but late on Friday evening it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't booked tea. I don't suppose that even the unheralded arrival of a horde of ravening Anfielders would upset Stanley's equilibrium, but a little advance notice would be a friendly act, and could be worked in with other business.

So in mid-morning I set out on a damp and depressing ride to Macclesfield, only relieved by a report from the back tyre, so loud that a nearby policeman instinctively reached for his truncheon. The cause was obvious—a large flint had produced a hole big enough to insert my little finger. After a futile search in Macclesfield for "27-in. Sprites" (any information appreciated) and a sojourn in both the city's milk bars, I set off up the Cat, hardly noticing the gradient in the prevailing headwind and hail and rain. After calling at the Stanley Arms, I proceeded up the old road toward Buxton. On this there was hard snow in deep ridges and riding was an unprofitable pastime. Conditions were somewhat better on the main road, and there was only a little wet snow in the streets of Buxton.

After a few calls, and a further intake of calories, the summit of the Cat and Fiddle was soon reached again. The steeper parts of the descent to Stanley's were walked, as it was now twilight the prospects of picking a safe course were inadequate. I arrived a few minutes before the appointed hour, to find Wilf Orrell already eating, and I had no hesitation in joining him, as I wanted to leave early. The Presider soon joined us, followed by Percy Williamson. I was just leaving at 6-30, having warned Stanley that two more arrivals were still possible, when sure enough in came Russ Barker and Alf Howarth. I didn't have time to get details of their ride, but as they had ridden from Loppington since lunchtime against a headwind, finishing with an ascent of the clough in heavy rain, they might not have been printable anyway. Present were: The Presider, Russ Barker, Alfred Howarth, Wilf Orrell, George Taylor and Percy Williamson.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MARCH - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

MARCH, 1948

NUMBER 504

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- | | | |
|-------|--|------------------------------|
| 6 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 13 | Warrington (Lion) Committee, 5-0 p.m. | Dinner at 6-0 p.m. |
| 20 | Woodbank (Yacht) | Chelford (Island Café) |
| 27 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 26/29 | Easter Tour to the Anchor Inn, Kerry Hills | |

APRIL, 1948

- | | | |
|----|--|---------------------|
| 3 | Rhydymwyn (Antelope) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 10 | Highwayside (Travellers' Rest). Committee, 5-0 p.m., Tea at 6-0 p.m. | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

5, Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

New Member Elected. John Charles Futter, 5 Broad Oak Avenue, Broughton, Chester.

Change of Address. T. Sherman, 11 Mackets Close, Woolton, Liverpool.

Open "100" Whitsuntide. Accommodation for 25 has been booked at The Lion at Shrewsbury for the two nights of this holiday. Names to me as soon as possible.

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

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in 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.

DON BIRCHALL

As we close this issue for press, a short note comes from Don Birchall. He writes from the R.A.F. Hospital in West Kirby that his leg is being carved about a bit. He should be up and out soon.

FEBRUARY AFTERNOON

The other morning the telephone tinkled, and Arthur Birkby, on the other end of the wire, wanted to know whether I would come for a ride, even if it was Wednesday. One day is as good as another to your Editor at the moment, and we ventured forth to Flintshire. Lunch at Queensferry, and a pleasant hour amid the sunshine and shadows in Ewloe Castle. Then a drift down a rare wooded glen to the coast road. We were home at 5-30.

RACING NOTES

The sporting season is once again with us, and I think that as a Club we can look forward to a season of promise. Implementing the A.G.M. instruction that a series of 25's be introduced into the Club programme, it is proposed to hold four events at this distance in March and April. Actually there will be eight events, as on the selected afternoons duplicate fixtures will be organized for Merseyside and Manchester riders. Fastest time and handicap awards are to be made on a points system requiring each man to compete in at least 3 of the 4 events.

The first 25 will be held on March 20th. Headquarters for the Wirra riders will be at the Yacht Inn at Woodbank, while the Manchester event will have Chelford Island Café. Tea will be available for all at the rendezvous, and if you are not a regular, *please* let Harold Catling or Peter Rock know that you intend coming and need a meal. You don't wish to return home hungry, do you? Details of the respective courses can be obtained from the officials named. Checkers and marshals will be required.

Our last 50 in 1947 suffered because food was not available at the Peacock for riders or helpers, and this position will continue, so far as the Peacock is concerned, while the present food restrictions are enforced. Enquiries are to be made in the Tarvin area for an establishment where dressing accommodation will be available and food provided for riders, helpers and spectators. The first event will be held towards the end of April. Course alterations should not provide unsurmountable difficulties.

In ten weeks our Open 100 will yet again be with us, and already arrangements are in hand. Harold Catling has ordered the entry forms, and soon Peter Rock will be chasing checkers and marshals for the great day. The Paris-London event is a fixture at Whitsuntide, and while we sincerely hope that our British lads will once more show themselves supreme, we must regret the draining of the exceptional riders from the long established events in this country.

Last year we suffered the loss of several team prizes because what talent we possessed was spread over more than one event on the same morning. This was a position that could not be allowed to continue, and it is hoped to draw up a list of opens to which we hope to give official support. Peter Rock and your Editor (who is not exactly devoid of racing experience) are gnawing at a bone of contention at the moment. Peter thinks that if we print an official list month by month it is enough, while the other opinion is that a complete list of Opens covering the season should be printed at once, and prospective riders could arrange their holidays and plan accordingly. If in your opinion the latter idea is better, could you please tell the Skipper what you think.

EASTER

When we wrote of Easter last month the sun was shining. It is brilliant as we write this. Robbie (Wayfarer, himself) has written to say that we should enjoy the Anchor Inn. He has had several meals there, and recently spent the week-end beneath its roof. Our old friend is staying at Chirbury, and hopes to meet us over the holiday. We understand from Ralph that one bed only remains to be booked.

POSTCARDS, PLEASE!

This little paragraph is a hardy annual in various forms. If you are an infrequent attender at the Club runs, could you, PLEASE, drop a card to Ralph Fer (or 'phone him, Wallasey 5035) and let him know if you hope to attend a certain run. There was nearly a show-down at Warrington the other week. Ralph had ordered for 12/15, and that was optimistic on some showings. The lady at the Lion had banked on the lower number—and nearly 20 turned up! Before the meal started there was some talk of a few going short, and on such a hungry day no one would have liked that. However, all were fed, and we were very lucky. We hope that the irregulars present appreciate the fact. A word in time is worth a great deal.

WANTED

Stan Wild wants four old CIRCULARS to complete his set. The numbers required are October, 1934, November, 1934, May, 1935, June, 1935. Any assistance will be very much appreciated.

THANKS!

Frank Marriott and George Connor were privileged, on the occasion of the Warrington run, to call at Rigby Band's new establishment not far from Huyton. Eva rustled a smashing supper—you should have seen George's face redden when it was placed before him—and we hope that Rigby will invite us again. A cup o' char and what goes with it are very welcome before the Wirralites venture across the last miles of Liverpool.

A RECORD?

Arthur Birkby tells us, and not without a faint blush of pride, that there are *nine* bicycles (including a tricycle and tandem) in his establishment. The story goes that the machines—all nicely cleaned and greased—occupy the house, while the family live in the bicycle shed!

CONGRATULATIONS

We would like to extend our sincerest wishes to Tommy Sherman, who was married the other week, and to Len Killip, who has become engaged. Nice work!

NORMAN TURVEY

This issue has quite a Norman Turvey tang about it, and we are glad. Norman has indicated his desire to be with us at Easter. The Editorial Department is not yet sure whether it can manage the holiday away, but here's hoping!

NORTH ROAD CYCLING CLUB SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER

Being still resident in foreign parts, Friday, December 12th 1947, found me making my way to the Connaught Rooms, prepared to carry the flag of Anfield high above the massed banners of the North Road. Representation was rather more successful than the previous year, and I found myself sitting at a table between Norman Turvey and Percy Beardwood. That Norman's membership of the North Road has not affected his Anfield training was proved when, after a few muttered words to a waiter, he succeeded in acquiring a second helping of vegetables before starting the first.

The proceedings were conducted with the usual North Road efficiency and style, the only snag being a slight hiatus of half-an-hour during which Norman and I were beerless. Being comparatively unacquainted with the North Road membership, the name of A. C. Baynes, toasting "The Visitors" did not ring a bell until I heard him speak in the unmistakable tones of Stainless Stephen. His ready wit was a delight to all. The toast of "The Club" was proposed by W. H. Townsend, of the Westerly Road Club in a very competent piece of prose. The reply on behalf of the Visitors was made by the Rt. Hon. John Wilmot, P.C., M.P., who showed himself to be not only a Rt. Gd. Fellow, but also a man who still potters on a bicycle for pleasure. He made some suggestions which went down well, such as the closing of the quieter country lanes to motor traffic, and the provision of proper stowing facilities for bicycles on our railways.

Les Couzens replied for the Club in his usual comprehensive manner, and the final toast to the President (Harry England) was proposed by our own Norman Turvey. I tried to ensure that Norman's throat was properly

lubricated for the occasion: whether I succeeded or not I couldn't say, but his speech was nevertheless well judged and clear. He made it apparent to the assembled multitude that although he was there as a North Roader, a member of an old and respected club, he was still very much of the Anfield, and in the eyes of the Anfield the North Road is still one of the newer clubs!

One of the main events of the evening was, of course, the prize giving, the highlights being the presentations to the winners of the Memorial Tricycle "50" and the Invitation "24". The former event was won by F. C. Whetman in the fine time of 2.26.53, and the "24" by George Basham of the Wessex Road Club with $443\frac{5}{8}$ miles, which, if my memory serves me aright, is very near to competition record.

Altogether a very fine gathering of cycling youngsters of all ages, and I greatly appreciated the opportunity to attend.

LEN KILLIP.

(Len sends his apologies for the delay in submitting the above. After hearing the news which we print on another page we are not in the least surprised!—Ed.)

RUNS

Dane-in-Shaw, January 17th, 1948

Conditions were undoubtedly hard as Alfred Howarth and I took the road to Dane-in-Shaw, but, full of the joy of Spring, we decided that a circuitous route by Prestbury and Gawsworth would be required adequately to occupy the afternoon. How wrong we were! Instead of a pleasant potter we had a grim struggle with the elements before arriving at the Coach and Horses fully an hour late. The President and Russ Barker arrived with us and local lads Wilf Orrell and Hubert Buckley were already installed. A warm fire and a good meal had restored us to our normal spirits when, at about 7-30 Stan Wild staggered in bringing sports news, still hot, from Maine Road.

The rain had stopped by the time we had left and wind assisted, we enjoyed an easy, uneventful ride home.

Middlewich, January 31st, 1948

Although my enthusiasm usually expresses itself in support of long runs, this day's journey was dictated by necessity. On such a stormy day the fixture at Heswall seemed undeniably attractive to me.

The usual fruitless search for equipment in Chester delayed us and gave Eric opportunity to display his long-standing half-wheeling act. At the Woodlands Jack Hodges, Percy Williamson and Stan Wild had already

annexed comfortable positions near the fire. We managed to squeeze in while Wilf Orrell preferred to stay nearer the eatables. He must have heard of Eric's sword swallowing propensities. The meal had started when the President arrived, followed shortly afterwards by Harold Catling, Alfred Howarth and Laurie Pendlebury.

Racing business precluded my participation in the general conversation, for Harold and I were trying to thrash out the dates for Club events throughout the season. With business concluded we set out to battle against the gale back to Merseyside. (Peter Rock is the writer of the above).

Heswall, January 31st, 1948

The air was quite nippy and the wind fierce as I headed towards the Pier Head into the tough sou'-wester. My hands chattered on the bars as I rode the city setts, and I wondered if even the renowned pavé of Northern France could be so cruel.

However, once across the river spirits were much revived, and I continued along the smooth, quiet roads of Wirral happily chinning on my 62. By 5-20 it was nearly dark, and as I neared Heswall perceived Frank ahead, and we rode together to the "Sundial" Roadhouse.

We hastily parked our irons, and joined Salty and John Futter as they were entering. The inside was very cosy indeed, and the building itself was not unlike a log-cabin. We joined the obviously merry group around the fire at the far end of the room, and noted the presence of Ralph and Tommy, Harold Kettle, Elias, Arthur Williams and Frank Perkins. Ten in all.

After a few minutes spent in examining Tommy Mandall's new plus-four suit, we sat down to an excellent tea. The fire called then, and we stayed chatting for an hour or more, and then broke up, each wending his own way homeward.

It was a glorious ride from Heswall to Woodside. The wind was still strong, and blowing in our direction. If everyone departed as refreshed both mentally and physically as myself, the day was well-spent.

Halewood, February 7th, 1948

As most people know I am once again the proud possessor of a "barrer", but unfortunately it has a "hoodoo" on it as far as the weather is concerned. Every time I wheel her out of the shed and get too far away to turn the heavens open and yours truly gets such a soaking as only three-wheelers know. Saturday was no exception, although I did manage to get to the Derby Arms in comparative comfort.

I took a devious route via "The Old Roan", "Blue Anchor", Croxteth Hall, Pilch Lane, Huyton, Belle Vale, etc. I was first to arrive, but shortly afterwards Kettle, Ralph Fer, Arthur Williams, The Stevies (Mrs., George

and Peter), Swift and Tierney arrived. Then Tommy Mandall and Eric Batty relieved my growing embarrassment by actually arriving on bicycles.

The meal was pleasant enough. Peter managed to wangle several extra helpings of trifle, and was still munching bread and butter half-an-hour after everyone else had finished. The train contingent was the first to move off, followed shortly afterwards by Arthur Birkby. As I sailed along Menlove Avenue the rain commenced—water splashed and whirled in every direction—but luckily I was in no great distance from a comfortable fire and another feed. As I ploughed along my mind reverted to other days when the beaming face of Arthur Simpson peered over a huge slab of succulent pork, partnered at the other end of the table by the boyish figure of Hubert pleading with all and sundry to have a bit more duck. Yes, they were the good old days.

Goostrey, February 7th, 1948

Seventeen members faced the dining table of the cosy inn's parlour. So perhaps the polite reprimandations, so gently administered by the scribe in January's CIRCULAR (who sadly reported only seven for the December Red Lion run) were gracefully received. Or perhaps it was the love of the wheel and the Club, but conjecture to one side, it matters not why we visited that ancient hostelry, where the food was excellent, the company interesting, the weather foreboding no evils. And the conversation sparkling with that "star" of Club controversy—"Club Standards". A grand topic for Club digest, and to an observer, if a "finale" could be reached from the propositions, embellishments, modifications and disagreements so sportingly proffered by Messrs. Catling, Reeves, Rock, Wild, etc. it would see that the said standards would be tightened, eased, or left normal.

We would not say that the emancipation of these standards was advocated by the current racing fraternity, or that the tenaciousness was adjudged by the ex-racing men, but no doubt these times provide as much sport indoors as out.

Men came from West Cheshire—Reeves, Rock and Walls, Rigby Band and Len Hill from adjacent suburbs of Liverpool, and the party was completed by the Presider, Jack Hodges, Wilf Orrell, C. H. Turnor, Percy Williamson, Alfred Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury, Hubert Buckley, Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Stan Wild and George Taylor.

Woodbank, 21st February, 1948

This is the tale of a week-end that wasn't, a week-end when Eric, Peter and Len Walls had hoped to dodge the club-run column, and venture across the hills to Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant on a youth hostel jaunt.

The trip didn't materialise because of the weather. Peter and Eric were certain that the hill conditions would be bad, and called it off. Len, with

all the impulsiveness of youth, wasn't so sure, and he had a pleasant run around Northop before returning with the conviction that the others were correct in their view.

Your editor met Frank Perkins hard by the Wishing Gate, and Eric Reeves rattled up to them not far from Badgers Rake on the high road. Ralph and Tommy were knocking cups of tea sideways at Two Mills, and we joined them, Tommy very nicely paying for the char. We found Len with a fire to himself at The Yacht. Arthur Williams followed us in, and Peter completed the party. He had been to Chester, and entered festooned with wheels and strange hats and queer coats. We thought at first that he might be the strange old man who haunts a laundry cart not from Willaston.

The meal was a "smasher"—even to editorial standards—and it was good feeling the food sink slowly while we talked. Outside it was cold, "pygmalion" cold. Our knees knocked. Our teeth chattered. We were mighty glad that we were so near home. The bloke who is always nattering about long runs in the winter was pleased, too.

Wildboarclough, February 21st, 1948

Reports of snow on high ground tempted me to make an early start. Stan Wild had also started early, and I was able to overtake him entering Cheadle. The going was fair enough with the bitter nor'-easter partly astern, so that at Macclesfield we had enough time in hand to justify our taking the Standing Stones route.

Above the thousand feet line we found ourselves struggling against an icy blizzard which made every step an effort, so that by the time we descended into the comparative calm of the Clough we were somewhat fatigued. Russ Barker and Alfred Howarth, having been out all day, were already installed at the Stanley Arms, whilst Rex Austin and his wife, who had walked up from Macclesfield, had an early tea and were about to start the walk back.

No more Anfielders arrived, although Dick Thompson of the Cheshire Roads, who was to go week-ending with Stan at Hulme End, struggled in about 6-15 p.m. Russ, Alf and Harold Catling left at half-past, leaving Dick and Sam debating the wisdom of abandoning their week-end plans.

The climb from Platting to Fox Stake was made difficult by the drifts of soft snow, often four or five feet deep. However, the main road was reached at last, and we were able to ride a good deal of the way down to Macclesfield. With the gale behind us the descent would have been fast, but for the frequent drifts into which our vehicles became imbedded on impact. Below Walker Barn, conditions improved until by the time we reached the Plain we could ride in comparative ease and safety.

(We regret not having received a report of the Warrington run—Ed.)

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NUMBER 505

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

- | | | |
|----|---|------------------------|
| 3 | Rhydymwyn (Antelope) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 10 | Highwayside (Travellers Rest) Committee, 5-0 p.m. Tea at 6-0 p.m. | |
| 17 | Woodbank (Yacht) | Chelford (Island Café) |
| 24 | Utkinton (Smithy Farm) | |

MAY, 1948

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Club '50' Headquarters, Tarvin (Rambler Café) |
| 8 | Highwayside (Travellers Rest) Committee, 5-0 p.m. Tea at 6-0 p.m. |

WHITSUNTIDE

Twenty-five beds have been booked at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, for two nights. Will those wishing to stay at these headquarters please give their names to Mr. J. R. Fer at 5 Clare Crescent, Wallasey, Cheshire as soon as possible.

EDITORIAL

It isn't often that an issue of this Circular sees the light of day without some chiding from some individual who doesn't like something we have written or included in these pages. Last month we received two. One was gentle, and it told us that our note asking for postcards from the irregulars (for want of a better word) was more likely to put them off from attending a run, than to have the effect we desired. On third thoughts perhaps this is so, and will you please forget what was written in this connection last month. The second chiding was much stronger. We wrote that four 25-mile events would be held during March and April. Actually, this should have read "during the forthcoming season", and we would like to express our humble apologies.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in 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.

C. F. ELIAS

We are pleased to record that our old friend has been elected to the presidency of the Liverpool D.A., C.T.C. for the coming year.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES

We do not normally view the removal of basic petrol seriously in cycling circles. One disadvantage is apparent. The Editor's chariot is no more, which means that every post on the "100" course must be manned beyond question of doubt. This calls for greater effort from all available members. I shall be starting my Helpers List directly after Easter, and hope that a steady response will be forthcoming.

W. P. ROCK.

RACING NOTES

A wild and westerly wind greeted riders in the first 25 miles event on our calendar. Response from the younger members was disappointing. In the Wirral event only the three stalwarts, Reeves, Rock and Salty came under the starter's orders. Times were as follows:

W. P. Rock	..	1. 7.54	Scratch	..	1. 7.54
J. E. Reeves	..	1. 9.54	1 min.	..	1. 8.54
J. J. Salt	..	1.10.50	2 mins.	..	1. 8.50

The second "25" will be on Saturday, April 17th, when I hope to see some of the youngsters showing their paces.

Other events for the future are as follows:

- April 11 West Cheshire "25". Wirral course.
- April 18 East Liverpool Wheelers Novices "25". Wirral course.
- April 25 West Cheshire "30". Wirral course.
- May 9 Express "50". Wirral course.
- May 23 Merseyside Mountain Trial.
- May 30 Liverpool Time Trials "100".

Manchester Area

- April 25 Dukinfield "50".
- May 2 Altrincham Ravens "50".
- May 9 Cheshire Roads "50".

The course for the club fifty-mile events has not yet been outlined accurately (we write before Easter). The approximate start will be at the top of the hill above Tarvin. Proceed towards Chester, and at Vicars Cross Island, turn right towards Birkenhead. At Backford Island turn right to the Strawberry Island (on Ellesmere Port—Chester road) and turn right again to Vicars Cross Island. Continue straight on towards Whitchurch, and the turn will be between the 17th and 18th milestones. Return to Vicars Cross Island, and turn right and finish a mile short of Tarvin.

J. E. GREEN

We regret to note the passing of J. E. Green, a popular member of the Club at the turn of the century, and an accomplished speedman. He was primarily a track rider, and scored many honours. On the road he merited several prizes, and on one occasion at least he gained the N.R.R.A. fifty-mile record in Shropshire.

A LETTER FROM PETER STEVIE

We are delighted to receive the enclosed:

3090580 A.C. Stephenson,

5 G.C.A. Unit,

R.A.F., Gatow,

Nr. Berlin,

B.A.F.O., B.A.O.R. 2.

Dear Frank,

I promised to let you know how I was getting along as soon as I could, so here goes. Gatow is about eight miles south-west of Berlin, and is a smashing camp. My pal and I share a room about twice the size of a normal bedroom. Everywhere is lovely and clean, and kept so by frauleins, who certainly do their job well. It is a much different Air Force out here, and up to now I'm very comfortable. We flew over from Northolt to Buckleburg by B.E.A.C. in an Air Force Dakota. Very nice, too, with porters carrying our luggage, etc. We travelled from Buckleburg to Berlin by train, passing through Hanover, where I don't think there is a building standing within two miles of the city centre. It was a nine hour journey by train, and we had lunch and dinner during the ride. It was beautifully served and cooked, too.

Drinks are very cheap out here, too. Gin and It. and Liqueurs are a tanner a time, while beer is 4d. to 6d. a pint. Fags are 9d. for 20, and tobacco 4s. a quarter lb. tin. Very cheap, eh? Lord Tedder came over to see us a week ago yesterday, and he was quite impressed with our unit. He seemed a very nice sort of fellow, too.

I wonder if you heard or read about that Yankee Dakota which dumped its passengers out over Berlin and landed at Gatow. Anyway his starboard engine developed trouble and was squirting oil all over the place, and as he couldn't feather it, it was windmilling and got very hot. Luckily enough he decided he could limp over to our drome when he was about fifty miles away, and we had the job of bringing him in by G.C.A. as it was pouring with rain and he didn't know where the hell he was. He was very grateful and thanked us for our help.

There are very few bikes around here and most of what I've seen have balloon tyres. I haven't seen any sports types yet. We are right on the edge of the Russian zone here, and we are only 500 yards from them.

I have only been to Berlin once up to now, and I'm afraid I wasn't very impressed. There is a terrific amount of damage, and everywhere is dirty, and stinks. Transport is very bad, also. The trams and buses are very infrequent and are packed when they do turn up. We don't pay for the use of them, and usually ride on the step as the interiors are filthy. The U-bahn (underground) in Berlin is not a patch on London and there again it is almost unbearable travelling by them. Nobody seems to clean the streets at all, so you can guess what it's like.

I haven't met anything startling yet in the way of blondes, although some of the frauleins are quite attractive. Still, there's plenty of time yet. Ah well, that's all for now, Frank. Hope to hear from you soon. Remember me to all the boys.

Happy cycling!

PETER.

MISSING

Those who read last month's Wildboardclough run report will almost certainly have noticed the absence of Bert Green's name from the attendance list. We wondered too, and it was not until well into March that the true story of the afternoon came to our ears. While the official run was arranged for the Stanley Arms, Macclesfield Forest, there was an impromptu gathering also at the Setter Dog Inn, the hostelry on the lower slopes of the Cat and Fiddle climb.

Bert tells us that as he was on the snowy slopes of the hills above Macclesfield, Wilf Orrell was coming down with the report that Jack Hodges was ahead, and trying to get through where Wilf couldn't. Higher on the climb, and just short of the lofty crossways where you drop so swiftly to the Stanley Arms, the President met Jack, who was well-nigh certain that the lane down to Macclesfield Forest was impossible with a bicycle. The two returned to the Setter Dog for a very enjoyable meal. On the return to Macclesfield they met Rex and Mrs. Austin, who were walking down.

RUNS

Warrington, February 14th, 1948

Having met our newly wedded Tommy and Vera at the Bear and Staff the previous night, I was invited round to have a look at the house. So about 3-30 in the afternoon found me doing a bit of rough stuff down a non-existent road called Mackett's Close. Vera answered the door, and whilst she made me a cup of coffee, our hero showed me about the house—and very nice too.

Tommy seemed sorry he wasn't coming with me, but he hadn't got his bike, so we made a date for later that night, and I made my way to Warrington. I soon got warm riding, but my legs were not too good as I hadn't ridden since November. At the Lion my hopes for a good meal were dampened by a waitress bitterly complaining that we had ordered for twelve, and twenty had turned up. The Mullah, Jack Newton and Cyril Selkirk were about, the rest all being in committee. Alfred Howarth was also there, but he had to move off early.

Contrary to the reception, the dinner was good, and the dining room was soon filled with a disgusting noise usually present when Anfielders are eating. There was no beer, and so departures were fast and furious. The President, Rock, Reeves, Austin, Marriott, Connor, Band, Wild, Williamson, Salt with his new steed and friend Futter, all went on their respective ways about the same time, leaving Russ Barker, Tommy Mandall and Ralph Fer to find transport.

Frank, George, Rigby and I made our way leisurely through Penketh and Farnworth, but I left the party at Cronton and cut over to Gateacre to meet the folks and Tommy. Tommy took me home—or rather I took him home on the crossbar—for supper which Vera had prepared for us and after a blood-thirsty hour or so with war stories I left for home just after midnight and an enjoyable night out.

Parkgate, February 28th, 1948

As the run today was so close at hand, I decided to slip out there, and renew acquaintance with the lads. Such a modest trip defies any attempt to make much of an account. Donning my cycling kit, flannels and trouser clips (do you hear George muttering "Ichabod!") I dropped through Heswall and down Boathouse Lane to reach the rendezvous just at 5-30. I was delighted to see such a large turn-out, especially to meet George Connor whom I have not seen for many a month. It was pleasant, too, to have so many young new faces which promises well for the future in the racing line. The old stalwarts were there, Salty, Eric and Peter, and all full of enthusiasm and looking forward to another season. The Moustache, too, was there, looking a little less windswept, I thought. He mentioned casually about the staff he had at his new estate—I forget whether it was two or three gardeners he employed.

An excellent meal was served up, and soon cleared out of sight, and after the usual high discussions on this and that we eventually made our several ways home, some via the "local", but George, Rigby and I, three stout married men, spurned the demon drink and quietly wended our way past the Glegg and along the Barnston road, where we parted company.

(Ted Byron writes the above, and we think that it should be put on record that the attendance consisted of seventeen members and friends—twenty-five in all. Members were as follows: Salty, Reeves, Rock, Ken Barker, Rigby Band, George Connor, Byron, Marriott, Sherman, Arthur Williams, Fer, Mandall, Walls, Peter Stevie, Batty, Selkirk and Davies.

—Ed.)

Danc-in-Shaw, February 28th, 1948

Rain was falling in the early afternoon today, and even I, an Anfielder, allowed the weeping skies to delay my departure until there was only sufficient time available to allow for travelling to the tea venue by the shortest route. The afternoon was pleasant as I moved along the urban stretch of highway to Alderley Edge. Now the road passes Capesthorpe and Reedsmere, whose settings have become so familiar that they are passed with little thought for their beauty. Over Cox's Moss, by North Rode church and Buglawton I continued, arriving at the familiar hostelry in the half light of approaching night.

The Presider, Wilf Orrell and Hubert Buckley had arrived, and we were soon joined by Harold Catling, Percy Williamson, Laurie Pendlebury, Alfred Howarth and a friend. The journey home in the dark was enjoyable and without incident.

Halewood, March 6th, 1948

The weather was good, though a cold wind had made the morning rather "parky", and speculation was rife in the tank before eating as to the reason for the small turn-out. George Stevie and Tommy Mandall arrived on foot (!), Ralph Fer came by bus, and Arthur Williams cycled out with Tommy Sherman after doing a spot of house building or something at the newly-wed's abode. As this was the last run of the season to the Derby Arms we expected better support, and even allowing for those who object to paying 5s. for a 5s. meal there still remain a number of regulars whose absence was rather unusual.

But it's an ill wind, etc., and after a tasty and generous portion of turkey, Arthur was able to carve up a very large bowl of trifle into five more-or-less equal portions.

And talking of trifle reminds me that, according to George it would appear that young Peter Stevie has at last finished with embarkation leave. I hope he enjoys himself in the land of the sausage dogs, and look forward to seeing him when he is back in circulation again.

Goostrey, March 6th, 1948

Saturday, and Goostrey as the destination here again! And quite a pleasant day, too. I took to the lanes, after an early start, through High Legh and Bate Heath, and very pleasing these ways were with signs of approaching spring showing in the hedgerows.

I deliberately steered for Northwich with its unlovely approaches, and did some shop window gazing. By Broken Cross I came into the quiet lanes once again, uneventfully arriving at the Red Lion and just in time to sit in at a full table. The meal was given a piquant, nautical flavour by the presence of a visitor in the uniform of a midshipman of the Royal Navy. Both our visitors (for there was one other) being sons of the Mullah.

After tea had been comfortably and speedily stowed away in Bristol fashion, conversation became general. In Russ Barker's corner of the

table we delved into the always interesting topic of cycle components, shapes of handlebar bends, new articles now coming in to the market, the merits of high pressures over Sprites, and discussed the scarcity still of many things, like favourite shapes of saddles, my favourite B.18 Ch. among them.

About 7-30 the company dispersed, and soon the Presider and I were well on our way to Knutsford, and enjoying riding behind the brilliant beam from the Presider's headlamp, recently acquired and being tried out along with the B.S.A. in preparation for the Easter Tour.

Quite soon our wheels brought us to Sale, where Bert and I parted company once again. As my mind's eye travels round the Club tea table in retrospect I see the following members: Stan Wild; Harold Catling; Will Orrell; The Mullah; Don Shaw; The President; Laurie Pendlebury; Percy Williamson; Russ Barker; and Alfred Howarth. And our "visitors" accompanying The Mullah, I find out now are not "visitors", but club members! We were pleased to have them with us.

Warrington, March 13th, 1948

This particular run cannot go down in the annals of the club as a great success. The town is not an ideal place to have a club run, and neither is the Lion a good venue from a cycling point of view, for while the food is excellent and enjoyable, it does not possess quantity, which is essential when you're cycling. The run, which includes a committee meeting prior to the meal, has been arranged at Warrington recently so that the venue could be equidistant for both Manchester and Liverpool committee men. To our regret today only two members from the City of Eternal Sunshine turned up, Bert Green and Stan Wild. The others came from Merseyside: Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, George Connor, Rigby Band, Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall and Frank Marriott. Jack Newton arrived for the meal, and made the number up to ten.

Woodbank, March 20th, 1948

The occasion of the first Wirral "25's", this, and a windy day. An afternoon when something rough in the way of westers came blustering across from the hills of Wales. According to our three riders, it made for hard going almost the entire distance. The course used started midway between the two Chester roads on the Wirral peninsula, and avoiding Chester, ventured to Handley for the turn before the same roads gave the finish just short of the start.

It was rising towards the hour of three when your Editor essayed forth on to breezy roads, and he didn't see another Anfielder—strange! Ken Barker—timekeeper for the occasion—overtook the scribe short of Willaston, and together they struggled to the high road, where the slight change of direction gave easier travel.

Peter Rock, decked all ready for the fray, was outside of the Yacht Inn, and Salty and Eric Reeves were just ahead. A drift to the start, and the three lads left us for the afternoon's adventure. Still no more Anfielders—

stranger still! Ken and I potted back to Two Mills, and over a cup of tea whiled away many minutes. Then to the finish.

Don Stewart (a new friend) was there, and he had been marshalling Backford Island, and reported a tricyclist (afterwards identified as Len Hill)—two more Anfielders, anyway. Then Peter moved into vision, a struggling, sweating figure heaving the wind away. He completed the distance in 1.7.54, and a really grand ride for the afternoon. Meanwhile, Eric and Salty had been struggling. Eric started one minute after the Maestro, and soon was thought to be on the point of passing him, but it was a feature of the event which did not materialise, and Salty had four seconds in hand on the road at the finishing point. Eric clocked second fastest with 1.9.54, and Salty third with 1.10.50. Grand rides, all, and if the quantity is not there, the quality is good.

Back at the Yacht Inn, the missing Anfielders began to roll up. Len Hill, per "barrer"; Ralph Fer and Tommy Mandall from Vicar's Cross Island; Arthur Williams and John Futter from the Whitechurch Road junction, and Ernie Davies with his better half and a friend from the turn. We were also delighted to see Harold Kettle, for it was his first time out on a machine for six months. The party was completed by a young friend from Irby, a protégé jointly of Salty and Cyril Selkirk.

The meal was a very jolly affair. The feeding was good, and as the food flowed (or was shovelled) cracks were flying. The Davies bloke seemed in particularly good form, and the Editor person suffered considerably. Soon after 7-30 we drifted home, slowly. Arthur Williams and our Irby friend accompanied Frank and Len and Don Stewart so far as Damhead-Lane, and the latter trio partook of tea and cake at the Editorial Office before seeking the ferry to Liverpool.

Chelford, March 20th, 1948

Our first club "25" was held on a bright day with a bracing breeze to challenge the riders. Our Manchester men were favoured with exposed roads, which enabled them to savour to the full the gentle zephyr, for the new J.5 course reaches high ground for a time trials route.

Starting a mile south of Monks Heath on A.34, the course includes a little diversion up the Siddington—Broken Cross road on the way to the Grove Inn at Congleton. At this point the Macclesfield road is taken through Gawsworth to the turn before the Rising Sun. This route is then retraced to finish in Old Mill Lane about three-quarters of a mile from the start.

Alfred Howarth was the first rider home with a 1.13.0, followed by Russ Barker, who had punctured, in 1.23.33. Don Shaw, riding gamely under difficult conditions, recorded 1.41.10. George Taylor failed to start.

About and performing more or less useful functions in the event were timekeeper Austin, Harold Catling, Bert Green, Jack Hodges, Laurie Pendlebury, George Taylor and Stan Wild. Bren Orrell's son deputized for Bren at the Grove Inn turn.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MAY - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

MAY, 1948

NUMBER 506

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- 1 Club '50'. Headquarters, Tarvin (Rambler Café).
8 Smithy Farm, Utkinton. Committee, 5-0 p.m., Tea, 6-0 p.m.
15/17 Whitsun Tour. Headquarters, Shrewsbury (Lion Hotel)
22 Rhydymwyn (Antelope) Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
29 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Goostrey (Red Lion)

JUNE, 1948

- 5 Highwayside (Travellers Rest). Committee, 5-0 p.m. Tea, 6-0 p.m.
12 Club '50'. Headquarters, Tarvin (Rambler Café)
-

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

Donald Stewart, 3 Hilda Road, West Derby, Liverpool 12. Proposed by J. R. Fer, seconded by F. Marriott.

Francis Michael Acton, 43 Hillcroft Road, Altrincham. Proposed by Russel Barker, seconded by Harold Catling.

Peter Baguley, 15 Hillcroft Road, Altrincham. Proposed by Russell Barker, seconded by Harold Catling.

RESIGNATIONS

The resignation of E. Batty has been accepted with regret.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

T. T. Samuel, 58 Thorn Lane, Roundhay, Leeds.

WHITSUN TOUR

To those staying at the Lion, please remember to take towel and soap, as they are not provided.

J. R. FER,
Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

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RACING NOTES

The results of the two Club "25's" held on April 17th are as follows:

Liverpool—

J. E. Reeves	1. 5.57	scratch
J. J. Salt	1. 7. 12	minutes
L. Walls	1.14.46	12 minutes

Manchester—

A Howarth	1. 7.15	scratch
Russ Barker	1.12.55	2 minutes
George Taylor	D.N.F.	7 minutes
Frank Acton	1.12.20	private trial
George Walton	1.17. 0	private trial (off course for many minutes)

Nearly four hundred entry forms have already been despatched to riders eager to compete in our "100". Many of them have been returned and a first class field is expected.

HAROLD CATLING,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

Several members will doubtless be surprised to find the "red slip" attached to the current number of this *Circular*. Several members are possibly still not aware that the club's financial year now ends on September 30th. Last year one in every six members had not paid his subscription when the auditors took over the books. So this apparently early reminder is made to give the members in question timely notice that less than five months is left to pay their due. So pay up, Anfielders, and look happy. Better late than never, but better still now than later.

J. R. BAND.

ANOTHER RECORD

The Mullah tells us that on March 6th, on the run to Goostrey with Alan and Keith they took four 'buses, a train, a taxi and they also walked nine miles. Alan, who is in the Merchant Navy not Royal Navy as stated, has crossed the Herring Pond eight times since last July.

ANOTHER GRANDFATHER

Norman Turvey relates, with delightful pride of manner, that he is the latest Anfielder to be a grandfather.

MISSING

We regret that no reports of the runs to Highwayside (April 10th) and Woodbank (April 17th) have been received. The first-named was a very enthusiastic outing, twenty-two members and prospectives being present.

Salty made the venue by way of Oswestry, Welshpool, Shrewsbury and Wem. The Woodbank run was notable 'cos Jimmy Long was out on a bicycle. Our old friend tells us that he hopes to make most of the runs—when he gets some feeling back into his legs!

EASTER ITEMS

Bert, Laurie and Frank had quite a pleasant surprise on Easter Sunday. They were at Lingen, midway between Leintwardine and Presteign. The Inn boasted a C.T.C. sign, and they knocked for some tea, as it was just on five. Frank looked at the bloke who opened the back gate, and thought: I know you. Then the innkeeper looked at Bert's badge and said: "The Anfield! I know Jack Salt!" Then the penny dropped, and your Editor was able to introduce an old friend—and a particular pal, of Charles Randall—to Bert and Laurie. Needless to say, we had a grand tea and chat, and can confidently recommend Baden Lewis and his little inn to all who call there.

There was much rivalry in the fast pack over the week-end, and at Knighton on Sunday, particularly smug gleams of satisfaction smiled on Eric and Peter's faces. Salty was somewhat later in coming in for lunch, but we've an idea that the old maestro had a little of his own back in the afternoon, but a hub gear is not—in our opinion—a valuable fitment when you're scrapping in hilly country with the lads.

INVITATION "100"

With this *Circular* is included the start and route card for yet another Anfield "100". Some problems arise in transporting the food out to the start from Shrewsbury town, and also in conveying the telephones and batteries to and from the finish. Anyone able to help in these tasks will find their labours much appreciated.

N.R.R.A. HISTORY

This issue of the *Circular* cannot be complete without some mention of the history of the Northern Road Records Association from 1890 to 1940, compiled by Tommy Barlow and recently published. Here, in much measure, is the history also of the Anfield, and hardly a page passes without a reference to the Club or one or other of our famous members. We have provided five of the eight presidents of the Association, and most (maybe all) of its secretaries have been Anfielders, too.

Many well-known names in Anfield history see the light again in these interesting pages, and it is good to read once more of Laurence Fletcher, D. J. Bell, F. H. Koenen, J. A. Bennett, "Doctor" Carlisle, E. Buckley, J. M. James, W. J. Neason, A. N. Deakin, Bob Knipe, Billy Toft, H. Hellier, R. A. Fulton, Teddy Worth, the Roskell Brothers, and a host of others.

May 6th of this year sees the forty-ninth anniversary of the celebrated Anfield "picnic", when four singles and two tandems beat standard time and gained the first fifty mile unpaced records in turn. Last month in these pages we noted the passing of J. E. Green, who was the final record beater on that notable occasion. Many other famous exploits are again re-told, and we confidently recommend this valuable book to every Anfielder, young and not so young. Copies are available from Rex Austin, at 88 Waterloo Road, Bramhall, Cheshire, and we understand the price to be one shilling, plus postage.

Lastly, but by no means least, we would like to congratulate Tommy Barlow on his fine work in collecting the multitude of facts and presenting them in such a readable manner.

EASTER TOUR

Good Friday, March 26th, 1948

The ancient inn that stands just off the high road on a lofty flank of the Kerry Hills was a Mecca for nine Anfielders today. Norman Turvey, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves had been out since Thursday. Norman had entrained at Paddington for Wolverhampton and near Bridgnorth had spotted ahead the one and only "Wayfainer". "I know those shoulders" muses Norman, and the two spent some pleasant hours crossing Shropshire to the Welsh border. Norman stayed with some friends near Chirbury, and Robbie at a cottage he wots of in that ancient village. Peter and Eric, together with Len Walls and Alfred Howarth, spent the night at Llangollen.

Soon after eight today Bert Green and Laurie Pendlebury ventured forth from the Manchester area, and made quiet progress through Whitchurch and Shrewsbury to reach the Anchor soon after seven. Norman met Ralph Fer and Tommy Mandall at Oswestry's Wynnstay for lunch, and the trio stuffed themselves with poached eggs and toast just short of Abermule before essaying on to the severe slopes from Kerry to the Anchor.

Salty, the eighth of our number, met John Futter at Pen-y-fford and made easy work of the miles to Corwen for an early lunch. Then came the Milltir Cerig, and the stiffish run through the wind and the Tanat Valley to Four Crosses for tea. Frank Marriott, after a latish start, made Gresford for lunch, Chirbury for tea, and was walking on the Anchor climb when Salty passed him, J.J. was thrashing his speed-hub for all he was worth, and so the editor of this journal was last to arrive.

Easter Saturday, March 27th, 1948

The morning might well have begun with tragedy, as one of our number (who shall be nameless) discovered by his enunciation of the word "breakfast" that he hadn't his teeth in. Being certain he had not removed them the evening before, a feverish and at first unsuccessful search of his bedroom and the bathroom followed—but no teeth. Could Frank's gibe be true

about the ease with which unauthorised swallowing could be accomplished? Another hectic search—ah, blessed sight—there they were under the bedclothes half-way down the bed. And so to breakfast.

A cross between morning haze and mist was about as we set the helm for Kerry, Newtown and Carno, and dropping down to Kerry certainly was a chilly job even for Turvey, who was the sole exponent of the fixed wheel in our party of six. The night before Salty had unburdened himself of the profound opinion 'that there were only three cyclists to-day in the Anfield'—HIMSELF, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves, and no amount of incredulity, argument or banter would budge him from his self-chosen perch of exclusiveness (to choose a polite word for it). So to-day the main party consisted of pushbikers only (the President among the demoted) whilst the three *cyclists* went off on a longer route of their own. By the time we reached Caersws the sun's warmth was there, and we dallied (like pushbikers you know) on the river bridge, in a tea-shop or in the inn opposite—as our fancy took us.

Arrived at the Aleppo Merchant we were joined by Robbie—staying in his usual cottage in Chirbury, and Jack Newton, who was week-ending with the Wheelers at Llangurig. The meal was first-rate and plenteous and what Robbie couldn't down in potatoes and another couldn't manage in peas were shovelled on to Salty's plate to try and make good the ravages of a morning's ride round mid-Wales with Peter and Eric.

About 3-15 Mandall, Fer and Turvey set sail for tea at Dolforwyn Hall, just north of Abermule, and the 15 miles or so took us a steady hour and twenty minutes of pushbiking; for the wind was quite strong but I don't suppose cyclists would have noticed it. Tea was good and welcome but slow in service, so we three started off on our own at 5-45 p.m. to try and regain contact with the Anchor by the appointed 7-0 p.m. However, a mile or so above Kerry the three CYCLISTS caught us, Peter and Eric streaking uphill on fixed gears with a superb riding action which was a joy to the eyes of one at any rate who until last night had thought himself a cyclist. Salty followed, 300 yards in the rear, nobly struggling but hopelessly handicapped for action by the box of tricks inside his rear hub.

Turvey was the first of the pushbikers to arrive (the sight of Peter and Eric fired him to the job of hill-climbing) and all were safely docked by 8-0 p.m. There followed another good dinner, yarning around the log fire and then all were in bed by a not unreasonable hour. A grand day in very lovely country.

Easter Sunday, 28th March, 1948

Had a good breakfast, and then, having allowed the three cyclists to get ahead we others followed at a more sedate pace. Frank's idea was to have elevenses at Leintwardine, but some rather sketchy map-reading landed us at Bucknall at about 12-10. The barman informed us that 12-30 was zero hour, but Norman's silver tongue procured the necessary and

there were three tea-tasters in an adjoining room. The dust was being washed down very nicely when Bert suggested a move, so the next was a "small" one for the road. We were taking the top off when Frank tried to scare us by saying "Wattle", but as Tommy and Ralph remembered his previous offer, still to be liquidated, we had to have another, and not a small one either!

The other three were getting thirsty watching us, so they cleared off and when we emerged Norman reckoned that we had about fifteen minutes in which to accomplish a large number of miles (not milds). However, thanks to some intelligent work with the maps we found a far better way to Knighton than the others had taken, and were only two minutes late at the Norton Arms. A good lunch in pleasant surroundings Tommy obliging very nicely in spite of its being Sunday in Wales, and then out to congregate on the bridge for discussing routes back. Frank wanted to see something or other and took Bert and Laurie, the energetic trio still had some sawdust left, while we three had ideas about studying the wonders of Nature from the recumbent position. We were interested spectators of some seagulls annoying a heron, and then found a grassy bank in the sun.

An hour passed pleasantly, and a gentle amble brought us to Beguildy where the 'local' furnished a good tea. St. Bartholomew doesn't shew an inn, proving he hasn't sampled the fare. Very clean and inviting, but we tore ourselves away and commenced the long drag into the hills. Saw a large forest fire a few miles away, possibly the one we had been told about that morning.

We were back in plenty of time, and the speed merchants weren't long after us, and then the waitress seemed to get anxious. It appeared that her boy friend was going back from leave on the following day, and she wanted to get out at eight o'clock that evening to meet him. As far as we were concerned she could have gone, but we waited for the others to return before having dinner. Got tired of waiting at eight, and started, and they eventually strolled in at 8-30 (for seven o'clock dinner). It appeared that they had met somebody who knew someone in the Club, and had stayed longer than they should, but in view of the concern expressed on the previous day about the possibility of being about half-an-hour late for dinner—well, I hope they were satisfied about doing the waitress out of her evening with her boy friend.

We adjourned to the lounge afterwards, and it was certainly very much cosier. There was some bright conversation, and Norman put forward some startling suggestions for getting the country out of the mess. I *almost* decided to volunteer for the mines, in fact if his ideas are put into practice I probably shall.

Easter Monday

At last! The weather, after an amazing spell of sunny conditions, broke, and we sailed for home in steady rain, although it lasted only until noon, and we were soon happy and dry again. Len Walls and Alfred Howarth

rode up from Clun Youth Hostel to join us at breakfast. First away were Bert, Laurie and Alfred for Manchester. Norman Turvey ventured with them so far as Craven Arms before continuing to Wolverhampton for the rattler to Paddington. The fast pack, with Len, hurried to Four Crosses for elevenses (at noon!) and they lunched at Llangynog before venturing on to Milltir Cerig and a run home by way of Corwen. Your Editor drifted home sedately and alone. Ralph and Tommy left the Anchor last and reached home first. How?

Rhydymwyn, April 3rd, 1948

After making a call at Chester, I proceeded to battle with the elements on the St. Asaph road. The long, straight bit bordering the airfield was very hard, but once I forked left on to the Mold road the wind seemed to take less of my attention as the countryside became more interesting. Mold was deserted for a Saturday afternoon. At the Antelope I found Arthur Williams, Donald Stewart, Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer and Rigby Band watching the Editor type, who was engrossed in mending a puncture.

The hostess seemed to be ignorant of our coming at first—that comes with Ralph sending his postcards too early!—and then, one by one, the party increased, with Frank Perkins, Ken Barker, Arthur Birkby, Peter Rock, Len Hill and friend Reg. Wilson putting in an appearance. It was a grand meal, egg on toast (lovely and fresh, not the much travelled variety) with loads of bread and jam and cake to fill up.

First away were Arthur Birkby, Rigby, Ken and Len Hill. The others started together a little later, but they were not en masse for long. Len Walls, Reg, Don and Peter streaked away on the hill in grand style, leaving the over-forties to pursue a much more leisurely pace.

Manchester Club "25"—April 17th, 1948

Despite the difficulties entailed in making mid-Cheshire by 3-30 on a Saturday afternoon, the Rudheath "25" course was well marshalled for our second Club event at that distance. That two young prospective members were eager to do private trials over the course suggests that our policy of holding club events at 25 miles may achieve its object in stimulating the recruiting of young members. Both youngsters acquitted themselves well in their efforts to emulate Messrs. Barker, Howarth and Taylor.

Mrs. Bates moved, plaid and unruffled as ever, through the sea of feeding cyclists which habitually floods Mount Pleasant Farm. The tea was ample, and enjoyed by the President, Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Alfred Howarth, Jack Newton, Bren Orrell (back from retirement)? Laurie Pendlebury, George Taylor and Stan Wild.

The Wheelers were also at Mount Pleasant, and after tea we were entertained by Jimmy Taylor re-living record attempts of the past and bemoaning the effects of the B.A.R. on the sport. Too soon came the

time to don our capes, and journey home through the intermittent rain.

(Note: The venue for the above fixture was changed from that as printed in last month's *Circular*, and we must apologise to George Molyneux, who ventured from Liverpool in such filthy weather to Chelford Island Café to discover no one there. Sorry, George!)

Utkinton, April 24th, 1948

All this, and heaven too! Wirral was wonderful this afternoon. These fields of Cheshire between the waters scintillated in new-born beauty, and a brisk north-wester from off the sea tanged the air with ozone and gave swift travel southwards. Frank Perkins met the Editor (who was tinkering with his pedal) at Two Mills, and the two, after a cup of tea, ventured quietly through Capenhurst. This most charming of Cheshire's villages was loveliness itself in the brilliant light. Eventually came Christleton, where an ancient lane leads past the Plough Inn, and in a mile or so drifted the heavenly spot where the three and ancient packhorse bridges span the low waters of the river Gowy.

Ten minutes or so, and once more the two were on the move, and ambling slowly on the narrow path towards civilisation again. The lanes then were smiling with blossom in bloom, and the smithy in the lea of the sandstone ridge looked down on the horde of Anfielders foregathering there for tea.

Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall, Don Stewart, Rigby Band, Arthur Birkby and Jack Newton were already installed, and revelling in boiled eggs—two each! Then the Presider, and—not particularly in this order—Harold Catling, friends Peter Baguley and Frank Walton, Russ Barker and Alfred Howarth. These latter two had been on one of their special training spins by way of Leek, Cheadle, Alton, Newcastle and Nantwich. Russ deserves a medal for the way in which he regularly turns up to endure a beating up from Alfred.

Strange, but it was the Liverpool folk who were the first away, although the two Franks—Perkins and Marriott—stayed until 7-30 to delight in a series of anecdotes which Russ and others contributed to a very interested audience. Then at last to pedal into the shadows and the cool wind coming from the setting sun. On Wirral once more, the orb had gone, and the trees which had been so delightful in the afternoon were lovely again, as delicate silhouettes traced against the deep blue of the receding light.

There was only one snag to a perfect afternoon. Frank Marriott had borrowed a saddle from Ralph Fer, a B.17 narrow, retrieved from a ten years' hanging in our Secretary's shed. At Two Mills ten miles out, it was comfortable, at Utkinton, after the roughish lanes, it wasn't. Chester came, and we were sorry that we had ever borrowed the wretched thing. At Two Mills Frank Perkins suggested a walk, and we strolled for a good half-mile. Then more purgatory before the long slopes of the Wishing Gate Hill loomed ahead; two miles and we were home. As this is written, the Editor is sure that he cannot attend any more Club runs until his own saddle is returned and repaired.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JUNE - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

JUNE, 1948

NUMBER 507

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- 5 Hatchmere (Forest Café)
7 Committee Meeting at 3, Whitechapel, Liverpool, at 7-0 p.m.
12 Club '50'. Headquarters, Tarvin (Rambler Café)
(Entries close June 5th)
19 Woodbank (Yacht) Holmes Chapel (The Hollies)
26 Middlewich (Woodlands, Nantwich Road)

JULY, 1948

- 3 Rhydymwyn (Antelope) Goostrey (Red Lion)
10 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey

Applications for Membership. Alan Bretherick, 31 Loreburn Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15. Proposed by J. R. Fer, seconded by F. Marriott. Victor Douglas Lambert, 10 Elmhall Drive, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, 18. Proposed by J. R. Fer, seconded by F. Marriott.

Membership Transfer. F. E. Bill has transferred from Full to Honorary Membership.

Change of Address. W. Orrell, Rock House, Upholland, near Wigan.

J. R. FER,

Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in 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.

JOTTINGS

Arthur Rogerson, of the Spen Valley Wheelers, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his first Anfield Hundred ride too well and not very wisely, we think. On Whit Sunday he rode in a Veterans' "50", and then came up to Shropshire to complete in our event! Observers noted his gear to be very low, and judging by his finishing time he only toured round.

Len Hill created quite a sensation with his tandem-barrow rigged up as a pantechicon. The first gasps of wonderment were heard from the Birkenhead ferry-boat on Saturday, and the last, presumably, when he docked at home on the Monday night.

We did hope to include in this issue a re-write of a paragraph which appeared in our August, 1932, number. It was intended to show how history repeats itself, and with very little alterations in wording the story could be told of Peter the Packer, the terrible tale of a tubby cyclist who just couldn't make (or take) it. However, we just haven't the space. So sorry!

Other Anfielders around the course on Whit-Monday, and who are not mentioned in the official report on other pages, were: Arthur Birkby and Ken Barker, marshalling near Llanyblodwell; Russ Barker and Len Walls, checking at Maerdy; Ernie Davies, checking at Onibury; Ira Thomas (where he was we just don't know); and George Molyneux, Percy Williamson, Bert Rourke and Frank Marriott at Llyncllys.

We are delighted to see how the "100" and Shrewsbury continues to be a Mecca for many Anfielders at Whitsuntide. Sid Carver blazed a Sabbath trail (with some rail help, and he hopes to be forgiven!) from Hull; Norman Turvey (yes, again!) from the wilds of east London, and Len Killip from the northern fringe of The Smoke. Syd Jonas and his good lady tripped from Chepstow, and Eddie Haynes and Rene ventured from their Stratford-on-Avon hideout.

It is good to see Jimmy Long out so regularly these days. Jimmy has equipped himself with a nice new suit and a lovely new bicycle complete with Four-speed Sturmey. If someone could persuade Charles Randall to do the same thing our cup of happiness would be full to overflowing.

Will you please take particular note that the run on June 5th is to Forest Café, Hatchmere, and not to Highwayside, as stated in the last *Circular*.

Despite the easterly drift of the wind in our "100" events in the last year or so, the times have been quite good, but we are anxiously waiting for the day when it will be cool and calm early on, with a nice, rising west wind to speed the riders from the top turn at Llanrhaiadr to the finish.

RACING NOTES

Competitors in future Club events are asked to submit their entry to the Racing Secretary on the Standard R.T.T.C. form. The closing date for entries will be the Saturday preceding the event.

Members wishing to receive starting sheets for the Club events are asked to advise the Racing Secretary accordingly, who will then be pleased to send them the last minute "gen" for each event.

It will have been noted that the word "Invitation" has been dropped when any reference has been made to our "100" in this issue and on the start card. As this event has cost us between £40 and £50 each year, at the last A.G.M. it was decided to charge an entry fee of five shillings per rider to bring our fixture into line with other noted hundred miles events. This does not, of course, apply to our Members competing.

HAROLD CATLING, *Hon. Racing Secretary*,
28, Tintern Avenue,
Manchester 20.

RACING RESULTS

Liverpool T.T.C.A. "Express" "50"		May 9th
M. Robinson	Birkenhead N.E.	2.8.6
J. E. Reeves	Anfield	2.16.54
W. P. Rock	Anfield	2.17.6
J. J. Salt	Anfield	2.17.59

WHITSUN TOUR, 1948

The Press seem to be agreed as to the glorious weather during this week-end, and as the majority of the people seen in town on the following day were displaying complexions several shades browner or redder than previously I see no reason to argue the point. There was certainly less rain on the Monday than two years ago.

Tommy Mandall was waiting at Thornton Road on Saturday morning when I arrived, and we proceeded to the eighth, where Ted Byron soon joined us. A "cuppa" at Two Mills took us through Chester—where Tommy objected to my traffic-dodging short cut—and we shewed Ted the inside of the Grosvenor Arms at Aldford. Unfortunately Threapwood let us down badly and our sandwiches were eaten "unaccompanied" but happily the *piece de resistance* came up to scratch and we were able to quench our thirst, by now very considerable, until 4-30.

Fourteen miles more saw us into Shrewsbury, where Len Killip was shop-window gazing with Jack Beauchamp and Mrs. B. A hurried wash, and then a short session with Mr. and Mrs. Syd Jonas before dinner. C. F. Elias, Frank Chandler, Bert Green, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Newton, Harold Catling and Stan Wild were also in attendance. The usual visit to the Chained Bull materialised afterwards, where "Kitty" officiated and Jack Salt found us, Mrs. Beauchamp displaying a profound knowledge

of fives-and-threes. Fish and chips delighted the way back to the Lion, where Norman Turvey was in residence with a fellow North Roader, Harry Meacock. The night porter did his stuff, and we sought our beds at a fairly respectable hour.

Sunday morning and the promise of another scorching day. The main party decided on Stokesay Castle for lunch, and a convenient bus was found for the ladies. Tommy, Ted, Norman and I were more for a quiet life, and, together with Meacock and another North Roader, Edward Marsh, headed north. We inspected part of the old course, and, with local assistance managed to ring up the Bear, Hodnet, and arrange for lunch. A pleasant ride, a laze in a field and a search for tea completed the afternoon, and after watching Marsh eat and eat and eat we rode the last few miles back to the Lion as though in a hurry. Apparently someone was thirsty, but I was decidedly damp on arrival, where George Connor greeted me. Amused to see Frank Chandler come in for one with Laurie in tow, the latter in shirt sleeves and looking as though Frank had been making him work.

Syd Jonas gave me some welcome assistance with the sweep, his wife drawing the horses out of her own hat. Sad to relate, one of the prizes went to a "foreigner", McQueen, of the C.R.C., the other lucky people being Salty, Tommy Mandall, Jack Newton and Ted Byron. The usual large collection of cyclists were about, including Eric and Peter, Ira Thomas, Ned Haynes, Don Stewart, Sid Carver and probably plenty of others that I've forgotten, so if those who are not mentioned in this scrappy account will let me have their names for the purposes of record I shall be grateful.

The evening passed quickly and pleasantly, and it was in the wee sma' hours when the last of us went to bed.

Monday morning and only half-awake when we got up at 4-45 for early breakfast. We reached the start in time to see Peter Rock being sent on his way, and stayed until No. 80 had started. Then to Rowton, to try and keep the riders from getting mixed up with the speeding buses. Luckily there were not so many juggernauts as last year, and our job was comparatively easy. Rex and Bobby Austin came along to take some photographs, and Jack Beauchamp came to give us a hand. An interested spectator was an elderly postman who had previously worked at Shawbury and remembered our event for the past 40 years. He made himself very popular by going up the hill to the pub for bottles of beer, and brought glasses as well. What the riders thought when I signalled them round the corner with a checking card in one hand and a glass in the other I leave to the imagination.

At long last our task was done, and we pushed into the strong wind to Shrewsbury and lunch. Another Anfield "100" had passed into history.

Congratulations to Eric on a good ride, and commiserations to Jack for puncturing. Hard luck that Peter didn't finish, but weeks of late work are not ideal training and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

Jack Pitchford and Bren Orrell were seen at the start, also Len Hill and prospectives Bretherick and Lambert, while Don Stewart and their Irby friend Reg Wilson, were to learn a few tips about handing up drinks. A notable absentee from Shrewsbury was Frank Marriott, who was operating from Oswestry.

Tentative arrangements were made for a party to go to the Bath Road "100" in August, and then we made our respective ways homewards, after a thoroughly enjoyable week-end.

OPEN "100"—WHIT MONDAY

In the still, listless light of a cool summer morning a group of Anfielders and competitors were to be seen wending their way southward from Shrewsbury just before 6.0 a.m. At one minute past that hour Stan Wild tolled the seconds: Five, Four, Three, Two, One—Go! and Peter Rock moved quickly on the road towards Ludlow. Another Anfield "100" was being written in the tome of cycling history.

For the early riders there was little breeze to help them on the hour's run to Onibury, yet as they were returning the merest vestige of a sticky breeze was increasing in intensity, and a hard finish was in the minds of all. Shrewsbury once again, and the turn westwards gave some easier miles as the riders hurried to the 50 miles point, where the check was being taken by George Brobyn of the Birkenhead North End C.C. Of the 97 starters, 92 passed the half-way mark. Fastest here was Harrison, 2.14.8; Hammond, 2.14.41; Preston, 2.15.14; Aspden, 2.15.43; Baines, 2.15.46; Riley, 2.18.11; Eric Reeves (Ours) 2.20.51; Salty (Ours) 2.22.27 and Peter Rock, 2.25.58.

Peter was still second on the road, but when he reached Rowton he saw Ralph Fer and Tommy Mandall with a glass each of something or other, and called it a day.

At Llyncllys, 64 miles, Hammond was fastest with 2.53.20; Baines close behind with a 2.54.0; Aspden, 2.54.30; Preston, 2.55.0; Riley, 2.58.0; Eric Reeves, 3.0.15 and Salty 3.4.0. For the riders then was the run to Llanrhaidr and return, a trip through the slightly climbing Tanat Valley with the wind, and a journey back into the easter.

The most remarkable ride on this stretch was beyond all doubt Riley's. He was back at Llyncllys, having covered 19 miles in 49 minutes 15 seconds! Hammond took 55.30; Baines 53.30; Aspden 55.20; Preston 60; Eric Reeves 56.15 and Salty 1.0.30. At this spot Riley (Nelson) was in the lead with 3.47.15, Baines a very close second with 3.47.30; Hammond 3.48.50; Reeves 3.56.30 and Salty 4.4.30.

The last 17 miles were trying. Through Llanymynech to Four Crosses it was descending and fast, but once in the Severn valley the wind was hard, and several slopes that would hardly be noticeable in a western wind reared to the sky line. On this stretch Riley, no doubt feeling his Tanat

effort, slipped back a little on Baines and Hammond, yet even then his second fifty was the fastest of all—2.19.56. Baines retained his margin over Hammond, and passed the post as winner of fastest time prize with 4.36.12. Hammond gained second place with 4.37.30, and Riley 4.38.7. Eric Reeves rode splendidly to form and timed 4.46.30, while Salty punctured somewhere between 85 and 90, and checked in with 5.4.58. The complete finishing sheet is included with this *Circular*. The team race was won by the North Lincs. Clarion with Aspden, Greenhalgh and Latham totalling 14.9.48. The evergreen Warwickshire Roaders were a close second with 14.14.47.

The first handicap prize was won by D. Devine of the Walton C. & A.C., one of the near-veterans of the event, who clocked 4.46.15, and with an allowance of twenty minutes, just scraped ahead of Craddock of the Warwickshire, and Greenhalgh of the North Lincs. Clarion.

This report of the "100" would not be complete without a very special mention of the tricycle prize winner. R. A. Petrie, of our very old friends the North Road Cycling Club, sped passed the timekeeper with the amazing figure of 5.9.47! At half-way, Petrie was down twenty seconds on Crimes of the Crewe Wheelers, but the North Roader, riding a superlative second half of 2.39.40, proved superior to the Crewe lad. Crimes' time of 5.13.29 was an immense improvement upon Petrie's winning ride of 5.16 last year.

Lastly, our grateful appreciation for assistance received in running the event is accorded to the Birkenhead C.C., Birkenhead North End C.C., Liverpool Century Road Club, Mersey Roads Club and Mid-Shropshire Wheelers.

RUNS

Highwayside, April 10th, 1948

The quiet high road through Chester and the fast few miles to Rossett loosened my limbs for the hillier bits through Wrexham, Ruabon and Cefn. Chirk behind me, pleasure really commenced. The southerly wind is trying, but the sun and blue skies keep me going. Oswestry astern, and blossom land is here. From the height above Llanymynech one sees blossom in wave after wave to all sides.

The Breiddens to the left, the tree clad ridge to the west, and one enters the gateway to delight. Pool Quay with the canal banks flower-clad, and the workers riding home welcomed me to Welshpool. There is a famous fish and chipper in Welshpool, Sammy, MacBrewster and Charles met us there some many Easters ago, and its wares are still of the same quality. Best of all, the service in and out is half-an-hour, very valuable on this fortnight's mental tour.

Retracing for some mile or so, a turn right over the Severn leads to the step-ladder of a road to Middletown. I had my own back this time, and Salop was reached in good galloping style. Remember the body last time, Pete? A halt for oranges. What a treat to be able to buy something without

coupons. Shrewsbury was busy, so out to Wem. Wind dead astern, and heigho for coffee and cakes in sleepy Wem.

Whitchurch soon slipped by, then a few minutes halt to watch a rugby game before Hinton Bank, Spurstow and Highwayside. What memories of many a bashing came back on that old "50" course!

The gathering was like old times with new faces. The Presider, Percy Williamson, Pendlebury, Wild, Catling, Howarth with three friends, Mandall, Reeves, Marriott, Salt, Stewart, Futter, Williams, Fer, Birkby, Barker and friend Wilson. That counts twenty. I cannot for the life of me recall the other two. (What about Walls and Hill?—*Ed.*)

Woodbank, April 16th, 1948

A shocking wet day. Being one of the unusual attenders, I forwarded a card signifying my prospective visit to your Secretary, who was conspicuous by his absence. Your Captain requested a write-up just as I was departing, he assumes a kind of superior air when giving his orders, and spits them out like a sergeant major. The chair was very ably taken by your vice-president, and your sub-captain had a broad smile on his face after he had collared the dibs!

A flavour of old times was ingrained into the proceedings by the resurrection of Jimmy Long, clad in a most desirable new cycling suit costing a fabulous sum of money. The Compleat Tourist also made one of his irregular visits. But where was your editor? A report stated that owing to the inclemency of the weather he had finished the run and stayed at home. It is to be hoped that he will be able to refute this slanderous assertion.

Those to whom credit for the run is due included Byron, Chandler, Futter, Long, Mandall, Perkins, Reeves, Rock, Salt, Seed, Selkirk and son, Stewart, Walls and Williams.

(Editorial Note: The uninformed will be glad to know that the Compleat Tourist mentioned above is one Frank Chandler. He is to be recognised by the marvellous manner in which he keeps his cycling suits so smush and so neat, by the very antiquity of his road sheets (they'll soon be old enough for the editor's collection of ancient maps) and, for the inevitable sniff of onions when our old friend was around. Where he gets them from we just wouldn't know!)

Utkinton, May 8th, 1948

It seems a pretty poor performance when three hours are allowed for a run that is only twenty-five miles distance from home, and then one is nearly half-an-hour late at the venue. Yet that is what happened today. In the heat of a brilliant May afternoon it was grand, drifting along the lanes of the Wirral peninsula. Two Mills—ten miles—a halt. Perhaps some one would show up, and while they were doing so a cup of tea would go down very well.

Twenty minutes later, and still alone, the ever graceful road to Capenhurst was wonderful, but on the eastern skyline leered the blackest of storm clouds, and it was drifting north-west. "If I get into that lot", I mused, "it'll take a lot of fun from the afternoon". So I switched away

from the road leading to the forest, and instead headed for Chester through the lanes.

Then, beneath a brightening sky, the medieval route across the pack-horse bridges gave smiling scenes again. I reached the high road near Duddon with nearly an hour to go, and Smithy Farm was in the shadows on the hill. A signpost: Bridle road to Willington and Kelsall. Now if there is anything to lure me from the straight and narrow it is the prospect of a trip along some bridle road.

The first mile was easy, until the cobbled yard of a farm came. A false start, and then a cowhand put me on the correct route, an old green road meandering through the charm of Cheshire. It was not rideable. The ancient path was ridged with the passing of many cattle. Walking eats up the minutes, but not the miles. Then came two barbed wire fences, which needed some acrobatics, an open field, and no path. I found a gate at the far corner which led into a lane, the lane crawled into a road, and the road climbed to Willington. And Willington, very eventually, gave way to Utkinton—at 5-25.

At six, the somewhat small committee was ballooned into an attendance of twenty. They appeared from everywhere. Ken Barker, Stan Wild, Frank Marriott, Percy Williamson, Jimmy Long, Alfred Howarth, Jack Newton, Arthur Birkby, Don Stewart, Harold Catling, Len Walls, Bert Green, Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall, Peter Rock, Rigby Band, Ernie Davies, Len Hill and two friends.

Twenty into a tiny room. Mrs. Badrock is to procure some elastic walls for our next visit. One of the troubles with such a large number is that you cannot expand as you would like when all the grand food comes along.

Jimmy Long and Arthur Birkby were first away, for a quiet drift home-wards before the lads started moving. One by one the others slipped away too, until only Peter, Frank and Ken were there to take a spot of pace from Len and Don. Grand riding it was, and when the youngsters got too fresh Peter called them back—he was racing on the morrow!

Rhydymwyn, May 21st, 1948

There were no cyclists at the Antelope today, yet all rode out on bicycles. Eric Reeves took the advantage of a free week-end to have an energetic week-end into Cardiganshire! Salty was out early for the Mountain Trial in the morning, and we had no news of Peter.

Thirteen found their way on a windy afternoon to this delightful corner of North Wales; Selkirk and son Keith, Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams, Jimmy Long, Len Hill and his two prospective members, Frank Marriott, Don Stewart, John Futter and friend Reg. Wilson. Another old friend of many present, Frank Lloyd of Star Crossing, also joined our company.

The editor, after a lone ride out, hoped for some company on the return, but it was not to be. He stayed talking for five minutes too long, and it was near Hen Corner before he overtook Jimmy Long again.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JULY - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

JULY, 1948

NUMBER 508

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

- 3 Rhydymwyn (Antelope) Goostrey (Red Lion)
10 Utkinton (Smithy Farm), Committee, 5-0 p.m. Tea at 6-0 p.m.
17 Woodbank (Yacht) Holmes Chapel (The Hollies)
24 Club '50'. Headquarters, Tarvin (Rambler Café)
31 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Prestbury (White House Café)
July 31/Aug. 2 Tour to Bath Road '100'.

AUGUST

- 7 Utkinton (Smithy Farm), Committee, 5-0 p.m. Tea at 6-0 p.m.

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

New Member Elected. Donald Stewart, 3 Hilda Road, West Derby, Liverpool 12.

Application for Membership. Reginald Wilson, 22 Laburnum Grove, Irby, Wirral. Proposed by C. Selkirk, seconded by J. J. Salt.

J. R. FER,

Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

There has been a fair response to the Red Slips, but more than 30 subscriptions are still outstanding for the current year. There are only three months to go. Please send the cheques along while you remember.

I receive several welcome letters from members, especially my own contemporaries. At present the pressure of studying for an examination prevents my replying to old friends whom I seldom see these days. In a few months I hope to be able to reply to these kind folks. Till then please know that you are not forgotten, and your letters bring back many happy memories on the road and off it.

J. RIGBY BAND.

EDITORIAL

This *Circular* is becoming more difficult to produce each month. Sometimes we have more than enough to fill eight pages, quite often we are short of material, and the austerity campaign has reduced the number of contributors considerably. We want more news—particularly from the Manchester area. The greatest difficulty is that writers will leave it until the very last minute before sending their accounts of Club run activities. This invariably means a chase round for stuff, on closing day, to complete the issue. If you like and appreciate this *Circular* please help to keep it going by sending your writings early and frequently. If you don't like the way we do the job, please write and say so, and tell us why.

NOTES AND NEWS

Would one of our Manchester members care to undertake the job of news-hawk for the City of Eternal Sunshine? We miss quite a lot of newsy-tit-bits and social chatter. A good deal of N.R.R.A. news does not see these pages at all, and some gossipy jottings about Manchester folk would enliven these pages very nicely.

Our sincerest wishes go to Arthur Birkby and his good lady, whose youngest child (a little girl) passed away very suddenly early in June.

It is good to hear of Jack Hodges out and about again after being laid up for a bit. Pleased to see you, Jack.

FRANK CHANDLER WRITES—

To say that he arrived in Dublin early in June, and had breakfast with the O'Tatur. Our very old friend wishes to be kindly remembered to the Club, and especially to the McCanns, Johnny Band, Dave Rowatt, Jimmy Williams, and Powell. The O'Tatur looks the picture of health, and there is no difference in the last ten years. Frank's card comes from Cork, when he was ten days out. He was on a three-weeks tour via Killarney and south Cork coast, and returning via Limerick, Athlone, Cavan and through the Monaghan highlands to Belfast.

CONGRATULATIONS

We would like to congratulate Eric Reeves in walking off with the first handicap in the East Liverpool "50" on June 6th. Eric finished a grand ride with 2.14.31, and an allowance of eight minutes gave him fastest nett time by more than half a minute.

SECOND "50"

This event, which was to be held on June 12th, was cancelled owing to lack of support. This is an unusual—and unfortunate—position to be in, but the cause can be attributed to the war, when little or no recruiting to our ranks took place. We are delighted to see a gradual improvement in the numbers of our younger and more active members, and we hope that soon none of our time trial fixtures will be cancelled for lack of support. The above should not lead to the conclusion that we have no active riders. Eric Reeves, Peter Rock and Salty are going great guns, but they have a sufficient number of engagements in association and open events. Those members who were not advised of the cancellation, and who were out on the course, should apply to Ralph Fer for the credit of a run.

NORTH COUNTRY DAYS

On a showery and breezy Sunday just a year ago, a very ancient Morris chugged a noisy way northwards on the busy route from Merseyside. Strung to the spare wheel was a bicycle. Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, swiftly the miles passed. Then came the fearsome slopes to the delightful spot where you glimpse the shining waters of Lake Windermere. The Morris shuddered at their sight, but struggled up them all. Ambleside, Grasmere, Dunmail Raise, Keswick—the end of the journey, for the car.

In the loveliness of that Sunday evening hopes were high. The home folks were left, with the wagon, at a boarding house on the outskirts of the town. The bicycle was unstrung, tyres inflated. The roaring wester chased great cream clouds across the blueness of the sky. The hills looked more wonderful than ever in the light. Prospects of splendid cycling were never brighter.

In that half-gale there was only one way to travel—due east! The road to Penrith was new—and grand. Even in the wester some of the hills needed trudging, yet how good it was to sail up the easier slopes, and wing with the wind on the descents. Life had never been lovelier for a long, long time. Gradually came the summit, and the opportunity (which wasn't taken) of a trip to Ullswater. Came charming Greystoke, cornering around the road and between the castle and the church. Penrith then didn't seem so far away.

The time was nearly nine. The evening was glorious; yet, and as the little town was full of lorries, the road drifted—still wind assisted—into the heavenly Eden Valley. Temple Sowerby looked a good village for the night

but the hotel was full, and the other inn had no beds for temporary disposal. Neither had any other house to Appleby. The hour then was ten, and in the shadows it seemed late for bed searching, but the Kings Head rose nobly to the occasion at the first try. A stroll around the town in the last light of a heavenly day, and then rest.

Superb once more was the Vale of Eden in the newness of another dawn, and from A.66 lanes drifted in delightful fashion to Kirby Stephen. Monday, and market day. Here a "date" with a farming relative, and lunch. Early afternoon gave Brough-under-Stainmore, and from the curving street of grey houses the road lifted to the high horizon. Most of the climb was walkable, yet how delightful to stroll at the wayside and watch the sunlight and cloud shadows cast fanciful patterns on the bright green hillside.

A mile short of the crest a transport café provided egg on toast, tea, cake, and an interesting chat with a lone lorry driver, whose sole job in life was to wear a solitary furrow in the roads between London and Glasgow. Reys Cross gave some flinging miles across the windy moorland to Bowes, a swift glimpse at the river Greta beneath its bridge, and in an hour came Scotch Corner, surely one of the most blatant cross roads in all the land.

A.1 was far too hectic, and a lane led eastwards. Middleton Tyas is a lovely village. The cottages have those rippling red roof-tiles so common to the east coast from the Clevelands to the quiet lands of Suffolk, and the gardens were grand.

Bye-roads meandered eastwards in leisurely fashion. The wind had dropped, and rain threatened to spread from the south-west. Some fast miles on the Darlington-Northallerton road came with a shower. More lanes, and from the Inn at Appleton Wiske the heavenly (to an Anfielder particularly) scents of fried home cured ham and eggs wafted through the open door. But no meal, no bed, for the traveller. No hope, either, until the main road came again, and it was a hungry journey through the grey and rainy night.

The inn on another highway to Northallerton offered hope, but little more, and a 'phone call to the Queen Catherine Hotel at Osmotherly gave a lingering and (it seemed) reluctant affirmative to plaintive pleadings. Supper was a pint of shandy and a plate of sandwiches—a grand conclusion to a very happy day.

Tomorrow offered roads new and explorations grand. The Old Thieves Road along the hilltop would surmount Black Hambleton before drifting in quiet mood to the hotel at the top of Sutton Bank. Another hillcrest was ready to give a swift drop to a valley, and a winding road was to lead to Rievaulx—most wonderful, surely, of all these Yorkshire abbeys. And from Ryedale there would be hills to ripple to the sea, to Whitby.

MILES

The cancellation of the fifty on June 12th was a god-send to the three Cyclists (*vide* Salty's assertion on the Easter Tour). The trio took advantage of the opportunity to do a spot of super-touring as a change from the incessant racing which modern summers demand from the keen time-triallist. The twins had a week-end in mind, but the Maestro himself put a respectable two-days' potter into one. We haven't seen him, and we haven't actual news of his exact route, but various reports suggest something very energetic. First news comes from the Four Crosses direction, then Salty was seen in the Machynlleth district (presumably by way of the slopes of Bwlch-y-Fedwen). Via Bala came Ruthin, and two friends reported the struggle of Bwlch-y-Parc to the Clwyd Gate. Would he walk and have a nice saunter to the summit? Not he! A swift run to England again brought a meeting with Ernie Davies at Willaston in the evening before the last miles on the high road to Heswall.

Peter and Eric have a merry tale to tell. Their week-end was of "blood and toil and sweat and tears". After work and tea on Friday, Shrewsbury saw them for the night—just a nice pipe-opener before the serious work of the week-end. It was neck and neck on the Bridgnorth road in the morning, and pools of blood are still drying on the accursed crest of Harley Bank! Then Clebury Mortimer came (was there a halt for a glance at the quaint and crooked steeple?) before Tenbury, and a run down the hard road which tumbles unconcernedly in fierce fashion on the south side of the Teme valley. In the last light came the Faithful City, and an easier road to Alcester and Stratford for the night. Shakespeare's town is not far from Snitterfield, the Warwickshire home of Eddie and Rene Haynes, and Sunday morning was spent very delightfully with her ladyship. (Eddie was out.)

Noon saw the start of the long ride home. Warwick looked good, and Peter, we know, would have loved a saunter around the ancient town, but the miles to do were many, and Eric was as relentless as ever. Through Kenilworth they came to Stonebridge, and the rippling road leading past Coleshill led to Lichfield, and, very eventually, they reached home at 11-0 p.m.

MISSING

Those who were at Parkgate on May 29th will be sorry to see that no report of the run is included in this issue. Your Editor wasn't there—his sister had just returned from Eire and had promised something really special in the way of a meal. Ralph Fer asked Jimmy Long to do it, but Jimmy's defence was an ultimatum long since delivered to the Editor, "if I come out again, I'm not writing any club run accounts." No one else would play either. It only remains for the Editor to apologise for the incompleteness and to say that he has accepted Jimmy Long's condition of return.

Goostrey, May 29th, 1948

A journey to Goostrey on the club-run is always comfortably uneventful. Am I tempting Providence by making such a statement? I don't doubt on my next visit to the village I shall either badly tear my cape or collect anything but an ordinary puncture!

Were I a Wild (Stan, not Oscar) a Salt or a Carver, possibly I might make something, in fact I'm sure I should make a highly diverting account of this quite ordinary material. But it's very pleasant to go to the Red Lion, though the number of members on this occasion was not one of our best efforts. We can do better than a turn-out of nine at Goostrey.

Peter and Len Walls arrived punctually after a day out visiting almost every town and village in Cheshire. I left home with time to burn, and came up with our President in Sale, where we jointly and quietly carried out the run to the venue. Of the usual good fare which appeared on the tea table there is little need to speak. It vanished in the same record time in any case. And the Mullah arrived just in time to see it disappear completely.

Rex passed round some very excellent photographs which he had taken during the Whitsun week-end, and a further hour passed quickly talking round the table before we prepared to depart. Rex found his rear tyre flat, and proceeded to discover the cause, and I don't think, on reflection, that any of us were much use to him. He could have made the repair more easily without our presence and unasked-for advice. Someone even removed the seat he was using. Due solely to his own dexterity the job was soon completed, and he and the rest were quickly on the way home. A pair of gloves would have been welcome on the journey. It was extremely cold to the hands, but mine were where the dutchman left his anchor. However, we seemed to be quickly in Sale, where I parted from our President and continued the journey alone, another very happy run towards the thousand. The members present were: H. Green, Rex Austin, Stan Wild, The Mullah, A. Howarth, Wilf Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, Peter Rock and Len Walls.

Tarvin, June 12th, 1948

What a glorious day, and didn't the weather bring out the traffic, it being the first decent Saturday since petrol rationing was restored. Even the pitch came to the surface on the main roads to see what it was all about.

On leaving home about 2 p.m. I meandered along through Lymm, Stockton Heath and so to Frodsham for a customary cup of tea. After a short walk up the hill, I rode Chesterwards until the Tarvin signpost was reached on the left. By this time the traffic on the Warrington—Chester road was very busy, and I was not sorry to leave it and carry on through Alvanley, Manley and Mouldsworth to Tarvin, reaching the café about 5-20 p.m.

Already there were Jack Hodges, friend Reg Wilson, Tommy Mandall and Ralph Fer, and we all sat down to one table. Ralph mentioned that Tommy and he had seen C. F. Elias on the way, our West Kirby member being under the impression that the "50" was an event for the afternoon.

About 5-45 p.m. the President came in with Jimmy Long and Len Walls, and Bert said that he had forgotten that the joint runs started at 5-30 p.m. instead of half-an-hour later. The café was quite busy, unlike our previous visit, and after tea a move was made into the garden at the rear, where discussions were carried on until about 7-15 p.m., when the party broke up.

Ralph and Tommy, who were staying out for the night, and the other Liverpool gentlemen, went Chester way and the Manchester men the other.

After a few miles Jack Hodges had a puncture, but considering that he also was staying out at Whitegate for the night, the President and I carried on to the Windmill at Over Tabley. On resuming the road a cool breeze had sprung up, and we lost no time in arriving at Sale, where the writer (Jack Newton) rode on alone to Urmston for 10-0 p.m.

Woodbank, June 19th, 1948

It's a wonder someone didn't say "Ichabod!" today. A short run, nice to the mature, leisurely folks, yet not so tasty to the energetic lads who want a more distant venue, was enlivened by an attendance of seventeen. Double the distance and you'd probably halve the number. Where is the glory going to?

The bloke with the greatest mileage to his credit was George Connor, all the way from Southport and never a word about the train. The others were Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, Ernie Davies (on a 'bus, shame him!) Don Stewart, Reg. Wilson, Eric Reeves, Jimmy Long, Cyril Selkirk and Keith, Arthur Williams, friend Don Smith, John Futter, Alan Bretherton, Victor Lambert and Ted Byron.

Ernie started the conversation rolling by giving a vivid demonstration of how to whistle carpets from mid-air (or nearly, anyway) by greasing the palm of the store attendant with five bob. Then Arthur Williams, with eyes afire, wanted to know from the Editor bloke why he wasn't informed of the "50" cancellation. "I waited on that Whitchurch-road island for hours!" And pleasant it was for Frank to inform him that he also didn't know anything about it until the day after, when a chance meeting with Cyril Selkirk on the Sunday evening gave all the news.

The run out was delightful. Tommy Mandall told tales of swift miles and many halts, on the trip from Heswall. "I stopped at the Clegg Arms. My watch had stopped, and I wanted to put it right!" That—from Tommy. And you are asked to believe it! Ralph was giving a tandem a spot of pace

until he overtook Frank not far from Hen Corner, when the twicer managed to leap ahead. Don Stewart and Reg. Wilson were lounging at Two Mills when they should have been shoving some miles into their young legs, and the others joined them in a cup of tea. Then an easy drift to the Yacht just in time for tea.

We regret not having received accounts of the runs to Hatchmere (June 5th) and Holmes Chapel (June 19th). It is hoped to include reports of these activities next month.

RACING RESULTS

West Cheshire "50", June 20th, 1948

J. J. Salt, 2.15.40; Eric Reeves, 2.16.50; Peter Rock, 2.17.42.

We are very pleased with Salty's performance. It is the best ride he has done for some time.

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July

31 Parkgate (Deeside Café)

31/Aug. 2 Tour to Bath Road "100".

Aug.

7 Utkinton (Smithy Farm). Committee, 5-0 p.m. Tea 6-0 p.m.

14 Rhydymwyn (Antelope). Goostrey (Red Lion)

21 Tarvin (Rambler Café)

28 Beeston Brook (Holmes Café)

Sept.

4 Rhydymwyn (Antelope) Goostrey (Red Lion)

11 Club "50" Headquarters: Rambler Café, Tarvin

13 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
(not 6th instant, as originally arranged for)

COMMITTEE NOTES

6, Heathfield Road, Bebington, Cheshire.

New Members elected: Alan Bretherton, 31 Loreburn Road, Wavertree, Liverpool 15. Victor Douglas Lambert, 10 Elmhall Drive, Mossley Hill, Liverpool 18. Reginald Wilson, 22 Laburnum Grove, Irby, Wirral.

Application for Membership: Donald Smith, 8 Christchurch Road, Birkenhead. Proposed by A. Williams, seconded by W. P. Rock.

Officers: The Committee have appointed W. P. Rock, 13 Bolton Road, Port Sunlight, to act as Hon. Racing Secretary, and K. W. Barker to act as Hon. General Secretary. The resignation of Mr. Harold Catling from the position of Hon. Racing Secretary has been accepted.

K. W. BARKER,

Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

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EDITORIAL

A letter from our old friend W. J. Finn, of Dublin, and a post-card from Norman Turvey, give quite an Irish tang to our Journal this month. We did hope also to include an account of a trip which thrilled while the last issue was being printed, a wonderful journey giving the sombre delight of Wicklow's Glendalough before the sunlight and spray scintillated above the heaving waters of Bantry Bay. Next month, perhaps, we will find room for it.

A POSTCARD FROM NORMAN TURVEY

From Grandpa Turvey comes a picture of Cromwell's Bridge, Kenmare. (Bet you haven't seen it, Norman!)

"Enjoying a splendid cycling holiday in superb touring country scenically. Last time I was in S.W. Ireland was with Frank Chandler in 1934 I think, and I gather from the *Circular* that he is (or has been) over here, too. Cork, Inchigeelagh, Bantry, Glengariff, Castletown, Berehaven, Adricole, Healy Pass, Kenmare, Sneem, Molls Gap, Kenmare—so far. To hell with the R.T.T.C. and its overful racing programme. Regards to all Anfielders. From Grandpa Norman Turvey and gallant Grandma!"

Norman asks if we would like an account of his trip for the *Circular*. Of course we would! Grandpa's tour overlapped your Editor's to a considerable extent, and his postcard brought back wonderful memories of the Kenmare River under a brilliant blue sky and a heaving nor-wester, but his impressions we know will be completely different.

CORRESPONDENCE

We are pleased to print the enclosed letter from W. J. Finn. Years ago Finn's letters were a regular feature of the *Circular*, and it is delightful to realise that our old friend has not forgotten us.

16 Old Finglas Road,
Glasnevin,
Dublin.

1/7/1948.

Dear Mr. Band,

Anfielders on tour in Co. Mayo can "talk shop" with one Thos. Coucill, proprietor of Humbert Inn, Castlebar—a close scanner of badges with a knowledge of time-trialling in Cheshire and Shropshire generally, and the Anfield "100" in particular. He did not appear to have noticed that I wore the Anfield button in addition to my I.R.C. badge, nevertheless, his reminiscences dated approximately from the decline of Bren Orrell and the rise of Jack Salt to the outbreak of war. Incidentally, that factor made me realise that a greybeard would find it difficult to dovetail his memories of many pleasant Anfield excursions with the more recent data of the Humbert's new English landlord. I retired from the racing game in 1933,

Coucill talked a lot of "the doings" at Shawbury and what he called the "new course" (twice round the large Shropshire triangle). He did not mention the present Border country course, nor did he know of the post-mentioned in the June *Circular*.

I had not previously known of that "character". Boniface did not appear to know of another character—the Hon. Pointsman of Prees Green, 1920/1930—who often waved me on when crawling painfully around the old course and the new course of that decade.

Anyway, Coucill keeps good liquor in one of the few good pubs in Castlebar.

Yours truly,

W. J. FINN.

J. R. FER

Owing to a change in his business arrangements Ralph Fer has had to resign from the position of Hon. General Secretary. We understand with regret that we shall see much less of him in the future, but this opportunity cannot be allowed to pass without a sincere acknowledgment of his help and friendliness in past years.

THE "12"

The Committee desires it to be known that the promotion of the "12" for this year, which was scheduled for August 22nd, has been cancelled.

At the July Committee meeting a letter was read from Harold Catling, Hon. Racing Secretary, who, it is now understood, is in poor health, which gave the impression that very few preparations had been made for running the event.

Mr. Catling also stated that he could not be responsible for the appointment of checkers and marshals. This task usually falls to the Captain, but owing to extreme pressure of business, which has continued all summer, Peter Rock felt that he could not adequately perform the duty this year, and accordingly in early June he asked the Hon. Racing Secretary to undertake this part of the promotion.

As no entry forms had been issued—it is believed that they had not been ordered from the printers—and as no experienced member was available to take over the position of chief marshal, it was deemed desirable to abandon the event this year rather than risk a possible fiasco.

The fact that the Tricycle Trophy was to have been competed for in this fixture made the decision to cancel the more regrettable, but at the same time inevitable, for there was more need to ensure perfection in the arrangements.

As has been noted elsewhere in this issue, the resignation of Mr. Catling from the position of Hon. Racing Secretary has been accepted. We wish him a very speedy recovery from the indisposition which keeps him to his bed.

RUNS

Middlewich, 26th June, 1948

It was so long since I had attended a Club run that when at last the opportunity arrived, I hesitated about going, as I was afraid I might not be recognised. However, meeting Stan Wild in town in the morning settled the matter, so after failing to find a companion, I pursued a pleasant and uneventful course by Wilmslow, Mobberley and Lower Peover. (This peculiar route was conditioned by a search for tyres). Arriving at Woodlands, two young Liverpudlians were already there, and others gradually arrived, to a total of ten.

It was learned the Presider had already fed and departed, *en route* for his annual holiday. Oddly enough, the only member who I was sure was coming—Stan Wild—did not appear. The assembly was unusual as it contained nearly as many friends (and one hopes 'prospectives') as members, but it was unfortunate that on such an auspicious occasion we had not an exhibition of our more interesting members and period pieces to lay before them. Holidays and racing on the morrow were mainly responsible. The homeward way of the five Mancunians was pleasantly wind-assisted and the threat of rain just failed to materialise.

Present were: The Presider, A. Howarth, J. Newton, L. Pendlebury, R. Wilson, and G. G. Taylor. Also A. Bretherick and V. Lambert (who are nearly members) and P. French, D. Smith and R. Wilson (friends). Apologies in advance if any of these have been placed in the wrong category.

Rhydymwyn (Antelope), July 3rd, 1948

Over ten years ago a young enthusiast entered the sacred precincts of the mighty and was much impressed by the distinguished gathering of over 30 members. True it was that some had come by car, some by train, and a few had cycled; but they were all cyclists, and maturity and experience, youth and enthusiasm made a perfect blend to whet the appetite of an embryo racing-man. The future looked full of promise.

To-day I was fulfilling a promise to my young cousin to introduce him to the doyen of bicycle clubs as soon as he took delivery of a new bicycle. Weeks of anxious waiting were filled with stories of the deeds of famous members—and the people he would meet when eventually he ventured forth. At last "it" arrived, in brilliant hue and sparkling. A few minor adjustments to saddle and handlebars and we faced a troublesome wind towards Liverpool Pier Head.

On boarding the ferry we were pleasantly surprised by Peter Stevie, who was on leave from Berlin. A sedate ride to Two Mills and a welcome halt for a "cupper" didn't produce any others of our ilk. The breeze was still troublesome and Peter, who like myself, hadn't ridden for some time, had to resort to the "hooks". John, comfortably tucked-in behind, sat up and enjoyed himself.

The decision to go through Northop resolved itself into a map reading exercise and we are ashamed to report that we got lost. It's a good thing that nobody had a compass otherwise we should probably have been much later than the quarter of an hour we wasted.

A hair-raising descent and the "Antelope" came in sight—through the window it appeared to be a good turn-out and I thought that my background picture-painting would be justified, but alack and alas, after much recounting only six bicycles could be found in the shed.

Two quick pints, a cyder for the lad, and we joined the eaters:—Vice-President Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, John Futter, Donald Stuart and a friend. Young John proved himself to be a trencherman and kept pace with Peter and the writer, both proved performers, through mounds of rabbit pie, bread, jam and cake.

No session followed when a youngster could mingle with the mighty and skirt the fringe of cliques of wise men, picking up a tip here, or mentally noting an opinion there, and all the time breathing a faint odour of 4X and onions, but instead we quietly mounted and rode away thankful that the wind was helpful.

Tommy Mandall guided us to Northop and then an easy ride to the Shrewsbury Arms where after a short interlude we left the V.P. and once again were three.

The novice, with magical flicks of a trigger, led us a merry dance to the ferry, where we parted after a very enjoyable afternoon, but (who am I to preach?) nevertheless a disappointing one.

(We regret very much that Peter Stevie, after the Rhydymwyn run, was recalled to Berlin after only five days leave. We did hope to see him and have a chat and we can only wish for better luck next time—for him and us—Ed.)

Goostrey, July 3rd, 1948

It is always a treat to have tea at Goostrey. It has that atmosphere of delight present when tea is served at a well-kept pub, by a hostess who is interested in the traveller and wishes him well on his journey.

It is a meal such as provides the high light of a long day on the road when one begins the journey after breakfast and achieves many miles before lunch. During the afternoon something of the life goes out of the bicycle, the hills drag, the limbs are a little weary. Then tea at the right place. Plenty to eat and lashings of refreshing liquid. Once on the road again all the early morning freshness is revised, the machine runs beautifully, the wind has fallen and one swears it is the best part of the day.

Wilf Orrell was first at the Red Lion, making a Club run from the Wigan district and was soon joined by Jack Newton and Percy Williamson. A few minutes later Stan Wild and Laurie Pendlebury arrived. Then Len Hill and Rigby Band followed by Alfred Howarth and a friend, and as we made a move to go indoors Rex Austin rolled up by car, making a

detour from a business visit in Altrincham. Inside the house we found Harry and Mrs. Wilson, whom we were pleased to have with us for tea. Harry said it was his first Club run in four years, and naturally he had much to tell us. In fact he did not finish telling us, so we hope it will not be a further four years before his next appearance.

On the journey home we met many of the local racing men making for Bates's to be on the spot for the open "100" the following morning.

How easy to wish them a cheerio and good luck, whilst we proceed towards our comfortable beds, from which we shall not rise until they have laboured over many miles. Had we known what the elements had in store the following morning, our sympathy would have been greater, but there was no sign of the deluge to come as we rode along in the pleasant evening sunshine.

Our fickle climate gives no warning.

Only Manchester's erected standpipes can do that.

Holmes Chapel, July 17th, 1948

The morning was bright and gave promise of a fine day and the early afternoon, though dull, was pleasant enough. An easy run through the quiet lanes via Mobberley, Chelford, Lower Withington and Radnor Bank to Somerford and a welcome cup of tea, brought me to The Hollies on the dot of 5-30, to find four other members already there, ensconced in the sitting-room with a nice fire burning. Russ Barker recovering from a dose of tonsillitis, had been having his usual Saturday run round the country, and Alf Howarth was anxious to get a time for the "25". We all adjourned to the dining-room, where we were served with a capital meal, of the kind which it is understood appeals to the majority of the members, of a quantity in excess of our capacity, and at a price at which no one can grumble these days. Whilst we were at table, Laurie Pendlebury came along and after him Don Shaw, making a total of seven against five ordered for—not a large enough number, but a refreshing improvement on the attendance at this fixture in June, when twelve were ordered for, and two arrived. This, in my opinion, is a house that should be cultivated—the food is excellent, the accommodation vastly superior to most that we have to put up with, and the atmosphere friendly and welcoming.

Whilst we fed the rain came down steadily and it was obvious that the morning had flattered but to deceive. Nevertheless, Alf wanted his timed ride, and he was dispatched on the veteran's course, the others present having volunteered to check and time him. He did 1.7.25, a very good ride in the circumstances. During the ride and indeed until we docked at our respective homes, the rain continued to come down relentlessly, so that all were considerably moist.

The members present, besides those already mentioned, were the President, Jack Newton and Percy Williamson.

Utkinton, July 10th, 1948

When a Committee meeting is arranged for 5-0 p.m., there is little one can do but ride directly to the venue. At Tarvin I actually managed to overtake Reg. Wilson. He was dawdling. I was trying, and after having had him in sight for four miles he turned round, spotted me, and dawdled all the more.

He was glad. I could shew him the exact whereabouts of Smithy Farm, and then in the hour before tea he could go for an exploratory ride of this delectable part of Cheshire. He didn't, though, it was much easier and just as pleasant to stay chatting with the lads.

At 6-0 Anfielders and friends (mostly Anfielders) began to pour in: Jack Newton, Arthur Birkby, Frank Perkins, Ken Barker, Peter Rock, Frank Marriott, Tommy Sherman and his cousin, Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams, Jimmy Long, Rigby Band, Percy Williamson, Laurie Pendlebury, Bert Green, Ralph Fer, Len Walls, Don Smith, Reg Wilson, Cyril Selkirk and Keith, Victor Lambert, Alan Bretherton, and two youngsters whom we have seen before. That counts 25, and how they all got into the place we just wouldn't know. Peter had to keep his elbows down while the Editor plied his, but all were fed well, even Peter.

The scrubbing of the "12" cast a cloud on what would have been a very happy meeting, but most realised that it is the lesser of two evils to be under the shadow now, rather than be responsible for an event that failed.

It was a pleasant evening, and one by one, or two by two, we drifted home.

Yacht Inn, Woodbank, July 17th, 1948

This run was arranged to include the running of a "25" for the youngsters, and Eric Reeves, the lad "wot won't grow up", also had a try to test some new wheels he has acquired. The afternoon had a southerly wind, which turned to rain as the competitors were returning. Five started: John Futter, Len Walls, Reg. Wilson, Don Stewart and Eric Reeves.

Quite a number of members were around the course. "Ginner" Williams had a little time trial to himself as he battled to reach the turn on time. Peter Rock, Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherton, Jimmy Long, Salty and Frank Marriott were the others.

Futter was off first, and followed at minute intervals by Wilson, Walls, Stewart and Reeves. Futter, who is Salty's protege, took his mentor's advice and geared low—71½. Wilson heaved a 79 around. Reg. caught John in a very short time, but he couldn't drop him properly, and the two scrapped round the course to last the distance without any distress and also clock some exceptional times. We are particularly pleased with them, and can only ruminate somewhat ruefully how difficult it was for us to reach the 1.7 standard!

Eric Reeves was overgeared on 83. Len Walls improved considerably, and Don Stewart was unfortunate to be recovering from a dose of tonsillitis on the occasion of this, his first race. It was keen of him to try.

1.	R. Wilson	11 h'cap	1.7.6	actual time.
2.	E. Reeves	scratch	1.7.56	
3.	J. Futter	11 h'cap	1.8.8.	
4.	L. Walls	7	1.12.2	
5.	D. Stewart	11	1.19.25	

The party was completed by the arrival of Harold Kettle, whom we were very delighted to see, and George Connor, who had to trundle it from Southport. We understand that Len Hill arrived later, but we did not see him.

CLUB "50". JULY 24th

Six entries, three youngsters and three of the old hands. The times were excellent, because a sticky south wind made conditions hard from Backford in Wirral to Grindley Brook, a sickening slog of more than 20 miles into a very thick breeze.

Alfred Howarth, on the three minute mark, pipped scratch man Eric Reeves to the post with a splendid ride of 2.20.40 against Eric's 2.20.46. Another good performance was achieved by Reg. Wilson, who last week completed his first "25" in 1.7.6. and now his first event at double the distance is timed in at 2.26.43. Two really excellent rides these, and the old stagers can soon look forward to leaving the Club's racing name to the younger folk. Salty was third fastest, while Russ Barker was a shade outside of even time. Len Walls, also riding his first attempt at the distance, pleased us all with 2.34.17.

Those out on the course (and this list is not quite complete) were: H. Green, Stan Wild (holding the watch), Laurie Pendlebury, George Stevie, Harold Kettle, Ralph Fer, Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams, Frank Marriott, Peter Rock, Don Stewart and Rigby Band. We think Jack Pitchford was at the turn. George Connor came out, but arrived a shade late, and as he found Charles and Dorothy Randall at home, that was all we saw of him. Afterwards, on the Mersey Roads "24" course, we noticed Salty, Albert Preston, Frank Marriott, Peter and Eric, and George Molyneux. The first three crawled to bed at four a.m.

1.	A. Howarth	3 mins.	2.20.40	actual	2.17.40	nett
2.	R. Wilson	8 mins.	2.26.43		2.18.43	
3.	L. Walls	15 mins.	2.34.17		2.19.17	
4.	J. E. Reeves	scratch	2.20.46		2.20.46	
5.	J. J. Salt	1 min.	2.23.29		2.22.29	
6.	R. Barker	7 mins.	2.30.17		2.23.17	

A. Howarth first and fastest

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



SEPTEMBER - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

SEPTEMBER, 1948

NUMBER 510

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Sept.

- | | | |
|----|--|---------------------------------|
| 4 | Rhydymwyn (Antelope) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 11 | Club '50'. Headquarters, Rambler Café, Tarvin. Start 4-30 p.m. | |
| 13 | Committee Meeting at 7-0 p.m., 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool. | |
| 18 | Utkinton (Smithy Farm). | |
| 25 | Woodbank (Yacht). | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms). |

Oct.

- | | | |
|---|--|----------------------|
| 2 | Rhydymwyn (Antelope). | Goostrey (Red Lion). |
| 9 | Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting. | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Cheshire.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on Saturday, October 9th. Members having any matter for inclusion in the Agenda should send me particulars not later than September 18th.

Autumnal Tints Tour to Glyn Ceiriog, 23rd/24th October. Headquarters, Glyn Valley Hotel. I shall be glad to have names as soon as possible.

Application for Membership: John Herbert Jones, 46 Heyes Street, Liverpool, 5. Proposed by T. Sherman, seconded by J. R. Band.

Change of Address: J. Hodges, 77 Davenport Avenue, Manchester, 20. E. L. Killip, 16 Stamford Close, Ruislip, Middlesex. E. Davies, 1 Acton Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in 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.

HEAVENLY HOLIDAY

On a Wednesday that was a week away from the end of June, the steamer for Dublin sailed from Liverpool into the sunset of a perfect evening. At midnight it was cool, watching the channel lights flickering away into the darkness, but the anticipation of this unexpected holiday was wonderful. Earlier in the day the prospect of a tour in Eire was farthest from my mind, and even in the late afternoon it wasn't really certain. My companions were Eric and Ted, two old friends from the Birkenhead C.C. They were on tandem.

Dublin's dawn was not portended by the English sunset. It was raining. On the road southward the Scalp's rocky gorge dipped down to Enniskerry for lunch, and Powerscourt was the item for the afternoon. After a country tea almost under the Sugarloaf we came in the late evening to Glendalough, wonder spot of the Wicklow Hills.

The Royal Hotel gave a grand sample of Irish hospitality. The Seven Churches and the ancient Round Tower were revealed under the morning's weeping sky, and a woodland path led to the lonely lough clinging so tightly to the hills. Lunch at Avoca, and in the evening came the calm waters of Wexford Harbour. Bed and breakfast—not forgetting the wonderful ham supper—and we were away once more, on the 6-50 a.m. train to Cork.

A signpost: "Blarney, 4 miles", suggested a diversion to make amorous advances to a certain stone. "Not ruddy likely!" vowed Eric. "You talk too damned much already!" Life is like that, and so, very much subdued, I trailed behind the tandem on the winding road of the Lee Valley.

Short of Macroom high horizons shone brightlipped against the evening sky. Then a delightful road for Glengarriff headed through wilder country, and on the way it dropped us at Inchigeels for the night. The morning's brilliant sunlight was playing on the lakeside waters beyond the village, and farther on a lane led to Gouganebarra. The source of the Lee was shining beneath the steep screes of the mountain, and a grand C.T.C. house looked on. Time for elevenses.

"Will you have bacon and eggs"?' smiled the lady. Bacon and eggs for elevenses! That would be something to tell the lads at home! But very regretfully, the offer was turned down, as less than two hours earlier our tummies had been stuffed to capacity with that very delightful comestible. So we had brown bread, white bread, soda bread, and cake, and biscuits, and lashings of butter and jam and tea. Oh! Happy day!

The Keamaneigh Pass we found to be a rugged defile in the mountain, and, miles later, Balleylickey gave the first glimpse of Bantry Bay. After a superb lunch it was grand, sitting on the rocks above the tideline. The sun was on our faces while the light played on the heaving waves. It was showery in Glengarriff, and at Adricole heavy rain was curtaining the mountains. It didn't seem wise to tackle the Tim Healy Pass on such a stormy evening. Castletown-Berehaven for the night would be much better.

This outpost of Ireland was ours soon after eight on Sunday evening. The hotel, because of a religious festival, was not open until nearly ten. We paced the deserted streets, and huddled around the waterside buildings in the bitter wind. Sounds of activity gladdened our hearts, a peat fire burned brightly, and then the sight of a marvellous meal of ham and trap-pings. If only for the food is an Irish tour a heavenly journey these days.

On the Kenmare River a wild nor-wester crested the waves with white water, and the azure sky gave the deepest blue to the ocean. For nearly thirty miles we had some of the loveliest seascapes ever. Short of the climb to the Tim Healy Pass we turned for the longer coastal road. While lunch was being prepared it was good to sit above the tiny harbour, and watch for the boat to come over from Parknasilla. Lunch came, but the boat didn't. It was too rough. So to Kenmare, where beds were booked at the Lansdowne Arms.

After a plain tea, and the pleasant promise of supper at 9-30, the road for Sneem led along the other shore of the estuary. Ted had an idea that the famous Staigue Fort was nearby, but a girl told us it was ten miles away. Our programme just couldn't be stretched to that extent, and so we ate biscuits on the bridge. Hungry still, the lady at the Sneem Hotel was asked if we might have something to eat. "Would you like bacon and eggs?" "Yes, please" piped my plaintive voice from the background. "Hungry hound!" murmured Eric. And he wasn't far wrong.

At 7-30 there were thick bacon rashers, eggs, and lashings of bread and butter. At 9-30 we were due for fresh salmon and salad and etceteras! A grand appetite for this was no trouble—just a hard scrap back to Kenmare. It put us in grand fettle for the feed.

Tuesday's climb of Windy Gap gave the mountains in superb condition. The cloud effects were fine. Marvellous miles brought the far-famed Killarney Lakes, and then, as an anticlimax, the town itself.

Wednesday, and I was alone. Ted and Eric, having sailing tickets for Saturday, lingered on in this Irish heaven. I, who had to be on Thursday's boat, had to be away to Tralee for the train to Limerick and Dublin.

F.E.M.

OTHER IRISH TOURISTS

The reason we had only one competitor in the Bath Road "100" this year was that Peter and Eric, our other long distance experts, took advantage of their holiday to have a tour in Southern Eire. They travelled Fishguard/Cork, and spent almost a full fortnight between Mizen Head and the Dingle Peninsula. It is hoped to include an account of their wanderings in a later issue.

P. C. BEARDWOOD

We are delighted to hear from the Bath Road tourists that our old friend Percy Charles is fit and well. It is a happy thought that he hopes to come to Shrewsbury next year, an occasion, incidentally, when we should stage a celebration to commemorate seventy years of continuous existence.

HORSE PLAY!

Ernie Davies lifts the following priceless piece from a recent issue of the *Daily Express*. It refers to a crash at a Slough Track Meeting.

Lew Pond, Polytechnic, when about to take the lead, skidded and fell with one foot still in the *stirrup*.

We must watch for the Polytechnic team in next year's Grand National!

CORRESPONDENCE

22 Draycot Road,
Wanstead, E.11.
7/8/48.

The Editor of *Anfield Circular*,

Dear Mr. Editor,

I now have a quarter of a century's membership of the A.B.C. behind me, of which period no less than twenty-one years have been spent as an exile. Despite this, I find my affection for the Club is undiminished (though one or two decisions on policy since 1936 have saddened me), so I read with dismay of the cancellation of the "12". I am sure the decision must have been a difficult one, and I am sure also that under the circumstances, it was the right one to take.

The Anfield and the Tricycle Association have always had much affinity; doubtless a full explanation of the circumstances causing our defection will have been communicated to the Trustees of the Tricycle Trophy, but might we please learn how it was received by them? Has our beloved club suffered at all in prestige or was our difficulty understood and appreciated by them? As for the "12" itself—somewhat of a mushroom after all—all one can say is thank heaven it wasn't the "100".

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN TURVEY.

P.S.—One comment on another matter. Finn refers to "the decline of Bren Orrell", I've never heard of it. Retirement from racing, yes. Decline—never! And even if people tried to make me hear of it—why bless you I ruddy well wouldn't believe it!

N.T.

(That word "decline" didn't seem right to us, either, but as friend Finn's intention was obviously retirement from racing, we let it pass.—Ed.)

WEEKEND TO THE BATH ROAD "100"

July 31st—August 2nd

The Presider and the writer left Bletchley at 5-0 p.m. on Saturday afternoon *en route* for Chipping Norton, our resting place for the night. A quick tea was imperative, but we had to ride eleven miles before we just scraped into a café in Buckingham before it closed. Without difficulty we reached Chipping Norton, where the King's Arms, well-known to North Roaders, provided us with a mammoth supper, comfortable beds, and a breakfast of the same proportions as the supper.

Sunday morning was cool, and after morning coffee at Burford we made for Bibury, where the Swan put on an excellent (if rather expensive) lunch. As we waited to be called in we spent a pleasant quarter of an hour leaning on the bridge gazing at the trout in the clear waters of the Coln.

We now made for Cirencester, and beyond Cricklade Bert found a fast stretch of road much to his liking and I had to twiddle very fast to hold him. We intended making for Marlborough for tea, but after staggering up a steep hill some seven miles from the Bath Road we were glad to accept the good offices of the Plough Inn at Badbury.

The evening was the best part of the day, the sun came out and the fast run down the Bath Road course from Savernake was delightful. Bert took his time up the hills but his speed on the fast stretches was positively amazing and I was wishing that I had put a brick in his bag at Badbury.

We reached Theale at 8.45 p.m. after covering well over eighty miles from Chipping Norton, and were soon joining Len Barker, Jack Beauchamp and other Bath Roaders in an excellent supper at the Cosy Cot.

Bank Holiday morning found Bert and the writer at the fifty-miles point where we were engaged taking official times. We had an interesting sojourn there and recorded some fast times. G. T. Laws of the Catford had the shortest time here (2.5.7) and this was perhaps indicative that, although the day was quite a good one, the wind was not the right one for the course. Salty was recording 2.13.45 and Derbyshire, the ultimate winner, 2.6.14.

There was the usual large "gallery" in Pangbourne Lane where we saw many friends and acquaintances. Percy Beardwood was as large as life and looked very well. He sent his best wishes to all his old friends and hopes to be at Shrewsbury next year.

The result is common knowledge now. Derbyshire was fastest in 4.18.19, Beardsmore second in 4.20.7, and Whitmarsh third in 4.20.16, the Norwood Paragon taking the team race. Salty was our only representative in the event and he returned the excellent time of 4.39.49 a striking testimony to the way he has kept his fitness through the years. Jack has had many great days on the Bath Road, particularly when he won in 1932 with 4.35.53 after a great struggle with Charlie Marshall, and again in 1933 when his 4.32.9 was second only to the great Frank Southall's 4.30.10.

In addition to Bert, Percy, and the writer, Urban Taylor, who did some useful work for the Bath Road with his car, Jimmy Long, Tommy Mandall and Ralph Fer were down for the event.

An early start was made afterwards and by pleasant Chiltern ways Bert and I reached Bletchley in good time for the 6-6 p.m. train to Manchester after a great week-end.

S.W.

RUNS

Parkgate, July 31st, 1948

On an afternoon which gave us the most fierce thunder storm for many years, Laurie Pendlebury in his super-enthusiasm ventured from Manchester to Parkgate. Here is his story:

After a week of unpleasantly muggy weather, today was slightly cooler but the sun forgot to appear! (Human beings were ever difficult to please.) I set off from home about 12-30 into a light, but persistent west wind. On looking up about ninety minutes later I noticed that I had arrived in Frodsham. Some light refreshment was called for, and then off again through Helsby and on to the Queensferry byepass. It was raining here, gentle stuff at first, but in five minutes coming down in large drops drumming on the road and bouncing back again. Quite a pretty effect to see, if you were not out in it.

Heavy thunder rolls, and constantly flickering lightning partnered the rain in trying to frighten all road users off the highway. Sometimes the water was an inch deep across the road. I sheltered at the Yacht Inn, Woodbank, for a few minutes, and the rain steadily eased to nothing, bringing me out on to the road again through Two Mills, where the traffic lights had packed up, and the A.A. man stoutly tried to clear a badly choked drain. At Hinderton I ignored the left turn at the crossroads, and rode straight on towards the Glegg Arms in an effort to get my feet and legs a little dryer. I came down to Parkgate by Boathouse Lane.

I distinctly remember the vividly clear atmosphere and brilliant moonlight along this lane on my last visit at Christmastime, but today it was very much overcast, and the coast of North Wales was not visible across the Dee estuary.

Having parked my bicycle behind Deeside Café I spent the next forty-five minutes in a parade of the front looking for a known face. At 5-45 p.m., having decided that this was not an Anfield fixture today, I went indoors for tea.

Later, Tommy Sherman with a friend came in, and when I left they were still busily wading through a shrimp salad. Tommy, by the way, promptly decided that I was the right and proper person to write up the club run. When next I see Tommy on a Manchester run . . . ! However, with the gentle push of the drift, and some deliberate pedalling I was home in time to hear "The Shop at Sly Corner" in Saturday Night Theatre.

Quite a pleasant run in spite of the weather.

Prestbury, 31st July, 1948

Although realising that most of the active Anfielders would probably be making their pilgrimage to the Bath Road "100", I decided that the run to Prestbury might be of some interest. Thus 2 o'clock saw friend Peter Leigh and Alfred Howarth departing for Prestbury. In order to make a run of it we climbed to the top of Alderley Edge, and became enveloped in the most smashing of thunderstorms. Never in my life have I made the descent into Macclesfield more quickly.

For an hour we watched the lightning strike apparently everything but the garage in which we were sheltering. We then made our way towards our destination over flooded roads which depressed Peter terribly, since he had just bought his new bicycle and had no mudguards on it.

Eventually came Prestbury and the White House Café, where we found no Anfielder at all. However, a grand tea for two was soon being con-

sumed, and afterwards, feeling much more contented, we sat back, full of welsh rarebit and cakes, and saturated with tea, and discussed things of vital importance such as Sprites and high-pressures, and trivialities such as the Berlin situation and the Marshall plan.

We then made a dry and uneventful journey home, where I arrived much earlier than for some time.

Utkinton, 7th August, 1948

With plenty of time to spare I thought I would wend another way to Smithy Farm. After a rather uncomfortable ride to the Pier Head and Birkenhead, I was on the busy road to Chester. Little Sutton and Great Sutton were soon left behind, and I proceeded down the bye-pass to the Whitchurch road. Through Handley, on to Broxton, and I turned left towards Ridley.

A steady climb through the beautiful lanes, and then on to the main Tarporley-Whitchurch road. At Beeston a stop for the inevitable "cuppa char", and a short halt on the bridge to while away the minutes. A few large spots of rain made me mount again, to ride quickly for Tarporley, and on through the lanes to reach the venue shortly after 5 o'clock.

Len Walls was already there after having a day out in Derbyshire—telling tall tales of Birkenhead-Buxton records, he was. Soon after Ira Thomas arrived on one of his rare but nevertheless pleasant visits from the heart of Shropshire. One by one the others drifted in, and then at 6 o'clock we entered for the usual grand meal always provided. No need this time for the walls to stretch, as there were only fourteen seated around the tables.

Towards 7-30 the party broke up, and in small groups wended their different ways home. Those present were: Bert Green, Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, Stan Wild, Rex Austin, Rigby Band, Ira Thomas, Len Walls, Percy Williamson, Tommy Sherman and cousin, Jack Newton, Laurie Pendlebury and Don Stewart.

Rhydymwyn, August 14th, 1948

After reading tales of mounds of rabbit pie, bread and jam and cakes in the last *Circular*, I thought that Rhydymwyn would be as good a place as any to get back the old habit of spending Saturday afternoon with the gentlemen of the Anfield. (Yes, Mr. Editor, I even include you in that statement.)

Two months had elapsed since I was last with the boys, so with a light heart but heavy legs I set out via Clatterbridge and Hadlow road *en route* for Two Mills, having the good fortune to catch up with Len Walls soon after turning on to the Parkgate road.

After taking on tea at our favourite Wirral half-way house we plodded our way up what must surely be the most uninteresting hill in Wales—Ewloe—time not permitting to take an alternative route. On arrival we found Jimm Long, Frank Perkins, Don Stewart and Frank Marriott just preparing for the kill, but I did hear a whisper that Tommy Mandall and Arthur Williams were partakers of a crafty pre-tea pint in another room. The beer was quite good! On rejoining the company the party was

once more enlarged by the timely arrival of Don Smith. And it was a happy gathering who, during the meal, told and listened to stories of the days of Hubert Roskell, Johnny Band, and W. P. Cook.

After tea we set off on our homeward run, through Northop and Connah's Quay to Queensferry, being amused as we rode along by Arthur Williams' exhibition of hill climbing, while Sammy displayed his prowess at slow bicycle riding and balancing. This pleasant afternoon was rounded off with half-an-hour or so at the Shrewsbury Arms in the company of V. P. Mandall, Ginner Williams and Ernie Davies.

Holmes Chapel, August 14th, 1948

A visitor to the Anfield tea today might have been excused for thinking he had found his way into a United Nations meeting. The tea arrangements at that mecca of Manchester Anfielders—Goostrey—had failed. Who had blundered? Who had let us down? It has happened before. It will occur again. As Sam's wife said when the lion ate Albert "Somebodys got to be summoned". Gloom and despair were upon us and only Laurie's smiling face relieved the situation. We sorrowed like a novice with a puncture on his first tour in the rain. If only someone could have recited those famous last words, "Stan, Stan, pick up th' musket" we should have been real happy.

For myself I had made a lone journey via Ringway where motor cars lined the airport boundary. Along to Knolls Green and by Mobberley Schools to Marthall I continued riding easily, pursued the quiet lanes to Peover Hall and by Peover Eye until I arrived at the Red Lion dead on schedule. There I learned that my time table was upset and I must continue to Holmes Chapel for tea.

Rex Austin, George Newton, Stan Wild, Wilf Orrell, Percy Williamson and Laurie Pendlebury were taking the air outside the Hollies and George Taylor and Bert Green rolled up as we had decided to stake our claim to tea. Later two prospective members, Acton and Baguley, joined us.

The President had called at Goostrey and with his usual diplomacy had eased the situation created by the misunderstanding of the day on which we were due.

After tea and more discussion we made for home or elsewhere in small groups. The ride along familiar roads was uneventful and it was grand to have had another Saturday afternoon on the road, to compensate for a week of work at the desk or bench.

Tarvin, August 22nd, 1948

There is very little space left for this. Fifteen members turned out on one of the windiest and wettest afternoons an English summer can provide. It was murderous from Manchester. From Merseyside it was plain deadly, and even Peter Rock was slower than usual by a minute a mile on his ride to Chester. Manchester was represented by Bert Green, Laurie Pendlebury and Stan Wild. The "gentlemen" of the party were Tommy Mandall Don Stewart, Len Hill, Vic. Lambert, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Frank Perkins, Jimmy Long, Len Walls, Reg. Wilson, Ernie Davies and Frank Marriott.

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OCTOBER, 1948

NUMBER 511

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct.

- | | | |
|-------|--|-------------------------------|
| 2 | Rhydymwyn (Antelope) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 9 | Halewood (Derby Arms). Tea at 5-30 p.m. prompt.
Annual General Meeting, 6-15 p.m. | |
| 16 | Utkinton (Smithy Farm) | |
| 23/24 | Autumn Tints Tour (Glyn Valley Hotel) | |
| 23 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 30 | Woodbank (Yacht) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |

Nov.

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|---------------------|
| 6 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 13 | Utkinton (Smithy Farm) | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Cheshire.

New Members elected: Donald Smith, 8 Christchurch Road, Birkenhead; John Herbert Jones, 46 Heyes Street, Liverpool 5.

Application for Membership: Philip Rodney French, 3 Morningside Drive, East Didsbury, Manchester 20, proposed by H. Green, seconded by S. Wild.

Autumn Tints Tour. The list for the above is still open. Please let me know as soon as possible.

A.G.M. If those intending to have the meal at Halewood before the meeting could let me know at the above address or phone Birkenhead 3080 Ext. 221, it would be very much appreciated.

K. W. BARKER,
Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in 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.

**ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION
DIAMOND JUBILEE DINNER, 17th SEPTEMBER, 1948**

Len Killip and I sat together at this function, held at the Abercorn Rooms, E.C.2, amongst a crowd of North Roaders. Two tables away we espied Percy Beardwood, sitting benignly, like the Arch Owl he is, with the Bath Roaders.

The toast of the R.R.A. was in the safe care of Frank Urry, and the quality of his speech was worthy of his verbal artistry. He recalled that in its sixty years the R.R.A. had had only four Presidents—Fred Wilson, Bidly, our own W.P.C. and now Stancer. He referred to W.P.C. as that star of the north, and said how aptly the middle name "Pagan" described 'the genial brutality of the man!' Stancer replied to the toast with his usual dignity; he felt that in its long history the Association had made few, if any, major mistakes; he told us that 620 Records had been approved, and several thousand unsuccessful attempts had been made; that in all this activity no injury had been caused to any member of the public.

Record-breakers Past and Present were toasted by A. T. Moss, the Wessex President. Replies came from C. F. Davey, who paid tribute to helpers' services, mentioning our own J. G. Shaw's help at Bawtry in C.F.D's "24" record; from Jack Beauchamp, who was brilliantly witty, and from L. H. Couzens, who sought the reason for current lack of bicycle attempts, and found it in the multiplicity of opens, of other "records" which have crept in, and in the stunt B.A.R. competition.

Very many famous men in the game were there. Frank Southall asked to be remembered to Charles Randall and Grimmy, and any of the other less respectable Anfield blokes who might remember him. As a northerner living in the haunts of the southerner, it was good to hear Frank sportingly and spontaneously refer to Andrew ("Andy") Wilson as "the man who kicked the backside off me in the 1925 Anfield"—when Andy opened up a gap of 13 minutes in the only event in which the two met and finished. Only Frank didn't use the word "backside"!

It was a good celebration, and I was proud to represent our still respected old Club—it's our 70th next year. I was sorry only that dear old Bert Green, our President, wasn't with us. NORMAN TURVEY.

HAS ANYONE A SURPLUS GASLAMP FOR DISPOSAL?

Our one and only Norman Turvey writes a pathetic letter to say that his gas-lamps are unserviceable (that is not the word he used!) and spares are unobtainable. If any good friend has one for gift, loan or sale it would be appreciated, otherwise Norman has to progress to an unprintable dynamo! He lives at 22 Draycot Road, Wanstead, London, E. 11.

STANDARD MEDALS

The medals to be awarded for 25 mile performances are as follows:

	Bicycle	Tricycle
Large Gold	1 hr. 2 mins.	1 hr. 8 mins.
Small Gold	1 hr. 4 mins.	1 hr. 10 mins.
Gold Centre	1 hr. 7 mins.	1 hr. 13 mins.
Silver	1 hr. 10 mins.	1 hr. 17 mins.
Bronze	1 hr. 13 mins.	1 hr. 20 mins.

For other distances, the awards are as per handbook.

HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

Winners of prizes in Club events will be advised in due course. In addition some riders will be eligible for standard medals as per No. 2 of the Rules for Competition in the Handbook. Standards for 25 miles will be published in the *Circular*. Will all riders wishing to claim standard medals do so to the Hon. Racing Secretary as soon as possible, giving full particulars of their ride.

J. R. BAND,
Hon. Treasurer.

THE AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

Ken Barker tells us that there are still several beds unbooked. Also, that he has not received an advice from such regulars as Salty and Austin. The fast pack and one or two stragglers (your Editor for one) are trying to lengthen the week-end by sneaking out on Friday night to Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant, to be ready for an assault on the Moel Sych crossing of the Berwyns on the morrow. About six have fallen for this tempting bait and we hope to book accommodation at the Sun Temperance at Llanrhaiadr. Frank Marriott will be pleased to receive any more names.

APOLOGY

We are sorry for two mistakes which crept into the Tarvin run report, the last account of the September issue. Firstly, the date should have been the 21st inst. and not 22nd. Secondly, our special apologies to Alan Bretherick for excluding him from those present and including Victor Lambert instead. We have an idea that this mistake was made on another occasion also. It will not occur again. Don Stewart also complains of being missed from the Middlewich run at the end of June, and it takes precisely two months for him to find out!

WITH EDMUND TO CHIPPING NORTON

Circumstances warranted a week-end at Chipping Norton, and this opportunity was not to be missed, because of the lovely country *en route*, and the grand company Edmund provides, with his bursting enthusiasm for cycling. The ride would be hard, and fast, for me, because of too much gentle riding, yet I knew the broad proportions of Edmund's rear sheltered and that his axle would provide a friendly "rubber" for my front wheel. So the prospect of two and a half days' cycling loomed happily ahead. Edmund, being a "North Roder", had arranged the rendezvous at a hostelry in Chipping Norton, where we could meet men of the south.

Childwall was very suburban as I gladly left her on that sunny Friday afternoon. The ride through the city is far from pleasant, especially when one punctures a side wheel and when in process of fitting a new tube, a dull-looking youth yells: "Spiv!" I felt like retorting, but prudence prevailed—perhaps. I met Edmund for coffee at Prees, and then steadily we rode to Shrewsbury. That traffic-free ride was delightful, with the crimson sun set on our right, and the lengthening shadows of evening playing the

day out. Part of Saturday morning was spent in seeking accommodation for the tricycle boys who were to participate in the Whitsun "100", and the social meeting that a classical event presents.

When we left Shrewsbury a low sky steadily rained with persistency, until we lunched in the market street of quaint Bridgnorth. The weather break was short, for soon came more heavy rain which continued incessantly to Evesham, where the services presented by a milk bar—soup, sandwiches, biscuits and coffee would have shamed many a "24" feeding station. Blue skies again, and away to Broadway. Ascetically that Cotswold evening satisfied, the early fruit trees were flowering, the hedgerows sprouting, and we were travelling hopefully, good companions and accommodation being in the offing.

Gentle sunshine played over the Vale and the Cotswold jewel presented herself beautifully, and we saw her as beauty seekers should, lacking that almost permanent decoration, two lines of motor vehicles per road gutter. Broadway bathed in evening sunshine is indeed lovely. We walked up Fish Hill, and enjoyed banter with some healthy land girls. What a glorious view the Vale of Evesham presented that spring evening from the flank of Fish Hill. Storm clouds thwarted our apprehension and soon torrential rain pounded us to Chipping.

A pint of beer and a hot bath all within ten minutes of arrival, and then, dinner—soup, eggs, tomatoes, vegs. galore, cheese and macaroni, a variety of fruit pies, unbelievable grub, followed by shandies and cider. Veg's and flesh tearers, bicyclists and tricyclists, replete, joined in hilarious rallery. And so to bed, my cup was overful, and what those merry men remarked when I found a nightdress (not night-shirt) in my bed may be readily imagined! Morning tea in bed, breakfast comparable with dinner, and we left for our long ride home. With mixed feelings I looked back at that handsome hostelry. The North Road boys choose well!

RUNS

Beeston Brook, August 28th, 1948

The village clock was just striking nine when I hurried through Frodsham. Up the hill and out of the village, down over the Weaver Navigation Bridge, past Sutton Weaver, and here a fork right along the shelf road overlooking the valley. In the morning sunshine the wooded vale looked very pleasing.

Through the lanes came that old-world village of Comberbach with its thatched cottages. Beyond Budworth mere I found myself in one of Cheshire's most charming places, Great Budworth, with the remarkable inn sign outside the George & Dragon. Over Tabley hill came Knutsford. Once through Mobblerley, Wilmslow was soon passed, and then Woodford, and so to Hazel Grove. Here a visit to some relations, a chat and a cup of tea.

Away again on the long climb to Disley, Newtown and Whaley Bridge, where I hoped to have lunch. I soon found a café on A.6 about two miles out on the Buxton road, a place that rejoiced in the name of Jack's Café, where a very mediocre meal was dished up.

Back to Whaley Bridge, and A.5089 to Macclesfield with a detour to see the old village of Taxal with its famous chimes. Then the hard work started. Up, up and up the road twisted, a nasty horseshoe bend, and then more climbing.

At Chelford I promised myself a cup of tea, but the establishment was closed. Goostrey was more welcome, and by way of Middlewich and Church Minshull reached the café at Beeston Brook for tea. Cyril Selkirk and son and Peter Rock had already arrived. Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Newton, Eric Reeves, Don Stewart, Reg Wilson, Arthur Williams, Alan Bretherick, Vic Lambert, Bert Green, Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Russ Barker, Alfred Howarth, Philip French and friend Gorman, of the Abbotsford Park Club. Russ and Alf had been on one of their special training spins, having completed a century before tea with over 40 miles to go.

First away was Jimmy Long, with Cyril and son Keith. Eric, Don, Peter, Reg and Len Walls were next. Quite a sedate pace was maintained throughout the return journey. Reg left us at Backford. He was going to a "do", and was all nicely dressed for the occasion. Don Stewart left us at Port Sunlight to tread a lonely furrow through the setted streets of Liverpool. The rest drifted to their respective homes after a very pleasant day awheel.

L.W.

Goostrey, 5th September, 1948

A business trip to Wrexham during the week preceding this run provided the Club's sole Yorkshire representative with the opportunity to prolong his stay and join his friends at a Club run. An Anfielder in Yorkshire, now that the land of broad acres and good fare has lost Turvey, feels very much alone, so that the chance to show up at the Red Lion was grasped eagerly.

The Club run really began on Friday evening with Geoff Lockett, reached by telephone, and a group of his large, handsome and boisterous colleagues, bent on celebrating the promotion of one of their number. Beer and songs at the piano were the programme and a good time was had by all at the Nags Head, where the writer spent the night.

The morning in Chester, as bright as may be in this dullest of summers, was spent prowling round Chester's excellent shops, and at eleven, Geoff and his erstwhile tandem engine were together again, daintily sipping coffee in the Kardomah followed by an excellent lunch and a short visit to a football match.

And then began the journey to Goostrey, together again as before in one vehicle, but this time sitting side by side, and propelled by an engine

even more powerful than the one mentioned above. Vicars Cross, Tarvin, Winsford, Over, were all thrust behind by Etheldred's mighty engine, the pilot remembering better than the helmsman of the many turnings once familiar, and now crowded partly out of memory by later pictures of Yorkshire's sterner crags and limestone scars.

Through Middlewich, looking not so very spruce, and recalling Clive Green, and on towards Holmes Chapel with little time to spare. But before Holmes Chapel was on the scoreboard a flat tyre halted progress. The tyre was removed, the nail withdrawn and the puncture patched and all ready for the road again in less time than it takes Salty to change a tubular. On again at a fine pace to the appointed place, where the bicycles and tri-cycles were in the same shed where they might have been found twenty years ago, so resolutely have we clung to this excellent meeting house.

But Mrs. Knowle's health is frail now, and her succulent cold beef is corned. And of the twenty or so Anfielders that one might hope to meet nobbut a handful were to be found. We had, need one report, the President vigorous as before, bright and cheerful in spite of his lack of company. But where was the elder Bickley? There, too, was the elder Orrell, Wilf to his friends, retired now at a ridiculously youthful age, to enrich the conversation with his anecdotes. But where was his younger brother? Was he not able to attempt the long and arduous journey from Twemlow? We had Stan Wild, now famous and knocking at the door of the elder brethren since he held the watch at the "100", but we did not have that other timekeeper, appropriately, Rex. Laurie Pendlebury, met by the writer for the first time, was faithful, but not so Jim Cranshaw. Williamson was among those present, a new-old member it was told, but what of Bickley minor for the good of the house? Jack Newton had not failed to appear, but there was no Bob Poole, to enliven us with tales of long ago at Sam Wood's farm.

And what of Jack Pitchford and the Mullah and many more? One remembers that in bygone days the Manchester runs were occasionally graced by a visit from some energetic gentlemen from the Other City to teach the ruffians their manners! Are there none left able to make such a very modest journey?

One does not enjoy the task of reporting a run in such melancholy tones. How much better to be able to record an evening spent together, reaching home by easy harmonious and carefully regulated stages, the youngsters burning up the distance to some remote place and the others making their way together at a saner pace.

The next time the Yorkshire representative intends to 'put in a run' he will write to and/or 'phone his intention to as many as may seem likely to appear. And if there is not a far bigger attendance than at this Goostrey run, then the Anfield is surely going down the slot, to be resuscitated only by the advent of massed start racing and lady members.

J.W.

(The writer is our old and fine friend Jack Walton, long an exile in the Yorkshire hills. "Next time" we hope he does previously announce his intentions—and all Anfield will welcome the stranger!—Ed.)

Rhydymwyn, 5th September, 1948

Walking is not one of my strong points, especially in town and under compulsion, consequently when I advertently ran over a safety pin during my Saturday morning tour of Bootle and was unhorsed, I soon became a very sorry spectacle. Blisters covered my tender soles, sweat poured from every gland and only the thought of wending my way through pleasant country to the Antelope, mounted on another steed, gave me the necessary moral and physical courage to keep up to schedule and finish in time to catch the 1-45 boat across the Mersey.

A following wind and bright sunshine made the journey to Queensferry seem all too short, and as I pondered where to linger awhile behold three familiar figures swept out of the Warrington bye-pass. With becoming courtesy Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long and Ken Barker slowed up. The last named appeared to have sampled a local brew of tea and decided to travel direct to Rhydymwyn for an early return. James and I decided to hang on to Tommy in order to unearth a famous hide-out of his. Excellent tea and cakes at the latter's expense were soon disposed of, and we set off to scale the rather stiff ascent to Northop.

My prospects of a walk and smoke up at least three stretches of road were good, having in mind the generally placid attitude of our V.P. and the notoriously lazy twirp who hung on behind, but I was soon to be disillusioned as we slipped into bottom and urged the reluctant pedals around. Up and up I toiled, but never a sign from either of the tyrants. Northop arrived. "Which way?" I panted. "Up the lanes", muttered my taskmaster, and so it was. "I think this bit is walkable" I asked, rather than stated. "Not yet" came the soulless response! At last I was privileged to dismount on the last stretch and push the machine.

The view of the Clwydian Range was grand and the resulting sweep down to the Denbigh road came as a welcome reward from our labours. Tennis was evidently in full swing in Prenton, for down the road swept our worthy Editor accompanied by Ted Byron, who doesn't appear to be losing much weight in spite of the severe rationing.

A youthful gallery, consisting of Reg Wilson, Don Stewart, Len Walls and Don Smith, gave us welcome, and soon thirteen of us were at grips with the rabbit pie. We were pleased to see our old friend Selkirk, and son, who arrived just in time to clean up the bones. Considerable alarm was experienced by Len Walls, who couldn't balance his budget (being a penny out) until it was discovered that Frank was trying to work a fast one.

The lads were away first, and soon disappeared up the hill to Rhosesmor. I followed sedately via the direct route, whilst Frank, Tommy, Jimmy and Ted trailed the advance guard some time later. They had been talking to Rex Austin in the yard of the Antelope. At Queensferry I was foolish enough to overhaul and tack on to the fast pack, who hurtled me along at a great pace to Birkenhead, but I must confess I enjoyed every minute, all but the Liverpool setts anyway.

A.B.

Club "50", 11th September, 1948

A bright afternoon, with a wester backing, as the riders made their way to the top turn on the Whitchurch road, to the south-west and south. The card had six riders only: Don Smith, Reg Wilson, Len Walls, A. Howarth, Ernie Davies and Peter Rock. Salty and Russ Barker had a date with Albert Lusty for the Manchester Wheelers and Championship "12" on the morrow. Eric Reeves decided to desist from racing, and did not enter. Peter, having no competition from his sparring partner, didn't ride either, dishing up the thinnest of flimsy excuses, and marshalled Hoole Island instead before chasing out to Handley to help Eric, John Futter and Don Stewart with drinks.

All excepting Peter started. Jimmy Long saw them through Vicars Cross, Alan Bretherick at Mostyn, Ted Byron at Backford and Tommy Mandall at Strawberry Island. Frank Marriott was at Christleton and then the long trek to the turn just short of the third milestone from Whitchurch, where Ira Thomas, Bren Orrell and a host of friends awaited.

It is to be regretted that no mid-distance times were taken, as these are always of the greatest interest to the riders in particular and to the on-lookers also. It is encouraging to know that you took a minute out of old so-and-so on a particular stretch, and it is to be hoped that next year the practice of taking three or four intermediate times will be resumed. Your Editor did take some times at Christleton (about 46 miles) and from this point to the finish Don Smith took 10 minutes 17 seconds; Wilson 9.6; Walls 9.43; Howarth 8.35; and Davies 9.33. After the event we learned that Davies was doing fine until he got hungry—unprintably hungry!—in the middle distance.

Stan Wild held the watch, and others on the course were George Stephenson, Bert Green, Laurie Pendlebury and French.

Finishing List.

No.	Name	Actual	Handicap	Nett	
1.	A. Howarth	2.19.35	1	2.18.35	Fastest
2.	L. Walls	2.31.53	13	2.18.53	
3.	R. Wilson	2.25.21	6	2.19.21	
4.	E. Davies	2.25.10	3	2.22.10	
5.	D. Smith	2.32.50	9	2.23.50	

Alfred Howarth was first and fastest, but as one rider is entitled to one prize only, the handicap award goes to Len Walls.

Result of Birkenhead C.C. "50", 5/9/1948.

1.	M. A. Robinson	Birkenhead N.E. C.C.	1.2.20
17.	J. J. Salt	Ours	1.6.35
34.	W. P. Rock	do.	1.7.55
36.	R. Wilson	do.	1.8.11
45.	E. Davies	do.	1.8.48

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



NOVEMBER - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

NOVEMBER, 1948

NUMBER 512

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6 p.m.

- 6 Halewood (Derby Arms)
- 8 Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. at 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 13 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
- 20 Parkgate (Deeside Café)
- 27 Woodbank (Yacht)

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- Holmes Chapel (The Hollies)
- Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms)
- Somerford (Sunnyside Café)

December—

- 4 Halewood (Derby Arms)
- 11 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)
- 13 Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. at 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- Goostrey (Red Lion)
- Middlewich (Woodlands)

Will members please note that the alternative run for November 6th has had to be re-arranged to Holmes Chapel (The Hollies) as Goostrey cannot cater for us that day.

COMMITTEE NOTES

11 Preston New Road,
Southport, Lancs.

The following have been appointed Delegates for 1949:—

R.R.A.—P. C. Beardwood and N. Turvey.

N.R.R.A.—L. Pendlebury, A. Howarth and S. Wild.

R.T.T.C.—(Liverpool Council)—F. E. Marriott and W. P. Rock.

W.C.T.T.C.A.—J. J. Salt and W. P. Rock.

F. Marriott has again been appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

Timekeepers—R. J. Austin, A. Lusty and S. Wild.

The Handicapping and Course Committee consists of the following:—

J. J. Salt, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock and S. Wild.

“Open 100” Committee:—

J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt, S. Wild, J. Pitchford and
I. A. Thomas.

New Members elected:—

Peter Baguley, 15 Hillcroft Road, Altrincham, Cheshire; Philip Rodney

French, 3 Morningside Drive, East Didsbury, Manchester 20.

Transfers:—

A. Turnor from Full Membership to Honorary Membership; D. H.

Turnor from Full Membership to Honorary Membership.

Changes of Address:—W. Orrell, 51 Ayrefield Road, Roby Mill, Appley Bridge, Wigan, Lancs.; C. Aldridge, 10 Mount Grove, Gatley, Cheadle, Cheshire.

W. G. CONNOR.

RACING NOTES

The fourth Club "25" on 5th September brought our season's activities to a close. Ten members entered for this event, and good weather and keen competition resulted in a flood of personal bests. E. Davies and W. P. Rock were two non-starters; they were loaded with heavy colds.

Results:

First Handicap:	L. Walls	1.10.4	Actual (6½ min. allowance).
Fastest:	A. Howarth	1.6.13	Personal best.
	J. J. Salt	1.6.23	
	R. Wilson	1.7.0	Personal best.
	D. Smith	1.8.23	
	D. Stewart	1.11.58	Personal best.
	J. Futter	1.22.0	Started 7 minutes late.

The handicap prize for the best nett aggregate for three 25 mile events goes to Len Walls with a total of 3.11.37 net time.

The fastest time prize goes to A. Howarth with an aggregate of 3.20.53 actual time for three events.

Results of the West Cheshire Cycling Association Championship, 1948:

Individual:	1.	M. Robinson, B.N.E.
	2.	G. Thompson, B.N.E.
	3.	J. E. Reeves, "Ours".
Team:	1.	Birkenhead North End.
	2.	Anfield B.C. (Reeves, Rock and Salt).

W.P.R.

EDITORIAL

This issue is the result of squeezing about two gallons in a pint pot. Many writings have been mutilated. Sorry!

HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

To date there are only ten members whose subscriptions are still outstanding, which is a big improvement on last year at this time. As unpaid subscriptions will be on the agenda of the next Committee, I hope the members concerned will pay up and spare me an unpleasant task.

I am glad to acknowledge the prompt payment of the current year's subscription and/or donation* from the undermentioned members, with apologies for the delay in acknowledging some of the donations:

H. S. Barratt*, D. Birchall (1948/50), A. E. C. Birkby, A. Bretherick, S. T. Carver, H. Catling*, J. H. Fawcett*, J. R. Fer*, E. D. Green, E. R. Green, H. Green*, E. M. Haslam, N. S. Heath*, T. R. Hinde, J. S. Jonas*, J. H. Jones, V. D. Lambert, J. Long*, F. D. McCann*, T. E. Mandall*, J. Newton, G. B. Orrell*, W. Orrell*, E. J. Reade, W. P. Rock, J. G. Shaw, T. Sherman*, D. Smith, F. W. Smith, G. Stephenson*, F. H. Swift, G. G. Taylor*, L. J. Walls and E. Webb*.

I have been able to obtain a few Roni No. 353 acetylene burners, which I can supply to any still faithful to the gas lamp.

Liverpool members now have a Wednesday evening rendezvous at the Beehive Café, Duke Street, Formby. All particulars from Arthur Birkby.

J. R. BAND,

Hon. Treasurer.

Peter Stevie. We are delighted to hear that Peter is home on a much-delayed leave. We had a letter from him early in October, and our only regret is that space is not sufficient for us to include it in this issue.

Ira Thomas tells us that he is in the gas-lamp market, and anyone who has a serviceable model for disposal is invited to write to him at 32 Alfred Street, Cherry Orchard, Shrewsbury.

The "12". The Tricycle Association (Northern Section) announce that the T.A. Northern "12" will be run in conjunction with our event. The winner will take the Dover Silver Trophy for one year.

More Mistakes. Seldom does this *Circular* see the light without a slip-up somewhere or other. Last month the racing results under Birkenhead C.C. "50" (!) should have been headed West Cheshire "25". The Birkenhead C.C. "25" result on August 29th is as follows:

1. M. Robinson, B.N.E., 1.3.3,
56. J. J. Salt, "Ours", 1.7.41.

Seventy Years. Next March sees the seventieth anniversary of the forming of our Club. At the Annual General Meeting it was decided to have a Dinner at Shrewsbury on the evening of Whit Saturday. The matter is in the hands of the Committee, and details will be printed in this *Circular* at a later date.

(Incidentally, Salty and Russ Barker wish it to be known that they put forward the case of the womenfolk who desire to attend the Shrewsbury dinner. Their efforts were not availing, more on the question of accommodation than on any other issue).

Certificates. A supply of Anfield Certificates, printed on goatskin-vellum parchment has been obtained, and anyone desiring a certificate of any Club time trial performance should apply to the Racing Secretary. The price (according to the Rules of the Club) is One Shilling, but as the Certificates cost more than this there will be a surcharge for purchase tax, etc.

R.R.A. Jubilee Dinner. We regret to report a printer's error which slipped into the account of the above function in last month's issue. Faed (FAED, Mr. Printer) Wilson was referred to as Fred, which of course is quite wrong. We are very sorry that this could happen in a journal like ours.

Jottings. Norman Turvey writes to say that he has acquired a dynamo—and likes it! Norman had occasion to cuss this *Circular* last month. He received shoals of letters from sympathetic Anfielders who were only too delighted to load him with a wagonful of out-of-date gaslamps. Robbie also offered to help, and Norman's reply sent a scornful letter winging to the Editor. "A ruddy renegade", says Robbie. For ourselves, we like a dynamo, and if anyone knows where a dynohub could be acquired, without a bicycle round it, we should be very grateful to have information.

Our one and only Wayfarer has been bedded by the doctor for three weeks. Our energetic friend has been doing too much, and now he has to go quietly for a time. Here's to a splendid and complete recovery quickly, Robbie!

Sid Carver desires Jack Walton to know that he cannot claim so easily the very doubtful honour of being the only Anfielder in Yorkshire. Sid emphasises that Hull and Hessle are still on this side of the North Sea. Incidentally, we must accord the highest praise for Sid's ride across England on the occasion of the A.G.M. He left Hessle at 5-30 a.m. and met Salty, Eric and Len at the top of Taddington soon after lunch. The quartet arrived at Halewood very soon after 5-30 p.m. Then next day he rode most of the way back to Hessle.

Laurie Pendlebury is tough, too, in a quiet sort of way. He rode over to Liverpool to the October Committee Meeting in the evening. We're afraid that he must have been pretty damp when he reached home, for there was plenty of rain in each of the Two Cities, and on all the miles between.

We haven't seen Jack Hodges for some time, but apparently he is just as fit as ever, for the President received a post-card from him postmarked Bettws-y-coed early in October. Jack likes the mountains.

RUNS

Utkinton, September 18th, 1948

Not being one of those happy individuals who greet the new day with any marked enthusiasm, I was considerably shaken to hear that Peter had, without protest, agreed to meeting young Len at 8-0 a.m.

At Marford a turn from the Wrexham road rewarded with grand views across the Dee valley. Some time was spent identifying the various hills in the far distance. Through Bangor we came to Oswestry and Four Crosses for lunch. Len wanted to get his hundred in before the day's end.

After a meal Melverley and its half-timbered church lured us. The light was bad for our enthusiastic shutter clickers, but they reeled off a couple of shots. It was really late by now, so we "hotted" up the pace (object, to get Len fit and to reach Utkinton on time) and Len was almost burnt off. The efforts told on our young friend, and at Ridley the "knock" feeling enveloped him completely.

I counted sixteen round the table. Alan Bretherick and Vic Lambert had persuaded a tandem to bring them out. We don't know what sweated most, the lads or the tandem! Conversation was split into two discussion groups. As I was equidistant between the two I was joining in a discussion of the Championship 12, whilst cocking an ear to the talk of crime law and lawyers. Those present were Green, Pendlebury, Newton, Wild, Mandall, Marriott, Rock, Reeves, Hill, Walls, Stewart, D. Smith, Bretherick, Lambert, Band and Williams.

Wildboarclough, September 25th, 1948.

Why were there only three of us out on this run? The "25" on the Wirral accounts for two or three, but where were all the other members who so frequently clamour for the everlasting hills? Nothing was wrong with the weather, and all the hills are still there and so was the usual welcome from Stanley.

Percy Williamson made his way by the Reservoirs, and Stan Wild through Langley, whilst the Presider, starting somewhat late, had to content himself with the straightforward grind up the Cat and Fiddle road. All were there in good time, and after tea the party broke up about 7-0 p.m., the Presider making for home, the other two lingering a little before tackling the short but arduous journey to Hulme End for the night.

Rhydymwyn, October 2nd, 1948

This is the story of a sorry ride on a lovely afternoon. The day was so wonderful that we slipped away from Ye sign of ye Ed. soon after 1-30 for a gentle potter in the hills. Four miles out Ernie Davies sidled up, and I had to find an extra five m.p.h. to accompany our potential sub-captain to the Two Mills.

Ernie was week-ending at Llangollen, and it was easy—too easy!—to persuade him that in this wind the easier route would be by way of Wrexham. Then Salty sailed up, and the horrible outcome was the sight of me struggling on Hawarden Hill behind a pair of relentless speedmen. Would they walk the top bit? No. By Penmynydd church they waited. On Coed Talon hill, more torture, but at last I managed to raise the wind and say "Beat it" very breathlessly. I walked. In a mile, consciousness was recovered enough to realise that I was hungry—very hungry.

Short of Rhydtallog the road sheered down to Llanarmon. The sun had gone now. The sky was cloudy, cold. Llanferres came, then Tafarn-y-gelyn, a narrow lane brought Cilcain. The high road came at Star Crossing. Time in hand, and a halt at Mrs. Evans' to find—thanks be!—the good lady having tea. And I was delighted at her gracious invitation to consume bread and best farm butter, trifle and pastry. I do hope that I appeared very gentlemanly about it, and not supremely ravenous, as I felt.

It was after 5-30 when I drifted into the Antelope for the run and yet another meal. Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Eric Reeves, Alan Bretherick, and Frank Perkins were already in the trough. With Salty, who had come down the Nant-y-Garth and over London Bridge, we were seven. Peter arrived as we were leaving. Gear trouble had delayed him in Chester, and he had his tea elsewhere.

On the homeward run the fast pack were soon away. We left Tommy Mandall on the high road and Jimmy, Frank and I drifted towards Birkenhead very pleasantly. The pleasure of having TWO teas made me completely forget to ask Salty to write the run up. Who would be an Editor?

Goostrey, October 2nd, 1948

Perhaps Jack Walton's exhortations—perhaps something else—but certainly something, caused a stirring in the hearts of the Manchester members, which induced them to turn out in force, for there were no less than thirteen of us at table on this occasion. Two of the party—Tommy Sherman and his cousin—being from Liverpool. We were very pleased indeed to see Bren Orrell out once more, and equally so to welcome Jim Cranshaw and Bick. It's a very long time since Jim was out, and we hope that it won't be as long again before he drops in on us. Bick looked very

fit and appears to have completely recovered from his operation. Arrangements were made for attendance at the A.G.M. on the following Saturday, and a very pleasant party broke up in good time.

(The above was written more than three weeks after the run, as the writer who had been asked to submit a report failed to do so.—Ed.)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING at Halewood, October 9th, 1948

This is not a complete and official account of the Meeting, and it is not to be taken as such. The Secretary's report will be published in a handbook to be issued shortly.

Thirty-six members were present. Sid Carver, all the way from Hull, and Don Birchall—in civvies! Space is not available to detail the names of the others.

The highlight of Ken Barker's report was that Bert Green has averaged over 50 runs a year for 36 years! Membership is 10 up at 129. Peter outlined racing activities and we are delighted with the increasing activity in this direction.

Rigby related the cash position. No handbooks and no "12" helped this year. The *Circular*, stabilised at eight pages, eases finances considerably. This is joyful to all but the Editor, who now finds much more labour than bargained for when he took over the task.

The Seventieth Anniversary Celebrations are to be in the form of a Dinner at Shrewsbury on Whit Saturday. It will be male only (shades of old Anfielders whispering if otherwise!).

Of the staff alterations we are delighted to see Salty in the limelight as a Vice-President of the Club. No one in the past two decades has put the Club in the limelight more than J.J.S. Bert Green continues as President, and Tommy Mandall remains the other V.P. Peter Rock (after proposing another individual for the job) still retains the Captaincy, Eric Reeves takes over the Hon. Racing Secretary's position and George Connor that of Hon. Secretary. Sub-captains are Alfred Howarth, for Manchester, and Ernie Davies, for Liverpool.

The Meeting closed with the result of the Committee election: Hill, Walls, Pendlebury, Barker, Marriott and Wild. Messrs. C. F. Elias and Eddie Morris have agreed to be Auditors for next year.

Soon after nine the meeting closed. The Manchester men found a café open in Warrington and supped in good measure. Connor and Williams found a door open in the Editor's establishment, and after supper there it was midnight before Parkgate saw them.

Utkinton, October 16th, 1948

Except for a blustery wind, the outlook for this afternoon was pleasant. At Widnes when I arrived, the rickety crate was due to leave, a quick scramble for a ticket and I was aboard. Time for a smoke now and an eager scan around the cyclists for an Anfielder, but no luck. On the Runcorn side I pushed on to Halton, and the old ruined castle before dropping down to Frodsham. Through Helsby came Hatchmere, and at the halt for a cup of char to my delight I noticed Tommy Mandall.

By this time the atmosphere was getting quite nippy, and our hope was

for a fine evening. The lads came rolling up one by one. In one pack was our Editor and his arrival gave us the tip—grab a seat, lads, and let's have a good tuck-in. Members totalled 16, and those present were Geoff. Lockett, Eric Reeves, Frank Marriott, Frank Perkins, Peter Rock, Len Hill, Tommy Mandall, John Jones, Jimmy Long, Bert Green, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson, Alfred Howarth, Don Stewart and Alan Bretherick.

A good meal was enjoyed and our thanks go to Mrs. Badrock and our old friends, the hens, who still do a grand job of work. After tea many interesting tales of past outings, including the Ed's story of wash-bowl sized meat pies were heard. At last it was time for everyone to wend their ways towards home. The two Franks stopped to sign the Visitors' Book, and didn't see another soul, not even Jimmy on the Wishing Gate Hill. The Liverpool contingent had a pleasant run except for the patches of mist.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR to Glyn Ceiriog, October 23/24, 1948

We start this little story on Friday morning, when Stan Wild and Frank Marriott sallied forth from Manchester and Merseyside simultaneously. Stan had a sticky ride into a wester. Frank, with less distance and a side wind, had easier travel.

The rendezvous was the Sun Temperance at Llanrhaiadr Y.M. Salty and Ira Thomas arrived later, and the rest of the contingent—Peter, Eric, Dons Smith and Stewart, Len Walls, Reg. Wilson, Alfred Howarth and John Futter, made the journey from home after tea. The moon climbed to the skies as they turned for the last lap into the Tanat valley.

Saturday's run was an attempt on the Moel Sych crossing of the Berwyns and soon after ten a dozen Anfielders straggled along the lovely lane that leads to the far-famed Pistyll Rhaiadr. On this sunny autumn morning it was glorious and golden. Short of the waterfall we turned from the road, and ventured along a climbing green shelf track. Ahead loomed the mighty high skylines of the Berwyns, and when Alfred Howarth saw them he cried "Enough!" And he had the good sense to desist.

It was one of the most enjoyable but most strenuous crossings ever. A stream to be leaped, a contour to be rounded, and the stragglers—Reg. and Frank—sighted nine energetic Anfielders shouldering bicycles on the steepest of sheer slopes.

Slowly—very slowly—the tiny lake in the shadow of the mighty Craig Berwyn seemed smaller still as we dragged and carried the bicycles up the hillside. At last the lofty ridge, and an easier stretch brought the last summit, a rocky pulpit more than 2,700 feet above the sea. Distant views receded into the haze, but far below, creeping along a wonderful green valley, came the Maen Gwynedd pathway. Once our loftiest and hardest crossing, it seemed low and easy now.

The descent, a tiresome walk down the marshy mountain, brought Llandrillo at last, and a lunch-cum-tea at a cottage near Corwen. In the waning and cold light of afternoon we strolled delightedly along the shelf road climbing from Glyndyfrdwy, flinging down to Glyn Ceiriog to beat the Presider to it by a short head.

As the minutes passed into hours, the others arrived. Percy Williamson, Alan Bretherick, Vic Lambert, Laurie Pendlebury, Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams, George Connor, Arthur Birkby and Jimmy Long. Twenty-two. A very happy gathering at a very delightful venue. Long may the Glyn Valley Hotel remain on our list of fixtures.

Sunday, and the parting. Salty and Co. write of their day on another page. George Connor and Arthur Birkby ventured forth on the Nant Rhyd Wylm pass, and Vic Lambert and Alan Bretherick might have travelled this way, too. Frank, Ira and Reg climbed to the hills and enjoyed the ridge road in wonderful weather before descending to Chirk for lunch. Bert Green and Laurie detoured via Whittington for Middlewich's tea. Percy might have travelled with them, leaving Stan to ride to Tarvin alone.

Autumn Sunday

Many's the day we have fought our way up the valley of the Ceiriog into wind, rain or hail, moonshine or dark. The second day of our autumnal week-end surpassed all. Sunshine and a gentle westerly breeze lightened the task. Pandy had lost its venom, and our old stamping ground at Llanarmon was soon left behind. Afoot the septet—Salty, Eric, Peter, the two Dons, John Futter and Len—toiled up the first mile-long hill on the road to Llanrhaidr, to halt at the summit and await the arrival of Vic and Alan. The non-arrival of the two seekers after gloves saw us depart on a hilarious drift. What a grand downward sweep it is, a winding dropping, hedge-bound way, with glorious views athwart Tanatside.

Over the Little Hirnant to a farm at Llanwddyn for a satisfying meal. Across the barrier and round the back of Lake Vyrnwy, a puncture to mend, and we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Cwm Eunant. Vyrnwy was looking very beautiful. Bursts of sunshine through the mist accentuated the rich colourings of the foliage, and seven hearts overflowing with happiness made their way up the stepping stones of the Eunant.

The first steep pitch brought a halt. Eunant Fawr in full spate poured its bubbling waters over a full half-mile of rocky fall. We gulped our fill whilst the photographers of the party attempted to retain a memory. Bumping over the rocky bed and splashing through the pools, the summit came. What a magnificent view down the vale! Our noses were for home with the gradient and rising wind in full favour.

Llanwchllyn, and with Eric and Salty in the lead the miles alongside Bala Lake soon slipped by. Corwen found us having an early tea. We left well before dusk, still seven strong and a strong seven. Bryn Eglwys, Llandegla cross-roads. What a blind! Over the summit of the moors, and a fast run to the Ferry. Six of the party had gears. John Futter, with his 63 fixed, twiddled right manfully, and was still with us at Pen-y-fford, where he left the party for home.

Eric and Don Smith were the best of the bunch in the end, and they finished off the scrap. Needless to say, we must record a best of all time ride from Corwen to Two Mills. Twenty-eight miles—one hour and 33 minutes. Not bad for the wind up of a leg stretching and lung widening, week-end. Len, Peter, Eric, John, the two Dons and yours truly, Salty, wish you many like it.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



DECEMBER - 1948

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLIV

DECEMBER, 1948

NUMBER 513

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec.

- | | | |
|----|--|-------------------------------|
| 4 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 11 | Rhydymwn (Antelope) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |
| 13 | Committee Meeting at 7 p.m. at 3 | Whitechapel, Liverpool |
| 18 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 27 | Middlewich (Woodlands Café), Lunch, 1 p.m. | |

1949

Jan.

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 | Heswall (Sun Dial Café) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 8 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 10 | Committee Meeting at 7 p.m. at 3 | Whitechapel, Liverpool |

COMMITTEE NOTES

11 Preston New Road,
Southport, Lincs.

Handicapping Committee. R. J. Austin has now been included in the Handicapping Committee.

Application for Membership. George Astbury, 29 Alexander Drive, Timperley, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. L. Pendlebury, seconded by Mr. Stan. Wild.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor of this journal is Mr. Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in 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.

HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

Powell, Chandler, McCann and Jimmy Williams recently had a meeting with our old friend W. T. Murphy (the O'Tatur), who kindly sent along a donation towards the *Circular* as a gesture of appreciation for the copy that is always sent to him. May we say that the gesture is no less appreciated at this end.

The following subscriptions and/or donations* for the current year are acknowledged with thanks: W. A. Connor, W. G. Connor, J. D. Cranshaw*, W. Henderson, L. J. Hill, A. Howarth, W. H. Kettle*, W. T. Murphy*, H. W. Powell*, N. Turvey, F. H. Wood.

J. R. BAND,

16, Campbell Drive, Liverpool 14.

Checker's Report. At approximately 1-55 p.m. on November 16th, 1948, I was travelling from Hastings to Rye, unpaced and unaccompanied (in a bus) when I observed Ernest Snowden, Esq., unpaced and unaccompanied (he was squatting at the roadside, sketching for dear life, erktually). His bicycle lay cast aside. Do we qualify for a run apiece, or do we merely have our names recorded in your Monthly Journal enclosed in its cover of Peril-less Yellow? SYD. JONAS.

Parkgate. This short item is to announce that the Parkgate run on December 18th will be something special. Bert Green hopes to come, and make a week-end of it. Ladies also are invited on this particular occasion, and George Connor would be grateful if you write and tell him how many guests you hope to bring. At least a week's notice is desirable.

Seventieth Anniversary. We are delighted to announce that the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, will be pleased to cater for our seventieth anniversary dinner on the evening of Whit-Saturday next. Accommodation is limited to 120. Further details in due course. As a private celebration we hope to have a super Club-run at Halewood early in March.

Sorry! We regret that no one at either the Halewood or Parkgate runs in November have thought it desirable to submit a report of these activities for inclusion in this issue of the *Circular*.

Fred Brewster. News comes from Coventry that Fred Brewster is at Fort Churchill, Hudsons Bay, Manitoba, Canada, managing the stores for the Hudsons Bay Company in that settlement.

CHESHIRE AFTERNOON

The day of the Holmes Chapel run early in November was so grand, so pleasant, that even the Editorial bloke thought that he might manage to reach the distant rendezvous. A bright warm sun caressed the golden countryside. Damhead Lane missed Willaston, and farther on another

quiet road led through Capenhurst and on to the new bypass. Stanney and Stoak gave, eventually, the flat lands beyond the Frodsham road, and then came Manley Bank. Not to-day was there a breathless struggle on those slopes. We walked, and had splendid views of the Welsh hills, and Beeston, and Peckforton ridge.

Rangers Bank, a fling through the woods to the forest, and the shining, duckpond by the crossroads. Only three pip emma. It would be grand lingering in the last light of the sun. A young girl thought so, too, and together we talked of far-away Pembrokeshire and a host of other things. She was waiting for the hostel down the road to open. I was going to Holmes Chapel. "You hope", she said.

What I had mentally resolved to be a ten minutes lingering had spun out quite delightfully to more than half-an-hour. It was 3-45 before the drift along the forest road to Hatchmere. At the crossroads I needed "fourours"—a cup of tea and a cake or two. The Tudor Café (under new management since the Club last stepped across the threshold) seemed inviting. "Would you like home made pork pie, chips, bread and butter, tea and cake?" This before I could even indicate my meagre desires. The very mention of such food made me ravenous, I surrendered! I'd have to hurry to get to Holmes Chapel after such a meal.

As the mists drifted from the ridges, and darkness came to Delamere, Holmes Chapel seemed very far away. Almost in another world. Was it worth it, leaving the fire and the bright light for the ride to the distant rendezvous, and then the perspiring blind in the wake of the fast lads on the road home? I surrendered again! My homeward run was a quiet potter to the Fishpool Inn, for a talk about other years to Mrs. Sheen, before seeking Chester and more warmth, more comfort, and more food, at the Randall establishment. I can hear Charles say: "You're a scrounging so-and-so, Sammy!"

DURNESS TO CAPE WRATH

To-day, with the motor car poking its smelly snitch into nearly all our remote roads, there are few romantic roads left to us cyclists in the old sense. But there is certainly one, and that is the trip to Cape Wrath lighthouse, from Durness.

To do it, arrange to stay the night in Durness (McKay's grocer's shop took us) and next morning ask the Post Office to phone the Keoldale ferry boat and then when you get to the crossing of Kyle of Durness there is no waiting. We went over with the local postman and his bicycle, who does the Cape Wrath journey of 11 miles each way, every other day, winter and summer. The little road is a touring cyclist's delight all the way, first steeply up, then swiftly down to the footbridge, two feet wide, at Dail, and then up and out and on to the open moor. You can see Cape Wrath jutting proudly into the sea, six or more miles away, and the little road, so far away from anywhere in Britain, boasts milestones; boasts also the dear old C.T.C. caution boards of 50/60 years ago; the Old Timers evidently got here all right.

On arrival at the Cape we were courteously welcomed by the Chief Keeper and shown over the famous lighthouse, which is 120 years old. The light chamber is of great interest—a pint of paraffin per hour burnt in an incandescent burner is magnified by a wonderful set of reflecting prisms into a blaze visible 20 miles out to sea. There are various safety gadgets which keep those on duty informed that the lenses are revolving to give a light of the exact 30 seconds duration, first white and then red; the fog horn creates a deafening roar on a paraffin consumption of four gallons an hour and gives a second blast every $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Visitors are (or were) shown round between 11-0 a.m. and 3-0 p.m. any day except Saturdays and Sundays. From the lighthouse we could see Lewis 40 miles away, and the Orkneys, 60 miles away.

Coming back I strongly advise leaving the bicycle at the bridge over Amhainn Chearbhag and walking down its valley to the superbly beautiful little bay, where the stream runs into the sea over glorious golden sands, surrounded by weirdly shaped rocks with a magnificent view of the Cape's 400 feet cliff. Also there is a remote and primitive cottage there whose occupant gave us a dignified welcome and hospitality and oat cakes, soda scones and milk.

This is a truly magnificent day's trip, and it is well worth planning a tour with it in mind as the focal point. There is one romantic road left in Britain at any rate on which motor cars are not seen—because there is no road round the head of the Kyle of Durness and the Keoldale ferry is only a rowing boat. It is seventeen years since I was there, but I think most of what I have written will be the same to-day. Anfielders "hic et ubique"—go to it!

NORMAN TURVEY.

RUNS

Dane-in-Shaw, October 30th, 1948

I set out with the intention of making an indirect journey to this venue, but, after turning back to collect a hat, which was rendered essential by the pangs from frost-bitten ears, I decided that the direct route was not only preferable, but necessary to avoid being late for tea. The route through Wilmslow, Alderley and Congleton was distinctly dull—in every sense of the word—but it sufficed to bring the Biddulph road at 5-25 p.m. with only the Dane-in-Shaw mountain between me and tea. At the bottom of this brow I was cold, but at the top I had reached boiling point, and staggered into the Coach and Horses sweating profusely.

At 5-50 p.m. having given up hope of anyone else coming, the six of us, Bert Green, Hubert Buckley, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson and Alfred Howarth, began tea. Laurie had come on his new R.R.A. model—he succeeded in keeping this a secret for five minutes; thus afterwards we talked of Steel versus Alloy, one of Laurie's favourite

topics, and R.R.A. cranks. These cranks suffer from the disease of all cranks, to whitt, when you push them down, the little blighters come up again.

The journey home was not dull. We spent an interesting ten minutes in Congleton where a char-a-banc was attempting to enter an alleyway, and we wondered at the driver's stupidity, as the thing was getting farther and farther out, until we realised that he was trying to get out, not in. We lost Stan Wild when a paper man shouted: "Final Scores!" and Hubert disappeared too. The rest of us continued homeward and brought yet another run to a peaceful close.

Woodbank, October 30th, 1948

From the wilds of Liverpool the first arrival was Don Stewart, who had ridden by way of Widnes and Runcorn, and was sipping tea at Two Mills when joined by Don Smith.

After more tea they continued to the Yacht Inn in search of companions, but there were none, and a gaggle of hostile geese sent them packing back to Two Mills. Here the party was swelled by the arrival of Frank Marriott, Reg Wilson, Ernie Davies, Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams and Peter Rock.

Jimmy Long, who had ignored the common rabble and ridden past Two Mills with his nose in the air, or on the ground, or somewhere, was waiting for us when we arrived at the Yacht, where we were joined, in time for tea, by George Connor and Vic Lambert.

During the meal our hostess remarked that her daughter seemed to think that we might eat her. Never before did I realise that Frank's great hunger was so apparent! After tea and the usual gossip those members who were either temperate or impecunious rode home with a drop of the usual rain to cheer them on their way, leaving the others to pay their respects to old Bacchus.

Holmes Chapel, November 6th, 1948

Don't ever make the mistake of calling at the Shavian mansion in Bramhall on a tricycle. It offends the eye and places Don beyond the pale! But Don has his own way of dealing with such a miscreant. He keeps him talking on Club life and cameras until it is too late to reach the tea venue by the appointed hour, places the tricyclist and tricycle in a plain van and transports him swiftly and silently to the Club run.

It was my misfortune to be the victim of such a circumstance as outlined above on a day of lovely sunshine and a following wind, but at least it did get Don out as well. We passed Percy Williamson puffing up Saltersford Bank and reached the Hollies at 4-50 p.m. to find Mr. Bick and Jim Cranshaw in possession and indulging in a spot of tea-bibbing. Like a gentleman Jim quickly ordered two more cups and we spent a pleasant half-hour before further members arrived.

First came Alf Howarth and friend George, a prospective member. Then came Hubert with a strange and hungry look—he was *sans* his celebrated relic of a hat and had last fed many hours ago. In blew Percy and a trio from Liverpool, namely, Eric, Peter and Don Stewart, and at 5-40 a voice from one of the elder brethren murmured “Does that man Green ever attend any Club runs nowadays?” No sooner had he spoken than the Presider appeared in person, followed by Laurie to make the very satisfactory total of 13.

Tea was first-class but on the expensive side. It was served rather late, and almost immediately the older members adjourned to the adjacent Swan, whilst Laurie, Alf, George and I kept the fire warm for half-an-hour before hitting the cold north wind in the direction of Cheadle.

I have always regarded Eric and Co. as being of the toughest breed, but Don, having a call to make in Kelsall, quickly seduced them into placing their bicycles and persons into the plain van that had brought me hither. But whilst my conscience troubled me I don't think it bothered them a bit!

Utkinton, November 13th, 1948

If memory serves me right, the weather-clerk has of recent years viewed this particular fixture with great disfavour. Persistent rain and the humidity emphasised the theory that a cape is merely a conventional gesture. Once thoroughly wet we can forget our discomfort, for is not such vexation a comparative sensation which fades once the process of permeation is complete?

I had started in good time with no company but the gentle swishing of the tyres on the rain-swept highway. To have halted in Chester would have meant the eventual resumption of a wet cape, a process I loathe. Why not continue by way of Kelsall? Many years have passed since in company with the Editorial one I roamed the ancient lanes which stride the ridge. To-day I turned southwards, climbing the crest above the pre-Roman earthwork which is Kelsborrow.

Here the subdued russets and gold of dead bracken and fading leaves gave a pleasing dash of tone in the half-light of sombre greys. Down on the plain tiny lights pricked through the gloom while brighter points floated silently along the highway snaking across the ridge. At Utkinton the darkness had closed down. The rain had stopped, and time was whiled away walking down the lane hoping to dry out a little.

When I returned to the cottage Tommy Mandall, Rigby Band, and Don Stewart were there. Still with time to spare Eric Reeves and Len Walls dripped in, Eric murmuring wicked comments apropos the alleged usefulness of capes in such weather.

Alfred Howarth and friend George Astbury were next to arrive. The President, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson and Laurie Pendlebury completed

the party. Being sat somewhat centrally at the table most of the conversation coming my way resolved itself to frequent requests to pass tea, jam, cakes, etc. to all and sundry, but by stealth and ingenuity I managed to partake of a satisfying meal.

Conversation after tea centred largely on the plans of the younger pack for the Hulme End week-end. The evening atoned for the vagaries of the day, and soon three small groups were under way, one to Manchester, the others to Liverpool and Wirral.

Those present were H. Green, T. Mandall, P. Williamson, S. Wild, L. Pendlebury, R. Band, E. Reeves, P. Rock, A. Howarth and friend, L. Walls and Don Stewart.

Wildboarclough, November 20th, 1948

This being the week-end of the now almost regular November jaunt to Hulme End, Stan's favourite venue at the head of the Manifold valley, more than a modicum of Merseysiders made their way to the popular inn sheltering at the head of Wildboarclough.

Frank Marriott, after elevenses at home, made Helsby for lunch after a glorious sweep in the strong wester down the bye-pass. Into the hills from the Whalebone, a walk and a fine view in Overton, Kingsley, Weaverham, and a tinkle—the sound of falling coins on a hard road. A search revealed three halfpence and a hole in the cash pocket. A check-up showed that more than seven shillings had vanished. The gods were not kind, leaving our Editor to hear only the last two coins dripping from his pocket!

Beyond Northwich we came into Peover, and as it was only three, a cobbled lane led from the high road to the ancient inn and still older church and in the last light of this wonderful day we wandered from the lychgate to the old stone tower. The way from Toft to Seven Sisters brimmed with memories of younger days. Chelford came, and with it the need for a cup of tea.

Broken Cross as the clock chimed four, and our President wheeled into the way just ahead. Russ Barker later made a trio, and—solely for the Editor's benefit—we joined the milling throng in a milkbar for cups of tea, and a sandwich for the scribe. The climb was the easiest ever in that wester. Bert rode the lot, while Frank and Russ walked from above the Setter Dog. Time passed better that way and so much had to be remembered.

At Stanleys Don Shaw was already installed, Bert and Laurie were outside. Then Alfred Howarth and friend, and Percy Williamson brightened the proceedings with his quiet enthusiasm for all things cycling. Alan Bretherick and Vic Lambert had been looking for the Stanley Arms down in Wildboarclough, and methinks it is high time for the correct location of

this favourite inn to be stated in the *Circular*. We were still five short of a full party when we started the meal at 6-0 p.m. Forty minutes later the fast pack staggered in. They literally fell through the doorway. Woore for lunch on this splendid day was quite a good idea, but the afternoon run through all of north Staffordshire's best—and worst—seemed to be piling it on a bit. Funless miles in November are no use to anyone. Don Stewart had a grand light in his eye. He had been dropping them all! Peter, Eric, Len Walls and Reg Wilson completed the party.

At 7-30 we were away on the last climb to the Cat. Laurie, Russ and Bert had made their way home once more, leaving a cavalcade of thirteen to sail across the hills. Percy and Don Shaw were lingering in the rear. Frank and Reg dawdled even more. A rough lane from below the summit brought the Leek road, and a mile or so of Axe Edge gave another way swinging across the hills before the loveliest of all descents into Longnor. Nine-thirty, and all were ensconced at journey's end.

Last year's run to this favourite venue was enhanced by the appearance of a massive pie, and Stan (and Frank!) were wondering how this could be divided into thirteen. We need not have worried. There was no pie! Yet a wonderful supper.

Last year the Sabbath morning gave of winter's best. Last Sunday we had November's worst—misty, drizzling rain, soon to turn to the stair-road, soaking variety. Stan, Percy and Don Shaw had arranged lunch at the Stanley Arms, leaving the other ten to seek an unordered lunch elsewhere.

Frank and Reg, to reduce the party somewhat, left Hulme End at 10-30, and at an average speed of about sixes, reached the main Leek road beyond Onecote before enjoying elevenses (at noon!) in Leek itself. The others were sighted ahead at Ryecroft gate, and while they stopped for lunch at Bosley, Frank and Reg continued to Holmes Chapel. In Chester they were hungry again, particularly when a wonderful sniff of chips came drifting down the Eastgate.

The evening was the best part of a cold, wet day.

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