

# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JANUARY - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

JANUARY, 1949

NUMBER 514

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan., 1949

1	Heswall (Sun Dial Café)	Somerford (Sunnyside Café)
8	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
10	Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel,	Liverpool
15	Woodbank (Yacht)	Middlewich (Woodlands)
22	Parkgate (Deeside Café)	Buxworth (Navigation Inn)
29	Heswall (Sun Dial Café)	Prestbury (White House Café)

Feb.

5	Halewood (Derby Arms)
12	Lymm (Cosy Café)
14	Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool

### Alteration of Fixture

Will Members please note that the run fixed for Goostrey (Red Lion), on January 8th, 1949, has had to be re-arranged. The run will now be at Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses).

## COMMITTEE NOTES

11 Preston New Road,  
Southport.

**New Member.** George Astbury, 29 Alexander Drive, Timperley, Cheshire.

**Transfer.** W. Henderson has been transferred from Full to Honorary Membership.

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.

## NOTICE

As Saturday, January 15th, is the occasion of a "Ragged Staff" cycling lecture at the Lower Central Hall, Liverpool, it is not expected that many will attend the run to Woodbank, and a meal has not been ordered, although facilities for obtaining food will, of course, be available. Please also note that tea on January 29th at Heswall is at 5-0 p.m.

## OBITUARY—C. F. ELIAS

These pages are saddened by the passing of C. F. Elias during the Christmas holiday. "C.F.E." had to enter the Liverpool Royal Infirmary for an operation and did not recover. Elias was almost one of the Elder Brethren when he joined the Club in 1932, having then attained the half-century, and although fairly active in the early years of membership, we haven't seen quite so much of him lately. Bert Green and Laurie Pendlebury were very pleased to meet "C.F.E." on a Sunday morning near West Kirby a month or so ago, when a Raleigh recently purchased by our now lamented friend was displayed with enthusiasm. Elias was a keen tourist, although his mileage seldom exceeded 4,000 miles annually.

For the past year he had been President of the Liverpool D.A., C.T.C., and he also occupied many other important positions in the public life of Merseyside. We would like to extend our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Elias, and to his sons, who are also members of the Club.

As we close for press details of the funeral arrangements have yet to be announced.

## GREETINGS!

The President, Officers and Committee of the Club hope that you have had a very happy Christmas, and for the New Year they extend the sincerest wishes to you all for everything that is good.

The Editor would also like to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, greeting cards received from the following friends: George Connor, Salty, Peter Rock, George and Rhoda Stephenson, Peter Stevie, Len Walls, Don Stewart, Len Killip, C. F. Elias and Len Hill.

## PETER STEPHENSON

Peter writes from Gatow in high hopes of a demob. at the end of January. The air lift is keeping the lads there very busy, and Peter is working 24 hours on, and 24 hours off. Through the *Circular* Peter passes his best wishes to all the boys for a Happy Christmas, and a good New Year. He hopes to see us all very soon. His letter ends with: "Happy Days, Peter".

## THE NORTH ROAD C.C. 63rd ANNUAL DINNER

December 11th, 1948

The Anfield were well represented at this function. Bert Green, Norman Turvey, Percy Beardwood and Len Killip were there, and though his name no longer appears on the list of members, I formed the opinion

later in the evening that Lord Kenilworth has a rather greater claim to call himself an Anfielder than I have myself.

Bert had arrived without his Anfield button, but remedied the trouble by borrowing Norman's. The latter felt quite naked, with only the North Road badge to grace his lapel. However, with the President properly dressed, we were in a position to commence the dinner.

H. H. England has not yet recovered from his illness, and in consequence the chair was taken by Bill Frankum. After the usual preliminaries, C. E. Green proposed the toast of the Visitors, and dwelt at some length on the Anfield and Bert Green's filling of W. P. Cook's shoes. Bert's phenomenal average of over 50 Club runs per year was mentioned and duly approved.

Lord Kenilworth made the first reply for the Visitors. He revealed that the Anfield was his first love, but that subsequent to his move to the Midlands, he gradually lost touch with the Club. He had joined the North Warwickshire on changing his domicile, and was then and now a member of the Pickwick B.C. He had many memories of "Faed" Wilson, F. T. Bidlake, and others of the old-timers. On one occasion he was organising one of G. P. Mill's End to End efforts. Conditions were far from ideal, and in the vicinity of the Pass of Killiecrankie George Mills stopped to borrow Jack Siddeley's knickerbockers, as his own were worn out! His future lordship was left to proceed as best he might in the discarded garments.

Might I suggest, with due respect, that to have lent one's trousers to G. P. Mills in the course of a record attempt is in itself ample qualification for Life Membership of this Club?

The second reply by Arthur Moss, of the Wessex Road Club was his usual polished effort and formed a fitting introduction to the presentation of the awards. The latter ceremony demonstrated convincingly that the present generation of North Roaders are no sluggards when it comes to time-trialling. The highlight, of course, was the presentation of the Cup for the Invitation "24" to Gordon Basham, of the Wessex R.C., for the second year in succession, this time with the staggering total of 454½ miles, which, if memory serves aright, beat competition record by 14 miles.

Our own Bert Green proposed the toast of the Club, and despite shortage of time, effectively put over the plea for a return to the sporting principle of beating the other fellow in the same race rather than seeking fast courses and times. He also queried the efficacy of the Best All-Rounder Competition in producing in fact the best all-round rider. For example, no 24-hour event is included.

Arthur Taylor, the newly elected Secretary of the North Road responded with a very well presented and popular speech, which augurs well for the future Secretaryship. The toast of the Chairman was proposed by A. V. Lancaster. His subject was popular and, I have no doubt, adequately presented, but unfortunately we were over-running our time, and I had to leave. Altogether a very pleasant evening.

LEN KILLIP.

## CORRESPONDENCE

55A, Dorset Road,  
Bexhill, Sussex.  
9th December, 1948.

Dear Mr. Editor,

As a sequel to the interim report in last month's *Circular*, I am glad to be able to state that the "record" in question was duly made, in proof whereof I enclose a certificate duly authenticated.

Detailed times are as follows:

		hr.	min.
Bexhill to King's Head, Udimore	15 miles	1	10
King's Head to Plough, Udimore	1 mile	2	10
Plough to 'Castle', Winchelsea	4 miles	3	20
Winchelsea to Guestling Thorn, where spotted at 1-55 p.m.	3 miles	4	20
Guestling Thorn to Three Oaks Hotel (closing at 2 p.m.)			2

That finished the record as far as I was concerned, and the last bit nearly finished *me*.

On mature reflection, I am of the opinion that Sydney Jonas, Esq., signally failed in carrying out his duties. In the first place, his stealthy approach gave me no opportunity of cheating and, secondly, I was deprived of the unalloyed pleasure of handing him a drink!

But what can one expect if he mixes sport with BUS-iness!!

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST SNOWDEN.

P.S. Please forward certificate to S.J.

### SORRY !

We have been quite severely castigated for the word "gave" on the second line of page 91 in our last issue. Several ardent students of English grammar evidently run through these writings with a small-tooth comb. Truth to tell rustling sufficient stuff for the December *Circular* was a problem, and it nearly came out as a bare fixture card, or at best an issue half the usual size. The account of an afternoon's adventure in Cheshire was written very quickly as a fill-up, and we regret so carelessly. Yet it is strange that the Fowlers in our ranks did not spot the error in the "Sorry!" paragraph on page 90. Or were they merely being kind?

### SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

The Committee hope to arrange the Halewood "Do" on the last Saturday in March at the Derby Arms. A definite fixture will be announced later. In the meantime please book the date. It is the Committee's sincere wish that as many Anfielders as possible will attend.

### NEW HANDBOOK

A new handbook is being prepared. Will those whose address in the Club records is insufficient or wrong please advise W. G. Connor at 11, Preston New Road, Southport, immediately?

## RUNS

**Parkgate**

It is regretted that the special run, advertised for December 18th was, through no fault of ours, a flop. We will have another try on January 22nd. Please advise George Connor if you intend being present.

**Woodbank, Yacht Inn, November 27th, 1948**

An old saw once said: "Every community breeds its leader and its fool". A modern interpretation of that could substitute the word "comedian" for "fool". The good companions at the Yacht Inn appreciated their comedian in "Ginner" Williams, whose anecdotal service life was the high light of the evening, good, clean entertainment. The assembly, consisting of Messrs. Band, Mandall, Marriott, Perkins, Williams, Stewart, Smith, Reeves and Hill, after eating the usual hearty meal, turned to sit around the fire and listen to the good "Ginner's" humour. Then, like Anfielders who have done so for nearly 70 years, they made their journey to their respective abodes, no doubt mindful of the happiness the Club presents in bringing together men of kindred cycling relations, and no doubt mindful of the absent good companions, regulars like Peter Rock, Jimmy Long, etc.

**Tricycle Association Prize Distribution**

As usual many Anfielders turned their cycle snouts to the Royal Oak Hotel at Alderley Edge on December 8th last for the 1948 presentation. Under the chairmanship of Edmund Green, Frank Slemen opened the proceedings and in mentioning great tricyclists of the past remarked on G. P. Mills and W. P. Cook. Stanley Wild was a competent responder to Frank's toast to the T.A. In announcing the season's prize winners Len Hill told of "Harty" Millington, of the Warrington Road Club taking the Tricycle Trophy. Noticed around the table amongst the 82 members and friends present were Rex Austin, H. Green, Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Harry Wilson, Alan Bretherick and Vic Lambert.

**Somerford, November 27th, 1948**

There were only three of us on this run—the Presider, the Manchester Sub-Captain, and a prospective member, Astbury. We knew where three others were, but what about the rest? Anyhow, they missed a very fine day for riding. It's true that there was fog in parts in the early morning, but in the afternoon plenty of sunshine, very little wind and a nip in the air made travel quite exhilarating. Riding was easy and traffic very light as I went along comfortably by the lanes around Goostrey and so on to Radnor Bank and Somerford. Mrs. Lowe gave us a very good tea, and after a chat we went our several ways homeward under a clear sky covered with stars. Altogether a perfect winter day.

**Dane-in-Shaw, December 4th, 1948**

On the first Saturday in December I set out for "The Fare House", having received a message on the telephone from father that the run had to be altered from Goostrey. I arrived just about 5-30 to find the Presider,

Percy Williamson, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury and Alf. Howarth just ready to start tea. Hubert Buckley completed the party.

After the eats the conversation around the fire seemed to range over a number of subjects from British *versus* French bicycle accessories to the N.C.U. v. Harris controversy, until about 7 o'clock when the fast pack (Bert, Laurie and Alf.) set off for home. The rest of us continued to keep the fire warm until about 8 o'clock, when by means of slight blackmail, I persuaded Stan and Percy to promise to come to the Bath Hall in Macc. with me.

We went by the lane route. Stan having heard the football scores, did not need to call in Congleton for a paper. Before remounting, after walking the hill at North Rode Church, Percy gave a most wonderful acrobatic feat. I don't know the exact routine, but it starts with a few steps backwards, and finishes with lying on one's back, with the bicycle draped neatly round the neck.

After this we continued more or less without incident, except for a discussion with a police-sergeant about the correct place to carry a rear lamp on a trike, to Bath Hall, where we rested until 10-15. I don't know how the other two got on after that. I was home, sitting by the fire in about five minutes, thankful that I did not have to go to Manchester. So ended one more pleasant Saturday evening, full of happy memories of good companionship.

#### Halewood, December 4th, 1948

The hum of conversation and clink of glasses in the tank of the Derby Arms augured well for an excellent meeting. If Frank Chandler showed any discomfort at the presence of two ladies he quickly overcame it by the welcome but surprising "What's yours?"

One can't blame him for not anticipating a mixed gathering, but he who is noted for his nether garments must surely have felt some embarrassment by his sartorial *faux pas* of appearing wearing a BLACK bow tie in the company of ladies.

The numbers increased rapidly and soon there were present: George Stephenson, George Connor, Tommy Mandall, Eddie Morris, "Ginner" Williams, Arthur Birkby, Freddie Swift, Ernie Davies, Len Hill, Alan Bretherick, Victor Lambert, Donald Stewart, Tommy Sherman, the aforementioned Frank Chandler and Mrs. Stephenson and Mrs. Sherman.

A 'phone call informed us that Syd Jonas was on his way.

At six came the welcome cry "come and get it", and the assembly trooped in to face enormous helpings of roast goose, veg., mountains of trifle, and all managed to find a niche for mince pies and tea.

The ladies dined separately leaving plenty of scope for the repartee of "Ginner" Williams.

Disappointment was expressed by the cancellation of the special party at Parkgate a fortnight hence, but alternative arrangements were made to everybody's satisfaction.

Syd Jonas arrived at this juncture reporting bus trouble. We were all very pleased to see our one-time record breaker after such a long exile.



Tommy Sherman produced a copy of *Cycling* for April, 1928, which caused much reminiscence and the younger element were astounded at the prices advertised at that time. It was noted that Jack Salt was in winning mood in those days and a photograph showed him to be a very lean and lanky youth.

We were reminded of present day topics by the preparations for departure of Chandler. He appeared in a knitted toupee looking like a prospective witness at the Lynskey Tribunal.

The rest, having paid up, joined the ladies in the tank and unlike recent runs they seemed reluctant to break-up the gathering. Some made arrangements for the T.A. dinner on the morrow, others made tentative bookings for the 70th anniversary dinner next Whit, whilst Tommy Mandall coaxed some life into the fire.

Eventually we left by our devious routes and conveyances, two by bus, three by car, three by tricycle, and seven by bicycle. Having recently browsed through some 1906 circulars I think the conclusion of a write-up in those days might very well be used to-day.

Three cheers for the ladies; two for the pedallers; and a small one for Chandler!!!

#### Rhydymwyn, December 11th, 1948

It was not an ideal day for cycling, steady rain, and a southerly wind. I boarded the boat at the Pierhead, searched in Birkenhead for a new tyre, and a few minutes later arrived at Frank Marriott's house with the purpose of digging the Editor out. Soon after three o'clock we pushed our way into the wind and rain towards Two Mills, where three bicycles were observed outside the popular Wirral teashop.

Only Anfielders could be out on a day like this. Peter, Eric and Len were already inside, sipping cups of tea. Before we had time to purchase our tea, Eric started to ask the Editor why, in the last issue of the *Circular* had he overlooked a small grammatical error. Frank apologised, stating he was glad to know that Eric reads his copy of the *Circular*.

The group pushed on, with the wind at our sides, towards Queensferry. The long drag up Ewloe hill soon gave way to the gentle run down to Mold, and on to the Antelope.

Salty was already there when we arrived. Soon afterwards, Tommy Mandall came in, after riding via Northop. After an enjoyable meal had been had by all, Len Hill arrived with Frank Lloyd from Star Crossing, and another friend. Tommy Mandall was first to leave, and the remainder followed soon afterwards. A sedate pace was kept until the Two Mills, then the break came, and we sped along the high road towards Heswall. Len Walls proved the best in the end.

We bade Salty good-night at Damhead Lane, and continued through the lanes to Clatterbridge. Peter and Eric left at this point, and Len a few minutes later, and I was to wend a lonely way over the wet setted streets of Liverpool.

Those present at the run were Tommy Mandall, Jack Salt, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Frank Marriott, Len Hill, Len Walls, and Don Stewart.

### Middlewich, December 11th, 1948

The afternoon was most uninviting, half a gale blowing from the south-west with a definite promise of rain in the air. Surely enough, the promised moisture arrived before I was half-way to the tea venue. Although I took the journey easily enough it was a significant fact that I required an extra half-hour before I docked my steed at the Woodlands shortly after the appointed hour.

The attendance consisted of a select quartette, namely, Russ Barker, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury and Percy Williamson. Alf. Howarth and his friend had been seen on the way, but some mechanical trouble is believed to have prevented their coming.

Tea was a grand spread, and after an interesting chat in front of the fire, we donned capes once more, and with the wind in the rear, rode together as far as Toft Corner, where Stan and Percy turned for Seven Sisters, and Laurie and Russ took A.51 towards Knutsford.

(Some might wonder where was our President. He enjoyed the evening at the North Road Dinner, an account of which is included on another page.—Editor).

### Woodbank, December 18th, 1948

This run was a substitute for the special Parkgate "do", which has had to be postponed until January 22nd, and perhaps it is as well, for the morning was filled with the thickest fog.

Just when I thought that the fireside would be much the better place on such an afternoon, Frank Perkins darkened the doorway and indicated with that very menacing look of his, that I was coming to the Club run. As the venue was merely nine miles away, I surrendered. There seems to be something of a sinister scheme afoot to get the scribe to the Club run at all costs these days. For did not Don Stewart call at that very hour a week ago and amid a welter of raindrops, for that very purpose?

The fog had thinned a little from the density of the morning, and we drifted slowly along Storeton Ridge. A light astern revealed the manly features of our new Secretary (George Connor) from beneath the vagaries of a somewhat scruffy Army beret. Down the hill in the gloom and the gloaming, and the miles rolled Willaston way, and along Damhead Lane. At Two Mills the usual gang were at the usual game—supping tea, which was quite a pleasant pastime on such an afternoon.

The Ya ht lights revealed Len Walls, Don Stewart, Alan Bretherick, "Ginner" Williams, Salty, George Connor, Frank Perkins, Frank Marriott, Cyril Selkirk and son Keith. Tommy Mandall evidently fought shy of the fog and we missed him. Jimmy Long has gone into hibernation until the sun shines again.

Near Clatterbridge, on the homeward run, the fog was thicker, and we were a godsend to at least one motorist, who switched off his headlight, dropped into bottom gear, and eventually received from the Editor instructions how to reach the Tunnel from the Prenton district of Birkenhead.

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## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

- Feb., 1949                      Tea at 5-30 p.m.
- |                                 |                              |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 5 Halewood (Derby Arms)         | Moreton Old Hall             |
| 12 Lymm (Cosy Café)             |                              |
| 14 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., | 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool     |
| 19 Parkgate (Deeside Café)      | Somerford (Sunnyside Café)   |
| 26 Heswall (Sun Dial Café)      | Prestbury (White House Café) |
- March
- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 5 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)               |                               |
| 12 Rhydymwyn (Antelope)                | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 14 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel,   | Liverpool                     |
| 26 Halewood 70th Anniversary Club Run. |                               |

## ADDITIONAL FIXTURE

Will members please note that an alternative run to Moreton Old Hall has now been arranged for 5th February, 1949.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

11 Preston New Road, Southport.

**Easter Tour.** The Easter Tour has been arranged for Newtown (Mont.) with headquarters at the Lion Hotel. Accommodation has been provisionally booked for 14, which is all the available accommodation in the hotel. Terms, including dinner, bed and breakfast, 15/- per person per night. I shall be glad to receive names.

W. G. CONNOR, *Hon. General Secretary.*

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

A. E. C. BIRKBY, 28 Manor Avenue, Great Crosby, Liverpool, 25.

## EDITORIAL

Every contribution in this issue has been "murdered" to ensure that eight pages is not exceeded. Sorry!

## CORRESPONDENCE

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## SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The super Club-run at Halewood has been arranged for Saturday, March 26th. This is to be something *very special* and we want as many as possible to attend. A convenient bus service for the elder brethren reaches from Liverpool to the door of the hotel. Details of running times will be included in our next issue.

## SHREWSBURY

Arrangements for the Dinner on Saturday, June 4th, are proceeding. We hope to extend an invitation to every past "100" winner (fastest time prize winners) who can be traced. Meanwhile, the question of accommodation looms largely. If beds at the Lion hotel are to be reserved, they must be booked quickly. Please write to George Connor and reserve your bed *within one week of receiving this "Circular"*. Even if you only *hope* to stay at the Lion over Whit, please book. Cancellations can be quickly disposed of. To simplify arrangements, bookings for two nights only are acceptable.

## AUTUMN HOLIDAY

The first Saturday in October saw me Llangollen bound to join my wife for a four days' tour in Montgomeryshire and Shropshire. My wife (Joan, as some Wirral Anfielders know her) had made an early start in the company of another Birkenhead Victoria lady rider.

The day dawned bright and more than a little breezy, and it was two o'clock before the last of Bebington's houses were in the background. Then Raby cross-roads, an ice-cream jacket, and, yes!—our dear Editor.

"Hello, Sammy, mind if I join you to the Mills?" Salty joined us at the cross-roads and he promptly offered half of his front wheel for company. The moors were exceptionally beautiful that afternoon. Autumn was spreading her golds and browns over the whole countryside. We had left Frank dying on the hill above Coed Talon, and Jack and I parted company at Llandegla cross-roads, he to attend the Club-run at Rhydymwyn, myself to "tea" at the Grapes, Llangollen.

Sunday morning was spent in the enchanting riverside gardens, the view both upstream and down being really wonderful. Afternoon brought the hill climb, and after witnessing scenes of trial and tribulation Joan and I left en route for Guilsfield, a charming old village three miles north of Welshpool.

A.5 winds its reluctant way along the last few miles of Wales, and the long drop to Llanymynech, cursed in the reverse by many racing men, brought us in sight of three toiling figures, Eric, Peter and Don Smith, who were homeward bound after a hard day in the Berwyns.

After exchanging pleasantries with the doughty trio, we pressed on to our goal, a quaint old farm-tavern, still unspoiled by trippers, one of those hostelries that one invariably reads about, but that one rarely finds—a place with lashings of good, substantial, English country fare, and a pleasant host.



Monday dawned to the tune of a four-year-old bounding off to feed his chirping chicks, while a harassed mother beseeched her offspring to curb the farmyard adjectives! A breakfast fit for any campaigner stowed away, we once more set out to see what Andfieldland still held for us, two fugitives from workshop and sink.

After a very easy run to Abermule, I introduced Joan to the beautiful Kerry Hills. The climb through the trees beside a babbling, leaping stream made us wish our lives were one long holiday. Is anything more intriguing than a mountain brook? "Where it comes from nobody knows. Or where it goes to, but on it goes". These lines always leap to mind when I see a stream bubbling between rocks and over old, uprooted trees, bounding and leaping in its unfettered way.

We had anticipated morning coffee at the Herbert Arms, venue of many pre-war Anfield week-ends, but as the lady of the house was away, and the husband apparently no hand at coffee making, I had to be content with a brew of very good bitter. For one hour until noon we walked and rode through what must be some of the most magnificent scenery in the country en route for the Anchor Inn, and lunch. Never were these border hills in more bewitching mood than on that first Monday in October. The red and gold afterglow of summer lay everywhere, and nature's pageant was drawing reluctantly to a close once more.

And so we wended our way through those grandly wooded hills of Kerry and Clun to the small village of Craven Arms, where we spent the last evening of what had proved a delightful change for us both.

ERNIE DAVIES.

### ITEMS

News comes from Stratford that Eddie Haynes is in Warwick Infirmary suffering from the effects of cycling in a gale. Our good wishes go to him.

Robbie writes (and we regret not including a note in our last issue) that he is on the road to recovery at last. After the ticker trouble our friend of the wagging eyebrows was laid low by a nasty dose of pneumonia. Three weeks were spent in hospital and now he is at home again, taking things very easily, but progressing nicely.

### RUNS

#### Middlewich, Boxing Day, 1948

Christmas had so far been a quiet homely spell, and it was the intention to cram all the cycling into one day. My plans for Boxing Day this year called for early rising that I might carry out an idea of adding a little interesting scenery to the uninspiring run across Cheshire on a probably dull winter's day.

Seven forty-five found me swinging out of our sandy lane into a furious south-easter and what a breath-taking plug ere turning to the west at Two Mills. The roads were traffic free, and the long climb to Harwarden over, how enjoyable the ride through the wintry woods to Penymynydd. The hoar-frost tinkled around, dropping from the branches and telephone wires under the influence of the wintry blast.

Swinging right at Pen-y-ffordd I was soon rattling along in top gear. Cheery greetings came from the busy milk gatherers and farmers, and cheeks glowing with exertions reassured of the sanity of my mission. Coed Talon and Tryddyn behind, I settled down for the arduous climb to the summit of the moors. The top of the Horseshoe Pass and the whole range of the Eslusham mountain were enwrapped in dense cloud. The Arctic blast that came from them made my course a series of tacks. Crown of the road to the gutter, and back, and back again. For a short space about the hour of ten, master sun peeped out from above the clouds as he made his watery way around the rim of the vale of Bryn Eglwys.

Bryn's mill wheel was stilled by ice, and for the next two miles I banged away in top. At the crest of the first rise I took to the rough lane and in a quarter of a mile the machine was halted, and the bag packed with the wherewithal to fill tummies at the New Year.

Ten-thirty, and the watch and the miles received serious thought. Five miles from Corwen and two-and-a-half hours to reach Middlewich for lunch. Could it be done? Maybe by a stretch to three hours and especially if the load on the back could be shed before the last twenty miles, which promised to be all that anyone could wish for on a winter's day. Fortunately, the going over Llandegla was almost fast. Even then discretion called for a halt at Coed Talon, and ten minutes with coffee and beef sandwiches proved a wise move.

The last long run down the Warren enabled that cunning halt at the factory to unload the bird. It would be taken home on the morrow. The four miles of deadly straight into Chester took 20 minutes, and 12-15 found me leaving the city on the last lap. An hour and a quarter would be sixteens, an hour and twenty would be fifteens, and so puzzled my brain through Tarvin and over Kelsall. Still the miles went steadily behind as I ruminated over those odd five minutes or so. And so to the haven on the Nantwich road. Last in, first served. The meal was delicious, and I'm sure enjoyed by the thirteen brave souls who faced the wintry blast.

The Presider and two V.P.'s were well backed up by men of the two cities: Russ Barker and friend Stonehold, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Percy Williamson, Alf Howarth, George Astbury, Reg Wilson, Eric Reeves and Don Stewart.

We talked of bicycles and binoculars, cameras and clothes, while gathered round the friendly hearth until the Presider made the first break. He was for a night in old Salop. We five Merseysiders kept company until Tommy Mandall turned off for Northwich on a threatened gate-crashing mission, meanwhile Eric and I escorted the two youngsters back to Chester.

Seeing a glow in the windows of the Randall mansion I called a halt. Eric carried on to a rendezvous with Peter, and Don continued with him. Reg and I knocked—and entered. Quite a gathering. 'Erb Lloyd and family made our call well worth while. 'Erb is still quite proud of his fastest times and remembers them to the last painful second. We met his little son, too. Isn't it funny how haircuts run in families? Young John's reminded me of 'Erb at the finish or for that matter during any ride he took part in.

So to farewell time, and out into the dark to rattle off the final miles and home to tea and a roaring fire, to sit back and write up the run while thought still runs hot in my mind, the only time to do this pleasant task.

(Only one individual can be out for a run awheel soon after 7-30 on a freezing morning like last Boxing Day, . . . . SALTY!—Ed.)

#### Heswall, January 1st, 1949

As a report of a Club run I am going to find it very hard to write, but as a social meeting no doubt a good gossip writer would be able to produce quite a masterpiece. The run for me was a windy grind in the interesting company of our good friend Len Hill. The holiday still weighing somewhat heavily upon me, I spent the best part of the afternoon in endeavouring to catch up with some lost sleep.

Four forty-five saw me in Prenton fixing my lamps when Len rolled up, having had to use force to get his lamp to function. Never having been out to Heswall before, Len was only too glad to have a Wirral member plot the course and explain between the puffs and grunts what the various dark, dripping shadows were.

The cyclists present were Don Stewart, Rigby Band, John Futter, Alan Bretherick, Victor Lambert, Arthur Williams, Len Walls, Reg Wilson, Len Hill and Ernie Davies. Two hardy members came out by kind arrangement with Crosville—Tommy Mandall and Frank Marriott. (Frank walked more miles than he "bussed".—Ed.) Oh, yes! I nearly forgot the only three *real* cyclists in the Club—Salty, Rocky and Condensation Reeves, who had walked out to the Sundial.

The usual after-tea chatter was centred around "Ragged Staff's" forthcoming talk to be held in Liverpool two weeks hence, and arrangements were made to give the Club run the miss and descend on the City of Ships in full force.

#### Sumerford, January 1st, 1949

The New Year came in very boisterously—at least half-a-gale was blowing and there were showers of rain and sleet at intervals. That and the usual seasonal home festivities probably accounts for the fact that there were no more than five of us out at Sunnyside Café.

Stan Wild had carried out his usual programme for New Year's Day—lunch at the Stanley Arms, Macclesfield Forest. He reported thin snow falling on the Cat and Fiddle road, but no obstruction apart from the very high wind. The Presider had hoped to join him at lunch, as in previous years, but what with duty calls, the rain, the terrible wind and increasing evidence of approaching decrepitude two o'clock chimed before he arrived at Macclesfield. It was much too late to tackle the hill, have lunch, and get back to Somerford in time. So the afternoon ride was a short one. Percy Williamson, Russ Barker and Alf Howarth, who had come out direct, completed the party.

Perhaps as it was New Year's Day, Mrs. Lowe gave us rather a special meal which we enjoyed immensely, meanwhile talking of all kinds of things, mainly of old friends. About seven o'clock we left in fine weather,

with the wind astern and everything in the garden lovely. But not for long—very shortly sleet began to fall in earnest, and we all arrived home very wet, as seems usual nowadays.

#### **Dane-in-Shaw, January 8th, 1949**

Like his famous predecessor, our Mancunian sub-captain is a persistent bloke. He was evidently quite determined in his own mind that I should write up the Club run to the Coach and Horses, but he kept the decision locked in his breast for a week! And then let me have it on the following run, and no excuse of mine would gainsay him.

On the cold but quite pleasant day the run to Dane-in-Shaw was very enjoyable, and in a lane near Siddington I came up with the President, and we jointly carried on from there to the Coach and Horses. Tea (as always at this house) was fully enjoyed by the company that sat around the table. To judge by the high speed with which foodstuffs disappeared one might call them a ravenous lot of so-and-so's.

I was pleased to see that Percy Williamson had prevailed on his boy (then on leave from the Forces) to come along on the Club run, and George Astbury, our latest member, had brought along two friends. The company was eleven strong, and believe me, they showed great strength in repeatedly putting out arms to empty that table of its contents.

Around 7-30 we went our separate ways home. Stan Wild followed Percy Williamson through Tindersbrook, and the Presider and I left together to be caught later by the fast pack travelling with bright lights—a mixture of carbide and electric lamps. A grand moonlight ride home, and I left Bert Green in Sale to proceed alone. The following members and friends sat down to tea: Bert Green, Stan Wild, Russ Barker, Hubert Buckley, Percy Williamson and son, Alf Howarth, George Astbury and two friends, and Laurie Pendlebury.

#### **Halewood, January 8th, 1949**

On a very pleasant winter's afternoon I set out for Halewood, calling for Alan and Len en route. We arrived at the Derby Arms half-an-hour before time, and parking the bicycles, set out for a stroll along the country lanes. Dusk was falling when we returned to find Don Stewart and Frank Perkins sitting around a newly-lit blaze. With the arrival of the main force we moved to the tank, where Alan re-lit the fire with a quite unorthodox supply of paper.

Last in was the lanky form of your Editor, and just after six we trooped upstairs and split into two teams for the monthly eating competition. At table No. 1 were Len Hill, Don Stewart, Len Walls, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, F. H. Swift, W. C. Tierney and a friend. No. 2 team boasted George Stephenson, Tommy Sherman, Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, George Connor, Frank Perkins, Alan Bretherick and Victor Lambert.

Most had goose, lovely succulent goose. The not so fortunate four had boiled fowl. Then vegetables, loads and loads of them, followed by mountains of trifle and stewed fruit and custard. Tea all round with hot mince pies, and the two Franks managed nicely to sneak an extra one each.

"You so-and-so!" muttered Tommy Sherman in one of his stentorian whispers that could be heard all over the room. We would dearly love to print the word he used (could we but spell it!) but as the Editor says that this rag of ours is respectable, or supposed to be, we must hold back. Then cake, a nice Christmas cake on table No. 2 (being nearer the door they would have first choice of the more succulent catables!) and quite a nice hunk of lunch cake on table No. 1. Believe it or not, there was some left on each festive board!

What a struggle it was to rise never mind ride home! Tommy Mandall frankly admits that he just couldn't leave the Derby Arms until 10-0 p.m. The others managed to get their bicycles under them somehow, and quietly, very quietly, drift into Liverpool once more. Quite like old times!

### Parkgate, January 22nd, 1949

Last Saturday, at the delightful little place straggling above the sands of Dee, we had one of the most wonderful evenings ever. First mention must go to Bert Green, who trundled his tricycle across from Manchester on this very happy occasion. Another good word goes to Donald and Mrs. McCann, who were with us again after an interval stretching almost into ten years. It is grand to have such old friends out once more. Harold Kettle, with Marjorie and Barbara were also pleased to be present.

Forty members and friends sat in a comfortable room to a very special meal. Other than those mentioned, Tommy Mandall brought his family (you still haven't introduced us, Tommy, we told you about it a year ago!) and the other V.P., Jack Salt, came from Heswall with Elsie. Mr. and Mrs. Fer were present, but Ralph was unable to be with us. Cyril Selkirk, his good lady and the two lads, Eileen kept an eye on George Connor, Ernie Davies had his Joan, Tommy Sherman brought two girls to look after him, while Arthur Williams and Phyllis completed the main element of the party. The others were Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Don Stewart, Reg Wilson, Ken Barker, Len Hill, Alan Bretherick, Victor Lambert, Frank Marriott and friend Ted Moss.

After a delightful get-together, we sat down to a sumptuous meal, and our very best thanks go to those who provided it. There seemed to be no end to the ham, the tongue, the trifle, the jelly and the cakes. Then, when such functions as this tend to fall a little flat, Mr. and Mrs. White, friends of the house, brought along a home talkie outfit, and until 10-0 p.m. we were right royally entertained by a nature film, an ice ballet, Laurel and Hardy, and finally by Tom Walls & Co. in "Stormy Weather."

We were very, very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. White for their kindness, and if ever our visit to Parkgate coincides with their's again, perhaps they will be our guests at the meal.

By 10-30 most were away, drifting silently homewards in the wonder of one of those January nights when the lights of Wales seem clear as crystal, and the stars twinkle down from the dark sky.

**Woodbank, January 15th, 1949.**

Ken Barker was the solitary attender at this run, the others were making merry in the drab city of Liverpool before spending the evening at the Lower Central Hall to hear Rex Coley, of *The Bicycle*, give his lantern talk "Cycling is such Fun!"

*A Lantern Talk*

On Saturday, February 19th, at Parkgate, we hope to present a short lantern talk on Norway. The slides date from when George Connor, Arthur Williams and Frank Marriott toured that wonderful land of lakes and mountains and fjords. There are sixty slides, and the talk will last roughly for one hour. All are invited, but if you are not a regular attender, please let George Connor know, that a meal might be ordered for you. And as the ladies love these little parties, well, let them all come!

**Buxworth, January 22nd, 1949**

It had been many weeks—even months—since I had had the opportunity of attending a run, so when Harold Catling told me that the sub-captain had been whipping up support for the Buxworth fixture, I gladly agreed to accompany him. As Harold had been training recently over short distances (about two miles) and I had done even less riding, we naturally selected the shortest route.

The ride was without incident, and we arrived to find that Russ Barker had also done his best to support the run by bringing along a well-known figure in the local cycling world—Alan Gorman—and also one prospective member. We learned that another "prospective" was being initiated over a comprehensive sort of route which included a fair part of Cheshire and Derbyshire.

When Percy Williamson and Alf and his victim had arrived, we had the right number for the food provided, so a start was made. Soon afterwards Laurie Pendlebury arrived, and considerably later Stan Wild. Discussion around the table covered a variety of topics; a vigorous battle raged over six-and-a-half versus seven inch cranks. Needless to say, no conclusion was reached. No doubt similar discussions gave gone on through Anfield's history, though the range of lengths may have been different.

Soon after seven o'clock a move was made and most of the company proceeded to Hazel Grove in a compact group, with Alf dodging up and down on the offside in a manner that aroused thoughts of pile-ups. I envied Harold Catling his strategic position in the middle of three wheels. Your scribe was something of a social outcast, being equipped with a peculiarly noisy dynamo. This device is good for one's morale when solo riding, as it gives the impression of a jet-propelled job, but maintaining conversation against it while saving enough breath to propel a bicycle is rather a strain.

Those present were Alan Gorman (friend), Cliff Davy and Walter Thorpe (prospectives), Russ Barker, Harold Catling, Alfred Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson and George Taylor.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MARCH - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

MARCH, 1949

NUMBER 516

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- March, 1949
- |    |  |                               |
|----|--|-------------------------------|
| 5  | Utkinton (Smithy Farm)                           | Alternative Runs              |
| 12 | Rhydymwn (Antelope)                              | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 14 | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool      |                               |
| 19 | Highwayside (Travellers Rest)                    |                               |
| 26 | Halewood (Derby Arms), 70th Anniversary Club Run |                               |
- April
- |     |   |            |
|-----|---|------------|
| 2   | 1st "25", Headquarters, Woodbank (Yacht)              | Middlewich |
| 9   | Utkinton (Smithy Farm)                                |            |
| 11  | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool           |            |
| 15/ | Easter Tour. Headquarters, Lion Hotel, Newtown, Mont. |            |
| 17  |   |            |

## COMMITTEE NOTES

11 Preston New Road, Southport.

**Applications for Membership.** Clifford Davey, Throstle Grove Farm, Cross Lane, Marple, Cheshire. Proposed by S. Wild, seconded by G. G. Taylor. Walter Thorpe, 3 Shepley Lane, Hawk Green, Marple, Cheshire. Proposed by S. Wild, seconded by G. G. Taylor. Alan Gorman, 53 Garland Road, Benchill, Northendon, Manchester. Proposed by Russell Barker, seconded by H. Green.

**Easter Tour.** There are still a few beds available at the Lion Hotel, Newtown.

**Change of Address.** J. S. Jonas, 9 Ring Road, West Park, Leeds 6.

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.

## EASTER PROSPECTS

Before another issue of this *Circular* sees the light of day, the first holiday of the year will be on us. Bags will be packed, the bicycle cleaned—we hope!—and full of anticipation our courses will be set towards the Upper Severn Valley. A goodly party of Anfielders will settle on the Lion at Newtown, and we hope that the full house party of fourteen will be present.

What good material for the wanderer is there in this hunting ground of mid-Wales? A splendid run could be made on the road towards Builth from Dolfor. You climb past a black pinewood, and then drift for miles down a wooded valley. Villages pass, one by one, and then short of the crossways where A.44 ventures towards Lindon, and Aberystwyth, a lane turns back to the north-west. A signpost says: Abbey Cwm Hir. It is grand, silently travelling along that tiny green valley, and then you come to the ruins on the left hand, and the remnants of the village on the right.

A meal can (or could) be ordered at the Happy Union Inn, and while it is prepared, how delightful to wander quietly amid the sacred stones of the ancient abbey. Inside the inn they have (or had) bench coverings from the old Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Towards Rhayader the road grows rough, and you cross a tiny pass and drop down again before reaching to the townlet on the Wye.

Rhayader! Could anyone pass by the place without a visit to the Elan Lakes, even in the rain? Ten miles take you to the top dam, and it is not far then to Pont-ar-Elan, whence the old coach drops excitingly into Rhayader again, or ventures invitingly across the mountains to Devil's Bridge.

Westwards from Newtown—from Llanidloes, actually—an old road ventures across the mountains to Machynlleth, and it is a "must" at least once in your cycling life. Once in the hills above the valley you dip and lift into Stay-a-little, and then, farther on towards Llanbrynmair, turn left towards Dylife. Here is a strange village. When Syd Jonas and I ventured that way one delightful April morning the place was strewn with mining machinery, and two years or so later, when George Connor, Fred Brewster and I passed through, it had all gone.

Dylife is a deserted village. Only two or three houses show any sign of life, and all the other buildings are derelict, except of course, for the tiny Star Inn, which is a haven of hospitality. Farther on the road climbs to crest a 1,600 feet contour, and then comes the view, to my mind one of the wonder views of Wales. On that first Springtime morning the Dovey Valley glistened in the radiant light, and the high horizon lifted to the mighty mass of Cader Idris. Nothing has thrilled me more for a very long time. The descent is rough, but the last miles into Machynlleth are delightful indeed.

F.E.M.

## CAPTAIN'S NOTES

With the virtual retirement of two of our stalwarts, training activities do not seem so far advanced as customary at this time. When these notes

appear there will be barely a month's grace for the athletes to shake off the lethargy of the winter season. For the first Club "25" on 2nd April, gears will be restricted to 72 inches.

Other events of interest will be the East Liverpool Novices "25" and the West Cheshire "25". Details and forms for these events may be obtained from the Racing Secretary.

PETER ROCK, *Captain.*

### SPEED FEVER

Peter Rock, elsewhere in this issue, talks of retirement of two of our stalwarts. We would like to know who they are. We hear of Salty hammering hard on the high road most evenings in the week in preparation for his twenty-first (or is it twenty-second?) year of racing, and Eric and Peter and Ernie Davies are getting them round too. Lurid tales come from North Wales telling of a minor war the other Sunday. The trio were making every honest endeavour to do each other over. One short armistice was signed when the three agreed to walk a hill from the Holywell—St. Asaph road towards Tremeirchion, and then later in the afternoon Peter wanted to walk the Nant-y-Garth! Who was the real sanguinary nuisance on this battling day we have yet to discover but it is understood that our Captain was very sorry that he did not go to Llansannan as at first intended—hills or no hills.

### MEMORIES

Memories are lovely things. The happy ones give pleasure every time you bring them from the recesses of the mind and, if you are a contented sort of person, the not-so-pleasant soon fade into the dim mists of past mistakes. Cycling memories are perhaps best of all, and as you drift along slowly and quietly, all manner of delightful pictures gladden contemplation.

At Halewood, early in February, Len Hill brought back a memory. He had been to see Allan Littlemore, of the Mersey Roads Club, and Allan wished to know had Frank ever traversed a rough track between the Cann Office to Llanfyllyn road and Lake Vyrnwy. Yes, your scribe has been over that old road on two occasions. The first, when looking for rough-stuff in early wheeling years; the second, when the knowledge gained that other time was of immense value.

In the early thirties, quite a crowd of Anfielders foregathered at Chirbury one summer Saturday evening. I can recollect Wilf Orrell, Jimmy Long, Geoff Lockett, Ted Byron, George Connor, Salty, Arthur Williams. Some of us camped in the meadow above the tiny stream. Others rested and fed in the inn. On the Sunday morning we ventured westwards, and I can recollect getting dropped on the lumpy road between Welshpool and Llanfair Caereinion. We had elevenses in the latter village. Lunch might have been at Cann Office, but I rather think that the idea was to have a mid-day meal at Lake Vyrnwy.

After the snack, once again the party was strewn along the road. Salty well ahead, of course, with the others making a desperate endeavour to emulate him. At Pont-y-Llogel, where the way sweeps down to meet with Vyrnwy's river, Wilf and Jimmy and I were last. Then the idea dawned, and our quiet trio agreed to foresake the hard road for the tortuous track across the contours. Through the woods the way climbed, and from the crest came great views of the mountains. Then the drop, and we still walked. The shelf road reached high above the valley, and joined with the road again at the hairpin bend. Salty was ahead by less than a hundred yards. We were pipped at the post again, but the others were still sweating down the miles.

An easy drift, and Vyrnwy's dam came, with the wonderful view across the water to the wild mountains around Bwlch-y-Groes. The other remnants of the party came toiling up, one by one. "How the . . . !" "What the . . . !!!" An Anfield imagination can visualise their words. "How did you three get here first?" Our answer was a very superior and satisfactory smile, but a glimpse at the map revealed to them our way.

In the Great Book it says somewhere that the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. Yet how rarely it happens.

Thanks, Len, for digging up a happy memory of a grand week-end.

"F."

#### SYD JONAS

From the official notes in this issue you will see that Syd Jonas has removed to Leeds. He extends a hearty invitation to any Anfielder happening that way. Perhaps Jack Walton and Sid Carver will not feel so lonely now.

#### AN APOLOGY

In the report of the Parkgate run on 22nd January, Tommy Sherman was reported to have "brought along two girls". This statement was quite correct, but as the paragraph omitted to state that one of the young ladies was Mrs. Sherman, we understand that offence has been caused, and that some feeling has arisen. We would like to heave one big Editorial sigh, and emphasise that no slight was, of course, intended.

#### HALEWOOD SPECIAL CLUB RUN, MARCH 26th

Will all who intend visiting Halewood for this run please advise George Connor as soon as possible. This applies to regulars and those who are not so regular. Those members who are not sure of making the run until the last minute are, of course, very welcome, but the above arrangement should ensure a fairly accurate estimate of the number to be catered for. A Crosville 118 bus leaves Liverpool Pierhead at 4-0 and 5-0 p.m. for Halewood.

Donald McCann has unearthed a number of very old slides depicting Club life in past years, and we hope to complete the evening with a showing of these very interesting pictures. If any other member has slides or other photographs illustrating Club life in past years perhaps he will bring them along.

## EASTER

A few beds are still vacant at the Lion Hotel, Newtown. Please advise George Connor as soon as you can, as the list must be closed towards the end of March.

## RUNS

**Middlewich, 15th January, 1949**

A dirty, wet and windy afternoon. The sort of day when keeping the fire warm at home would have been a grand pastime. Such was the occasion when Eric Reeves, Len Walls, the Presider, Alfred Howarth and two friends, Laurie Pendlebury, Percy Williamson, George Astbury and Stan Wild foregathered to do justice to a good tea at the Woodlands.

My outward journey was a lone effort. I left home caped up and suffered the splashes of buses and cars until I left the main road.

Under the shadow of Goostrey Church I lit my lamps and turned reluctantly away from the Red Lion to dive into the dark tunnel of the straight and hedged Byley Lane. The Bate's house stood out like a friendly lighthouse in a cheerless countryside, but I must go on, keeping to the shelter of the hedge in an effort to avoid the worst buffetings of a side wind. Across the main road and soon from the top of Byley the lamps of Middlewich are seen like glow-worms in a pit.

The after-tea conversation became too scientific for me and I retired to an easy chair near the cheery fire until it was time to turn out for the return journey.

Greetings exchanged and we were away, several small sections travelling their various ways into the blackness of a dark night.

**Prestbury, 29th January, 1949**

After spending eight months in retirement, it was rather asking for trouble to accept George Taylor's invitation to "make a ride of it". However, George is kind hearted and considerate, the weather was unseasonably agreeable, and Cheshire is so delightfully gentle that I quite enjoyed the run. It was primarily a lanes amble through Styal, Pownall Hall and Morley to Warford, then, by Nether Alderly, Birtles and Pexall to Gawsworth.

At Gawsworth we duly admired the church with its ponds and death-watched vicarage before revisiting Maggotty Johnson's Grave. Here we were puzzled to understand the use of the old style "s" as carved on Lord Flame's gravestone. The long epitaph covers two stones. On the first the old style "s" is often used, but never at the end of a word. On the second stone the old style lettering does not occur at all.

Leaving the problem unsolved we returned to the treadles and wheeled the five easy miles to Prestbury in the deepening gloom. At the White House about ten members were already gathered before 5-30—and opening time at the Black Boy, but it was after six o'clock before our party of eighteen sat down to tea.

With a good leavening of Liverpool gentlemen we were a cheerful crowd, and it was fully 7-30 before a homeward move was made. Those present were R. J. Austin, R. Barker, H. G. Buckley, Catling, Cranshaw, Green, Howarth, Pendlebury, Reeves, Rock, Stewart, Taylor, Walls, Wild and Williamson, together with friends Davey, Gorman and Thorpe.

**Heswell, 29th January, 1949**

This day was the one I had often thought about during my sojourn with the Royal Air Force, but now that it had finally arrived I had my doubts whether my limbs would carry me as far as Heswall. A head-wind, a gear ten inches too high, and aches and pains in every joint were soon to be felt en route for the ferry. A welcome rest whilst the Mersey was crossed, and then on across the Wirral. The wind, which was negligible, seemed to claw at me, but Salty's was reached at 4 p.m. Here all was well apart from young Andrea, who had had a dose of 'flu.

A quiet hour was spent discussing past and future outings, and then we wandered down to the rendezvous to find that none had yet arrived. However Vic Lambert and Alan Bretheric soon appeared, closely followed by Frank Marriot and friend Ted Moss. Then Tommy Mandall hove into sight, also John Futter and Ginner Williams. Soon after we went to eat, Rigby Band and Len Hill arrived and completed the party. After tea discussions included medals and camping, both suggesting great expense of energy. Somewhere in the middle Ken Barker came in to see us.

7-30, and we were away. Tommy, Vic, Alan and myself to spend a good night at Barnston, leaving just before closing time. Aching limbs accompanying me all the way home. Ah! What it is to be fit—says an unfit one!

(We are delighted indeed to welcome Peter Stevie back to the fold. We can expect some brimming enthusiasm and epic rides from him in the days that are dawning.—Ed.)

**Halewood, February 5th, 1949**

It was a rare day for February. The sun breaking through the frosty mist made me wish that the whole of this glorious day could be spent awheel. This could not be, so on completion of my business, I set forth into the slight southeaster to join Len Wall at Hoole island. Ten minutes of waiting convinced me that the weather had caused a change in his plans, so on to Helsby, where, no other Anfielders being sighted, I continued in solitary state. Rock Savage was easy—thanks be—for I am far from fit.

At Runcorn, the transporter about to start, the President joined me. He had journeyed pleasantly by quiet lanes to reach Runcorn by way of Stretton.

We were in good time; the hatches being still down when we reached our destination. Alan Bretherick and Vic Lambert tied with us as first arrivals. Don Stewart and Tommy Mandall soon followed, also Salty, Peter and George Stevie, F. H. Swift, W. C. Tierney and friend. George Connor, Len Hill, Frank Marriot and Ernie Davies completed the party. Frank actually arrived just after we had sat down to a pleasant meal of the customary proportions. Being a scratch performer in the sphere of gastronomy, this slight handicap was of no material disadvantage. Modest being that he is, judging by the many barbed shafts unloosed, his reputation cannot be entirely unwarranted.

Topics during the intercourse which followed were many, ranging from the grimmer side of black market, through atomics, to the prospects of holidays in Portugal. In my corner another subject gave rise to much good



humoured merriment at the expense of one who took it all in good grace. As I said before — a modest fellow!

#### Moreton Old Hall, February 5th, 1949

On this bright, spring-like morning I left home around 11 o'clock to rendezvous with Alan Gorman, and to assist him in rev-checking the first part of the Manchester D.T.T.A. "12" course. My part in the procedure was to write down lots of figures at various points as they appeared on the rev. counter, and to dodge from side to side in a fussy way allowing him to take the shortest course between two points. The first fifty-odd miles of the course thus gone over, we found ourselves at the Grove Inn on the Congleton road just before six o'clock.

Sweeping through Congleton in the dark, with but a vague idea of where Moreton Old Hall was situated, we rode right past it. Two passing cyclists whom we asked happened to be Eric Reeves and Len Walls on the same mission, and we clattered across the moat to find that nine doughty gentlemen of the Anfield had feasted, and feasted well, apparently. There was something left however, and we went into it in the true traditional style. Conversation ranged from Desert Doings of Desert Rats to Dirty Doings up the road earlier in the day, when apparently our Alfred had been given a little training by our prospectives Cliff Davey, Walter Thorpe and friend Robin Gordon.

Soon the party broke up, and by various routes returned to the two cities. Alan and I accompanied Eric and Len to Holmes Chapel, and I understand that they had a "sleigh ride" home.

Those present were Howarth, Walls, Reeves, Pendlebury, Wild, Williamson, Catling, Taylor, Russ Barker, Cliff Davey, Walter Thorpe, and friends Alan Gorman and Robin Gordon.

#### Lym, February 12th, 1949

We ate our tea to the sound of the Mersey's tributary roaring over the weir, and the sound of sizzling chips from the kitchen. Dear old Lymm, on that cold clear winter day, its rural ancestry was appreciated by us lovers of beauty, its rusticism is enhanced by its cobbles (bless 'em!), its lovely old sandstone cross and quaint old houses. We ate a hearty meal at that café which is very willing to please cyclists these days.

Conversation was up to the usual standard. The Presider and Laurie told of sneaking around lanes to avoid the head wind. "Alfy" Howarth was heard expounding on a new design of head bearings (he was having some made at fifteen bob per set—may they increase his speed in all events). Bretherick and Lambert were observed "snooping" around the old tourists seeking information of Norwegian tours.

The eastward bound riders rode home, no doubt, in comely sedateness, whilst the westward bound boys rode home with a mixture of dignitaries of, say, racing men, touring potterers, harrassed husbands, Easter kneed youngsters, saddle-sore women or well-fed Anfielders. No names, no packdrill, although we did hear of some powerful thrusters who took a wrong turning, and also of many machines glinting outside a Liverpool Inn,

Gentlemen present at the feast were Green, Pendlebury, Rock, Davies, Mandall, Wilson, Stephenson Jr., Sherman, Jones, Band, Reeves, Russ Barker, Taylor, Stewart, Lambert, Bretherick, Hill and prospectives Alan Gorman (now famous as the gallant organiser of the Manchester D.T.T.A. "12") Davey and Thorpe.

#### **Parkgate, February 19th, 1949**

If you ever noticed Vic Lambert or Alan Bretherick awheel you would surely remark, or think: What a pair of enthusiastic cyclists! And if you heard their tale of a day's peregrinations last Saturday you would change your mind. Their idea of a day's cycling is pretty good, listen!

They set off from Liverpool, crossed the river to Birkenhead, and ventured into Cheshire. The first adventure was missing their intended way, and somehow—heaven knows how!—they found themselves at Raby Mere—a muddy and waterless waste these days. Chester, a city precisely 15 miles from Birkenhead, and probably nineteen from their home, found them a lunch. In the afternoon they walked round a bit, and then rode directly to Parkgate, to get there last!

Tommy Mandall also arrived on a bicycle, leaving the family to make the journey by easier, although less delightful, means. Don Stewart, Tommy Sherman, John Jones, Peter Stevie, Frank Perkins, Reg Wilson and friend also used their bicycles, and lastly, although by no means least, we were staggered to see John Leece! If a Lantern talk will dig John from his Willaston hideout then we had better buy a club lantern and do a show every week!

Len Hill caused a sensation in the Wirral villages by bringing his good lady out on a tandem tricycle, and a friend from the Liverpool Century club escorted him. Salty hiked out with Elsie, and Mr., Mrs. and Miss MacCann came out by car. The party was completed by the Mandall family, Mr. Barker (father of Ken); Mr. and Mrs. Fer, Keith Selkirk, four friends of Frank Marriott, Arthur Williams, and the Editor himself.

The day was delightful, and the sudden influx of sunny spring accounted for much business at the café, and some delay in the provision of tea for late comers. Soon after seven the lights went out, the lantern was switched on, and as George Connor could not make it, Frank Marriott did the talking.

Arthur Williams was in charge of the lantern, and Frank related of a Norwegian tour made by Arthur, George and Frank in the mid-thirties. This accounted for more than sixty slides, and then (after a spate of hurried picture making two days before) we were enabled to see and here of another tour made by George and Frank in 1937, a tour reaching up to Molde by road before a long steamer trip down the coast brought Bergen again. Finally we were treated to some pictures made by W. C. Tierney, who had the slides made specially for the occasion. His photographs were of Geiranger, Trollfjord (in the Lofotens), and glimpses of the Midnight Sun at the North Cape.

We hope that our audience didn't think it a waste of time to come and our sincere appreciation to Joe Williams, F.R.P.S., C.T.C., for the loan of his lantern, must not be omitted.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



APRIL - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

APRIL, 1949

NUMBER 517

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

- April, 1949    Tea at 5-30 p.m.    Alternative Runs  
2 Woodbank (Yacht) 1st "25"    Middlewich (Woodlands)  
9 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)  
11 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool  
15/17 Easter Tour, Lion Hotel, Newtown, Mont.  
16 Parkgate (Deeside Café)    Somerford (Sunnyside Café)  
23 Rhydymwn (Antelope)    Wildboarclough (Stanley  
30 Highwayside (Travellers Rest)    Arms)  
May, 1949  
7 1st Club "50" Headquarters Red Lion, Christleton  
14 2nd "25" Headquarters,    Middlewich (Woodlands)  
Woodbank, (Yacht)  
16 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool  
21 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)

Will members please note that alternative runs have been arranged for Easter Saturday, April 16th as above, for those members not able to attend the Club tour.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

11 Preston New Road,  
Southport.

### New Members

Clifford Davey, Throstle Grove Farm, Cross Lane, Marple, Cheshire.  
Walter Thorpe, 3 Sheply Lane, Hawk Green, Marple, nr. Stockport,  
Cheshire.

Alan Gorman, 53 Garland Road, Benchill, Northenden, Manchester.  
**Application for Membership.** John Shipton, "Thurlestone",  
Nicholas Road, Blundellsands, Liverpool 23. Proposed by W. C.  
Tierney, seconded by F. H. Swift.

**Change of Address.** W. J. Finn, 323 Griffith Avenue, Glasnevin,  
Dublin.

### Handbook Corrections

Please note the address of F. Chandler is 100 Princes Boulevard,  
Bebington, Cheshire.

In the Hon. General Secretary's Report the time for a Bronze  
Standard Medal for 25 miles should be 1.13.0.

W. G. CONNOR,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

### ODD NOTES

As we go to press it is learned that while the Red Lion at Christleton can provide dressing facilities no catering is available. In these circumstances headquarters might revert to Tarvin.

### HIGHWAYSIDE

We regret no report of this successful run is included this month. We think Don Stewart might be unwell, and our good wishes go to him.

### NEW LIFE MEMBERS

At a Special General Meeting, held at Halewood on 26th March, 1949, it was unanimously decided—with acclamation—to elect the following gentlemen to Life Membership of the Club: J. A. Bennett, a member since 1890; the Right Hon. Lord Kenilworth, (1890); P. C. Beardwood (1892); F. J. Cheminai (1898); Frank H. Wood (1898) and W. R. Oppenheimer (1899). The honour is merited by their continued loyalty and enthusiasm for the Anfield Bicycle Club during more than half-a-century. H. W. Powell was also elected a Life Member in gratitude for 20 years brilliant service as Hon. General Secretary.

W. G. CONNOR,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

### THE DINNER AT SHREWSBURY

Now that Halewood is just a glorious memory, we turn to the Dinner at Shrewsbury, to be held at The Lion Hotel on 4th June. Accommodation is limited to 120, and invitations have been sent to all past fastest time prize winners in the "100", as well as cycling celebrities and friendly clubs. George Connor wishes it to be known that no more sleeping accommodation is available at the Lion. All who have written to him for beds will be placed on the list for the Dinner. Will all others desiring to be present at the feast please acquaint Frank Marriott as soon as possible. The charge will probably be 10/6d.

### NORTH ROAD TRICYCLE "50"

This event for the North Road Memorial Trophy will take place on 29th May, on a course north of Biggleswade. It has been suggested that as the North Road boys support the tricycle section in our "100", we might be able to scratch together a team and revive to some extent the fame of the Anfield in the three-wheeler world.

### GREETINGS !

"Artie" Bennett, one of our new Life Members, sends his best wishes to the club. "I should have liked to have come (to Shrewsbury) and I hope the celebrations will be a great success. With best wishes to all and success to the Anfield B.C. I am, yours sincerely, J. A. Bennett." We would like to thank him for his letter, and reciprocate his very kind thoughts.

R. S. Copley, North Roader who won the "100" in 1901, will



be probably the oldest winner present. He looks forward to the Dinner with the greatest of pleasure. He sends his best wishes for a great gathering, and a real "dog-fight" on Monday morning.

Jack Rossiter, John Wilson (father of the famous "Andy") Frank Urry and G. H. Stancer have also indicated their hope to be present.

#### FOR SALE

The Editor has a well bound copy of Cary's Road Book (1808) for disposal, as it is surplus to his requirements. The volume runs into several hundred pages, has a complete set of small county road maps of the period, and gives in great detail roads out of London and many cross country routes. If anyone is interested the price, plus postage, is 15/-.

Frank Marriott also has, on occasion, several pieces in stock of Harris tweed, homespun, as well as handwoven. This is absolutely tip-top quality. It is not our general practice to include commercial items in the Circular, but the disposal of these materials helps some very good friends of Ralph Fer's and Frank's in the Isle of Harris, as well as providing the opportunity of obtaining superb quality tweed at much less than shop price.

#### RUNS

##### Somerford, 19th February, 1949

As it was over three years since I last put in an appearance at a club run, I was in some doubt if I should be recognised by the new members who have become familiar to me by name only through the writings in the Circular. As I pushed my way over the pleasant roads by way of Alderley Edge on a bright Saturday afternoon I soon found how unfit I was from the cycling aspect, moderate gradients in the road combined with a fairly strong southerly wind being sufficient to force me out of the saddle. After one enquiry of a passer-by, I had little difficulty in finding the tea-place.

Hubert Buckley introduced me to the new members I had not met before, and after a short wait for late comers, eleven of us sat down to tea, the other ten being Percy Williamson, George Taylor, Russ Barker, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Alf Howarth and Harry Austin. Three prospectives were A. Gorman, W. Thorpe and C. Davey. I learned that the President was attending a dinner of the Mersey Roads Club in Liverpool.

Tea over, a brief chat, and everyone was away, the fast pack forcing the pace up the hill after crossing the Dane. In company with Hubert and Laurie I walked the hill and enjoyed good company until home was reached.

Altogether it was a grand afternoon's run, and I was left with two thoughts akin, though diverse in character. It was grand to see three prospective members out, and I was reminded of similar circumstances when the Club membership flourished in the post-war years following 1914-1918. And the same boiled egg tea that we might have had at the Crown, Llandegla, or the Nags Head, Willaston (according to whose party you were in) would have cost

two shillings the same as we paid at the Sunnyside Café this February twenty-five years later. Only then one could have had two eggs and the second would have cost an extra ninepence!

#### **Prestbury, 26th February, 1949**

I met Cliff Davey and Walter Thorpe at Wilmslow on this wet, February afternoon; there was a strong west wind and with complete unanimity we headed east. Some time was spent in a Bollington milk-bar with much chatting and imbibing of hot coffee, then down to Macclesfield and a spot of shop-window gazing, with destructive criticism at nearly every article displayed.

We arrived in Prestbury at 5-45 p.m. to find everyone hanging around outside, and at about 6-0 p.m. we entered and had tea, and some tea, too! Poached egg on beans on toast, with all the ecceteras and rounded off nicely by the arrival of Stan Wild with good news—United were through to the Semi-Final for the second year running.

After tea the discussion was a fairly accurate reflection of our hountiful frame of mind—it carried us all over the world. Calcutta, Ceylon, Holland, from the Pontine Marshes to Prestbury, and from Autobahns to Allins (it's uncanny how that bike of Stan's always creeps in somewhere).

We departed fairly late, our minds well stocked with anecdotes for future use. I accompanied Walter and Cliff to Marple where I purchased a gramophone record from the latter, and rode home at a very timorous "eights", to arrive at midnight after a very happy day. Those present were Bert Green, Hubert Buckley, Laurie Pendlebury, George Taylor, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson, Alfred Howarth, and prospectives Alan Gorman, Cliff Davey and Walter Thorpe.

#### **Heswall, 26th February, 1949**

It was quite a nice day with a steady wind blowing from the south south west, which meant that those from Liverpool would have to push. I rode slowly down to Heswall, left my iron at my friends house and dragged him along to the Sun Dial with me—on foot.

It was almost dark when we arrived at our venue. A dark mass loomed up into view—we thought it was a tank at first but as we approached it, that which appeared to be a turret, materialized into the saddle of Frank's old Sunbeam, 1 cwt. of the best pre-war steel, but still in good nick.

Inside were Len Hill, Frank Marriott, Tommy Mandall and Peter Stephenson, the meal was still to come. Reg Wilson and friend Ron Moore sat at the next table, and being last in—were logically first served. It was the usual Anfield tea i.e. poached egg on toast, bread, butter and jam, cakes and tea, which was quickly disposed of by one and all. Between mouthfuls of egg and toast the usual cross table chatter flowed about "bykes", and "bykers".

Shortly after tea Ken Barker came in, too late for tea, but in time to join conversation on photography, started by three photographers

seated at the next table, and "Epic Runs" made by club members. I think Frank's run-out to the Sun Dial on his Velocipede comes under the latter heading.

At approximately 7-30 p.m. we all decided to push off, those from Liverpool and Birkenhead to be blown home whilst Ron and I went for a walk, rounding off a very pleasant evening.

#### **Utkinton, 5th March, 1949**

Statistics present facts, but invariably prove nothing. You draw your own conclusions, and hope they are somewhere near the truth. Today the statistics show that five Manchester men and two from Liverpool braved the elements, making seven in all.

Plain facts, but what are the conclusions? Maybe the Manchester members are tougher, fitter and more enthusiastic; perhaps the Liverpool and Wirral contingent have a higher average I.Q. and decided that it was sheer madness to venture forth on such a day.

What do you think?

The snow was falling thick and fast when we—Peter Stevie and Tommy Sherman—turned into a stinging east wind towards Widnes. About half-a-mile from home the hirsute one suddenly hit the deck, frozen moustache thawing quickly as quick-fire curses warmed the air. No damage, and soon on our way gingerly but resolutely forward, sliding through Runcorn, skidding into Frodsham slogging up to Kingsley where any doubt as to our sanity was dispelled by the beauty and magic of the scene.

Despite our damp exteriors and aching muscles, inside we positively glowed and our aesthetic senses were exhilarated by the backdrop. After a quick one at the Fishpool we uncaped and arrived at the farm to find Bert Green, Stan Wild, Russ Barker, Laurie Pendlebury and Alan Gorman finishing their meal.

The conversation was as usual of a comprehensive nature, and the views expressed as varying as the subjects, but all were unanimous that it had been a tough ride. Conjecture and speculation was rife as to what had happened to the super-enthusiasts.

The thaw had started by the time we headed homeward, assured of a helpful wind. The air was damp, but inwardly the embryo printers of Liverpool felt warm and comfortable. It was deemed wise to follow the main road into Warrington which we reached speedily and without distress. A quick one at Cronton before Peter continued direct to 'Uyton, while Tommy branched off to lose himself in the lanes to 'Unts Cross.

The conclusion? Was it worth the effort? Yes, definitely. You should try it sometime!

#### **Dane-in-Shaw, 12th March, 1949**

Finding myself at liberty at 4-30 p.m. on this particular Saturday afternoon, I decided to make a run of it to the Coach and Horses. Unfortunately, I was delayed en route and finally reached the tea place about 6-30 p.m.

I was met by the corpulent landlord with the enquiry if I was another of them? Which led me to presume one of two things,

First, that far more than had been ordered for had turned up, or, secondly, the demands made on the catering of the house were being extended. In actual fact, it turned out to be a bit of both. Anyhow, a good tea was soon forthcoming, and just as soon demolished.

Sub-captains these days pay more attention to their duties with respect to late-comers than of yore. There still remains that factor common to all sub-captains throughout the ages, the collaring of all late or infrequent attenders at club runs to write up the run.

The day was lousy, and snow still remained on high ground about Dane-in-Shaw.

There were eight members, and three prospectives present. The Presider shared the head of the table with one of our prospectives, a democratic gesture, I thought, who sat humbly at the foot of the board, right in the track of a cold draught from under the front door. This was amended, later, by operation "backside burning" in front of what little fire was left. Those present were Bert Green, Laurie Pendlebury, A. Howarth, G. Astbury, Harry Austin, Russ Barker, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, and prospectives Alan Gorman, W. Thorpe and G. Davey.

The party broke up at about 7-15 p.m. and the writer along with Hubert Buckley made tracks to Cheadle Hulme to have a session with yet another member at the Church Inn.

#### Rhydymwyn, 12th March, 1949

The promise of Spring was in the air as I gently ambled through Clatterbridge and drew level with a member of the Birkenhead North End club. Interesting discourse shortened the distance to Two Mills, where we toyed with a cup of tea and watched the arrival of Reg Wilson, Tommy Sherman and cousin. With memories of my last run to the Antelope, when I took such a pasting, I decided that Tommy Co. would have more respect for my age and conduct me in a more leisurely fashion on the rather trying gradients.

However, my optimism was short lived—away they went tearing up and down Shotwick Dip like a couple of scalded cats. One thing which saps my morale quicker than anything else is to endeavour to ride with a companion who habitually climbs hills without the necessity of getting down to the grips. I commenced to suffer, and perspiration oozed as we mounted towards Alltami.

The noble forms of the two Franks (Perkins and Marriott) saved the situation, and thereafter I thoroughly enjoyed the lanes by-passing Mold. Tommy Mandall was, of course, already in the tank with, I think, Peter Stevie, and during the ensuing few minutes Eric Reeves, Rigby Band, Len Walls, Don Stewart, Peter Rock, Len Hill and friend Lloyd, and Alan Bretherick materialized from somewhere or other. Tea was served, and we soon disposed of the rabbit pie together with several plates of bread and butter. The rather late arrival of Stan Wild changed the topic of conversation to the onerous duties of time-keeping. The moon was bright as Rigby, mounted on his trike, and Arthur Birkby drifted before a

favourable zephyr. After New Brighton a whirring of wheels heralded the fast pack, and we were left to continue a peaceful way over familiar roads to Woodside Ferry, the interminable setts of Liverpool Dockland and so to bed.

Halewood, 26th March, 1949

### SPECIAL 70th BIRTHDAY RUN

Only once does a club celebrate its 70th birthday, and only a little more frequently—but not much—do we have such a splendid gathering as at Halewood on the last Saturday in March. The writer has not seen anything like it in 20 years. Anfielders came from everywhere to the famous hostelry on the verge of Liverpool, and the final count was 54 and two friends, one being the lanternist for the evening. What a grand turnout!

Frank Marriott arrived with Don Smith, and as he was standing and chatting with Joe Williams, our lanternist friend, who should show up but a well-built figure with colourful countenance and dark eyes. It might be—it is!—Mark Haslam, last seen on a tandem with his good lady in Shropshire in the mid-thirties. The occasion then was a "24", and we also recollect seeing him on an Edinburgh—Liverpool record do, way back in 1932. How grand it is to be with old friends again! How grand to be an Anfielder, when years count for naught, and a friend is a friend for life!

Then, in the distance, a glimpse of Rigby Band and a tall, straight individual crowned by a fearsome-looking cap. An Anfield badge. Who might it be? The penny pinged again. Jack Walton, sportsman, club poet, and superb tale-teller of the early thirties. Nice to see you, Jack. And inside were other friends to see: Mr. Bickley, Anfielder for 55 years. What a grand record, and what a long way it seems to a bloke who hasn't yet 20 on the slate. How grand, too, to meet dear old Chem. again. The years pass easily over our old friend, and his benign countenance is as friendly as ever. The Mullah was there with Keith, and we were delighted to see Oliver Cooper with Jimmy Williams. Donald McCann brought his little party. Jimmy Long conveyed Jack Seed and Harold Powell, and Walter Cotter and Eddie Morris came with Harold Kettle. George Connor was busy with secretarial duties, while Bert Green discovered a host of old friends, then, in no particular order, we noticed Arthur Williams, George and Peter Stephenson, Tommy Mandall, Alan Bretherick, Vic Lambert, Arthur Birkby, Harry Austin, Ernie Davies, Ken Barker, Russ Barker, Hubert Buckley, Jimmy Cranshaw, Alan Gorman, Alfred Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, Peter Rock, Len Hill, Tommy Sherman, Reg Wilson, John Jones, Frank Chandler, F. H. Swift, W. C. Tierney, Don Smith, Bert Rourke, George Molyneux, Ted Byron, Cyril Selkirk, Jack Newton, Peter Williamson, and last, but by no means least, Salty.

Eric Reeves and Len Walls arrived much later. They had been for a run around the Trough of Bowland, and could not make the Derby Arms in time.

All but three managed to squeeze into the large room, and what

à grand party. Lovely roast goose, lashings of vegetables, egg-custard pie, jam tart and cream, all topped by mountains of trifle. Salty wanted to know if we couldn't have a birthday party every week! We thought this a good idea, too. So, one by one, all were filled, Frank Marriott, Salty, and Peter Stephenson last, although rumour had it that Stan Wild was toying with a third helping of trifle long after the others had finished.

A short interval, and then a meeting for a happy purpose, and those not in the know were wondering. Bert Green, in his capacity of President and Chairman, enlightened us. To celebrate this grand occasion, he said, the committee suggested that those members who had more than fifty years of membership to their credit should be elected Life Members, and Harold Powell, by 20 years of selfless service as General Secretary, be also accorded this honour.

These monuments of loyalty to our grand old club are:—

**J. A. Bennett** ("Artie" Bennett). A member since the halcyon days of 1890, and three times winner of the Anfield "100" in the paced days.

**The Right Honourable Lord Kenilworth**. Also a member since 1890, a good friend of G. P. Mills, when "G.P." made several successful excursions on the End to End route, and a grand sportsman.

**P. C. ("Percy") Beardwood**. Elected in 1892, Percy has been a member for 57 years. Percy is still an active cyclist, and hopes to be at Shrewsbury this year. We hope so, too. When on Merseyside in the early days, Percy was an active help in club affairs.

**F. J. Cheminai**s—or "dear old Chem." as F. H. used to say, was the only one of these "over fifty" of the new life members with us tonight, Chem joined in 1898. **Frank Wood** (1898) and **W. R. Oppenheimer** (1899) complete a scintillating list.

In ten minutes this auspicious occasion was over, and we were left to rejoice and reflect on the continued enthusiasm of those fine stalwarts from another century. How many other cycling clubs can boast of so many members from the early days of wheeling?

To complete the evening, Donald McCann brought some of his slides, as well as those belonging to W. P. Cook, and for more than an hour the old brigade were chasing down memory lane, recognising this old friend, and that, and capturing yet again the ecstasy of a tour long since dimmed in the recesses of the mind. We are particularly grateful to Joe Williams, an old friend in the Liverpool C.T.C. for his kindly help in loaning a lantern for the occasion, and his experienced hand in operating it.

And so, one by one, we drifted homewards. Frank Chandler caught Mark Haslam on the top of the stairs and asked: "Are you one of our new members!" Then Frank realised his mistake. It was after ten before the last Anfielder left Halewood. George Connor drifted down to the ferry with Frank Marriott in a contented mood, delighted at being present at the best Anfield run in at least 20 years. Midnight, and we were home.

Dave Rowatt, R. J. Austin, Urban Taylor, E. Webb and Syd Jonas were many who couldn't be with us, and their greetings for the occasion were much appreciated.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MAY - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

MAY, 1949

NUMBER 518

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

May, 1949

- 7 1st Club "50". Headquarters, Owens Café (late Rambler Café,) Tarvin
- 14 2nd Club "25", Headquarters, Woodbank (Yacht), Middlewich (Woodlands)
- 16 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool 3
- 21 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
- 28 Whitegate Nurseries, Whitegate, Nr. Over

June

- 4/5 Open "100" and 70th Anniversary Dinner. Headquarters, Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury
- 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool 3

## COMMITTEE NOTES

11, Preston New Road,  
Southport, Lancs.

Will those members who have not received handbooks please write without delay.

**Change of Address.** Please note that my address from about the middle of May will be as follows:—75, Avondale Road North, Southport, Lancs.

The Right Hon. Lord Kenilworth, 44 Kingston House, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.

W. G. CONNOR,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### BRIEF DETAILS OF CLUB COURSES

Manchester "25". Start at Kraft Factory, Middlewich, and via King Street to half-mile short of Broken Cross. Turn along Cookes Lane, right towards Goostrey. Turn on Rudheath, and retrace to Byley cross roads. Join A.54 at Kinderton Corner, left towards Holmes Chapel, turn a mile short and finish at Kraft Factory.

Merseyside "25". Start midway between Parkgate and Backford Islands. Turn left and along bottom road, bypass and Chester Ring road to Whitchurch road. Turn short of Handley and return same way.

"50". Start near Bleak House, Tarvin, to Vicar's Cross Island, right to Great Sutton, turn and avoid Chester to approx. 3rd milestone from Whitchurch. Return to Vicar's Cross where right for finish on lower slopes of Tarvin Bank.

### NOCTURNE

Peter Stephenson tells an interesting story of an unusual run recently. He set off from home on the Friday night hoping for a bed in Corwen, but found nothing doing. Bala provided a midnight cup of tea, but that was all, and at the witching hour our young hopeful was sitting aside the lake wondering what to do. The full moon looked glamorous above the mountains, and Peter set off on the slopes of Bwlch-y-Groes. Then, in the quiet hours, the descent of the rough road to Lake Vyrnwy, and the climb of Bwlch-rhiw-Hirnant to reach Bala for 5-0 a.m. Festiniog for breakfast, and Pwllheli for friends at 10-0 a.m. A ride after our own hearts!

### OBITUARY

We have recently received news of the passing of Frank E. Bill, one of our Birmingham members since 1923. The only times we saw him were occasional Shrewsbury visits. He did not put in more than ten runs in 25 years, yet such was his loyalty that only last year did he desire to be on the Honorary List.

### J. A. BENNETT

For years successive handbooks have stated that our good friend joined the Anfield in 1890. Recently looking up some old records we discovered that "Artie" had proved himself a worthy Anfielder in 1889. Very much in the reminiscent mood, "J.A." tells us that he actually joined in October, 1888. We did hope to print his letter in this issue, but owing to extreme pressure on space must hold it over until a later number.

### RACING NOTES

The Manchester "25" was spoiled by the course covering an extra mile, but the following times will be of interest: Gorman, 1.13.15; Howarth, 1.15.53; Barker, 1.19.47; Davey, 1.20.28; Thorpe, 1.20.30.

West Cheshire "25", 10th April. Futter, 1.8.35; Wilson, 1.8.42; Stewart, 1.15.42; Smith, 1.20.34; Davies, D.N.F.

West Cheshire "30", 24th April. Detailed times not to hand. Futter, 1.21; Salty led Davies by 2 secs, with 1.24 ride, and Smith did 1.31,

Forthcoming events: May 7th, Club "50"; May 14th, Club "25"; May 22nd, Merseyside Mountain Trial, South Lancs. 2nd Class "50"; St. Christopher's (Manchester) "25"; May 29th, East Liverpool "50"; Manchester Wheelers "100"; June 12th, Liverpool T.T. "100"; Hyde 2nd Class "25"; June 19th, West Cheshire "50", Oldham "100"; June 26th, Liverpool Century "100", Stockport "50; July 3rd, St. Christopher's (Liverpool) "30", Abbotsford Park "100".

#### First Club "25" (72 gear limit). April 2nd

Result	Turn	Finish	Hand.	Nett
Futter	.. 39½	1.10.25	2½	1.7.55
Davies	.. 39½	1.10.58	1¼	1.9.43
Wilson	.. 40	1.12.48	1¼	1.11.33
Walls	.. 42½	1.15.55	4¼	1.11.40
Stephenson	.. 42¼	1.16.49	5½	1.11.19
Stewart	.. 43½	1.22.10	6	1.16.10
Hill (tri.)	.. 49½	1.32.28	15	1.17.28

A wet afternoon. Ernie Davies skidded at Christleton island.

Those out were: Rock, Bretherick, Selkirk and son, Mandall, Barker, Long, Reeves, Molyneaux, Marriott, Lambert, Williams.

#### JOTTINGS

Twelve months ago Turvey unexpectedly overtook Robbie on the road between Wolverhampton and Bridgnorth. This year Norman was passing the Angel Inn at Kingsland when he was hailed by—Robbie! Coincidence extraordinary. Robbie was staying for a week with wife and younger daughter. After his illness he was looking not too bad, but no bicycle is allowed—yet, at any rate.

On another page Don Stewart records the Easter tour taken by the mileage merchants. Little is mentioned of the "blood, and toil, and sweat and tears", to use those immortal words once more, but we understand that they were there in plenty. John Futter, with a 62 fixed gear, put it across the lads "good and proper", but all gave grand accounts of themselves, and we hope to see some splendid times in the near future.

#### The Dinner

Tickets are now available, and the price is 10/6. Frank Marriott would appreciate the cash and a stamped and addressed envelope.

#### RUNS

##### Highwayside, March 19th, 1949

At 2-30 I left the ferryboat at Birkenhead, and made my way on to the Chester road. On towards Whitchurch for a steady ride to Broxton, where the left turn led to a climb through the sun-splashed lanes, fringing the Peckforton hills.

A stop for a pot of tea with Len Hill passed away half-an-hour. On the road to Bunbury John Futter joined our select party.

Shortly after 5.15 we arrived at the Travellers Rest, to find Russ Barker

and Alan Gorman. One by one the lads arrived, including Jimmy Long, Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams and Frank Marriott, on a new type of bike capable of seating four and cruising easily at thirties without exerting the rider. As soon as the table had been cleared of nearly all the eats in the house, in walked Reg. Wilson and a friend. All the good food gone, they had to be content with sandwiches. Tommy Sherman, John Jones and Don Stewart were first away, and the route through Eaton, Delamere, Frodsham and Runcorn passed away silently and quickly. Others present were: Bert Green, E. Davies, Alfred Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson, Cliff Davey, Walter Thorpe, Alan Bretherick, Vic Lambert and Harry Austin.

#### Middlewich, 2nd April, 1949

At 2 p.m. or thereabouts, after telling each other how unfit we felt and stoically refusing Mrs. Barker's helpful offer of Aspros all round, we, Russell Barker, friend Harry Mason and the writer, headed our machines in the direction of Middlewich, the occasion being the first Club "25".

As we progressed via Ashley, Knutsford and Peover the weather deteriorated and before we arrived at H.Q. a cold rain had dampened our enthusiasm to start another racing season.

Following closely came Messrs. Thorpe and Davey and then the President (and Timekeeper) who had, on two wheels this time, had a hard ride out.

Due to a misunderstanding the five competitors in the event all covered a little more than 26 miles but none of them cared very much. All got as much pleasure out of the inevitable 'inquest' as racing men usually do.

A good meal was served up back at the 'Woodlands', and a most agreeable hour or two was spent in conversation.

The homeward run was made in two parties, ours having an easy and uneventful ride by way of Holmes Chapel and Chelford, where we stopped for a final natter and where our ways parted. One further stop at Ashley to patronise a mobile chip shop and then home with the feeling of satisfaction that comes of a day in the open and in good company. Present at tea were the President, Percy Williamson, Harry Austin, Laurie Pendlebury, Russell Barker, Jack Newton, Alfred Howarth, Clifford Davey, Walter Thorpe, Alan Gorman and a friend who acted as checker and pusher off—Harry Mason.

#### Utkinton, 9th April, 1949

On one of April's smiling days I drifted down Wirral, and turned off the Whitchurch road at Hatton Heath. Sandwiches, sitting in the sun near Tattenhall, and then a forgotten lane to Beeston. The last time a sunny December morning years ago, remember, Salty?

By Beeston Smithy I sat at the roadside looking at the map, and a mature cyclist, riding a Selbach, hailed and asked if I needed help. During the subsequent conversation he introduced himself as J. H. Cook, of the Anfield in the nineties. Still farming—and cycling—in the neighbourhood, he doesn't look his eighty years. Does any present member remember him?

A few miles and I was in smiling Spurstow. The daffodils nodded their heads to the sunlight. Two white swans idled leisurely in a tiny river by the hall. Near Spurstow Lower Hall I left the bicycle by a gate and walked across the fields in search of a forgotten spa, which lies hidden in a wood.

Through Bunbury, and the delightful lane to Tilston Fearnall, I came to Tarporley, and so, at 5-30 to Utkinton. Alan Gorman, Cliff Davey, Walter Thorpe, Percy Williamson, Laurie Pendlebury, Russ Barker, Alfred Howarth, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick, Jack Newton, Harry Austin, Don Smith, John Jones, Arthur Birkby, Tommy Mandall, Len Walls, Stan Wild, H. Green and Frank Marriott.

We had the usual meal and then some very enlightening conversation. We—Alfred Howarth included—didn't talk bicycles once! How grand and cool riding home. Don Smith felt a bit chilly, and with this excuse we had coffee in Chester. The north-wester of earlier in the day had dropped, and none had the hiding expected.

### Unofficial Easter Tour

When you reflect on a very enjoyable Easter you wonder whether it was a tour in the strict sense of the word, or just a ride from garage to garage, from eating house to eating house. At 7-45 p.m. on Thursday evening, John Futter, Peter Stephenson, Len Walls, Eric Reeves and Don Stewart left Chester and via Wrexham and Oswestry came to Llanymynech. The evening was clear and warm, and soon after ten we arrived. Salty was already there.

Friday morning's sun was warm, and not a cloud appeared in the sky as we travelled through Welshpool, and on to Newtown. A steady climb to Dolfor, and elevenses at Llanbadarnfynydd. Here Eric punctured. Llandrindrod Wells for lunch. Builth, and a stiff climb to the top of the Sugar Loaf led down to Llandovery for tea and cakes. The end of the day's ride came at Carmarthen about seven o'clock.

Thirty miles to Haverfordwest in an hour and three-quarters. John Futter is good on hills, up and down! Early elevenses at a milk-bar, a walk round the town, and then off in steady rain to Newgate on the coast. A steep climb inland, and then back again to the quaint fishing village of Solvar. St. David's in time for lunch. Portglain revealed Pembrokeshire coast scenery at its finest. The sun was shining brightly and the waves were beating against the rocks.

How sorry to leave. Fishguard for tea before the day's last miles to Newport. Sunday morning through Cardigan, and down to the coast by means of a bumpy lane to the small seaside resort of Tresaith. Jam tarts, cakes and tea for a shilling! On the climb out, Salty pushed too hard and snapped his right hand crank, and a garage welded it. Lunch at Aberayron, and what a lunch! We even fought for knives and forks!

John again proved to be the best on the long climb out of the village. In Aberystwyth Don had broken a few spokes in his rear wheel. Replacements were unobtainable, so we rode on to Machynlleth for a snack in the milk-bar. Aberdovey for the night.

Monday dawned cloudy and wet, but the rain had stopped when we

reached Barmouth bridge. Spokes were bought at a nearby garage, and elevenses enjoyed at a café on the promenade. After eating our fill the main road led by Harlech to the toll bridge and Portmadoc. Here John changed a tube, and Don's wheel was given a few spokes.

Time was dragging on the way from Portmadoc to Beddgelert via the Pass of Aberglaslyn. What a marvellous view from this road. The Snowdon Range stood out beautifully against a clear blue sky. We climbed to the top of Pen-y-Gwryd before the long drop from Capel Curig to Bettws-y-coed. Here Salty's crank broke again, and he managed to borrow a new chain set. Tea outside of Pentre Voelas, and once more familiar roads. John, by this time, had been nicknamed the "Atom Kiddy" and swept easily to the top of the Sportsman to be first. Jack went straight on home, whilst the others had a cup of tea in Denbigh. In Mold we said "Good-bye" to John, and the remaining four made quick time over the hills to Birkenhead and home.

### **Easter Tour, 15th—18th April, 1949**

A grand morning, though overcast with light grey cloud, and a cool wind from the south. Leaving home at 9-30, I reached Corwen through Chester, Wrexham and Llangollen. Sandwiches at Llandrillo, and then a crossing of the Berwyns by way of Milltir Cerig. By this time the clouds had cleared, and the sun brightened the brown and green mountain slopes. Here and there were sheep and lambs.

The climb to Milltir Cerig was hard, and with the 63 fixed I did reach Llangynog without taking my feet off the pedals, thanks to some children opening a gate half-way down the steep part. Five-thirty saw me in Llanfyllin, and still 28 miles to go via Welshpool. Then, Newtown. The others had already arrived. Bert Green had helped his journey by buying the rattler between Crewe and Shrewsbury, Tommy Mandall, Norman Turvey, Rex Austin, Laurie Pendlebury, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick, Alfred Howarth and Reg. Wilson.

### **Saturday**

After an 8-0 a.m. cup of tea and a traditional breakfast, we sallied forth on a suspiciously glorious morning. Undulating, sun-baked roads, the pastures a wonderful, verdant green; past Welsh hills that have a kindness that Cumbria can never attain; warmth and serenity were everywhere. A quick one at Trefeglwys, then on through Llanidloes to Llangurig. Lunch was ordered at the Bluebell (we thought). It was discovered afterwards that the letter from the Bluebell had asked if hot or a cold lunch was desired, and mine host had received no answer. A sombre faced gent, in no uncertain manner, he assured that there was no lunch for us. But the good lady was susceptible to the Turvey charm, and we were promised something could we but wait a little.

Impatiently we wandered savagely round the room, the pangs of hunger growing to an uncontrollable pitch. Rex Austin's simile about the hungry lions at Belle Vue was the merest shadow of a comparison. Any rattle-



snake, finding its way into that foom full of desperate, ravenous Anfielders, would have retreated at once down the nearest hole!

At last! After  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours cycling, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours waiting, food! No pen can possibly describe the way in which we annihilated that grub. When we came out it was drizzling, and the ride back (direct route) was wet but easy. The President had broken his gear cable, and was restricted to a 53-in. gear. What a blessing to those who accompanied him, as anyone who has ever had to hang on to a top-g geared Bert Green will appreciate.

Back at Newtown, the dinner made up for all the shortcomings of the day, and must surely go down as one of the Great Meals of the Club. A walk round, a good long chat from which everyone learned something, and then to bed.

### Sunday

After Saturday's rain we were delighted when greeted by a warm sun from a cloudless sky on Easter morning. A leisurely breakfast, and all were off on their respective routes to Carno. Alan Bretherick and Vic Lambert were last away, and on arrival at the Aleppo Merchant found Bert Green, Tommy Mandall and Norman Turvey already settled in, and as a pleasant change from the previous day, lunch was served at precisely one o'clock to the five of us. Later, Alfred Howarth and Reg. Wilson arrived after making a detour, and a telephone message informed us that Austin and Pendlebury would be later still. Apparently their map was old and out of date, and well, they just got lost!

Alan and Vic left before their arrival, and they got lost, too! They met Percy Williamson and Stan Wild on their way to lunch with the Cheshire Roads, and then turned from the road by the station. The track grew worse, but having decided to cross Cribben Hill (1,356 feet) they pressed on, carrying the bicycles across streams and marsh. Near the top a fork road, and the wrong turning! It soon disappeared. From the summit came a magnificent view, and then more miles of moor and marsh.

A track from a deserted farm led past a slate quarry, and, high pressure or no, they rode down a loosely surfaced lane, and through Adfa and Llanwyddelan to Tregynon, where the Lion was phoned to explain the delay. After a belated meal a lively discussion with Norman Turvey in good voice enlightened various topics. Later Rex Austin did a spot of "juggling" which was "lapped up" by an appreciated audience!

### Monday

Alas! with the sun still shining, the time to part arrived, and I pushed off for London at 10-0 a.m., intending to dock for the night at Ledbury. By 1-0 p.m. Ludlow for lunch—what a gem of a country town it is. The wind was set helpful, so I turned my wheel round to a 71-in. gear and made such good progress that Ledbury came before 4-0 p.m. with 70 odd miles behind me. I cancelled my bed, and pedalled on to Gloucester for tea just about 5-0 p.m. Then came Birdlip to rest less a sore backside, due to a uncomfortable saddle, and then the twelve mile sweep down into Cirencester to bed at the Fleece with 108 miles in my trousers.

Next day I was away at 9-0 a.m. and via Fairford, Lechlade and Wantage, docked at Pangbourne, 48 miles, for lunch. At Maidenhead, half-an-hour's siesta by the Thames, and I reached Slough, about 70 miles, at 4-15 p.m. Here a truly sore bottom turned the scale, so, after tea, I took the rattler for the 20 miles into Paddington and then gently tootled the twelve miles home across London, docking at 7-0 p.m.

It was a good week-end, and a great joy to see some old pals again, and to meet new young ones. I missed some faces—especially perhaps the Club's three *real* cyclists of twelve months' ago!

### Rhydymwyn, 23rd April, 1949

A lone plug into the wind brought me to Queensferry, to link up with the Editor, Len Walls and John Jones. After a cup of tea we tried the old road bye-passing Ewloe Hill. At Northop we turned on to the Mold road and after a steady plug reached the tea place to find Peter Rock and Peter Stevie outside, with Arthur Williams, Tommy Mandall, J. H. Fawcett (always welcome) and Cyril Selkirk with young Keith as crew on the tandem.

As the rabbit pie was served, in strolls Len Hill from a nearby farm where he had left a green salad tea, etc. to be confronted by something he detests—RABBIT. His dissatisfaction was catching. Rabbit as served here on the last three or four occasions is laying it on too thickly, and some reluctance to serve extra bread and butter made matters worse. Don Smith, who was last in, fared best with eggs on toast.

A change of venue is indicated, and as Fawcett mentioned the re-opening of a hotel at Cilcain, here is our opportunity.

The fast pack took the main road to Mold on leaving, whilst the "Owd Uns", with Vic Lambert and John Jones, went sharp left up the hill, walking, and with many a glance at Moel Fammau and the other hills. The drop to Northop and Connahs Quay was very swift and more speedy riding brought us to Two Mills, where the fast pack were renewing strength on coffee and cakes.

The Editor and Vic had stopped to pick primroses, and Vic was very anxious to catch Tommy to enable them to have one in Willaston in company. The two Franks rode the last stage together, and at the foot of the Wishing Gate Hill, F.M. took a silhouette photograph of the trees against the darkening sky, with F.P. an interested spectator, glad of the slight rest before tackling the last bit homeward.

### Somerford, 16th April, 1949

After a day spent exploring the hills on the Cheshire—Staffordshire border the Hon. Treasurer sought tea and company at the Sunnyside Café. Tea was available but the company was conspicuous by its absence. At six o'clock Cliff Davey and Walter Thorpe arrived to complete the A.B.C. trio. Leaving the other two to finish their third (or was it fourth)? cup of tea, the Liverpool representative left early on his 30 odd mile trek into the wind to the city of the gentry (no offence!)

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*W. Barker*

# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JUNE - 1949

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

JUNE, 1949

NUMBER 519

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

1949

June

- 4 Dinner to celebrate 70th Anniversary, Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, at 7-30 p.m. for 8-0 p.m.
- 6 Open "100". Headquarters, Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.
- 11 Llanarmon-in-Yale (Raven). Somerford (Sunnyside Café).
- 18 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).
- 20 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 25 Whitegate Nurseries, Whitegate, near Over.

July

- 2 Lymm (Spread Eagle).
  - 9 Llanarmon-in-Yale (Raven). Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).
  - 11 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- Please note the June Committee Meeting has now been rearranged for June 20th.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

75 Avondale Road North,  
Southport, Lancs.

**Change of Address:** J. Hodges, "Ellwood," Brownlow Road, Ellesmere, Salop.

W. G. CONNOR,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### EDITORIAL

This is the issue of our *Circular* which, we hope, reaches you just before Whitsuntide, the "100", and the 70th Birthday Celebration Dinner. The stage is set for a grand "do", and we hope you will be present. This number of the journal comes as a breath of the past. Letters are included from our oldest member, Artie Bennett, W. R. Oppenheimer, and also an old ex-member whom we haven't seen for nearly 55 years—Wilkin Corrie. Mr. Corrie hopes to be at the Dinner. He was an Anfielder from the mid-eighties to 1894.

Our congratulations to Rigby Band and Eva on the birth of a second son at the end of April.

### ODDS AND ENDS

An Anfielder, we learn with delight, has taken over the money-bags of our old friends, the North Road C.C. Norman Turvey tells us that he has been appointed Hon. Treasurer of his new Club.

Del Blotto has a barrow for sale, Selbach 20-in. frame; 29-in. Abingdon axle, Chater fittings and two spare chainwheels, Hipes, Brooks B.18 saddle, Alloy front brake. Frame needs re-enamelling. Price £16. S. del Banco, 52 Brimstage Road, Bebington.

Peter Stevie has a 23-in. Brookes for disposal. Anyone interested before it goes up to the general public?

Jimmy Long is searching for a B.18 saddle. Can anyone help?

Our reference to an "old Anfielder", J. H. Cook, last month, caused Frank Chandler to look the bloke up. Just another sham.

### CORRESPONDENCE

We append below selected extracts received from those who were elected Life Members at the Special Birthday Run held at Halewood on March 26th. They should really have been included last month, but exceedingly heavy pressure on space caused postponement, and we hope you do not mind.

*J. A. Bennett :*

I have your esteemed favour to hand, and feel deeply honoured in being unanimously elected a Life Member of the Club.

I take a keen interest in what is going on through your monthly journal, and if at all able to attend any of your outings I shall certainly come, but the problem is that my wife is delicate and I seldom go anywhere unless she is with me for short distances, as she cannot be left.

Assuring you of my best wishes for the Club, and again thanking you.



*Lord Kenilworth :*

I am flattered and pleased to have the letter, and thank the Club for electing me to Life Membership.

Your invitation to join the Club at the Dinner of June 4th is appreciated. I will try to be there, but will confirm in due course.

*Percy Beardwood :*

I am greatly appreciative of the honour of Life Membership. My regret is that owing to having being domiciled here for the last forty odd years I have not been able to "earn" the honour.

*F. J. Cheminai :*

I am very much elated by this signal honour that has been conferred on me, which I highly esteem and which places me among the *elect* in most distinguished company.

*Frank Wood :*

Will you very kindly convey to the President, Committee and Members of the old Club my sincerest thanks for honouring me with Life Membership. You may be aware I have always taken a great interest in all the doings, but my isolation in Wild Wales and now in the remote fellside village where I now live has prevented activities which otherwise I should have been only too pleased to have undertaken. With every good wish to all concerned.

*W. R. Oppenheimer's* letter—a real breath from the turn of the century—will be found elsewhere in this issue.

*H. W. Powell :*

Thank you for your letter with the official confirmation of the very great honour the Club has conferred on me by electing me to Life Membership. I very greatly appreciate it, and am a very proud man to be one of the elect.

From Mr. Wilkin Corrie, an Anfielder from the mid-eighties until 1894, and for one year, at least, a Committee man :

23, Manor Road, Streetly, Staffs.

6th April, 1949.

The President, Anfield Bicycle Club, Liverpool.

Dear Sir,

If not too late to wish you and all the Club Members—"Very Many Happy Returns"—and very much regret that my intended visit at Easter to "Glan Aber Hotel" was given up a few years ago by the death of my very oldest A.B.C. friend, Sid Keeling, but all being well I hope to be in Neston in August.

If you will refer to your records you will find my name as the winner of the 100 miles race of 30th May, 1887, and some 24 hours during 1888. If of any interest to you I have a few photos taken at Bettws.

I did plenty of work when Laurie Fletcher did his Land's End—John o' Groats. William Pagan Cook, your late President, was the younger brother of my late firm. Perhaps Arthur Bennett—

The last monthly run I had was in 1935. You may be surprised to hear I am 82, and until the 1st of February (for the past 4 years) I was at business at 7-30 a.m., but do not get there now before 9-0 a.m.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

WILKIN CORRIE.

(Note—The photos have been received with thanks and placed in the Club collection).

*W. R. Oppenheimer* has written the following letter to our Secretary :

The Cottage, Caldbec Hill,  
Battle, Sussex.

Dear Mr. Connor,

I am in receipt of your letter of April 1st, the contents of which have given me much pleasure.

I am indeed honoured that the Club in general meeting has included my name among those elected to Life Membership. My trouble is that I have in no way earned such an honour—even so, I only scrape in—so to speak, by the skin of my teeth. It was in October, 1899, that I applied for membership, and was summoned to attend the Bull & Stirrup at Chester, presumably so that the officials of the Club could judge whether my table manners were up to the high standard of those days!

I evidently passed muster, and was duly elected and very proud I felt to be included in such a select crowd of long-distance riders and record breakers. Looking back, I find it hard to realise that then the Club had only been in existence a mere 20 years!

For the next two or three years I think I rode in every Club event and did my best to uphold the honour of the Anfield—with more or less success—and how I enjoyed it all! I never attained front rank—my contemporary, Knipe, nearly always had the better of me, although for some reason or other he never shone in the Invitation "100". There was one memorable "50" in which I actually beat him, but that was when he was experimenting with a Bricknell Gear, a rocking handle-bar device working on the front wheel.

I think the "24" of 1901 was the last paced event ever held. Knipe beat me in the first 12 hours by a few miles, and then went on to do some 400 miles in the 24 hours—to my mind one of the finest rides in the history of the Club.

How I remember some of the winter runs, many of them in the wind, rain, fog and snow, with greasy sets and tram lines through Warrington to Crompton and Hunts Cross with the sumptuous meals of those distant days.

I suppose present-day riders can hardly imagine the conditions in the summer time, motors were just appearing in numbers, and one often rode in a cloud of dust, and the hedges were white—no tarred roads. In 1902 I met my future wife and affairs domestic and business absorbed my attention, so my active life in the Anfield ceased, though for years my wife and I rode a tandem.

A fortnight ago I had a caller armed with the Anfield button, who introduced himself—Mr. Snowden—a one-time Editor of the *Circular*, and now living at Bexhill a few miles away. We had a pleasant hour chatting over Anfield and other topics, and I'm hoping we may meet again. I must bring to an end this lengthy letter. I get garrulous in my old age, 72 next week, but your letter has brought back such wonderful memories of happy bygone days.

My very best wishes to the Club.

Yours sincerely,

W. R. OPPENHEIMER.

*From Artie Bennett :*

260 Buckingham Road, Clifton Road,  
Heaton Moor, Stockport.

*April 5th, 1949.*

Dear Mr. Marriott,

Thanks very much for your letter. I really started racing on the old solid tyred Ordinary (penny-farthing) machine in 1887, and rode in a 25 miles race as a member of a club called the "Old Boys B.C." a week before the Open "50" Miles Sefton & Dingle A.C., October, 1888. In the Old Boys "25" I did fastest time but they would not give me the prize because they said I trained in the daytime, which was not so, as I was in business like the other members, so the week after I rode in the Sefton Open "50" on October 31st, 1888. Just a 100 entries on vile roads like a quagmire and bad weather. Got second, only five finished. First, H. Robinson, Sefton & Dingle; second, J. A. Bennett; third, J. Bibby, Sefton & Dingle; fourth, J. Reilly, Manchester; fifth, W. Smith, Manchester. I really was in the Old Boys, but E. A. Thompson got me to join the Anfield after this race.

In October, 1889, I started getting fastest time medals in the fifties and still on old high machines and others on safeties, also Liverpool to London 1890 record unpaced nearly all the way (high machine). I rode a safety in the 1891 Anfield Open "100" and got fastest time, and beat my own

record for "100" and kept on scratch till I retired in 1895 after being second in Cuca Cup "24", Hunt, first (459) and I was 447 miles. This was in 1895. Also World's "24" record with Holbein on tandem, 397½ miles.

I never belonged to any other Club but the Anfield after leaving the Old Boys B.C. I regret I have got a bit long-winded with this letter, but I was trying to fix the date of my joining the Anfield, which was October 31st, 1888, or a few days later.

With all good wishes and success to the Anfield B.C.

I am, yours faithfully,

J. A. BENNETT.

### RACING NOTES

#### Results :

Club "50" May 7th :

	Actual	Handicap	Nett	
P. Stephenson	2.24.28	10	2.14.28	2nd H'cap
L. Walls	2.27.35	13	2.14.35	
A. Howarth	2.19.52	1	2.18.52	
E. Davies	2.16.50	7	2.9.50	Fastest
J. J. Salt	2.23.15	3	2.20.15	
R. Wilson	2.17.22	7	2.10.22	1st H'cap
A. Gorman	2.17.33	scr.	2.17.33	
R. Barker	2.26.25	10	2.16.25	

Eight starters, eight finishers. Ernie Davies' ride was a pleasant surprise, and after that grand performance we can hope for many things. Ernie also swiped first handicap prize, but is debarred by the rules from taking it. Wilson is also improving nicely. His beating of Alan Gorman by 11 secs. reveals talent. It is a long time since we had four riders to beat 2.20 in a "50". At the Whitchurch turn Davies and Wilson were leading, with a margin of two minutes each on Howarth and Gorman.

Dukinfield "50". Alfred Howarth finished with 2.18.1. Snape won with 2.10.

Club "25". May 14th.

Pos.	Name	Turn	Finish	H'cap
1.	R. Wilson	28.40	1.3.22	1½
2.	J. Futter	29.25	1.5.25	1½
3.	J. J. Salt	31.05	1.9.6	¾
4.	P. Stephenson	31.03	1.9.37	5½
5.	L. Walls	31.23	1.10.15	4½
6.	D. Stewart	31.23	1.11.56	6
7.	A. Bretherick	33.55	1.19.32	8½
8.	L. Hill (tricycle)	34.55	1.19.55	15
9.	V. Lambert	34.40	1.21.14	8½

Ernie Davies was indisposed, and Don Smith has been forbidden to race on medical instructions.

The superlative rides by Reg. Wilson and John Futter cannot be recorded without comment. Wilson's performance puts the Club in an unusual role, that of potential challenger for short distance honours. Our metier has always been 100 miles and upwards, Wilson rode a gear of 81 inches. John Futter's ride also was superb. His gear was a 76, and one can only marvel at the exceptional pedalling needed to return with a time like this. Unfortunately John joins the Forces very shortly, and we must wait until his return for further indications of his quality as a rider. Meanwhile we can express delight at our good progress in the world of speed.

Alan Bretherick and Vic Lambert, almost old-stagers from a speeding point of view, thought they'd like to try a "25". We understand that their rides will be the first and last! Len Hill continues to be our sole tricycle exponent in time trials, and the other lads performed up to our expectations. Altogether a grand and successful afternoon.

Those out helping were: Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Frank Chandler, Frank Perkins, Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, George Connor, Ken Barker, Arthur Birkby, Don Smith, Frank Marriott and Arthur Williams.

(We apologise for not naming Harold Kettle as a helper in the last Club "25".)

## RUNS

### Highwayside, 30th April, 1949

Leaving home after breakfast I headed Easterly through G.I. town and on to Knutsford. The establishment of a one-way street here nearly caused chaos, but luckily a side street was close at hand. The Macclesfield road, hard to me as always, necessitated stripping down a bit, then came that sleepy town itself with the swoop under the railway bridge and up the first few feet of the Cat & Fiddle, somehow or other I seemed to recognise the road! Lunch at Stanley's, then down the valley to Congleton, along the roads of East Cheshire, by-passing Crewe and Nantwich and driving into Whitchurch to turn right and head North along the Tarpoley road. Past Ridley Green where hundreds of cars lined the fields for a point-to-point meeting and then through the lanes to the Travellers' Rest. The few that had arrived were basking in the sun on the bowling green. Tea was good and conversation was mostly reminiscent of Easter. Vic Lambert, Allan Bretherick, John Jones and Peter Stevie headed Transporter-wards whilst the rest split themselves between Manchester and Liverpool.

Others present were The President, Hauster, J. Futter, A. Birkby, C. Thorpe, C. Davey, L. Hill, F. Marriott, E. Reeves, P. Rock, A. Gorman, R. Barker, P. Williamson and T. Mandall,

### Tarvin, 7th May, 1949

On this very excellent day I could not make contact with the President to ride over to Tarvin. (I later discovered that Bert, at present under doctor's orders, had taken the train to Barrow and walked over to Tarvin).

I was able to push the lads off on their battle with the wind, exceedingly heavy Chester Cup traffic, and Father Time.

During the event we took the opportunity to have our tea at the dressing H.Q.—Owens Café. Meanwhile hungry looking Anfielders were steadily arriving for tea. To convince everyone how fit we were, Harry Austin and I walked to the finish, where Stan Wild and the President were timing the boys in, but Harry and I didn't know that the finish had been pushed much nearer to Chester—in fact it seemed to be much nearer Llangollen!

Seven-thirty p.m. found Jack Newton, Harry Austin and I making our way home.

Members present at H.Q. were: The President, Harry Austin, Jack Newton, Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, John Futter, Cyril Selkirk, Alan Gorman, Russ Barker, Alfred Howarth, Len Walls, Ernest Davies, Reg Wilson, Peter Stephenson, Jack Salt, Frank Marriott, Jimmy Long, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick, Ginner Williams, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves. Uncle Tom Cobley was riding elsewhere! Jack Pitchford, Ira Thomas, Don Smith and Ted Byron were noted around the course.

### Middlewich, 14th May, 1949

A very nice afternoon for the "25". For me it was a special advantage, for the bright sunshine made Harry Austin decide that this was a day on which he must give his family a trip in the country, and he took me too, relieving me of the necessity, forced on me at present, of using trains and buses. We had a pleasant journey out, and after a call at the Woodlands went along to the start with the riders. All five went off at the proper times, and duly returned to pass the starting point on their way to the Holmes Chapel check. All finished, the result being:

			H'cap	Nett time
1.	A. Howarth	1.6.21	$\frac{1}{2}$ min.	1.5.51
2.	A. Gorman	1.6.23	scr.	1.6.23
3.	R. Barker	1.11.58	$4\frac{3}{4}$ mins.	1.7.13
4.	W. Thorpe	1.12.58	5 mins.	1.7.58
5.	C. Davey	1.13.30	5 mins.	1.8.30

Whilst I was waiting for the men to finish, Wilf Orrell came along. We walked back to the Woodlands together, to find Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton, who had been checking, already there. The times done were very satisfactory. We're getting a good team together and can look forward to some good performances this season. After tea and the usual chat, the party left *en masse* for home.

Stan Wild was on the course, but didn't come along to tea, as he had a journey to do to fulfil an early Sunday morning engagement.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JULY - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

JULY, 1949

NUMBER 520

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

July, 1949

- 2 Lymm (Spread Eagle).
- 9 Llanarmon-in-Yale (Raven). Somerford (Sunnyside Café).
- 11 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 16 3rd "25". Headquarters, Woodbank (Yacht) and Middlewich (Woodlands).
- 23 2nd "50". Headquarters, Tarvin (Owen's Café).
- 30 August Tour to Bath Road "100".  
Parkgate (Deeside Café). Somerford (Sunnyside Café).

August

- 6 Llanarmon-in-Yale (Raven). Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
- 13 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).
- 15 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 21 Open "12".

Alternative fixtures have been arranged for July 30th to Parkgate and Somerford.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

75 Avondale Road North,  
Southport.

**August Tour.** The August Tour has been arranged for the Bath Road "100", and accommodation has been booked at Newbury. Will members wishing to participate apart from those who have already given me their names, please let me know immediately and every endeavour will be made to find the necessary accommodation.

W. G. CONNOR,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

This being the Club's seventieth jubilee year I had hoped that members would have celebrated by prompt payment of subscriptions. Instead, with nearly three-quarters of the year gone by, there are over fifty members getting their *Circulars* "on tick". Lack of spare time has prevented the issue of "red slips" this month but a quick response to these notes will save me and the printers much unnecessary work. What about it?

Donations from the following members are acknowledged with thanks:  
 H. Austin, P. C. Beardwood, F. Becket, J. H. Fawcett, J. C. Futter,  
 J. Hodges, J. S. Jonas, J. Long, L. Oppenheimer, J. J. Salt, G. Stephenson,  
 J. R. BAND.

### FOR SALE

Jack Hodges wishes to sell his barrow, which is garaged with Bert Green at Ashton-on-Mersey. The particulars are as follows: 20-in. frame, 30-in. axle with differential, H.P. side wheels, Endrick front, Expansion brake on centre of back axle, Lucifer dynamo set, Enamelled black. Just been overhauled and enamelled at a cost of £7. For the price, write to Jack Hodges at the Ellesmere address included in the last *Circular*. For appointment to view, ask Bert Green.

### DINNER MENUS

A few remaining copies of the Dinner menus are in the hands of George Connor. First come, first served, and a stamp for reply, please.

### STRANGERS

We were pleased to see Jack Hodges, Norman Heath and Mark Haslam knocking around Shrewsbury and district. None of the trio managed to get to the Dinner, but we were very pleased to see them.

### THE "TWELVE"

As we are forced to ask other clubs to assist us in the "100" and in the "12", we must avoid them noticing a lack of Anfield badges around the course. So could all members make their best endeavours to give this day over to the service of the Club. The day is Sunday, August 21st. At the A.G.M. last year it was voted that we should run the "12" despite the fact that an excess of twelves in the district could mean that one event would be superfluous. Several people who voted at the A.G.M. for the continuance of the "12" are not active Anfielders. Could we prevail upon them for just this one occasion in the year to back their vote by real action and answer the requests of our captain for assistance in the affirmative?

J. E. REEVES,

*Hon. Racing Secretary.*

### RACING RESULTS

*East Liverpool* "50", 29th May. Fastest, Harding, 2.9.34. "Ours", E. Davies, 2.17.8.

*Liverpool Time Trials* "100", 12th June. Harding, 4.28.12, E. Davies, 4.49.6 (approx. 1½ minutes lost).

*West Cheshire* "50", June 19th. Young, Birkenhead C.C., 2.8.6, R. Wilson, 2.14.47, A. Howarth, 2.16, and Salty, 2.20.

*Lancaster* "25", 25th June. 1st event. S. Haslam, fastest, 0.59.45, Reg. Wilson, 1.3.28, Alfred Howarth, 1.5.48. 2nd event, R. S. Chapman fastest, 1.5.34, Don Stewart, 1.8.42 and Len Walls, 1.9.32.

**Forthcoming Events:**—West Cheshire "100", July 10th; 3rd Club "25", July 16th; 2nd Club "50", July 23rd; Mersey Roads National Championship "24", July 23/24th; Pyramid "30", on Manchester roads, July 31st; Bath Road "100" and National Championship, August 1st; Liverpool Time Trials "12", August 7th; Manchester Clarion "50", August 7th.

## RUNS

### Wildboardclough, 23rd April, 1949

April gave us one of her warm, clear days as only she knows how, and everything promised fair after meeting Alfred Howarth until we reached Somerford. Of course, no one doubted that Alf didn't know what he was about, but to our surprise he announced that we were off our route. Apparently error would appear to have crept in. A hurried discussion rather startlingly revealed that we should have made for Macclesfield, not Congleton. Walter proclaimed that he knew a road to bring us out at Bosley, and so we were surrendered to him and gently but firmly led up and up, past Bosley Reservoir, until it seemed most unlikely that we would survive to see the Stanley Arms.

To our joy, tea was not quite ready, so we were in at the kill, and rounded it off very nicely with conversation ranging from racing to agriculture and insect pests. Those present were Bert Green, Eric Reeves, Alfred Howarth, Percy Williamson, Laurie Pendlebury, Walter Thorpe and Cliff Davey. The reward for all the toil and perspiration expended on the way up was a glorious descent into Macclesfield, sharing to the fullest extent a sunset of great splendour.

### Utkinton, 21st May, 1949

A lovely warm afternoon greeted us for our run to the smithy at Utkinton. Originally I left home with the intention of making a shopping call in Chester, the shorts situation being a little desperate. First meeting Reg at the lane end, and then Ken Barker and Eric at the Mills, made me change my mind and we enjoyed the inevitable cups of tea until at last Chester became out of the question.

Leaving the Whitchurch road at The Trooper, we ambled steadily along through Christleton, taking in the view as all true cyclists should.

Crossing the Nantwich road at The Headless Woman, we soon picked up Jimmy Long and so made our way up the long hill to tea.

Tea over, we retired to the stack yard for a yarn before departing, Bert Green making the first move for Tarporley and a 'bus.

Off down the hill and retracing our steps to Christleton, then to take the way through Pipers Ash to Backford and into the central Wirral lanes. At Mollington we halted awhile to study an ordnance map on the smithy wall. An excellent idea this, which could be taken up by more village communities. Across Capenhurst Lane, into Ledsham and so to Badgers Rake. Acute right, and the metalled highway left for awhile we ambled

along the woody glade to reach the outskirts of Willaston. Needless to say, after our meandering miles a drink was called for, and so we retired to that resting place of all good cyclists, The Nags Head, and partook of our pints before finally sorting out our ways home.

We were 21 all told, 17 members and four friends. Bert Green, Howarth, Wilson, Sherman, Mandall, Salty, Stewart, Davey, Perkins, Long, Ken Barker, Marriott, Reeves, Thorpe, Williamson, Pendlebury and Hill.

#### Whitegate, 28th May, 1949

Ten-fifteen saw Russ Barker and myself on the road for Middlewich. The day was warm, the going easy; added to this Russ had Alan's wheels on in preparation for the "100" and his riding was exuberant. (Only those who have seen his own wheels can realise what a thrill it must be not to ride them!) Middlewich and Nantwich rattled by, and we floated easily on to Whitchurch, where we docked for lunch. Onwards, then, via Wrexham, Farndon and Packforton. Father Time, now beginning to close in on us, it was 5-45 before we arrived at Whitegate Nurseries, to find a mass of Anfielders all eating like mad. However, we enjoyed a good meal; I think the venue truly deserves the encore.

After tea we hung around in groups discussing the "100". One by one, folk dwindled off into the warm, friendly Cheshire lanes; I am sure it went to all our hearts to see the President trudge off to catch his 'bus, Russ and I left with Cliff Davey and Walter Thorpe, who were in great form: not a single thatched roof, skylark, mayfly, Lesser Oojah, or kapifly escaped their attention.

Russ left us between Wilmslow and Halebarns, and Walter and Cliff turned off between Wilmslow and Handforth (work that one out, you topographers!) leaving me to wear even deeper my lonely furrow through Handforth and Cheadle. Those present were the President, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Wilf Orrell, Hubert Buckley, Jack Newton, Frank Marriott, Frank Perkins, Jimmy Long, Tommy Mandall, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick, Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, Peter Stephenson, Don Stewart, Len Walls, Reg Wilson and friend, Ron Moore, Russ Barker, Cliff Davey, Walter Thorpe and Alfred Howarth.

#### The "100"

Soon after four on a fine but breezy morning, all of Salop seemed to be astir, and before six a cavalcade of riders and helpers made out of the town on the Ludlow road for the start. Albert Lusty held the watch, Bert Green presided and Tommy Sherman, of the whiskers and the stentorian voice was the starting steward for the morning.

Peter Stevie started the wheels rolling into a breeze from the south-west that was too much in evidence even to mere onlookers. What it was like on the meatier portions of the climb to the lofty Stretton Gap we can only guess. An hour later, it seemed less strong, but even then far too active to constitute an ideal morning. It certainly was the windiest event we have had for years.

Everyone was outside evens to the first turn at Onibury, where, 21½ miles out, Peter Rock and Don Stewart turned the men for the flier back to Shrewsbury. The best times here were a bunch of 1.7's, and of "Ours" Reg Wilson was fastest with 1.9.20; Salty, 1.11.55; Alfred Howarth, 1.13.0 and Peter Stephenson 1.14.0. Everyone flew back to Shrewsbury, the wind helping what is always a grand descent. No times are available for the turn on to the bye-pass, but those taken at 50 miles, with the last six into the wind, gave some indication of the speed down from Stretton.

Harding, the ultimate winner, did the 28½ miles in 1.10.15, giving a "50" time of 2.17.45. Haslam, 1.13.54 and 2.21.39, R. H. Taylor, 1.11.32 and 2.18.52, and Baines 1.13.9 and 2.20.39. Baines is last year's winner. Of "Ours", Wilson rode consistently with 1.17.3, making his "50" 2.26.23; Salty 1.20, 2.31.55; Howarth 1.16.32, 2.29.32; Stephenson 1.17.7, 2.31.7.

Then, from the half-way point, where Stan Wild and Percy Williamson were officiating, away westward to the Tanat Valley, where the wind funnelled down from the mountains viciously. Those last rearing miles were hard, and Bill Ward, veteran Stretford Wheeler, wanted to know if it was a ruddy obstacle race! He had ridden well so far, too well, perhaps, for he finished down the list.

Our friends the Liverpool Century took charge of this cheek and drinks, and recorded the following times: Harding 3.26.31; Haslam 3.34.12; R. H. Taylor 3.31.23; Baines 3.33.15. Of "Ours" Wilson reached the spot in 3.46.39. Salty came in 10 minutes afterwards; Howarth in 3.49.55 and Stephenson 3.55.41.

All of "Ours", with the exception of "Old Man" Salty, were making their first essay at the distance.

Harry Harding, a local lad from the Walton C. & A.C., was so supreme on this windy morning that he clocked 4.34.24, seven minutes ahead of the next man, Haslam, of the Lancashire Roads. Harding wasn't fastest at Onibury, but from that point he gained gradually on the ultimate runners-up, so much that accidents barred, at Llanrhaiadr he seemed to be a certain winner. Our handicappers had provided him with an allowance of 18 minutes. This was, in the opinion of many, too much, but when it is realised that Harding would have won the handicap from a mark of 8 minutes, then it is certain that fastest and first handicap went to the right rider.

S. Haslam, of our old friends, the Lancashire Roads, came in second with a worthy 4.41.37, R. H. Taylor 4.42.10 and Baines 4.42.11. The second handicap prize was worthily merited by L. T. Griffiths, of the Mersey Roads, 4.47.35 and a 20 minutes' allowance, and J. T. Shuttleworth, of the Stretford Wheelers slipped into third with 4.47.39 and the same handicap. Lancashire Roads won the first team prize with Haslam, Baxter and Hall totalling 14.43.41 and the Walton team second with 14.46.41.

Of "Ours" Reg Wilson was fastest with 5.2.31, an excellent performance with no experience of the distance. Salty—who yet again said that it was his last—came in with 5.12.18, narrowly beating the other century novice—Alfred Howarth—by 15 seconds. Peter Stephenson passed the time-

keeper with a very worthy 5.16.54. If petrol was even tighter Peter might—probably would—do even better! However, none of them wanted to sell their machines at the finish, so we can hope for even better rides next time.

The organisation was as usual, right up to standard, and Eric Reeves, despite much tearing of hair and many sleepless nights, did a splendid job. Peter Rock assisted in getting the staff together.

The Tricycle Prize was won by Henderson, of the Rotherham Wheelers, with a ride just inside 5½ hours. He is a real veteran on three wheels, and still good. In fact, this year most of the “barrow” entries were veterans, many of whom achieved good rides under the windy circumstances, but was this special prize instituted to hold a veterans’ tricycle “100”? As an expression of personal opinion, we think not, and unless more of the younger and faster tricycle speedmen promise their support for what is only a recent innovation, the Committee could give serious thought to withdrawing this special feature another year.

#### WHITSUNTIDE WEEK-END, 4th/6th JUNE

Soon after 8-30 on Whit Saturday morning a bicycle halted outside your Editor’s door, and a pleasant bloke in a new and expensive Harris plus-four suit knocked and wished to know “Aren’t you ready yet”? Dammit, the scribe had only just finished his breakfast! Birkby, to name the dark intruder, was so anxious to be away on the week-end jaunt that he was up at 4-0 a.m., breakfasted at 6-0, and out before 7-0! After a chat we made a date for Chester at 11-30, and at that much more reasonable hour a grand party had collected: Williams, Connor, Reeves, Walls, Stewart, and—of course—Birkby and Marriott. Reg Wilson and the Selkirk tandem had been spotted. They lunched at No Mans Heath.

The others, in dire need of elevenses, turned towards Aldford and passed by a café where Eric had faithfully promised a halt. Next stop, Bangor-on-Dee for lunch, and on the delightful road that graces the flat lands on Deeside we dodged the showers and enjoyed ourselves immensely. A pleasant meal at the blacksmith’s, and so to Overton, where the wind changed to a young gale from the south-west, and Ellesmere, where in the glorious warm light life was good indeed. Jack Hodges drifted silently past as we listened intently to the Derby commentary.

Shrewsbury came as nicely as we have known it, and inside the Lion a galaxy of cycling personalities made the very rafters gleam. Our own President, still not cycling, but brought down by the good graces of Russ Barker. Jack Beauchamp (complete with Mrs. B. and young Geoffrey) and Binham, of the Bath Road. H. H. England, Cecil Paget and Abbott, of the North Road Club. Stancer and some other friends of the Century. We were delighted to see an old Anfielder in the form of Wilkin Corrie. He hasn’t been in the Club for 55 years, but he is still intensely interested in our Anfield. He sends his especial good wishes to Dave Rowatt, Artie Bennett, and others who might remember him. Then McCann introduced the O’Tatur to those younger Anfielders who yet do not know our very old friend.

Of “Ours” we noticed Harry Austin and namesake Rex, dear old Percy



Beardwood, Bretherick and Lambert, Hubert Buckley and Jack Walton. Then, in no particular order, Frank Chandler, Ernie Davies, Eddie Haynes, Len Hill, Alfred Howarth, Syd Jonas, Len Killip, Jimmy Long, Albert Lusty, Tommy Mandall, George Molyneux (complete with 70th anniversary board, and the loveliest little toy ordinary we've ever seen), Eddie Morris, Jack Newton, Bren Orrell, Jack Pitchford, Laurie Pendlebury, Peter Rock, Salty, Tommy Sherman, George and Peter Stephenson, Ira Thomas, Norman Turvey, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson, and, of course, those mentioned earlier in this discourse. At 7-30 we drifted up to the ballroom, to be all ready for the

#### **Dinner to celebrate the Anfield's Seventieth Birthday**

There we had a splendid meal and listened to some very laudatory speeches about our dear old Club. Jack Beauchamp pushed the boat out in real Bath Road style in proposing the toast of "The Club". Rex Austin replied characteristically, telling the assembly in no uncertain terms what the Anfield stands for. Road riding on bicycles and tricycles (someone no doubt will remember this the next time we are heaving the machines up the Moel Sych or some other impossible slope) and no track racing, no massed starts, no dances, and above all, no feminine influence, which can play the merry devil in club life!

Norman Turvey, toasting the Visitors, thanked all the local clubs whose representatives were present for their continued help in running the "100" and the "12". Then the "100" winners of past years, from Cobley, who won in 1901, through Genders (1920), Bren Orrell (1930 and 1933), Harold Townsend (1931), Pickersgill (1937), Reuben Firth (1938, 39 and 47) and Baines (1948). We were also very pleased to see John Wilson, famous rider in his own right, and father of an even more famous "Andy". Harry England was present as President of the North Road; G. H. Stancer as perhaps the most famous cyclist of the times, and Frank Urry, as perhaps the most lovable. Frank Urry and Frank Slemen responded very delightfully to this toast, and one of Urry's remarks we will remember for a long time: "When it hurts, it's doing you good!"

Then Stancer, after much research, told tales of our "100" since the earliest days, and in his estimation 1913 was the worse day ever, John Wilson responded with other grand stories of the good old days. It only followed then for Tommy Barlow to toast our President in characteristic style, and for Bert to say how pleased he was to be with us and such a splendid gathering on a famous occasion. Three hours of food, fun and celebration, and Auld Lang Syne completed a very fine evening.

#### **Whit Sunday**

After it was ascertained that a few of us might venture so far as Craven Arms for lunch, a phone call was put through, and eventually 38 members and friends sat down to quite a good lunch. Some pedalled direct, but others tasted the delights of a sunny day on the Long Mynd before dropping steeply down to the valley again.

A few ventured to spend the afternoon in the delightful Stokesay Castle, while others wended their way back to Shrewsbury by various routes,

**Somerford, 11th June, 1949**

The Cheshire plain was a blazing bowl of golden sunshine today. Conditions were ideal as I propelled three wheels through the lovely lanes of East Cheshire via Chelford, Whisterfield, and past the Black Swan (of glorious memory) at Trap Street to the bridge across the Dane at Radnor Bank. A leisurely lounge up the hill and I had made the tea venue with the expenditure of the minimum amount of energy.

Rex Austin and his wife had just departed as I arrived. Very soon I was partaking of an excellent tea in Anfield company. Bren was in expansive mood, Wilf had cycled from the wilds of mid-Lancashire, Laurie, as ever, had been piling up the miles, and Alfred talked as quickly as he can ride—and that means very fast! A most enjoyable session.

The ride home in the cool of the evening was like the rest of this glorious day—delightful.

Those present : G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, R. J. Austin, S. Wild, L. Pendlebury and A. Howarth.

**Llanarmon-in-Yale, 11th June, 1949**

With the setted streets of Liverpool left behind, I made my way from the ferry through Birkenhead, Clatterbridge and Willaston to Two Mills. Len and Frank were already installed, supping tea, so quite naturally I joined them. Our thirsts temporarily quenched, we rode to Chester, where Len frittered away some prize money on a derailleur gear. Then on again, gradually climbing through the lanes towards Pen-y-ffordd, where we had a marvellous view across the Cheshire Plain to the Peckforton Hills.

Soon after this Frank dropped behind to photograph a curious sign over the door of an inn at Coed Talon. Len and I pushed on towards Tryddyn, where we were joined by Reg Wilson, looking none the worse for his grand hundred ride the previous week-end. At Rhyd-y-Ceirw, a right turn led us over the final miles to Llanarmon and the Raven Inn.

Peter Stevie had already arrived after a day over the Denbigh Moors. One by one the others drifted in, and we spent a pleasant half-hour chatting over the previous week-end. Tea at last, and an enjoyable one at that. We had nearly cleared away all the food when Vic and Alan arrived, late as usual. Mechanical trouble had caused their delay.

The party was not yet complete, for within a few minutes Percy Williamson arrived from the other side of Cheshire. He was week-ending alone, and hoping to make the Raven his stay for the night. Time wore on, and then we started to depart. The fast pack were away first, leaving the others to follow at a more sedate pace. With Eric and Reg in front, the miles to Two Mills soon passed, and we enjoyed a cup of tea in the cool of the evening. Reg was first to leave the group at Damhead Lane, then Eric, Peter and Len departed, leaving Peter Stevie and I to ride to the ferry and home.

Those present at the run were: Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Percy Williamson, Jimmy Long, Len Walls, Reg Wilson, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick, Peter Stephenson and Don Stewart,

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AUGUST - 1949

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## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

### August

- 6 Llanarmon-in-Yale (Raven). Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)
- 13 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).
- 15 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 20 Tarvin (Owen's Café.)
- 21 Open "12". Headquarters: Red Lion Hotel, Christleton.
- 27 Lymm (Spread Eagle.)

### September

- 3 Llanarmon-in-Yale (Raven). Somerford (Sunnyside Café.)
- 10 Utkinton (Smithy Farm.)
- 12 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

75, Avondale Road North,  
Southport.

By the time you receive this *Circular* the "12" will be almost upon us and if it is to be a real ANFIELD promotion much more help from members is required. If you have not yet been given a job will you please contact the Captain immediately?

W. G. CONNOR,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## SORRY !

We regret that no report of the Lymm run has been received. Our old friends of the Spread Eagle were glad to see us again and renew a lasting friendship. The hungry blokes say that the meal was quite good, the more polite ones use the word splendid!

## CHARLES RANDALL

We were very pleased to see Charles out on the evening of the Club "50". Our "24" hour man of other days was out taking a look at the riders in the Mersey Roads "24". Charles is living in South Wales these days in a pleasant vocation that necessitates owning and driving a Rover "12". We could do with a job like that! Charles sends his kind regards to the lads, particularly the Tea Tasters.

### LEN KILLIP

Len is pleased to announce that he is the father of a bouncing boy.—Congratulations!

### PLEASE NOTE

Owing to the difficulty of estimating numbers for catering these holiday weeks, no definite order will be given to the Raven Inn for the Llanarmon run on August 6th.

### TOURISTS

Eric Reeves, Len Walls and Don Stewart have just returned from a grand tour of Southern England. They glimpsed the Elan Valley before crossing the mountains to Brecon and seeking the ferry to Bristol. Then Blagdon, Wookey Hole and the South coast so far as Canterbury before spending the last night with Ned Haynes at Snitterfield near Stratford. Lambert and Bretherick are gambolling in France, and Reg Wilson will be on a lone camping tour of the Land o' Cakes by the time these pages are printed.

### MARCH WEEK-END IN YORKSHIRE

I returned last evening from a long week-end in Yorkshire. My son is on leave from the Forces, and as I also had a few days liberty we went as far as Dent on Saturday. It was delightful going up Newby Head in the light of a full moon with a helping wind, but when we turned from Dent we had a steady struggle for the remainder of the ride.

Sunday morning the weather was worse, still blowing a gale but raining hard as well. I had to face it; having persuaded John to have a second night at Dent. No waiting until the weather eased. So up the hill to Barbon Dale. The wind came up the valley like out of a tunnel, the rain poured, and we literally had to fight our passage down the valley eventually arriving at Kirby Lonsdale in a very wet state.

However, we had a good lunch and then went on to Carnforth, making progress at about six miles per hour. After tea the rain ceased, and we had a comfortable ride back to Dent.

The wind had dropped by Monday morning, but it was still raining. We climbed up to Newby Head, and then drifted down to Hawes with snow falling gently on the capes. Along Yoredale to Middleham and up Coverdale. The track at the summit was very wet, with plenty of snow, but the descent into Kettlewell was a nightmare. Even in dry weather it is quite unrideable, but when great ruts are full of snow and slush, on a one-in-one drop you can imagine the conditions. We dropped into Kettlewell about 6-0 p.m., and then rode along to Grassington, where we spent the night.

Tuesday morning was bright and lovely as we manouvered the ups and downs to Appletreewick and Barden Tower. A walk down to the Strid and Bolton Abbey, then through Addingham and Keighley. We digressed to the Bronte country, and leaving Haworth, John was anxious to follow



what appeared as a secondary road to Hebden Bridge on my map. The road petered out into a track as we began to climb the moors, and finally developed into as choice a sewer as I have seen. What a state it was in on the top! A foot of soft snow on the track itself, and slushy bog at the sides. If you owe a friend a grudge, recommend to him the old road to Haworth from Hebden Bridge.

We eventually left Hebden Bridge, after having had tea, just before six, with almost as many miles to cover as we had done from 10-0 a.m. and were home soon after nine. A grand four days, now it's over, but far more strenuous than I would have attempted on my own in March. John was anxious to push on and I let him have the benefit of the experience whilst I suffered!

The more I see of Yorkshire, the better I like it.

PERCY WILLIAMSON.

### MEMORIES

Johnny Band has sent to us a photograph breathing the very atmosphere of the past. Most of you know the scene. The Crown Hotel at Llanfihangel on the road to Cerrig, where you whizz through the door—bicycle and all—should the corner come too quickly and too swiftly. There are five figures depicted. Johnny Band, Billy Owen, Billy Cook, Billy Toft and The Mullah. The photograph was taken by the O'Tatur himself while on the way home from Bettws-y-coed one Easter. We should like to know when? Uncle Johnny cannot remember. Perhaps The Mullah or T. W. Murphy can recollect the occasion and let us know. Johnny concludes his letter by sending his best wishes to all.

### RACING NOTES

Club "25", 16th July, 1949

nett

1. A. Howarth	1.6.8	2 mins. allowance	1.4.8
2. A. Gorman	1.7.10	2 mins. allowance	1.5.10
3. W. Thorpe	1.11.30	7 mins. allowance	1.4.30
4. R. Barker	1.12.9	7 mins. allowance	1.5.9

C. Davey did not start.

There was no event in Wirral. As so often happens at this time holidays were responsible for a poor entry. Ernie Davies was the only member who appeared at the start. He would not ride alone, so together with Peter Rock he toured the course calling in members who had turned out to marshal.

West Cheshire "100", July 10th.

R. J. Maitland travelled up for this event and with a brilliant ride under grilling conditions set up a new course record of 4.23.5. Of Ours, Reg Wilson was in fine form taking second handicap prize with a grand ride of 4.47.34 for his second attempt at the distance. The official result sheet is not to hand, but we understand that Salty rode and finished with 4.57.

Liverpool St. Christopher's C.C.C. "30", 3/7/49

Don Stewart, 1.23.32.

**Bath Road "100" Results**

- |                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. S. Haslam, Lancs. R.C.      | 4 . 20 . 17 |
| 2. J. Baines, Lancaster        | 4 . 20 . 48 |
| 3. R. Enfield, Medway Wheelers | 4 . 20 . 50 |

Team: Medway Wheelers 13 . 3 . 32 (comp. record)

**The Mersey Roads "24"**

This event, which included the National Championship "24" this year, was held on 23rd/24th July, and attracted 58 entries. The results are as follows:

- |                                |                      |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. S. Harvey, Addiscombe       | 440 miles            |
| 2. E. Hudson, Rutland          | 431.8 miles          |
| 3. T. Read, E. Mid. Cl.        | 429.3 miles          |
| 8. A. Crimes, Crewe W. (Trike) | 411.6 (Comp. Record) |
| Team Race—Solihull C.C.        | 1230.3 miles         |

Quite a number of our members were out helping. Ken Barker at Hool, Laurie Pendlebury, Peter Rock and Reg Wilson at Shotwick. George Molyneux here and there. Ira Thomas was checking in Shropshire, and Len Hill ran an all-night drinks station near Prestatyn.

**Open "12", Sunday, August 21st**

Arrangements are well in hand, but our Skipper would like to hear from the odd half-dozen who have not yet replied to his cards. He would also like to stress on all members the necessity for giving clear indication of the route to riders at all checking and marshalling points. In 1947 we were very short of motor transport for finishing duties. Would all who can rally round with their cars at Waverton not later than 4-0 p.m.?

PETER ROCK, *Captain*.

**THE TWELVE**

On August 21st we run our Annual Twelve Hour Event. You will remember that last year it was cancelled because of insufficient preparation. For a club of our standing this was a very drastic thing to admit, but the results would have been far more terrible had the promotion been anything short of perfect. This year the "12" will be an accomplished fact, but we want YOU—whether asked or not—to make yourself useful. Write to Peter Rock at 13 Bolton Road, Port Sunlight, Cheshire, or, if you cannot write, telephone Frank Marriott at Birkenhead 1556. The course must be simply littered with Anfielders. Headquarters are at the Red Lion at Christleton, and it is a matter for regret that no feeding arrangements are available at this house. Entries close August 5th, and a handicap for Club members is included.

**RUNS****Utkinton, 18th June, 1949**

A carnival was in progress as I bundled myself into a train to dodge the eternal setts of Liverpool's dockland. The New Chester Road through Bromborough is gradually improving, and when bound for Cheshire I enjoy turning off here for the lanes through Stoak and Stanney.

I chose this route today, crossing the Helsby road to Stamford Bridge, Christleton, over Egg Bridge and along the winding lanes so fascinating and typical of England, the Kelsall Hills forming an ideal background. I was in plenty of time and a conveniently placed gate tempted me to smoke and bask awhile. What a day! The sun shone out of a cloudless sky, a fair wind had wafted me gently along, and now I sat in solitary state surrounded by corn waist high and fields of sweet smelling hay.

Drowsily I watched cows moving leisurely towards a stream, and I thought how good life could be. Footsteps and the bronzed faces of Eric Reeves and Don Stewart grinned their recognition and sat down to enjoy the scene. The beauty was short lived, however, the soulless voice of Jimmy Long bidding us "get going!" supported by Ken Barker broke the spell.

The top of the lane outside the smithy was graced by the forms of the President, Stan Wild, Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, Alan Gorman, and after an exchange of greetings the goodly number of 15 and two friends sat down. Laurie Pendlebury arrived a little later, to join in the scramble for eggs, cake and bread amidst the lively gossip and banter of those few who seem to be able to eat and talk at the same time. Many were the topics of conversation, from the efficiency of the modern hub to the choice spots of Pembrokeshire.

At about 7-0 p.m. the assembly broke up—Bert Green, still "under orders", travelled by 'bus, whilst John Futter, Frank Marriott and myself elected to ride gently by way of the ancient pack-horse route to Chester, where John left us. A quick shandy at the "Nag's Head" put a finishing touch to a perfect afternoon of pleasant companionship and gentle exercise in glorious surroundings. Those present were Bert Green, Stan Wild, Ken Barker, Jimmy Long, Eric Reeves, Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams, Don Stewart, Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman, Frank Marriott, John Jones and friend, John Futter, Alfred Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury and Arthur Birkby.

#### **Whitegate, 25th June, 1949**

A splendid June day, an occasion when the farming folk were in one great hurry to get the remains of the hay harvest in, for this heat wave would not—could not—last much longer. The tar oozed sticky on the high road, and the breeze wafted steadily astern.

Frank Perkins—all nicely cooked after a couple of weeks awheel—called at No. 30 for your Editor. The time then was two, at three we had reached Two Mills, refreshed with tea and cakes, and were away again. Capenhurst Lane was delightfully quiet, and the bypass just as busy, but, for a change, we stuck it so far as Helsby. Then, lonely roads!

A tilting highway brought Alvanley, homely village, silent as ever. Then left, right, and on the far skyline left again to drift excitingly amid lofty pines and scented bracken before a grand fling to Kingsley. For years I thought I knew Kingsley, but I did not. And if you only know the bit of Kingsley on the Frodsham to Acton Bridge road you don't know it either. We dropped down a narrow, high-hedged lane, past some of the loveliest cottages, all flowered and white and gleaming in the sun, into

the real Kingsley, a Cheshire village we never knew. Try it sometime, it's grand.

A halt for fruit near Acton Bridge, beyond Weaverham left alongside the railway, and after tearing ourselves from the main line and the host of enthusiastic engine spotters, an unnamed left turn climbed, crossed the high road, and brought us into Whitegate just on 5-30.

"Where's the mighty atom?" ventures Tommy. We didn't know, and perhaps Jimmy was a-sunning of himself in the back garden at home. Peter Stevie, Bert Green, Laurie Pendlebury and Russ Barker were eating. Then Vic Lambert and Alan Bretherick, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves and Percy Williamson, who had been finding new ways across Moulton Locks. Bert Green tells a good tale about how expert he is becoming in thumbing his way to and from Sale.

Russ Barker dug up some of his war memoirs and deposited them at the feet of Vic and Alan, who in three weeks will be wheeling in the land of Normandy. We left them there, buried in a terrific map that stretched all the way from the Bay of Biscay to Mainz!

So, one by one, we drifted home. The two Franks idled gently through the silent ways of the dear old Forest. How grand to cycle there. A walk up Rangers Bank, a delightful drift down Manley, and the flat lands came again. Eric and Peter caught up with us at Whitby, after a slip of a girl had put it across them. (You should not have printed that, I can hear Eric saying!) A nice bit of scenery, though! And so to Port Sunlight and home. Sixty-three wonderful miles, that's all.

#### **Llanarmon-yn-Yale, 9th July, 1949**

It was Jimmy's day out today. Our mighty atom had been peering at his map, and although he didn't bring it with him, it was all set how he—and we—should reach the Raven Inn, via Harwarden and Coed Talon before the right turn short of the Liver Inn and the last few miles along the valley.

Jimmy, Tommy Mandall and Ginner Williams were supping tea at Two Mills when Frank Marriott hove in view, and in delightful sunlight the quartet drifted easily towards Queensferry. Now Jimmy, from the rear, had mentioned that Coed Talon business as the easiest way of reaching Llanarmon, a suggestion, incidentally, that is intensely disagreeable to your Editor. It seemed much too hot to be sweating on that long hill this afternoon. How good it would be to find another way.

We travelled to Harwarden to placate Jimmy, and then turned off towards Mold from Penmynydd. Then westwards and across the railway to reach the Wrexham road. Just short of Mold we turned into the hills. Nerquis was missed, and our way leaped upward by several steep pitches. Near the top it was particularly pleasant, with grand and unusual glimpses of Moel Findeg. Even Jimmy—in a weak moment, admittedly—agreed that this was fine. The clock had reached 5-0 p.m. when we drifted into Erryrys's lofty village. And what a run down! The little road twisted and spun in rare corkscrew fashion on the limestone cliff. Sometimes we felt as if we were standing on end! When we reached the valley, Llanarmon was only a mile away.

George Connor had ordered for a dozen, and Rigby Band completed the party—Five! We had to talk very nicely to the proprietor, as the food had been prepared. After a good meal we were ready for home again soon after seven.

Jimmy, super-enthusiast always, offered to return the way we had come so as to see the delightful scenes from a new angle, but Tommy was adamant. "Up there again to-day! Not ruddy likely!" So we drifted homewards through Loggerheads and Mold.

Arthur, being in a hurry to reach Parkgate and be uptimes for the West Cheshire "100" on the morrow, rode on ahead with Tommy. The others stopped at Two Mills for a cuppa, and thereafter a gentle ride home. What we discussed is nobody's business.

#### **Wildboardclough, 9th July, 1949**

The attractive valley of Langley was like an oven this soporific Saturday afternoon. Beyond the Leather Smithy the road began to stagger up an incredibly steep hill, and so did I! A short rest for a breather was indicated, but the remainder of the climb made me continue my staggering gait. Just past Forest Chapel I paused to admire the fine bird's-eye view of Stanley's obtained from this excellent vantage point, and thought it worth a tele-photo shot. A gentle drop and I was at the inn shortly after five p.m.

Bert Green was the first to arrive, then came Stan Wild, to be soon followed by Harry Austin. Just as tea was about to be served our number was made into four by the appearance of Harold Catling *sans* bike or trike. Harold had walked over from Dowel Dale where he is spending a camping holiday. He tried to impress us with his fell-walking prowess and was full of his determination to walk back, but was observed creeping on to the Buxton 'bus with feline felicity after tea.

The meal was the usual good spread, after which some little time was spent drinking in the splendid outlook across the sun-drenched valley, with Shuttling's Low forming an impressive background. Conditions were cooler as we rode home, much to the relief of us all.

Owing to an error today's run was announced in the *July Circular* as Somerford, at which place the following members attended: R. Barker, A. Gorman, G. B. Orrell and his son, W. Orrell, L. Pendlebury and P. Williamson.

#### **Woodbank, 16th July, 1949**

As usual a dull day was expected for the '25' and I was not disappointed. The run to the Yacht was, as ever, uninteresting. Liverpool was just as dirty and Birkenhead likewise. In fact the only good thing to report was the improvement in the bottom road. If only Liverpool would follow the lead, riding across to the Wirral would be much pleasanter. Anyhow, I arrived at the Yacht to find Tommy Mandall and Jimmy Long looking a little fed up. They reported that only John Jones and friend had been seen, and pointed out that they had "a pot of tea for twelve" ordered and would I shift it. Duties done, as well as possible, anyway, and it began to rain. So we hung about till 5 p.m. when a start for the finishing line was made—just in case the event was on. To cut a long story short Jimmy Long's face

got longer, Tommy Mandall's cap got sloppier and yours truly got hungrier, and no riders appeared until 5-30, when Len Hill and Ossie Dover, who came along on trikes, and as they reported no sign of the riders we gave up and went back for tea to find a goodly crowd collected, including the Editor, A. Birkby and son, P. Rock and Ernie Davies, R. Wilson, K. Barker, A. Preston (hello stranger) and Finber Williams. Everybody was in fine form and wouldn't listen to our protests at no event.

The less said of the meal the better, what with plum-stones in meat—lousy meat at that—we weren't very pleased. Even Ginner left his meat.

Later a select crowd retired to have a drink and a chat in the bar prior to riding home.

Ted Byron and Don Smith were reported on the course.

#### **Middlewich, 16th July, 1949**

This afternoon was the occasion of another training "25", to be followed by a Club tea at the Woodlands, so having a job of turning the riders at the 22nd mile I made my way in unsettled weather to the turning point near Holmes Chapel. Approaching Knutsford I ran into some torrential rain which, later, I was surprised to find the racing men had almost completely missed, and indeed they each expressed the view that it was quite a fair afternoon, although there seemed a considerable wind from the east which blew mainly across the course. Of the usual five entrants Davey was a non-starter, the remaining four doing good rides with Alf Howarth leading Alan Gorman by a few seconds. Full details are given elsewhere in the *Circular*.

Eight sat down to tea after the event, and the conversation was principally about racing. Those present were: Bert Green, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Russ Barker, Alf Howarth, Harry Austin, Percy Williamson and Alan Gorman. Walter Thorpe left us before tea to keep an appointment at Chelford, and Jack Newton was sighted on the course.

#### **Club "50", 23rd July, 1949**

This event was not a howling nor any other sort of success. Holidays just about put paid completely to the list of starters, and we had four to face the timekeeper, Davies, Howarth, Gorman and Wilson. Davies, no doubt, thinking of his nocturne in the Mersey Roads "24", desisted at about four miles, and Howarth, after moving quite nicely, suddenly lost all enthusiasm near the top turn. So he turned it in, too. The afternoon was hot, very hot, and not in the least delightful from a racing man's point of view, yet Alan Gorman swept past the finish with a splendid ride of 2.16.27, which on paper gives him fastest and first handicap. Reg Wilson, on scratch, came in with 2.20.13 and a moan about the ruddy awful afternoon. Although not up to his standard, it was quite a good performance. Another year it would probably be wiser to keep Club events out of the month of July. Those noticed on the course were: Byron, Marriott, Williams, Rock, Don Smith, Walls, Stewart, John Jones, friend Frank Palmer, Bert Green, Stan Wild (timekeeper), Peter Stephenson, Sherman, Pendlebury. This list is not complete. Ira Thomas and Jack Pitchford were probably at the top end.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



SEPTEMBER - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

SEPTEMBER 1949

NUMBER 522

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Sept.

- 3 Llanarmon-yn-Yale (Raven) Somerford (Sunnyside Café)
- 10 Club "25". Headquarters: Woodbank (Yacht) and Middlewich.
- 12 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, Liverpool.
- 17 Club "50". Headquarters: Owens Café, Tarvin.
- 24 Utkinson (Smithy Farm).

Oct.

- 1 Llanarmon-yn-Yale (Raven). Wildboardlough (Stanley Arms).
- 8 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).
- 10 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 15 Annual General Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms).
- 22/23 Autumnal Tints Tour. Glyn Valley Hotel, Glynceiriog.

The Committee Meeting arranged for September 12th will be held at the Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, Liverpool, and not at 3 Whitechapel, as stated in the August *Circular*.

The run arranged for Utkinson on September 10th has had to be re-arranged for September 24th. There will be a Club "25" on September 10th.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

*Application for Membership.* Thomas Francis Palmer, 25 Douglas Road, Anfield, proposed by T. Sherman, seconded by W. G. Connor.

*Resignation.* The resignation of Lionel C. Price has been accepted with regret.

*Autumnal Tints Tour.* The Tints Tour has been arranged for Glynceiriog with Headquarters at the Glyn Valley Hotel. Accommodation has been booked for twenty-one, and I shall be glad to receive names of those requiring beds.

*Change of Address.* (from about 3rd September, 1949). C. H. Turnor, Alan Turnor, Keith Turnor : from "Endcliffe", 10 Park Avenue, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, to 95 Mainstone Avenue, Prince Rock, Plymouth, Devon.

*Annual General Meeting.* The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on Saturday, October 15th. Any member wishing to have any matter included in the Agenda should send me particulars not later than 18th September.

W. G. CONNOR, *Hon. General Secretary.*

### RACING RESULTS

Pyramid "30", 31/7/49—Alfred Howarth, 1.19.0.

Altrincham Ravens "50", 14/8/49—Alfred Howarth, 2.11.1.

Stone Wheelers, 2nd Class "25", 7/8/49—Don Stewart, 1.9.44.

Phoenix "25", 14/8/49—Don Stewart, 1.8.21.

Alfred Howarth's above performances and Don Stewart's 1.8.21 constitute personal bests. Splendid!

Salty entered in the Birkenhead C.C. "50" on August 28th. He did not start.

### THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

From conversations we have had with several older members recently we gather that the reason for the change of date for our A.G.M. from January to October has not been ventilated sufficiently in these pages. This is correct. A short explanation is this: Road racing these days is an intensive business. There are nearly 1,000 clubs operating, and the majority run open events. To effect some control over this very popular road sport, the R.T.T.C. was formed in the late thirties. This body starts work for the next season in the autumn, and details of a club's open programme and appointed delegates are required in November. The programme must, of course, be approved by the Annual General Meeting, and delegates are appointed from the Committee for the year. So an A.G.M. in October is very necessary.

(R.T.T.C.—Road Time Trials Council).

### AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR

From the Secretary's notes elsewhere in this issue you will see that we are again to visit our old friends at the Glyn Valley Hotel, where we have been made so welcome these past few years. It has been suggested that the Friday evening party should stay here, too. This would ease the distance for those travelling out after tea, and enable us to travel light on the Saturday's mountain jaunt. For this we could once again essay the slopes of Maen Gwynedd—how easy it looked from the Moel Sych crest last year!—or perhaps venture from Llangynog into the upper Tanat Valley so far as Pennant Melangell's forgotten village. Then a grand trip across the mountains by way of Llyn-y-Mymydd and Yr Hen Eglise before slipping down the Cedig Valley to Lake Vyrnwy for a late lunch, or (more likely) an early tea. All this sounds very thrilling. Names for Friday and suggestions for Saturday to Frank Marriott as soon as you like. Names for Saturday night to be sent to George Connor in the usual way.

### THE MULLAH MOVES

Elsewhere in these pages an official notice gives information of The Mullah's removal to Plymouth. When we last saw our friend (in March, at Halewood) he was looking for a house in Liverpool. Since then Wallasey has also been on the lists. With a home in dear old Devon his appearances (with Alan and Keith) will be rarer than ever.

## OBITUARY

It is with the sincerest sorrow that we record in these pages the passing, on 1st August, of Francis J. Cheminais. A member since the good old days of the nineties, "Chem" had been an Anfielder for 51 years, and not long ago we recorded his pleasure at being elected a Life Member at the Special General Meeting at Halewood in March, and incidentally the last occasion we had him with us.

"Chem" was in his 85th year, and those who knew him marvelled at the manner in which he ignored Father Time. How delightful he was at Halewood or Bettws-y-coed with those famous monologues. How thrilled were we always with "Evan's Dog Hospital". His masterpiece never wilted. With its master it never grew old.

And now another of our Old Brigade has passed this way. Might we express our sincerest sorrow to Mrs. Cheminais and her family, and say this now: that the lives of every one of us has been made the happier for knowing and loving "dear old Chem".

The funeral took place at Landican on 4th August, and the Club was represented by Eddie Morris, Ken Barker and Frank Marriott. We were pleased to see Walter Simpson there, too.

F.E.M.

## AUGUST WEEK-END TO BATH ROAD "100"

I contrived to be up bright and early on Saturday morning, threw the necessary impedimenta into a saddlebag and dashed to meet the President with whom I was travelling to Bletchley. All worked out as planned, Bert and I duly dropped off the train, met Tommy Mandall and regaled ourselves with some stewed tea and a tough sandwich.

Bert left us to invest in some more Home Rails to Newbury by way of Oxford, whilst Tommy and I made for Aylesbury and a late lunch. Much later in the afternoon we crossed the Thames at Shillingford, where the inner man again was calling for attention. Then we continued through pleasant pastoral country towards Pangbourne. Here we were pleasantly surprised to meet Urban Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, who had just pitched their much travelled tent for the B.R. week-end. After chatting a few minutes we did the last lap into Newbury, where after supper and a pleasant foregathering with Jack and Mrs. Beauchamp, Binham, Len Baker, Harry Frost and other members of the Bath Road, I sought my bed. Mrs. Butcher found an annexe for Harry Frost and I at the home of her niece, where for two nights we had extremely comfortable accommodation.

Sunday dawned clear and during the morning we joined up with the Bath Road run to Peasmore. After much dart-throwing, lunch and nattering, Jack Beauchamp dragged us outside to place our images on a silver film. The afternoon run was cross-country to Theale with many hills of upstanding character which kept getting in our path. I was able to see something of the Bath Road hilly "50" course, and thought of competitors using footwear of the calibre of Salty's walking boots. The Cosy Cot at Theale supplied a much needed tea after a strenuous afternoon.

After tea Urban and Mrs. Taylor chatted to us and Bath Road Cohen came up on his tricycle to show the latest in combined differential back axle and three-speed hub. Friend Stancer would have been interested (possibly he has seen it) as was our President, who gave the machine a short run down the road.

It was a typical pre-race evening. The place was snewing with racing men and girls. Yes, girls. For that morning the girls had ridden in their own open "100" and managed to convey the impression of tough athleticism yet losing none of their pleasant femininity. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lammerieux, of the Bath Road, on holiday after many years of exile in Canada. Harry Frost and I drifted back to Newbury, shortly to hit the hay. Meanwhile Stan Wild, Peter Rock, Jack Salt and Ernie Davies had arrived for the race on the morrow.

On the Monday morning we were giving a hand at the Speen Hill feeding station, and the conditions didn't seem very easy for the competitors on the climb towards Savernake Forest in the rising wind. So it was little wonder that the course record wasn't broken. Later I rode to the finish, found Stan Wild (who had been taking the half-way times) and began our journey to Bletchley. After some stoking up just beyond Pangbourne, Stan and I rode through charming country, all quite new to me. Stoke Mandeville gave afternoon tea (Anfield version) and so to Bletchley with time to burn. Stan scorched most of it, making the booking clerk scratch his head over a C.T.C. travel voucher. The rest of the journey was spent waiting patiently for Manchester to come over the horizon.

In retrospect, a very pleasant week-end made more pleasurable still by the friendliness shown to us by our hosts the Bath Road Club. Thank you very much!—(Laurie, you haven't mentioned Jimmy!—Ed.)

## RUNS

### Wildboardclough, 6th August, 1949

This was a golden August day, and I enjoyed every minute of a solo run to Macclesfield and up the Cat and Fiddle road; with a suitable gear and a following breeze the climb to Wildboardclough had much of the sting taken out of it.

It was an unusually clear day and looking west, many miles of Cheshire and Lancashire could be seen. Wet weather has compensations and often makes the atmosphere very clear, and so the Saturday afternoon vista could be seen and enjoyed from the high places of the Pennines. Eventually I dragged myself away to continue my journey to the Stanley Arms and tea. Although quite punctual I was by no means first there. Our President, Clifford Davey, Walter Thorpe, Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman and Russ Barker were all discussing bikes. Stan Wild had his lady friend.

Shortly afterwards we were joined by Wilf Orrell and Bren's boy. The tasty tea was put away in the inevitably rapid style of the Anfielder, and a further short nattering session held before the dispersal for home. A long swift swoop through Silk Town and a steady ride through the lanes via Dean Row and Heald Green in the evening light towards home ended another delightful Club run.

**Llanarmon-yn-Yale, 6th August, 1949**

Is there anything more delightful these days of grace than to dig the bicycle out some sunny Saturday, ride a few miles for a jar (or jars) of char and wads, and then drift to the Club rendezvous for a nice, fine feed? A dozen Anfielders have done it to-day. And we ordered for six! But the pantry of the Raven Inn was able to rise to the occasion, and we lingered over some lovely fried home-cured bacon, egg, tomato and real country sausage. Lashings of bread and butter contributed to the infinite wonder of the afternoon.

Jimmy and Tommy had been out since the morning and, after lunch in Wirral, idled pleasantly on the "top" road to Llanarmon, the silent and ever-delightful highway running parallel to the Mold-Ruthin road. They even encountered cars on the spiral and almost continental drop down the cliff into the valley. Syd. Jonas was there too. He had been spending a few days beyond the Clwyd on his tricycle.

Len Walls had been to Bettws-y-coed, while the rest had come straight out. Eric and Len Hill by way of Star Crossing, where Eric broke a crank. Vic and Alan (fresh from France and fit enough to be a couple of nuisances) waited for Frank Marriott and Ken Barker at Two Mills. We also had idea of the other road from Mold, but a trio of unspoilt beauty all the way from Leeds desired directions to reach the Youth Hostel at Maeshafn. Out came the cigarettes and twenty minutes drifted pleasantly away. The party was completed with Frank Palmer and a friend of Len Hill's, both, if they like us, prospectives. Idling home was a sleigh ride. A nice sou-wester blew the hills away and sent us scudding down the slopes. Some of the lads sampled the brew at the Alltami Tavern and finished up with sandwiches at the Nags Head. The others rode straight home.

**Whitegate, 12th August, 1949**

Len Walls was awaiting me just after two at the top of the road, and together we ventured across Cheshire towards Whitegate. At Two Mills a halt, a cup of tea and a chat with Guy Pullan, of the Mersey Roads. Guy is shortly away for a few days to that part of East Anglia that is dear to your Editor's heart, and even the very mention of some lovely place-names caused the nostalgia to flood. Then Peter and Eric rolled in. They were not coming to the run as some work for the "12" was in hand. At 3-30 we left the mid-Wirral rendezvous for the run to Vale Royal.

The route was not new. Ever-delightful Capenhurst lane; the quiet way through Stoak. Manley Bank, on this grand August afternoon, gave wide glimpses across the Vale of Dee. Then the forest road to Hatchmere, more exciting and thrilling than ever these sun-drenched hours. Cuddington came by more lovely roads, ways that tumble delightfully through the woodlands, and then the exciting mile through Petty pool Park. You leave the main Northwich road by an old gateway, and then ride across the golf course with lovely glimpses of this ancient bit of Cheshire. How wonderful it is to see the sun gleaming on the long pool! So just after 5-30 to the venue and the meal.

Bert Green was very well pleased. Outside glittered the golden gleam of a tricycle, and our President, for the first time in months, had ridden out!

Nice work! We were all delighted. Tommy Mandall had joined up with Don Stewart and Frank Palmer at the Mecanno Set, and Jimmy made the party a quartet at the teaplace in the forest. Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, Cliff Davey, Walter Thorpe and Laurie and his lad completed the Manchester contingent. When we thought the party to be complete, in barged the never-earlies—Vic and Alan. This time they blamed Len Hill, with whom they had a tryst at Tarvin.

Riding home was a gentle business. The wind was strongish, and, your Editor feeling more idle than usual, he tucked in behind Jimmy and Tommy for a steady ride home. At the Fishpool the trio halted, and ventured in. Frank has many pleasant memories of this hostelry and its meals, and Mrs. Sheen still remembers the golden afternoon when he and Dick Ryalls had their first meal there in 1927! How grand it is to renew old acquaintances, and be remembered.

Kelsall, and a drift down the hill. Vicars Cross, and the arrival of Vic and Alan, the Telephone twins. Being far too fit for us after their French tour, we sent them off to order the shandies at the Yacht. This inn being full of rowdies, Jimmy and Frank toured slowly home through Dammit Lane, leaving the trio to sample the brew at the Glegg Arms. Yes, a very nice day, thank you!

#### **Tarvin, 20th August, 1949**

For the pre-"12" run we ventured to Tarvin, to Owen's Café, our headquarters for the fifty-mile Club events. Quite a happy party gathered there on a sunny afternoon. Bert Green had spent a few bob on Home Rails, the return half would be good for the morrow after the "12" was over. Sid Carver, on holiday from Hull, was also a welcome figure, and we were delighted in his tale of a ride from the East Coast on the previous Monday. From Rotherham he dodged Sheffield, got on to the Snake road, made a detour to see Derwent spire peering through the low water, and then to Castleton for a spot of lunch. Not a hope. Hard riding to Chapel earned a *four-egg* omelette. Then Whaley Bridge, Taxal Lanes gave the Cheshire Plain and a call at Lockett's place before the last miles of a long run home.

Frank Marriott had been finding some new lanes, and arrived late. Don Stewart and Len Walls were awaiting their meal, too. Peter Rock and Eric Reeves had their heads together putting the last touches to the "12", while Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick (on time for once) were contriving some dastardly scheme with Laurie Pendlebury. We haven't discovered the outcome yet. Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Geoff. Lockett, Franks Perkins and Palmer completed the party.

#### **The "12", 21st August, 1949**

Before this round-the-clock event passes into history a great deal will be said about it. It may have had a very poor field, yet it will not be forgotten. The poor entry, both in quantity and quality, almost certainly results from last year's decision to cancel the event because of insufficient preparation. Yet there was quality. Our own Ernie Davies, riding, after the first two hours or so, a lone trial, completed and won his first "twelve" with a very



good total of 235 miles, 166 yards. And perhaps even more spectacular was the ride of Albert Crimes, of the Crewe Wheelers, on a tricycle, of 220 miles, 7 furlongs, 139 yards. This was a bare half-mile short of competition record! This was nearly 19 miles better than the next tricycle on the list.

Davies' particular competitor was his old friend, H. C. Moore, of the Birkenhead North End C.C. Moore, was, on paper, the winner, having a very fine record in 12-hour events, but Davies had a few minutes on him most of the way round the course, although Moore was troubled with internal trouble which caused him to desist at 217 miles with more than a half-hour to go. George E. Jones, of the Birkenhead N.E. rode a very creditable second with 228 miles and 79 yards. Of the others of "Ours", Salty packed up on the Wem stretch. (Probably the tricycle with Albert Crimes aboard would have passed him shortly afterwards!) Reg Wilson came in with a good ride short of 210, while Len Walls broke a chain very early in the event and, replacements being unobtainable, he had to assume the role of helper.

The first 66 miles (to Clive Green) saw Davies very early in the lead with 3.7. Moore, 3.10; Salty, 3.18; Crimes (don't forget the tricycle), 3.20; G. E. Jones, 3.21; Wilson (Ours), 3.26; Hickinbotham, 3.33; Onslow, 3.42. At Hodnet (150 $\frac{3}{4}$ ) the figures for the leaders were as follows: Davies, 7.35 (only a minute or so outside of even time). Moore here was dead level. Jones, 7.52; Salty, 8.13; Crimes, 8.7; Wilson, 8.28. At the Raven, where Harry Austin and Len Hill were officiating, the distance was 175 miles, and it is interesting to record that Davies here had a lead of a minute on Moore, recording 8.49 to his rival's 8.50. Salty had by this time fallen from the picture, and was well-nigh packing up, which he did on the Wem stretch. G. E. Jones came up in 9.14, and Crimes, still riding exceptionally well, and with his eye on competition record, clocked 9.32. Wilson clocked 10.02.

The scene now moves to Waverton, where Albert Lusty as chief timekeeper awaited the riders. Here helpers had the great pleasure of meeting and speaking with Lord Kenilworth, who had broken his journey into North Wales at Chester and by way of a 'bus and Shank's pony had reached Waverton shortly before four o'clock. We were delighted to meet such an old member from the memorable nineties. Our old friend stayed talking and watching for a couple of hours or so, and then returned to Chester.

Davies reached this spot in 10.28 (207 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles) and you will note he was only a shade outside evens then. Moore, who by that time was suffering from tummy trouble, clocked 10.43; G. E. Jones, 10.55 and Crimes, 11.17. Moore completed one round of the 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile finishing circuit and then, with 35 minutes in hand, threw his hand in. We are sorry about this as he was completing a very fine ride.

The finishing times are as follows:—

1.	E. Davies, Anfield B.C.	.....	235.0.166
2.	G. E. Jones, Birkenhead N.E.	.....	228.0.79
3.	A. Crimes, Crewe Wheelers (tricycle)	.....	220.7.139
4.	W. S. Lee, Yorkshire Roads	.....	218.7.158
5.	H. C. Moore, Birkenhead N.E.	.....	217.6.161

6.	A. J. Taylor, Birkenhead N.E.	....	—	213.1.0
7.	R. Wilson, Anfield B.C.	....	....	209.5.0
8.	H. B. Waring, Birkenhead N.E.	....	....	206.0.20
9.	W. G. Livesey, Liverpool Eagle	—	....	204.6.148
10.	A. Abrahams, Liverpool Century	....	....	204.1.108
11.	E. A. Goodacre, Wallasey Silverdale	....	....	202.3.205
12.	T. Hickinbotham, Mersey Roads (tricycle)	—	....	202.0.4
13.	B. W. Kenealy, Liverpool Eagle	—	—	201.2.10
14.	W. A. G. Onslow, North Worcester (tricycle)	....	....	199.0.36
15.	E. Tweddell, Barras Road Club (tricycle)	....	....	197.1.40
16.	W. G. Thomas, Solihull (tricycle)	....	....	196.3.180
17.	C. E. Green, North Road Club (tricycle)	....	....	185.4.35
18.	A. Littlemore, Mersey Roads (tricycle)	—	....	180.1.154
19.	G. C. Richmond, Mersey Roads (tricycle)	....	....	175.3.99
20.	A. R. Cooper, Solihull (tricycle)	....	....	173.0.207

Team Prize to Birkenhead North End C.C.—659 miles, 0.20 yards.

We are very grateful to Albert Lusty for acting as main timekeeper, and to the other countless helpers from various outside clubs who rallied to help with marshalling, checking, and to those official timekeepers from other clubs in Liverpool and Manchester who completed the finishing circuit.

#### Lymm, 27th August, 1949

How delightful it is to visit Lymm again, and have a meal with our old friends at the Spread Eagle. The last occasion the writer attended a Club run here was on the Saturday after the Merseyside May blitz, away back in '41. To-day, although it was hoped to traverse the longer route through Cheshire, we couldn't get away until 3-30. With a wester Liverpool and its sprawling suburbs were not too bad, and we managed to reach Warrington in an hour and a quarter. Then, at Latchford, a turn from the main road brought us through Thelwall and gave a meeting with Vic and Alan and Len Hill. The Telephone Twins thought they knew the way, and didn't and this made us later than ever. The meal hadn't started, though.

The President greeted us, and his nice tricycle shone resplendently in the yard. Then we noticed Wilf Orrell, all the way from the Ups of Holland and Laurie Pendlebury, about six miles from home. Alan Gorman wasn't much farther, either. Stan Wild was pleased at the prospect of a few extra hours in bed in the morning. (What an awful life has a willing timekeeper these days!) From Wirral came Sid Carver, Len Walls, Eric Reeves and Don Stewart had joined them. Frank Perkins had ridden across alone. Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott and Percy Williamson completed the party.

Riding home was pleasant. We managed to avoid being persuaded by the Wirral group to speed back the longer way, and after a pleasant chat in the lounge, when Bert Green recounted stories of Porlock Hill way back in 1902, the way led through Warrington and Liverpool again. Len Hill and the twins were disposed of at Roby, while Frank Marriott accompanied Don Stewart to his home for welcome refreshment before the last miles of Liverpool to the Tunnel and home. The interlude at West Derby was very pleasant indeed. Thank you very much.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



OCTOBER - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

OCTOBER 1949

NUMBER 523

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

### October

- 1 Llanarmon-in-Yale (Raven) Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)
- 8 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries)
- 15 Annual General Meeting at Halewood (Derby Arms). Tea at 5-30 prompt. Meeting to commence at 6-15 sharp
- 17 Committee Meeting at 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 22 Autumn Tints Tour to Glyn Ceiriog (Glyn Valley Hotel)  
Alternatives to Parkgate (Deeside Café) and Prestbury (White House Café)
- 29 Lymm (Spread Eagle)

### November

- 5 Halewood (Derby Arms) Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
- 12 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Middlewich (Woodlands)
- 14 Committee Meeting at 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool

## COMMITTEE NOTES

Will Committee Members please note that the Committee arranged for October 10th has been cancelled. The Committee elected at the A.G.M. will meet on October 17th.

*Members struck off for non-payment of subscription.* The undermentioned have been struck off the list of members by reason of non-payment of subscriptions: J. E. Walker, H. L. Elston, W. H. Elias, C. F. Elias, F. A. Brewster.

*Annual General Meeting.* Will members requiring a meal before the meeting please let me know so that the necessary arrangements can be made for adequate catering.

W. G. CONNOR,  
75, Avondale Road North, Southport.

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## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

## OLD HOMES OF ENGLAND

What picture does this title conjure from the storehouse of memory? Is it the black and white of Pitchford Hall, the Cotswold green of Chasleton House and its dovecote, or the russet of a sandstone manor in a sylvan setting deep in the heart of a well-loved corner of England?

For centuries the history of rural England centred, for good or ill, around the Big House and the families to whom the land belonged. If their roots were deep in the soil, they recognised that ownership implied a trust with obligations not only to the land but also to those who tended it. An empty house is a hollow thing and no blue smoke curls lazily from the chimney to add to the delight of the red setting sun glinting on quaint dormer windows.

But what of these houses to-day? How often does a picturesque exterior tell a romantic tale of an age that has passed, and hide a sombre tale that is still unfolding? Perhaps a story of an uphill fight against heavy taxation, 18th century sanitation, dry-rot and other ravages of time. A house which to us is 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever' may have a very different effect on the occupiers of dark rooms, draughty corridors and antiquated kitchens.

Would you who roam the land in search of beauty like to see all these swept away? Could you stand in rapture before a modern ferro-concrete upstart (even with the most impeccable 'usual domestic offices') built on the site of some ancient and lovely home which comes so readily to your mind's eye? Rather would you hope that some great architect should set to work and cut out all that is outworn, making the place a joy to live in whilst preserving all that is old and good.

Is there a parallel between old houses and old clubs? Certainly much of the history of the cycling game has centred around the old clubs and the men who built them. Speedwell, North Road, Bath Road, our own dear Anfield and others of like vintage, how much poorer we would be without them. And is not membership of such as these a trust, implying obligations to tend and preserve what others built, provided they built well?

An empty club, like an empty house, is a hollow thing. Inaction sends no blue smoke up the chimney whilst criticism which is not helpful and constructive sends up instead billows of black bile to offend the nostrils and foul and fair countryside for miles around.

But we were thinking of houses and one there is which all will know. The house called "ANFIELD" stands in spacious grounds; from its windows, with some effort, can be seen the massive crag of Beeston. Far beyond, the English Lakes scintillate like jewels in a setting of stern rock, whilst from the windows that face south we just discern the Cotswold Hills, a bridge at Bibury and black-clad figures speeding down Pangbourne Lane.

And what of the Big House? It is a beautiful old building and blue smoke curls from its chimneys, but it is an OLD house and possibly some modernisation of the interior would make it an even better place to live in. Perhaps



some of the bedrooms are draughty (may be there are too many bedrooms, some of which could be put to better use) and possibly the plumbing could do with some attention.

These things are important, for the folk at the House prefer long term residents and do not encourage 'bed and breakfast' guests who pass on and are known no more. Can some modernisation be carried out without spoiling the work of those who built better than they knew?

It will need some very good architects, many stonemasons, joiners, plumbers and painters and even then there will be much work for even the least skilled labourers. If all the residents play their part it will be a grand job which will never be quite finished.

(Editorial note:—We are delighted to print this article with a moral. Our contributor asks that he might remain anonymous, but please take it that his sincerity and love for our Anfield knows no bounds).

### WEDDING BELLS

Stan Wild was married towards the end of August. The honeymoon was spent on a cycling tour in the Pyrenees. We extend our best wishes for future happiness to them both.

### RACING RESULTS

West Cheshire "25", 4th September:—E. Davies 1.4.36; R. Wilson 1.7.21 (3 minutes delay); Don Stewart 1.8.5.

Burnley United "25", 25th September:—D. Stewart 1.9.28; L. Walls 1.10.34.

The O'Tatur writes to say that the photograph taken at Llanfihangel, and referred to in the August *Circular*, was taken, so far as he remembers, at Easter, 1911. We thank him very much for his courtesy, and the photograph and date will go into the Club archives.

### AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR

All beds available have been booked, but in view of possible cancellations, don't hesitate to write to George Connor if you find you can come at a later date. There will always be "sleeping-out" room, anyway. Frank Marriott hasn't had many suggestions for a run on the Saturday.

### INTERLUDE

Plumb your depths! Seek, O ye Jekylls, and exterminate your Hydes! Mark out your pentacle—sleep safe from your daemon!

Poor, suffering women, how we do thee dirt! What disillusion to find that the cyclist she has so lovingly weaned from the stink of wintergreen on a wet morning, has rushed with frenzied passion *back* to an even more thoughtless mistress—the theatre! For he himself was weaned from the footlights at an early age, weaned from a youthful manuscript by the "rags and timber" of his day; weaned by an elusive Mercury from the arms of Thespis!

Yet now, to drip the acid deeper—to apply the Elliman's to a very tattered ventricle (in which love still lurks)—the male and evil beast, his Summer Theatre closed, drops his Shakespeare—and opens his Bartholomew! The typewriter clatters to a hoped-for 'End of Act Three'—there is silence in "Anfield"—but, in the shed, the playwright fits his "Simplex" with renewed and loving care. Poor, poor, long-suffering woman!

*She:* Do you suppose there are many women with *cyclists* for husbands who have to put up with playwriting—acting—long rehearsals—and have to provide pots of tea for long-haired, long-winded discourses of Shaw?

*He:* Thousands, I expect. Cyclists are capable of almost anything.

*She:* I know that.

*He:* You mistake my meaning. I inferred that *we* cyclists can, and do converse freely on music, science, war (which includes women), peace (which does not), and . . . .

*She:* Enough! And do you suppose there are many playwrights who bash out to some far-flung outpost in the middle of the night in order to turn a stream of half-clad lunatics, most of whom can't ride, anyway?

*He:* Ah! There we are *unique*! I would say that the number of playwrights who have beaten "evens" in the Anfield "100" could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

*She:* I don't know of any!

*He:* (Haughtily): I beg your pardon!

*She* (so sweetly): I beg yours.

So, what is to be done? You—you with the polygon of interests—you with the watches who never see a Sunday dawn from his own window—you who gives two blacks at the club the very night you hang your sprints up? Go home. Nonchalantly lay a few unwithered blossoms on the table, kiss her gently, and say: "Put on your glad rags, darling, I'm taking you out to-night!" . . . . And after you've picked her up from the floor, she'll love you . . . as she's never stopped doing, God bless her!

S.T.C.

#### A VETERAN'S END TO END

It has come to our knowledge that the Gordon Shaw, one of a trio of veterans who toured from Lands End to John O'Groats a few weeks ago, is none other than our own "J.G." from Sheffield. How delighted we are to know that the Anfield is still making history on this historic course and how pleased would we be to have a few lines from him.

#### FOOLED AGAIN, OR WHY READ THE "CIRCULAR"

I was in Herefordshire last week to keep a lunch appointment at Brockhampton Court with two old friends, both north-country cyclists, and making my way home slept in a small village near Whitchurch during Friday night. The tea run having been published as Utkinton I purposely left my overnight accommodation late in the morning, made a roundabout

ride by scrambling through Peckforton Gap to Tattenhall and after much dawdling contrived to arrive at Smithy Farm at 4.45.

I sat on the grass and smoked a solitary contemplative pipe until 5.15 and then learned that no Anfield tea was ordered for that day.

I fed at Over and made my way home wondering where was the invisible Anfield.

A letter awaited me—"Check at Byley Cross Roads 4.0 p.m. Saturday".

### THE FUTURE OF THE "12"

A question that must engage our earnest and individual attention between now and the Annual General Meeting is the future of our Open "12". This short article is included in this issue in the hope that you can become acquainted with some of the facts. It is hoped not to emphasise too much the personal opinion of the writer.

Our "12" has been an open event since the mid-thirties. Before the war quite good fields of between 50 and 60 were attracted, and the race was finding a place in the calendar. In 1947 we resumed with an entry of 38, which was quite passable in the circumstances. Last year we had to cancel because of insufficient preparation, a setback to the event which will take several years to overcome if the decision to continue the event is made. This year the entry was, not unexpectedly, poor.

At the last A.G.M. several members, including the writer of this article, put forward the view that the "12" had best be left off the racing calendar, and to support this opinion it was stated that owing to the huge increase in cycling clubs and open promotions, a motto of "One Club, One Open" could well be adopted.

This view was not accepted by a majority of the meeting. It was felt that the Club must be vindicated, and that the event must be resumed. After this year's poor entry it might again be felt that the "12" should be dropped, for, quite candidly, it wasn't worth the work which Peter and Eric put into it. But can just one event achieve sufficient vindication? Can a Club of our standing go "monkeying" around with an event like this?

The writer has not altered the opinion he formed last year, but circumstances are now vastly different. The decision was made in 1948 that the "12" must be resumed. It must be lifted back to the high place in the pre-war time-trial calendar. The poor showing of merely one event cannot be taken as an excuse to drop it again. We must consider offering more prizes for the event. Most scratch races have six awards. Silver medals for rides above the 220 mark were a feature of pre-war. They must be resumed. As our event attracted men from the north of England, catering establishments willing to feed the riders must be found. Our "12" must be an *exceptional* promotion.

Against this argument, in fairness to others, we must state that some of our members (who are well up in the game, and should know) that there are too many twelves. The staff problem is acute, and it is far more difficult to provide checkers, marshals and feeding officials from our ranks than

it was pre-war. To-day we have to ask friends to an even greater extent than before, and as most cycling enthusiasts are helping or riding in time trials every week-end towards August it gets a bit monotonous, particularly in the early mornings. Whether there are too many twelves is doubtful, and a matter of opinion, but the remainder of the arguments in this paragraph are accomplished facts.

There you have the fors and againts the future of the "12". Please think over this matter very thoroughly, and come to the Annual General Meeting prepared to express your opinion. The membership will be pleased to hear what you think on this important subject.

## RUNS

### Llanarmon-yn-Yale, 3rd September, 1949

Another glorious Saturday heralded the first run of autumn as I made my way to the Pier Head. The miles through Birkenhead soon passed to the pleasant lanes to Willaston and the Two Mills. Tommy Mandall, Len Hill, Jimmy Long, Arthur Williams and Frank Marriott were supping tea at this favourite stop before heading for Wales.

We then set off towards Queensferry, where Ginner bought a clothes line, just in case he had to be towed up the hills. The long climb up Ewloe and the drop to Mold soon found us at the foot of Gwern-y-mynydd. At the top Frank and I turned off into the hills, where a few sharp climbs and equally fast drops led us through the quiet village of Erryrys and on to another fast drop into Llanarmon.

The remainder of the party arrived via Llanferres, and to complete the group Clifford Halsall, a prospective member from the Mold area, joined us at the meal, which we later found to be the wrong end of a wedding party. Topics of conversation varied, until seven o'clock came, and we broke up to wend our way home. Frank, Clifford and I rode to Mold, where Clifford left us. Frank and I continued to Queensferry and on to the Sych, where in the gathering light we departed at the end of another perfect run. Those present were Tommy Mandall, Frank Marriott, Len Hill, Jimmy Long, Arthur Williams, Clifford Halsall and Donald Stewart.

### Middlewich, 10th September, 1949

Meeting Alfred at Cheadle at 1-30, we set off towards Woodlands, and since activities were not due to commence until 4-0, we rode along those familiar and yet still lovable roads through Alderley, Chelford and Holmes Chapel at a very leisurely pace.

Our chin-wagging was mainly about the holidays, and we had been carried from Austria to Scotland and back again before we became aware that our watches also appeared to have taken wing, and that if we were to arrive at H.Q. in time we would have to push a little harder.

Finally arriving, we found the President, Alan Gorman and Russ Barker already there. The latter two already appeared much too work-

manlike, what with jovial greetings—"Abandon hope all ye who enter here"—stripped bicycles and rumours of unfitness.

Soon we also were ready, and then away on the last Club "25" of the year. Full details are given elsewhere. Russ managed to get himself tied up with a herd of cows in the back lanes, and had quite a nice chat with the cowman before he managed to elbow his way through.

Back to a first rate tea, and then further conversation which took up in some mysterious way where that of earlier in the day had left off, and carried us round the rest of Europe before finding us safely home. Another most enjoyable day. Those present were Bert Green, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, Alfred Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury and son, and Walter Thorpe.

#### Club "25", 10th September, 1949

I am reporting this event from the point of view of the turn so that I cannot attempt to convey an impression of the excitement at the finish. Reg Wilson had bad luck in the previous week's West Cheshire "25", losing over three minutes and finishing the last 15 miles on a borrowed wheel with a 3-inch drop in gear, and yet he still did 1.7.21! This week we had high hopes of him surpassing his previous best of 1.3.22. We only had six starters, Ernie Davies having been in bed with a recurrence of tropical trouble for a week before the event.

Reg Wilson arrived at the turn at great speed, and departed in the same manner, grimly determined to make a go of it. The return trip was a ding-dong battle with Don Stewart and Reg. Don, riding very well indeed, was trying hard to make certain that Reg wouldn't catch him. And Reg, equally determined to be the first to finish, redoubled his efforts. However, Don finished first, riding up the new road and past the time-keeper (Ken Barker) in fine style. Reg swept past a half-minute later, to complete the course in 1.4.11, nearly a minute slower than his previous best. So does the wind dash our hopes.

At the half-way point Vic Lambert took time to remark that the 78 gear would feel easier on the return, a hope doomed to disappointment, for it was harder returning, they tell me. When Len Hill—per tricycle—turned, I waited some time and then proceeded to the finish to learn the results, as follows:—

1. R. Wilson	1.4.11	scratch
2. Don Stewart	1.7.47	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
3. L. Walls	1.9.11	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
4. V. Lambert	1.16.9	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
5. A. Bretherick	1.19.20	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
6. L. Hill	1.23.13	16 (tricycle).

Donald Stewart took the handicap award with a further improvement of 20 seconds on his previous best, and Len Hill's effort was also a personal best. Nice work!

Of members out on the course, the following were noticed: Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Ken Barker, Frank Marriott, Don Smith, Arthur

Birkby, Arthur Williams, George Connor, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Cyril Selkirk and Ted Byron. Ernie Davies potted out to be at tea.

The result of the Manchester "25" held on the same afternoon is as follows:

1. A. Gorman	1.5.44	2½ mins.
2. A. Howarth	1.5.57	scratch
3. W. Thorpe	1.8.37	7 mins.
4. R. Barker	1.15.41	7 mins.

Timed by Bert Green.

Cliff Davey, being indisposed, did not compete. A report of the run for the afternoon is included on another page, but this opportunity of saying how pleased we are with the times must not be allowed to pass. Gorman and Howarth had a neck and neck struggle, and it is pleasing to see two "fives" in our result sheet. Gorman is riding very well indeed at the moment, and Howarth is also on form. Long may they struggle!

#### Club "50", 17th September, 1949

As entries are never submitted for these events, we put down all the regulars and hope they will start. In this event ten were listed, of whom only five started. Salty forgot his lamp, so he went to the Hampton Heath area with drinks. Cliff Davey was still unwell, and so was Ernie Davies and Alfred Howarth. This was unfortunate, but couldn't be helped.

Through a very unfortunate misunderstanding, there was no checker at the turn three miles or so short of Witchurch. A piece of admirable quick thinking on Alan Gorman's part saved the day. He was first on the road, noted the position, and decided to turn at a well-defined spot a couple of hundred yards farther on, shouting to the others as he passed them to do likewise. According to Alan's reckoning, this little move cost two minutes, and on the day when he was riding in his best "50".

At the Handley drinks (20 miles) Reg Wilson was leading on time, and gave the impression of catching the smooth riding Alan. At the same spot about 19 miles later Reg was still leading, but Alan was travelling so much faster that I ventured a suggestion that he would win. He did by 29 seconds with an exceptional ride of 2.16.16. Reg did a good second with 2.16.45. Len Walls improved four minutes, despite a shouted offer at Handley of a bicycle for sale!

Times, by Bert Green, as follows:—

1. A. Gorman	2.16.16	3½
2. R. Wilson	2.16.45	2½
3. L. Walls	2.25.30	14
4. W. Thorpe	2.28.31	10
5. R. Barker	2.29.0	14

Walter Thorpe's ride does not compare with his 1.8 "25" time, but with experience of the longer distance he should be a useful string to our fiddle. Those noted on the course were Percy Williamson, Selkirk, Green, Reeves, Marriott, Barker, Palmer, Lambert, Bretherick, Mandall, Long, Connor, Pendlebury and Donald Stewart.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



NOVEMBER - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLV

NOVEMBER 1949

NUMBER 524

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

November

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 5 Halewood (Derby Arms)                        | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 12 Parkgate (Deeside Caf )                     | Middlewich (Woodlands)        |
| 14 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool |                               |
| 19 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)              |                               |
| 26 Lymm (Spread Eagle)                         |                               |

December

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| 3 Halewood (Derby Arms)                        | Somerford (Sunnyside Caf ) |
| 10 Woodbank (Yacht)                            | Middlewich (Woodlands)     |
| 12 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool |                            |
| 26 Blue Cap Hotel, Sandiway, near Northwich    |                            |

## COMMITTEE NOTES

*New Member.* Thomas Francis Palmer, 25 Douglas Road, Anfield, Liverpool 4, has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

*Resignation.* The resignation of G. Astbury has been accepted with regret.

The undermentioned have been appointed delegates:—

R.R.A. P. C. Beardwood, N. Turvey.

N.R.R.A. L. Pendlebury, A. Haworth, S. Wild.

R.T.T.C. F. E. Marriott, J. E. Reeves.

(L'pool Council)

W.C.T.T.C.A. J. J. Salt, W. P. Rock.

R. J. Austin, A. Lusty and S. Wild have been appointed Official Time-keepers.

Handicapping and Course Committee: J. J. Salt, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, S. Wild and R. J. Austin.

Open "100" Committee: J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt, S. Wild, J. Pitchford, I. A. Thomas.

W. G. CONNOR,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

## END TO END

Apropos our remark last month, we have heard from our old friend J. G. Shaw, of Sheffield, and an account of his recent End to End experiences will appear in our next issue.

## IN MEMORIAM

1914 — 1918

E. A. Bentley	G. Poole
David Rowatt	Edmund Rowatt

1939 — 1945

B. H. Band	D. L. Ryalls
------------	--------------

*"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them".*

## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor,

Re—Result of September '25'

I have consulted my slide rule and logarithm tables; I have insulted my simple arithmetic, I have stood on my head, I have tossed a coin ten times, but on no account can I make a 1.23.13 my fastest time when two *Circulars* ago I did 1.19.55 (not my fastest). Please explain.

L. J. HILL.

(Probably another result of devaluation. Ed.)

## EDITORIAL

A swan song. This *is* an occasion. Just when this treasured task seemed ours for life, we have been able to slip it to Ken Barker. Those who can discern in these pages some semblance of standard need not fear the future. Yet co-operation is needed. It is essential to the very vitality of our paper. Every contribution should be the best work (honestly!) the writer can achieve, and it should be submitted promptly. Nothing is more disheartening to an editor than to have a barrow-load of stuff dropped on him at closing time, or the day after! Then, when the paper comes out late, how often does the Blue-Penciller hear the moans: "Where's the *Circular*? It *is* late this month!" With this issue the "F.M." curtain, tattered and devoid of pattern, falls. Next month Ken Barker takes over. His address is 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral.

## RUNS

Utkinton, 24th September, 1949

Many have been the times I have wondered what lies over the hill to the west of the Mold-Wrexham roads. For until this Saturday Hope Mountain was an unknown quantity to me. So leaving work at mid-day I made my way to Pen-y-ffordd and into the lanes short of Hope village to cross the Mold road mid-way between Pont Blyddyn and Caergwrle. Bright sunshine greeted my efforts on the Pentre-lane only to find the summit of the "Mountain" wreathed in the heavy murk blowing in from the east. The expected view was a failure under these conditions and so the ridge road was covered in quick time, and only the walk down the steep descent made me linger over what was now a fruitless journey. I still have to discover what lies beyond Hope.

Once more on the main road, my wheels turned Wrexham-wards.

Through the thronging football fans, and out on to the Bangor road. Sunshine once more, and a lazy ride over the rolling metal to Whitchurch. Cheshire holds no joys for me as a rule, but today and the previous week's ride through Overton-Penley-Hanmer and Whitchurch are making me review my ideas. The weather has made all points, however uninteresting, worthwhile.

While halting in Whitchurch for a hasty cup of tea, my mind dwelt on the remaining miles, and the fact that there was the possibility of meeting Ira Thomas on the road. Sure enough after resuming the journey three miles out on the Tarporley road I espied a familiar figure ahead. So as though riding a Club "50" on the real Club course, I settled down to overtake him. Ridley saw us together and I felt very small when Ira turned to me and said how he was suffering. It's a good job, old man, for if you ride like that in a suffering state I'm going the other way next time. Still, the remaining miles passed in good order, and we both sat down with the gang to enjoy a well-earned tea.

The party mustered sixteen: The President, Messrs. Pendlebury, Thorpe, Thomas, Marriott, Howarth, Salt, Reeves, Band, Williamson, Mandall, Rock, Long, Perkins, Wild, and Frank Palmer supporting. The meal demolished, we chatted awhile but soon to break up. The homeward journey reached via Egg Bridge in company with Peter and Eric so far as Backford. Then with head down and wind abaft I made good time up the high road to halt at Damhead Lane and greet Jimmy and Tommy, who were enjoying a parting cigarette. Tommy had to be cajoled into keeping my company to the Glegg, but I really was pally, Tom, wasn't I?

#### Wildboarelough, 1st October, 1949

On this beautiful afternoon I had an autumnal laziness, and hung about at home hoping that someone would call and drag me out of it. Eventually I pedalled with a following wind through Handforth up Dean Row to Macclesfield. Treacle Town was bedecked and bedaubed with sprawling round-a-bouts, streamers and sidestalls, and the inevitable crowds through which I pushed to the tea-bar.

The President was just leaving the establishment, taking his journey in steady stages. I sat on a high stool at the bar, two turbaned Indian "Princes" were on my left, the radio bellowed a programme in French, and all this with the attendant babble of the fair outside, reminded me of the "Spitfire" bar in Cairo. (Remember, Eric?)

Fleeing out of the Market Place I encountered Walter and Alfred, and as we greeted, Alan Gorman rode up to make a foursome for the climb over the old road to Stanley's. On the final leg, free-wheel expert Alan, easily left the trio of twiddlers. Bert had already arrived, and obviously was full of pleasure at being able to ride the hill out of Macclesfield. So thrilled was he that another pot of tea at the Setter Dog was called for! So does persistence and tenacity of purpose gain the day in the long run.

Stan, Percy and Laurie joined us. Tea was of the usual Stanley class, and no one can begrudge the slightly increased charge after all these years.

Then followed the after-tea discussion, which I think is the very highlight of the week. These "natters" with fellow-Anfielders are the very breath of that unique something to be found in the Anfield. Deep are the roots!

Those present were: The President, Laurie Pendlebury, Alfred Howarth, Walter Thorpe, Russ Barker, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson and Alan Gorman.

#### Llanarmon-Yn-Yale, 1st October, 1949

I was wandering in sentimental mood towards our rendezvous. It may have been the lovely setting of that delightful district of dear old Wales. It may have been the grand weather, the good bicycle, the good companions in the offing, the good food anticipated. Or it may have been the happiness promoted by the grand game of cycling. I don't know.

The scenes culminated, and my stage was viewed from the seat in the garden of the solid, stone-walled and roofed Raven Inn, ancient and noble like the strong church opposite. I longed to be transplanted to an early age of rustic rurality, to hear the solemn toll of the church bell, and the country folk walking to worship. But no, for in came strong Salt, bristling with energy and good health, full of the story of the day's vigorous ride. Then loquacious Lambert and bedecked Bretherick in a continental mantle. Around the corner rolled revving Reeves, to increase the rank of bicycles and fill a hefty pipe. The intelligentsia, in the person of magazine Marriott, garrulous and lanky, came walking with his bicycle and talking to a person on foot—none other than our good friend Len Baker of the Bath Road. We were delighted to entertain him.

The scene changes as the remaining characters enter. The low stone church, the bending trees, the golden light from the setting sun, all fade in the twilight, and the light of the inn shows the old faithfuls slowly and wearily pushing their cycles across my stage. You know them! Tabernacle Tommy and Joçund Jimmy. We all eat our fill in the dining room, a splendid meal, and then talk, seemedly, until we can talk no more.

The last act of this Anfield play is in the shadows. Jimmy and Tommy have made their own way home, while the others descend to the river, where the last light gleams. Len Baker is still with them, he wants the Maeshafn Youth Hostel, so we walk on the winding and climbing lane that sheers up the limestone cliff before tipping into Erryrys. Altitude, 1,100 feet. We leave Len here. The night is dark, the wind is chill, but a grand road dips, climbs a bit, and then flings headlong into Mold. What a wonderful sensation! Those who knew the road exacted every ounce of thrill from those flying miles. Those who didn't wondered what was coming next!

Tommy and Jimmy were sneaking a smoke on the high road just like a couple of schoolboys, and at Clatterbridge all drifted our several ways.

#### Whitegate, 8th October, 1949

I didn't feel very energetic at all this afternoon, and when I met Len Walls at Two Mills I was quite certain that our venue for the afternoon's

run was not far from Kingsley. Len soon shattered this idea, and it was a shock to learn that our goal was many miles farther on. Yet I would not have missed that run through Delamere Forest this autumn afternoon for anything. This ancient woodland was in a mood, beautiful, colourful, but wild. The wind was playing in the tree-tops, and faded leaves of red and gold fluttered down to carpet the road. Nature was saying farewell to one of the most wonderful summers for years.

What a grand wind-up to finish the last mile of our run across the golf links to Pettypool Park. We arrived at Whitegate to find a good gathering all ready to do justice to their meal. Our party mustered seventeen: Bert Green, Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Don Stewart, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, Ernie Davies, Len Walls, Frank Marriott, Rigby Band, Frank Palmer, Eric Reeves, Walter Thorpe, Laurie Pendlebury, Alfred Howarth, Arthur Birkby and Len Hill.

In small groups we drifted home. Ernie, Len, Frank and Eric through the Forest once more. At Mickle Trafford Ernie turned for home through the lanes for Stanney and Stoak, while the trio, feeling the need for some jars of tea, finished up in a Chester snack-bar, and did not reach home until almost 11-0 p.m.

#### **Annual General Meeting, Halewood, 15th October, 1949**

The bloke wot invented Saturday weddings is, I hope, dead by now. If he isn't, he should be. What a sunny Saturday, yet in the all-essential hour after 1-30 I was sitting as part of the sparse congregation of a church and listening to the all-important wedding rites being initiated on someone else. Ten minutes or so after two I managed to sneak away, very grateful that our A.G.M. had enabled me to dodge the reception.

Ten minutes before three and I was away, pedalling comfortably into quite a strong sou-sou-wester. The 5-0 p.m. Transporter loomed in my mind, yet through Stoak and Stanney I couldn't do it without a hard struggle. And I don't like struggles these days. So into Ellesmere Port, and then out again by the private road through the refineries. Ince came in 65 minutes from home, and a cinder path above the railway gave a short cut to Elton. Helsby arrived easily, and Frodsham at 4-25. I just missed the 4-50 Transporter. The cage next crossed at 5-5, and I landed at Halewood just on 5-30.

Most of the troops were at tea, and I was soon with them. Between the bites I noticed Molyneux, Connor, Ken Barker, Powell (splendid!), Perkins, Green, Mandall, Morris, Long, Marriott, Davies, Arthur Williams, Birchall, Salty, Birkby, Rock, Bretherick, Lambert, Reeves, Wilson, Walls, Stewart, Hill, Harry Austin, Pendlebury, Wild, Williamson, Russ Barker, Thorpe, Howarth, and Gorman. Rigby Band, Swift, Sherman, Jones and Palmer completed the party later.

Feeding rites completed, the meeting commenced. Secretary Connor read his report, and it was gratifying to know that attendances are on the increase. The attendance prizes have been won by Donald Stewart and Percy Williamson. Eric Reeves gave details of our racing progress during

the year, and Rigby Band narrated the usual sad story of the cash. Last year's credit balance of £23 has changed to a debit balance of £43. The dinner at Shrewsbury, the "12" and the handbook all had their dastardly hand in this work. Club Races will be the "100" at Shrewsbury on Whit-Monday, and a programme of Club events covering 25 and 50 miles. The "12" will not be run. This question received ample discussion, but as we have not the active membership to run the event properly, and in these days of opens every week it is not fair to ask friends to help, we decided to keep to the principle of "One Club, One Open". In these overcrowded days this maxim has much merit.

The rule alterations as per the Agenda were carried with the exception of the alteration to Rule 30. Dave Rowatt was kind enough to write and point out that the Captain's Monogram Badge was a gift to the Club from Billy Toft, and he suggested that deletion of the word "cap" from Rule 30 would meet the occasion. This suggestion was adopted, and we thank our old friend for his interest.

Election of Officers caused quite a change over. Dear old Bert was persuaded—and he needs more persuasion every year—to take over the Presidency yet again, and Tommy Mandall and Salty still reign as Vice-Presidents. Rock has passed the Captain's post to Len Hill, and we know Len will be a great success. Eric Reeves again takes over the Racing Secretaryship, and Donald Stewart and Laurie Pendlebury are Sub-Captains. Rigby Band—Jim with the iron hand on expenditure—still keeps the money bags, and the Club never will be hard up while J.R.B. sits at the seat of custom. George Connor is Secretary once more.

The Editorship of the *Circular*, once a Committee appointment, and now a matter for the A.G.M., has passed from Frank Marriott to Ken Barker. The Committee consists of the following, and the officers: Marriott, Wild, Rock, Davies, Long, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman.

At 9-30 the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chair. The Manchester folk were quick on the way, and we heard of them disposing of mountains of food *en route*. Bert Green reached Sale at 12-30, so quite a lot of fish and chips must have been consumed somewhere! A short and sharp shower caught most of the Wirralites before they reached home.

#### Autumnal Tints Tour to Glyn Ceiriog, 22nd/23rd October, 1949

This little story could best be started late on the Friday afternoon, when Frank Marriott and Salty awaited Bath Roader Len Baker outside of Broughton church. The rain of the previous days had given way to white clouds, warmth and brilliant sunshine, pleasant conditions which augured very well for a week-end amid the mountains. Len, to our especial delight, was able to provide transport, and the idea was to travel to Corwen, garage the car and drift down the A.5 with the wind to Chirk for the last few miles to Glyn Ceiriog. At Llandegla the clouds were dark and low. Rain. We turned for the Horse Shoe Pass, and through Llangollen came directly to the Glyn Valley Hotel. Len Walls and Reg Wilson, Alan Bretherick, Vic Lambert and Len Hill, and Donald Stewart and Eric



Reeves arrived at various times later. A grand hot meal put a fine finish to a very cold evening.

Saturday morning and more rain. We were able to start without capes, but near Llanarmon D.C., the heavens opened, and on the hilly road to Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant well, we were soaked. Never has so much rain fallen in so short a time for months. Elevesens in the little village, and away again. And, strange, once on Tanatside the watering ceased, white clouds came sailing across a brilliant blue sky, and the sun shone delightfully. The green fields and colourful mountains seemed more wonderful than ever before. We were thrilled and enchanted at the scene. Lunch at the Tanat Valley Inn at Llangynog, and away once more just before 2-0 p.m.

Followed then a run through the Upper Tanat Valley almost so far as the forgotten village of Pennant Melangell, a tiny hamlet with a story that reaches back for nearly fifteen centuries. At Rhyd-y-Felin we left the lane for the hills. Salty dug his famous boots out, and bagged his cycling shoes. Len Hill's feet already were encased in the most mighty pair of boots ever. An avenue of trees led past a farm or two, and then we came to the open mountain. The track was a green shelf high above the river. Ahead, a great waterfall thundered down a rocky cliff beneath a cloud of spindrift. How magical are these mountains!

Beyond the fall hard work started, and for fifteen minutes or so the grassy carpet of our track clambered steeply to the skyline. Salty, as usual, was well ahead. Don Stewart trailed him closely. The others littered nearly a mile of mountain. Beyond the crest a river flowed swiftly from a lonely lake, and how delightful to find a bridge of rough logs spanning the waters. A few minutes past the lake-end we could peer down the side to the Cedig Valley, through which a rough track runs down to Lake Vyrnwy.

Frank Marriott's purpose in suggesting this mountain crossing was to seek the old church marked on the map as Yr Hen Eglise, an ancient worshipping place high in the valley and almost three miles from Lake Vyrnwy. When we reached the river, Eric and Frank left the bicycles and ventured upstream. The others were not so interested. The site of this old church was not difficult to discover, yet all that remains now is a collection of stones, which might have been part of a building, and some uprights, which might have some semblance of a stone circle.

An old book tells the story that a stone circle stood here in the early centuries, and in the 6th century to this venerable worshipping place regularly came St. Melangell from Pennant, and Wddyn, the great giant from Llanwddyn, the village that is now submerged beneath Vyrnwy's waters. The last time Frank was in Pennant Melangell he recounted this legend to a villager who was very proud of Melangell's story. The reaction was amusing: "Melangell wouldn't to that! She was a saint!"

Time now it was for a move down the valley to the tarred road at the lakeside. The track seemed rideable in parts, ultra-muddy in others, and frequently we had to rush across streams, or paddle through them, shoes, stockings and all. In one part Frank went down to the knee in black

muddy slime, and when he washed his shoes and stockings at the next little river Len Hill was most indignant: "We'll have to drink that tomorrow!" We understand that Len is going off the water wagon for at least a week.

Four p.m. saw Salty and Don at the lakeside. Four-thirty, and the last of the party had left the mountain. We had thought Len Baker and Alan Bretherick to be ahead, but being ignorant of our intentions, and not sure what to do, they returned to the Tanat Valley and Llangynog for tea. We would like to apologise to our Bath Road friend for this quite unintentional discourtesy. Tea was a hope at Lake Vyrnwy, but no more. We skipped over the Little Hirnant, and on the narrow road through the valley we were delighted to see George and Peter Stephenson motoring. They had been to Dinas Mawddwy for lunch, and had returned by way of the Bwlch-y-Fedwen and Llangadfan. The inn at Pen-y-bont Fawr was a grand affair, with loads of bread and butter, jam and cake. Salty—yes, Salty! said that it was *too good*. Spoiled 'is dinner.

From Llanrhaidr to Llanarmon D.C. a hard road wings across the hills, and your late Editor got dropped by the fast pack, well and truly dropped. Len Hill and Vic Lambert were behind, and what else can one expect when Vic wishes to dig his cape out when the first few drops of every passing shower cast gleaming globules on his face? Mid-way between the two villages the rains came again, and did it rain! Something very little less than a cloudburst damped the ardour of everything around that night. It was still pouring when we crawled to the last crest before the terrific drop down to Llanarmon. Eric and Don found the going so treacherous that they walked! Above Pandy the roads were dry, and all but Len and Vic were ready when the gong sounded for a very welcome meal.

Then started the week-end proper. We had the company of dear old Bert Green, Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, George Connor, Arthur Williams, Rigby Band, Peter Rock, Ernie Davies, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson, the two Stephensons already mentioned, and Ira Thomas. Twenty-three in all, and the best muster for an Autumn Tints week-end for some years. Most gathered round one fire, and we yarned pleasantly until the witching hour and after.

Morning dawned coldly, and soon after ten one by one drifted away. Jimmy and Tommy chartered Len's car for a trip back to Chester, and when they saw the rain how glad they must have been! Salty, Frank, Eric, Len Walls, Ira and Donald ventured over the ridge for the crest and the delightful drop down the shelf road to the Dee Valley at Glyndyfrdwy, a wonderful run through some of the loveliest autumn colourings, but today heavy rain spoiled the descent. Lunch, then the old coach road and the old Horseshoe gave a swift run to Queensferry and Two Mills, where we met again George Connor, Rigby Band, Len Hill and Arthur Williams. The others had ridden home by shorter routes. So, in the wild light of a changing wester and another heavy shower, we returned home after one of the happiest and wettest week-ends for years.

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# THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



DECEMBER - 1949

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB*

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

VOLUME XLV

DECEMBER 1949

NUMBER 525

## FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

December, 1949

- |    |   |                                  |
|----|---|----------------------------------|
| 3  | Halewood (Derby Arms)                       | Somerford (Sunnyside Café)       |
| 10 | Woodbank (Yacht)                            | Middlewich (Woodlands)           |
| 12 | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool |                                  |
| 17 | Kirkby, nr. L'pool (Cottage Café)           | Holmes Chapel (Hollies)          |
| 24 | Parkgate (Deeside Café)                     | Prestbury (White House Café)     |
| 26 | Sandiway (Blue Cap), Lunch at 1-0 p.m.      |                                  |
| 31 | Parkgate (Deeside Café)                     | Bollington (Swan with Two Necks) |

January, 1950

- |    |   |                               |
|----|---|-------------------------------|
| 7  | Halewood (Derby Arms)                       | Buxworth (Navigation Inn)     |
| 14 | Warrington (Lion Hotel)                     |                               |
| 16 | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool |                               |
| 21 | Parkgate (Deeside Café)                     | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |

It is essential that Members attending the Boxing Day Run at Sandiway should notify the Secretary a week beforehand. The Parkgate Run on January 21st will be a special affair at which we shall welcome visitors, including the Ladies.

## COMMITTEE NOTES

The resignations of J. Hodges and P. R. French have been accepted with regret.

*Applications for Membership.* George Patt, 74 Northway, Liverpool 15, and John James Davies, 76 Burnthwaite Road, Liverpool 14. Proposed by G. Molyneux, seconded by F. Marriott; Clifford Halsall, Tyn-y-coed, Nannerch, near Mold, proposed by F. E. Marriott, seconded by K. W. Barker; William Cyril Smart, 33 Larch Road, Roby, nr. Liverpool, proposed by G. Stephenson, seconded by L. Hill.

W. G. CONNOR,

75, Avondale Road North, Southport. *Hon. General Secretary.*

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Cheshire. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

## HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

After several months interval these notes re-appear as an appeal to the ten members who still owe last year's subscription. All have been notified by "red slips", etc., so I hope that individual letters will not be necessary—at present they are impossible.

Many thanks to all who send me "newsy" letters with their subscriptions. These are greatly appreciated although time does not always permit

me to reply in like manner. I had news last month from Eric Bolton, in Canada, who sends greetings to all his contemporaries here.

The following are thanked for prompt payment of their current subscriptions and/or donations(\*):—S. H. Bailey, K. W. Barker, R. Barker, H. S. Barratt\*, D. L. Birchall, A. E. C. Birkby, A. Bretherick, W. G. Connor, E. Davies, F. L. Edwards, J. Egar, W. J. Finn\*, R. A. Fulton, A. Gorman, E. D. Green, E. R. Green, H. Green\*, N. S. Heath\*, W. Henderson\*, W. C. Humphreys, J. H. Jones, Lord Kenilworth\*, E. L. Killip, D. C. Kinghorn, V. D. Lambert, J. Long\*, A. Lusty\*, A. D. McCann\*, T. Mandall\*, F. Marriott\*, G. Molyneux, G. Newall, J. Newton, L. Oppenheimer\*, G. B. Orrell\*, T. F. Palmer, J. Park, J. Pitchford, H. W. Powell\*, E. J. Reade, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock\*, J. J. Salt\*, T. Sherman, I. A. Thomas\*, W. T. Threlfall, L. J. Walls, E. Webb\*, S. Wild, P. Williamson and R. Wilson.

J. R. BAND.

### EDITORIAL

With this number we make our bow as Editor of the *Monthly Circular*. Looking back over a long line of predecessors (Simpson, Snowden, Jonas, Chandler and Marriott, to name but a few) we realise how inadequate are our qualifications to occupy the chair which they filled with such distinction.

Looking forward, we see an even longer line of aspirants to literary fame who will angle for the honour at successive Annual General Meetings. May we suggest to these that it is only on the quantity and quality of their contributions during the coming year that we will be able to base our recommendations for this lucrative post at Halewood in October next?

One thing all Editors (past, present and future) have in common; they do not, or should not, WRITE the journal under their control. The function of an Editor is to *select* and your *Circular* will be most readable and entertaining when we are spoilt for choice among a mass of good material from the widest possible circle of contributors.

And now, a final word on the law of slander and libel. Slander, as readers will be aware, is by spoken word and it was for this very purpose that Club Runs were invented. Libel, on the other hand, is by written or published word—hence the *Circular*.

#### *Greetings*

We would take this opportunity of wishing all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. At this time we think particularly of all our members who are resident far from Anfieldland and send a special greeting to John Futter and Peter Baguley, who are now doing their military training; all good wishes, John and Peter, may you soon be with us again.

#### *The Tea Tasters*

Those who remember the Wednesday night meetings of the Tea Tasters at Willaston and later at Parkgate will be glad to hear that an effort is being made to revive a mid-week evening run.

So far the meetings, which are held at Tilly's Café, Neston, have not been well attended and it may be that Wednesday is not the most con-



venient day. If you are interested will you contact Len Walls and state your preference for a particular night so that the majority can be suited.

#### *Next Month*

Our January issue will be an austerity number so far as general articles are concerned, as the Reports of the General and Racing Secretaries will be printed. If we are successful in getting quarts into pint pots these Reports will appear on the centre four pages in order that members who so desire may abstract them for inclusion in the Handbook when published. We apologise, in advance, for much blue-pencilling and this also applies to many whose contributions have been mauled this month.

#### *Our Contemporaries*

Old friends including the North Road, Bath Road and Cheshire Road Clubs and the M.C. and A.C. send copies of their Journals for our enjoyment. We are anxious that these should circulate as widely as possible. Please contact the Editor if you would like to see them, the only condition being that they are read and passed on promptly.

### TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION 21st CELEBRATION DINNER

In spite of being a Bicycle Club the Anfield was well represented at the above function held at Kunzle's Restaurant, Birmingham, on October 29th. Those present being Albert Lusty, Len Hill, G. G. Taylor and H. Catling. An excellent meal was provided and the difficulty of liquid refreshment in an unlicensed establishment was overcome fairly satisfactorily. Albert Lusty proposed the toast of the Association: Alec Glass included many reminiscences in his response for the Founder Members.

The racing awards were presented by the President, whose health had been proposed by Laurie Dixon. Albert Crimes naturally took the lion's share and was hailed as the "greatest of them all" in tricycling's best ever season, when records toppled almost weekly.

The designer and producer of the 'Harden' differential gave details of this new axle. Cross-toasting and several impromptu turns rounded off a very pleasant evening.

### A VETERAN'S END TO END

J. G. Shaw, of Sheffield, sends the following account of the latest Anfield venture along this historic route. In a covering note he says: "I will dedicate this journey to the Anfield B.C., whose badge saw the beginning and end of this famous road".

#### **Land's End to John O'Groats**

It is never too late to mend and better far to take 15 days for a 'Groats' tandem run than never to go at all. Years ago I could have done a three day jaunt (nearly) but discretion comes with years and the combined ages of we Three Musketeers exceeded 200!

Tom White, of Manchester, rode solo and George Jowitt (Upperthorpe President) and Yours Truly joined forces on a tandem, thus we kept alive the Wars of the Roses and not even in Caithness did we hear the end of Len Hutton's Old Trafford duck.

We were on the spot at Land's End on August 13th and followed the Ferries Route, averaging 60 a day (not bad for a tandem), walked less than ten miles and cranked round about 180,000 times. One of the big thrills was to ride once again over a stretch of the old "100" course through Crudginton and Hodnet for Whitchurch, where the 'Swan Folk' offered a whole chicken for George's dinner plate that night.

Only two HALT signs and one set of train lines near Airdrie had to be negotiated which partly accounts for the fast time; perhaps a tail wind throughout, no punctures and a Sturmev F.W.4 (which enjoyed the trip as much as any of us) also helped.

No rain marred the ride and the only threat was a sea mist beyond Wick which set the fog horns moaning, but even this cleared away for the final two miles.

I carried the Anfield badge throughout and it certainly proved to be a great mascot: if you hear this described as "the ride to end all rides" then don't you believe it!

(Our friend also mentions a set of lantern slides which resulted from the trip. We hope it may be possible to see these, and our exile, before very long.—Ed.).

### ODDS AND ENDS

Arthur Williams wishes to correct an impression that he tried to solicit a lift home from the 'Tints'; he informs us that he always removes his front wheel in wet weather to avoid getting his stockings splashed.

A few months ago (in April, 1933 to be exact) we were forced to protest, in these pages, about the ungentlemanly conduct of a Barf Roader in making free with the amenities of the Glan Aber at Bettws.

Far from heeding the warning, another member of that Club has actually taken up residence on our ground and has had the nerve to attend some of our Runs, including the 'Tints'.

Action through the usual diplomatic channels is not contemplated, as we understand that Ernie Davies has a rod in pickle.

With the approach of the festive season comes the annual headache of selecting gifts for relatives and friends and to ease the strain on members our Literary Correspondent has sent along some suggestions which we hope will prove a real boon to our readers.

For gardeners there is "Greenfingers" by John Seed, musicians should enjoy "Bands" by J. Rigby, and nature lovers will appreciate "The Wilds of Fallowfield" or the reprint of Batsford's "Flora of Flixton" with a special chapter on "Newts and Lounge Lizards".

A nephew with a mechanical bent will revel in "Hardware" by Chandler and Fer, whilst eminently suitable for a schoolgirl (over 14) is "Never Late or Absent", a sequel to "Green was my Valet".

"Hills of the North" by Leonard Jackson is quite readable, particularly a chapter describing the Descent of the Cobbler.

"Long Journeys" by Alvis, and a couple of technical treatises, "The

Baby Austin" by Mrs. Rex and Marriott's "FOOD—for thought" are good value. We *particularly* recommend "Limejuice for Scurvy".

We had the pleasure of bumping into Blotto on a 'bus the other night and he left us with the promise to struggle out to Parkgate before long.

Another chance meeting which considerably brightened up a dull afternoon was with Eddie Morris, who had a date with his dentist. May the next meeting be under more pleasant circumstances.

We note from a contemporary weekly that J. G. Shaw, who contributes the 'End to End' article in this issue, is President of the Sheffield D.A., C.T.C. More news of our exiles would be appreciated and we hope to be inundated with letters from those who have not been with us recently.

Whilst visiting the Metropolis recently, Frank Chandler and Percy Beardwood foregathered at a Soho restaurant for Chow and Chinwag. Percy Charles was looking well and desired to be remembered to all kind enquirers. Chandler also had an afternoon's chess with G.H.S. at the Club office where the latter upheld the honour of the C.T.C. by winning handsomely. G.H.S. is a county player for Bucks and is as good at chess as he is at most things.

Jack Seed has had a long spell off cycling due to ill-health; he is now feeling more like his old self and hopes to be astride a saddle again soon. We look forward to having him out at a run before long.

Ernie Davies was run down by a lorry in the Mersey Tunnel recently and has been off work. We wish him a speedy recovery and a successful outcome to any action which may result.

## R U N S

### Prestbury, 22nd October, 1949

Alf Howarth sends a report of this run which was attended by Walter Thorpe, Cliff Davey, Laurie Pendlebury, Russ Barker, Alf, Stan Bradley, of the Speedwell and a friend.

We are literally staggered by the opening, which reads: "To me has fallen the honour of writing up the very first run of the new Club year; before you Liverpudlians rise up in arms about this, may I point out that Prestbury is East of Parkgate, so 5-30 came sooner for us than it did for you, so there!"

We agree that Parkgate and *Glyn Ceiriog* are both West of Prestbury but cannot understand the reasoning which makes the first run of the year (which commenced on October 1st) occur on October 22nd.

Our placing is: Llanarmon 1, Wildboardclough 2, Whitegate 3, Halewood (A.G.M.) 4, Tints Tour, Prestbury (the most easterly Alternative) and Parkgate, tied 5th. In any case we must disqualify you for sending the entry in nearly three weeks late. You mustn't let these honours get you down, Alf!

### Lymm, 29th October, 1949

With rain not far away, the shortest route was indicated, although this entailed negotiating Cronton and Warrington and before the last named village was reached the promised moisture was descending.

Caped up and Warrington left behind, the final few miles to the 'Spread Eagle' soon passed without any incident of note.

Frank Palmer was sheltering in the garage when I arrived and soon the remainder of the party were arriving in penny numbers, Jimmy Long having covered the lonely miles through Frodsham and Stockton Heath with only his bicycle for company.

After an excellent meal the usual topics of bikes and touring were discussed and then the party began to break up, Jimmy and Tommy being the first away for Heswall, and others followed to make their various ways home. The two Franks and I joined forces and our party was soon five strong by the addition of two friends of George Molyneux, who had attended as prospective members; together we made as pleasant a ride from Warrington as can be.

Shedding the prospectives at Cronton and the larger Frank at Roby (we hope he enjoyed our setts) young Frank and I continued together for a mile or two before concluding another enjoyable run.

Those present were H. Green, T. Mandall, F. Marriott, J. Long, A. Gorman, R. Barker, H. Austin, P. Williamson, W. Thorpe, F. Palmer, D. Stewart and two prospective members.

### Halewood, 5th November, 1949

Things are looking up. The sun is shining. Gone, it seems, are the days when we could only rustle up five or six members to support the run to the once very popular Halewood. To-day twenty-one members and friends drifted here for a chat, a meal, and the special atmosphere which is such a feature of our runs. Eighteen members and three friends. George Connor, having ordered for only half that number, didn't know whether to be happy or not! It took the bloke all his time to smile!

Jimmy Long strutted around like a very proud peacock. He, it seems, was the only one to have ridden "round the earth", and he didn't forget to tell us, either! The others merely ventured straight out, some in long trousers and clips. George Connor, although he also rode "straight out" probably achieved the greatest mileage in the ride to and from Southport. Eric Reeves and Len Walls found Frank Marriott riding round in circles near the Cathedral, and our ex-Editor seemed very glad to have a bit of company.

Inside the Derby Arms we were pleased to see George and Peter Stephenson, Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick, Len Hill, Frank Palmer, Ernie Davies, Reg Wilson, George Connor, Eddie Morris, F. H. Swift, George Molyneux, and our three prospective members. A bit of a contretemps showed up when Don Stewart did not put in an appearance. Ernie collected the cash, but who was to write up the run? Our hostess rustled a fine feed for us all, and an evening at Len Hill's house completed a very grand afternoon and evening.

Yet this story of a Halewood run cannot be complete without asking: Where are the older members? Halewood offers a grand opportunity for a reunion every month. Please come out if you possibly can. The 'bus will drop you at the door.

#### **Dane-in-Shaw, 5th November, 1949**

To-day's weather forecast stated that heavy rain would strike northern England during the afternoon, but it was fine when I started out, so fine indeed that I had no hesitation in choosing to ride three wheels. George Taylor overtook me in Long Lane, quite a pleasant surprise, as I had not seen him for many months. George was imbued with the spirit of achievement and desired to travel to tea via Rushton and the Bridestones, and so enthusiastic was the lad that (with some reluctance) I agreed to accompany him on his mile-eating expedition. Then it began to rain. Some little time later a still small voice at my side suggested that it might be better if, after all, we went straight through. Such is the stuff as dreams are made of!

A diversion was made at Marton to North Rode and near the Robin Hood the heavens opened to such an extent that we were relieved to reach the haven of the Coach and Horses before we had become really soaked. Jim Cranshaw, Mr. Bick, and Hubert turned into the inn yard as we were stabling our bicycles. It was a real delight to see Mr. Bick once more, and we sincerely trust that he will be able to get out with us again in the near future.

There were ten at tea altogether, including friend Bradbury, of the Speedwell B.C., and the meal was of the gargantuan proportions that have made the inn famous throughout the land.

Heavy rain all the way home made the ride a dirty one, but as surely as it could not put out the bon-fires of the "5th", it could not extinguish the spirit of the Anfield either, which shone brightly throughout the whole of this murky day.

Those present were E. Buckley, H. G. Buckley, J. D. Cranshaw, H. Green, L. Pendlebury, G. G. Taylor, W. Thorp, S. Wild, P. Williamson and friend Bradbury.

#### **Neston, 12th November, 1949**

It has been my good fortune whilst working in 'furrin parts' to contact the Anfield, first at Llanarmon, then the 'Tints' and now at Neston.

Leaving the car in Chester I spent the next hour and a half getting to Parkgate, up the mountains along the Wirral, with a gale blowing.

Arriving at Parkgate I find that a wedding has necessitated a change of venue to Neston, a mile back, and there I hied me to find one Anfielder present, Ken Barker, and together we chatted of this and that but all the time I detected a subtle gleam in his eye, a 'lamb to the slaughter' look, a 'come hither into my parlour' expression.

I was starting to feel worried but the rest of the party arrived, the final count being 14, viz: Frank Marriott, P. Rock, E. Reeves, D. Stewart, A. Williams, T. Mandall, L. Hill, A. Bretherick, V. Lambert, F. Palmer, K. Barker, myself and prospective members C. Halsall and W. Smart.

The usual high tea arrived (and disappeared) a custom which the Bath

Road might well adopt, as our usual Saturday Plain Tea often leaves us hungry on the ride home.

Ken had finished his tea as the main body arrived and when he stood up somebody said 'look out' and I realised to my horror that he was closing in on me. He came closer, picked up a poker on the way, bent it to the form of a horse-shoe and straightened it again with a sardonic laugh, then, swinging a chair lightly over my head he hissed "I'm the Editor Bloke what about ritingthisrunup?" I could only nod in dumb terror and at once he changed, like a Jekyll and Hyde act, into a pleasant Anfielder and disappeared. And that is why I must apologise for inflicting the Bath Road Style on you unsuspecting Anfielders.

It was a pleasant meal, various people spoke and all listened (Salty was absent) until about 8-0 p.m. when Len Hill moved the adjournment and across the road we trooped until 9-0 p.m. and the ride home.

A thoroughly enjoyable outing which I hope will not be the last if the Anfield will put up with me on future occasions.

(Anfielders will put up with anything, even a Bath Roder, if he will save them writing up the Run! Come again, Len.—Ed.)

#### **Middlewich, 12th November, 1949**

A tough day, you stay-at-homes! An extremely tough day. The velocity and gustiness of the wind made riding really dangerous at times, and I started out rather late for such a day but managed to arrive at the "Woodlands" just on time; in fact I just beat Russ to it, he having started late and bashed out in cape and leggings.

On going indoors we found that Harry Austin had pipped us both, then Percy Williamson arrived and as we sat down to tea the President walked in, followed shortly by Alf and Walter Thorpe.

We put the excellent tea away in real Anfield style and, after chatting over the usual Club topics, left this cosy rendezvous for home, fortunately the riding conditions had improved for the return journey.

Percy left Harry and I at Toft Corner and later Harry and I parted company at Mere; I was stabling my bike at 9-0 p.m. after another pleasurable run. The coziness of the "Woodlands" was further enhanced by the conditions outside and the ride was well worth while if only to add relish to a comfortable fireside at home later.

Those present were H. Green, A. Howarth, W. Thorpe, L. Pendlebury, P. Williamson, H. Austin and R. Barker.

#### **Highwayside, 19th November, 1949**

We regret that no report of this joint run has been received as we close for press, and it is impossible to hold it over until next month.

Those present were Jimmy Long, Eric Reeves, Len Hill, Don Stewart, Len Walls, Alan Gorman, Stan Wild, Walter Thorpe, Cliff Davey, Laurie Pendlebury, the President, Percy Williamson, Harold Catling, Reg Wilson and Russ Barker. There seems to be some differences of opinion regarding the weather; the Captain and Stan Wild said it was a grand day for cycling, Jimmy Long's description was picturesque and in glorious technicolour, but not suitable for these pages; all agreed that it was good to foregather once more at this popular venue.

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