

THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JANUARY - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVI

JANUARY 1950

NUMBER 526

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL !

May your life in 1950 be one long sleigh-ride—perfect roads and wind behind.

The omens are propitious. New members are coming along, catering is improving, we have good youngsters to carry our flag to the front and attendances at runs are increasing. Altogether we have reason to be pleased.

Let us all continue to pull together, in the true Anfield spirit, redoubling our efforts to put the old Club back, in numbers and in prestige, into the place it held in its golden days.

It can be done—let's do it !

H. GREEN.

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

January, 1950

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 7 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Buxworth (Navigation Inn) |
| 14 | Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |
| 16 | Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., 3 | Whitechapel, Liverpool |
| 21 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 28 | Neston (Tilly's Café) | Moreton Old Hall |

February

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 4 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |
| 11 | Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |
| 13 | Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., 3 | Whitechapel, Liverpool |

NOTE—Change of venue—The Jan. 14th Run is now Lymm (Spread Eagle) and not Warrington (Lion Hotel) as printed in the Dec. Circular.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for Membership. George Parr, 74 Northway, Liverpool 15, and not as printed in the last *Circular*.

The Handbook will shortly be going to press. Will members please advise me of any changes of address or any addresses incorrectly printed in the present edition.

75, Avondale Road North, Southport.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Mr. Editor,

Although the claim by Alf. Howarth to have written up the first run of the new Club year was wrongly based on the assumption that the Club year begins after the A.G.M., it is nevertheless interesting to note his contention that Prestbury should take precedence over Parkgate.

It could be argued, however, that as the difference in longitude is 0 54' at 5-30 p.m. G.M.T., the Local Mean Time at Prestbury is 5.21.24 p.m.,

and at Parkgate 5.17.48 p.m., those Anfielders who assembled at the latter place where in fact the earlier.

Be that as it may, the run to Prestbury to which Howarth refers was a more than usually pleasant occasion and I was present when signal to begin eating was given although my name was not included in the list of starters.

Yours, ALAN GORMAN.

(The above is published subject to audit and corrections for altitude. The omission of Alan's name from the starting list was Editorial, and we offer our apologies.—Ed.)

ODDS AND ENDS

Elder Brethren will remember C. F. Hawkes, a member from 1910 to 1941, who died on November 26th, aged 84 years. The funeral was attended by J. C. Band and J. Seed, who met Geoffrey Hawkes, a son of our late member and an Anfielder for a short time.

We have missed Frank Perkins, who has been in hospital and later had a spell in Herne Bay convalescing. He resumed work just before Christmas and we understand that a spot of promotion was waiting for him. Best wishes and congratulations, Frank.

The January Run to Parkgate is open to visitors and it is hoped that a film show will follow the meal. Please advise the Secretary as to the number of your party.

Whilst on the subject of special runs we can disclose that something very special is cooking for March (25th or 18th) and details will be given in our next issue. In the meantime please book both dates to be on the safe side as we look forward to making this a real 'get-together' in celebration of our 71st birthday.

RUNS

Lymm, November 26th, 1949

Leaving Broughton and work behind I took to the lanes through Dodleston to Farndon's Greyhound for lunch and received a lukewarm answer to a query as to the possibility of a Run there. Lunch over, it was eastward through Barton, Broxton and Bickerton with stops for cap and coat and later to cape up.

A hard plod into the wind through Bunbury to Over; Winsford provided tea and buns and a veil must be drawn over the remaining miles through Lostock Gralam to the Spread Eagle at Lymm, where good company brightened a murky afternoon.

Round the table were the President, Rigby Band, Baron Birkby, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth, Jimmy Long, Don Stewart, Eric Reeves, Vic Lambert, Salty and two prospective members and a goodly meal was soon disposed of. After tea the Liverpool lads took the shortest possible route on this foulest of November days; Eric escorted me as far as Hooton, his dynamo tuneful but lightless, and after a brief halt for stoking up in Willaston I made for home, a bath and bed.

ANNUAL REPORTS

Year ended 30th September, 1949

THE HON. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

The Club year ended 30/9/1949 has indeed been a milestone in our history, the Anfield having attained its 70th birthday in March.

This was celebrated by a Dinner in Shrewsbury on June 4th attended by 103 members and friends, including several past winners of our "100". A private celebration held in March at Halewood was attended by 54 members and 2 friends; at this function a Special General Meeting elected to Life Membership: H. W. Powell for eminent services as Hon. General Secretary for nearly 20 years, and J. A. Bennett, P. C. Beardwood, F. J. Cheminais, the Rt. Hon. Lord Kenilworth, Frank Wood and W. R. Oppenheimer, for having completed 50 years membership.

Membership now numbers 137 and comprises 13 Life Members, 81 Full, 16 Junior Full and 27 Honorary Members. Six new members have been elected during the year. It is with deep regret that I have to record the deaths of three members: Mr. F. E. Bill joined the Club in 1923 and although we saw little of him he retained his interest to the end. Mr. C. F. Elias was in middle life when he joined the Club in 1932. He was a keen tourist and was President of the Liverpool D.A., C.T.C., at the time of his death. Mr. F. J. Cheminais joined in 1898 and was in his 85th year when he died. Dear old Chem, as he was affectionately known, was elected to Life Membership at Halewood in March, the last occasion on which we had him with us.

There have been 52 fixtures with an average attendance of 21.98 compared with 18.22 last year.

Highest attendance was 54 at Halewood in March and the lowest was on March 5th at Utkinton, when only 7 braved snow and ice to attend.

Mr. H. Green has attended 51 runs, a splendid performance, particularly in view of the fact that he was under medical orders not to cycle for some months. The attendance prizes (Officers and Committee barred) have been won by D. Stewart and P. Williamson, with 41 and 40 runs respectively. Individual attendances were as follows:—

H. Green	..	51	A. Bretherick	..	35	J. Long	..	26
T. Mandall	..	49	J. E. Reeves	..	35	A. Williams	..	25
L. Pendlebury	..	49	W. P. Rock	..	34	J. J. Salt	..	24
A. Howarth	..	45	V. Lambert	..	33	E. Davies	..	22
S. Wild	..	44	L. J. Hill	..	32	C. Davey	..	22
F. Marriott	..	42	L. J. Walls	..	32	P. Stephenson	..	21
D. Stewart	..	41	R. Wilson	..	32	K. W. Barker	..	18
P. Williamson	..	40	A. Gorman	..	27	W. G. Connor	..	16
R. Barker	..	36	W. Thorpe	..	27	T. Sherman	..	16

F. Perkins ..	15	H. G. Buckley ..	13	J. Newton ..	11
H. Austin ..	14	J. C. Futter ..	13	C. Selkirk ..	10
J. R. Band ..	14	J. H. Jones ..	13	G. Astbury ..	8
A. E. C. Birkby	14	D. Smith ..	13	W. Orrell ..	8

E. Byron, J. D. Cranshaw, G. Molyneux, G. B. Orrell, G. Stephenson, G. G. Taylor and I. A. Thomas—6. R. J. Austin, H. Catling, F. Chandler, F. H. Swift—5. E. Buckley, W. H. Kettle, F. D. McCann, E. O. Morris, W. C. Tierney—4. P. C. Beardwood, S. T. Carver, J. S. Jonas, J. Pitchford, U. Taylor and N. Turvey—3. D. Birchall, E. M. Haslam, J. Hodges, L. Killip, G. Lockett, A. Lusty, A. Preston, D. Shaw and J. R. Walton—2. F. J. Cheminai, J. O. Cooper, W. E. Cotter, S. del Banco, C. F. Elias, J. H. Fawcett, J. R. Fer, P. R. French, E. Haynes, N. Heath, Lord Kenilworth, J. Leece, W. H. Lloyd, H. W. Powell, H. V. Rourke, C. Randall, J. Seed, C. H. Turnor, K. Turnor, J. H. Williams—1.

There have been 12 meetings of the Committee with individual attendances as follows:—

H. Green ..	12	F. Marriott ..	11	W. P. Rock ..	9
K. W. Barker ..	12	E. Davies ..	10	S. Wild ..	8
J. R. Band ..	11	L. J. Hill ..	10	L. Pendlebury ..	5
W. G. Connor ..	11	L. Walls ..	10	J. E. Reeves ..	5
T. Mandall ..	11	A. Howarth ..	9		

Club Tours have again been successful, brief details being:—

Autumn Tints to Glyn Ceiriog, 22 members taking part. Easter to Lion Hotel, Newtown, 9 members attending. Whitsuntide to Shrewsbury for the Dinner and Open "100". August Tour to the Bath Road "100", with Headquarters at Newbury, 12 members attending.

The best thanks of the Club are due to Mr. F. Marriott for the able way in which he has edited the *Circular*, and to Mr. W. H. Kettle for placing his office at our disposal for Committee Meetings.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

THE HON. RACING SECRETARY'S REPORT

This Report for the year ended 30th September, 1949, is one of mixed success and failure. The "100" was a great success and showed promise of even greater things to come, whilst the "12" must be regarded as a failure in so far as it did not attract a field of sufficient quantity and quality to indicate that there is a real need for the event.

The "100" card contained names of 35 men who had beaten 4.40.0, four of these having beaten 4.25.0, the winner, Harding, of the Walton, was not of this select group however, but his 4.34.24 was a sterling performance on a hard blustery morning.

Full details have been published in the July *Circular*. Leading times were as follows:—

1. H. Harding, Walton, 4.34.24: 2. S. Haslam, Lancs. R.C., 4.41.37:
3. R. H. Taylor, Vegetarian, 4.42.10: 4. J. Baines, Lancaster, 4.42.14.

Handicap:—Harding (18), 4.16.24, L. T. Griffiths, Mersey Roads (20), 4.27.35, J. T. Shuttleworth, Stretford (20), 4.27.39.

Fastest Tricycle, T. H. Henderson, Rotherham, 5.29.32.

First Team. Lancs. R.C. *Second Team. Walton C. and A.C.*
Haslam, Baxter and Hall, 14.43.41. Harding, Smith and Redman,
14.46.1.

"Ours". R. Wilson, 5.2.31. Salt, 5.12.18. A. Howarth, 5.12.33. P. T. Stephenson, 5.16.54.

The "12" resulted as follows:—

1. E. Davies, Anfield, 235 m., 0 f., 166 yds.; 2. G. E. Jones, Birkenhead 228., 0 f., 79 yds.; 3. A. Crimes (Tri.) Crewe, 220 m., 7 f., 139 yds.

Team:—Birkenhead N.E., Jones, H. C. Moore and A. J. Taylor, 659 m., 0 f., 20 yds.

Club events have been fully reported in the *Circular*, but for record purposes the times are set out below:—

25 Mile Events:—

	Liverpool	Manchester
2/4/49.		
72-in. Gear	J. Futter 1.10.25	A. Gorman 1.13.15
	E. Davies 1.10.58	A. Howarth 1.15.55
	R. Wilson 1.12.48	R. Barker 1.19.47
	L. Walls 1.15.55	C. Davey 1.20.28
	P. Stephenson 1.16.49	W. Thorpe 1.20.30
	D. Stewart 1.22.10	
	L. J. Hill (Tri.) 1.32.28	
14/5/49	R. Wilson 1.3.22	A. Howarth 1.6.21
	J. Futter 1.5.25	A. Gorman 1.6.23
	J. J. Salt 1.9.6	R. Barker 1.11.58
	P. Stephenson 1.9.37	W. Thorpe 1.12.58
	L. Walls 1.10.15	C. Davey 1.13.30
	D. Stewart 1.11.56	
	A. Bretherick 1.19.32	
	L. Hill (Tri.) 1.19.55	
	V. Lambert 1.21.14	
17/7/49	Wirral Event Cancelled	A. Howarth 1.6.8
		A. Gorman 1.7.10
		W. Thorpe 1.11.30
		R. Barker 1.12.9

10/9/49	R. Wilson	1.4.11	A. Gorman	1.5.44
	D. Stewart	1.7.47	A. Howarth	1.5.57
	L. Walls	1.9.11	W. Thorpe	1.8.37
	V. Lambert	1.16.9	R. Barker	1.15.41
	A. Bretherick	1.19.20		
	L. Hill (Tri.)	1.23.13		

A. Howarth wins Medal for fastest three with 3.18.26; W. Thorpe wins Handicap, nett total for three, 3.14.5.

Club 50 mile events resulted as follows:—

7.5.49	E. Davies	2.16.50	23.7.49	A. Gorman	2.16.27
(1st H'p)	R. Wilson	2.17.22	(1st H'p)	R. Wilson	2.20.13
	A. Gorman	2.17.33			
	A. Howarth	2.19.52	17/9/49	A. Gorman	2.16.16
	J. J. Salt	2.23.15		R. Wilson	2.16.45
	P. Stephenson	2.24.28	(1st H'p)	L. Walls	2.25.30
	R. Barker	2.26.25		W. Thorpe	2.28.31
	L. Walls	2.27.35		R. Barker	2.29.0

Open and Association Events:

W.C.T.T.C.A. 25, J. Futter, 1.8.35; R. Wilson, 1.8.42; D. Stewart 1.15.42; D. Smith, 1.20.34.

Hereford Wheelers "25": E. Davies, 1.9.14.

Dukinfield "50": A. Howarth, 2.18.1.

W.C.T.T.C.A. "30": J. Futter, 1.21.11; J. Salt, 1.24.13; E. Davies, 1.24.16; D. Smith, 1.31.21.

E.L.W. "50": E. Davies, 2.17.37; J. J. Salt, 2.22.30.

L.T.T.C.A. "100": E. Davies, 4.49.47.

W.C.T.T.C.A. "50": R. Wilson, 2.14.47; A. Howarth, 2.16.24; J. J. Salt, 2.20.40.

Lancaster "25": 1st Class, R. Wilson, 1.3.28; A. Howarth, 1.5.49; 2nd event: L. Walls, 1.9.32; D. Stewart, 1.8.42.

Liverpool St. Christopher's "30": D. Stewart, 1.22.32.

W.C.T.T.C.A. "100": R. Wilson, 4.47.43; J. J. Salt, 4.57.0.

A. Howarth: Manchester Clarion "25": 1.5.41. Pyramid "30": 1.19.25. Manchester Clarion "50": 2.19.16. Altrincham "50": 2.11.1.

D. Stewart, Stone Wheelers "25": 1.9.44, Phoenix "25": 1.8.21.

W.C.T.T.C.A. "25": E. Davies, 1.4.36. R. Wilson (changed wheel), 1.7.21, D. Stewart, 1.8.5.

Burnley "25": D. Stewart, 1.9.28. L. Walls, 1.10.34.

May I conclude by thanking all who have assisted in any way and particularly Mr. Albert Lusty, who timed the "100" and "12".

J. E. REEVES,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

RUNS—*continued.*

Halewood, December 3rd, 1949

Hail, rain or snow, my firm intention was to cycle the short distance to the rendezvous. At 5-15 the too-little used machine was ready, but a 'phone call from Peter Stevie cancelled the arrangement and in pouring rain we arrived per car.

The hatches were off and a few members were preparing for the inevitable excellent, seasonal and abundant fare which was to follow.

Sixteen in all sat down; more there might have been but they put their faith in 'buses, and those who weren't too busy eating heard a variety of topics discussed, from the insurance of bicycles to the art of obtaining highly remunerative posts. (That's easy; they are dished out at Halewood each October.—Ed.)

The ex-menace was there but his successor was more subtle and sent a message. Frank Chandler, Eddie Morris, Freddie Swift and Len Hill talked of week-ends in Wales, Frank Marriott, Arthur Birkby, Rigby Band and George Connor discussed business whilst Alan Bretherick wondered where his partner Lambert had got to. The remainder, Tommy Mandall, Peter Stevie, Len Walls, Don Stewart, Tommy Sherman, and prospectives Parr and Davies, concentrated on the goose, trimmings, plum pud, etc.

As I was the first to leave, the rest of the story remains to be told, but as it was a wet night I can only hope that those who were awheel arrived home in a reasonably dry condition.

Somerford, 3rd December, 1949

A wet, blustery day always adds spice to anticipation of good fellowship round the tea-table with congenial club-fellows and to-day was no exception to the rule. Even after the main road traffic had been left behind in favour of the Peover lanes a vague grey mist enveloped the countryside and tried to damp the spirits.

Goostrey came slowly, with memories of more pleasant rides and at last Sunnyside Café loomed out of the mist. Inside all was merry and bright with Bert Green, Russ Barker, Hubert Buckley, Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman, Laurie Pen, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh an' all, which is a most appropriate jingle because Russell's Grey Mare needed some attention to its back fetlock, and after tea the hearth was decorated with canvas, patches and solution. The rain had cleared for the ride home and a piece of moon hung about the sky to make amends for the unfriendly afternoon and so once again a Run passed into the storehouse of pleasant memories.

Woodbank, December 10th, 1949

The eight Anfielders who attended this Run paid a pretty compliment to the Comprehensive Health Service by turning out on a day when all Brass Monkeys remained indoors. A satisfying meal and a good fire brought forth an unusually varied conversation ranging from Anfield "Standards", which are going higher, to Britain's morals, which aren't.

V. P. Mandall was supported by Captain Hill, Band, of the Treasury, Eric Reeves, Len Walls, Don Stewart, the Editor and ex-Editor Marriott, who is enjoying life as Minister without Portfolio.

Middlewich, December 10th, 1949

The trouble with making a rare appearance is the inevitable order to write up the Run. Riding out with Harold Catling, who kept warm by pushing his barrow, I was glad when darkness blotted out the rather depressing afternoon. Tea was in progress when we arrived at the Woodlands and we had to look sharp to make way for a Christmas party.

Harold and I managed to get away first and remain in the lead although the Call of the Wild was not far astern and clearly audible at times.

Near Mobberley we were caught by Stan and Percy and covered the rest of the journey in their company.

Those present were the President, H. Austin, R. Barker, G. Bradley, H. Catling, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, L. Pendlebury, W. Thorpe, S. Wild, P. Williamson and G. G. Taylor.

Kirkby, December 17th, 1949

The novelty of attending a Club Run within eight miles of home was too strong to be resisted although the gale which taxed my efforts to reach home for lunch made me wonder why we do these things.

The outward journey was a sleigh-ride and although nobody would wax poetical over the country round Maghull the lanes were quite pleasant behind the powerful beam of a good gas-lamp.

Arriving at the venue with ten minutes to spare, I found Tommy Mandall, Frank Palmer, George Parr and John Davies supping tea and discussing the menu, and was just in time for a 'cuppa' whilst waiting for the bacon, sausages, etc.; the butcher had been unable to supply the anticipated steak.

We were pleased to see the cheery face of our Hon. Secretary, who had ordered for eight, but only six turned out—what about it, Liverpool? The food and service were excellent and worthy of a better attendance.

Shortly after 7-0 p.m. the writer prepared to bash into the gale for home; Ince Woods gave some shelter, but emerging into the full fury of the wind coming in from the Irish Sea, was like hitting a stone wall. However, home was reached without mishap and perhaps it will be better next time.

Holmes Chapel, 17th December, 1949

The family having departed early bent on Christmas shopping, I was rather at a loose end and so I left home to brave the cauld blast earlier than I needed to do to cover the 18 miles to the venue. The temperature was too low for dawdling and so I rode to Holmes Chapel by a roundabout route and not one fellow-twiddler did I spy. Even Mrs. Lowe's at Somerford was dark and silent. At 5-10 p.m. I found myself to be the first arrival at 'The Hollies', but no sooner had I sat down than the crunch of gravel betokened the arrival of Bert Green. In ones, at intervals, after him came P. Williamson, W. Thorpe, S. Wild, L. Pendlebury and prospective member Bradley. The room was warm, the meal was good and the conversation varied and interesting. What need to say more? We left at about 7-30 p.m. on what proved to be a fast and easy ride home.

K. W. BARKER,

6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Cheshire.

Hon. Editor.

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

February

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|--|------------------------|
| 4 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |
| 11 Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |
| 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 18 Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Over (Hunthill Café) |
| 25 Hatchmere (Ivy Cottage, Flaxmoss) | |

March

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 4 Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 11 Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |
| 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 18 Halewood (Derby Arms) Birthday Run | |
- Lantern Lecture: "Lands End to John O'Groats"

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for Membership. Stanley Norman Bradley, 10 Mentone Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

Proposed by S. Wild and seconded by K. W. Barker.

New Members. George Parr, 74 Northway, Liverpool 15; John James Davies, 76 Burnthwaite Road, Liverpool 14; William Cyril Smart, 33 Larch Road, Roby, near Liverpool, have been elected to Full Membership. Clifford Halsall, Tyn-y-Coed, Nannerch, near Mold, Flintshire, has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

Easter Tour. It has been proposed that the Easter Tour be to Craven Arms, if suitable accommodation can be arranged either at The Craven Arms Hotel, or Stokesay Castle Hotel. Confirmation is now awaited and final details will appear in the next *Circular*. Meanwhile, will those members wishing to join the Easter Tour please let me have their names so that I shall have a fair idea of the accommodation required.

If accommodation cannot be found at Craven Arms, Newtown (Red Lion Hotel) has been suggested as an alternative.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

75 Avondale Road North, Southport.

SPECIAL BIRTHDAY RUN TO HALEWOOD

Following the great success of the special run last March to Halewood, another has been arranged for March 18th to celebrate our 'Seventy-first'.

After the meal our old friend and member from Sheffield, J. G. Shaw,

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral. Contributions should be in by the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

will entertain us with a lantern talk on his recent trip over the "End to End" route. Over 100 slides will be shown, many of which will bring back memories of bygone days.

Last year 54 members attended and voted it to be the best Run for many years; this year we hope for 108 and even then there would be some missing whom we should like to see.

Will you book the date NOW and resolve to be present at this great 'get-together' and please don't forget to inform the Secretary so that a reasonable estimate of numbers can be made.

NORTH ROAD C.C. ANNUAL DINNER

The North Road C.C. is looking up. On December 10th, for the fourth time, I attended on behalf of the Anfield the annual dinner of this great club, almost as ancient as our own, and each time it has struck me forcibly that the record of the N.R. racing men has become more impressive.

On this occasion it transpired that club records have been broken no less than 14 times. This, in conjunction with the performance of Bob Mynott in winning the '24' with $447\frac{1}{8}$ miles (the second greatest mileage ever recorded in competition) gives them just cause for pride. And their racing strength does not lie entirely with the well-known names. The Founders' Cup, for the best novice of the year went to Geoff. Harness. A "2.12" for a novice '50' is no mean performance.

The Dinner followed the normal course and was well up to the usual N.R. standard; A. C. Baynes (Stainless Stephen) proposed the toast of the Visitors in his own inimitable manner. Among the latter was Dr. Edgar Cyriax who, in his reply, recalled interesting memories of Continental tours. Members will perhaps recall a recent article in *Cycling* about this 75 year old veteran cyclist, who still rides a Dursley Pederson.

The toast of the Club was proposed by Bill Gibson, of the Century R.C. (team winners in the '24'). Arthur Taylor, the N.R. Hon. Secretary, replied and might have been excused for faltering after the flattering references to his efforts which had gone before, but he was equal to the occasion and dealt competently with his subject.

So far I have failed to record that the winner of the Memorial Tricycle '50' was F. N. Whately, of the Rapier Road Club with 2.24.58, which sounds awfully fast to me. Bob Mynott was second with 2.26.24.

Norman Turvey and I sat together and I think we upheld the Anfield reputation for eating and drinking, despite Norman's mind being partly concentrated on the subject of unpaid subscriptions. What an opportunity is presented at an Annual Dinner! I found later that Percy Beardwood was also present but at the far end of the room and so I missed him.

A good 'do'. Thank you, North Road.

LEN KILLIP.

ODDS AND ENDS

Bob Austin is in the R.A.F. at Great Rissington in the Cotswolds and spends much spare time with Arthur Morris at the New Inn, Bourton-on-the-Water. It's an ill wind —!

The Opening Run of the T.A. (Northern Section) is at the "Hollies", Holmes Chapel, on Sunday, March 19th. Tickets, priced 4/6, from Harold Catling, and all Anfielders are welcome.

Our sincere sympathy is with J. H. Fawcett, whose wife passed away on December 28th, after a long illness.

The Committee was severely shaken recently when asked to consider what they would do if the Treasurer had to leave the country in a hurry! It transpired that Rigby was a candidate for a job in Trinidad.

The Editor is shortly taking up a new appointment and expects to have to work for his living. Would any member like a nice chore? About 140 envelopes for the *Circular* have to be addressed each month and this job carries two-thirds of the Editorial salary. Testimonials are not required.

The first Club '25' is on April 1st. Details of the racing programme will be given next month.

Len Killip, who sends the report on the N.R. Dinner, expresses a hope to be in Shrewsbury at Whit. It will be good to see you again, Len.

Our old friend Beauchamp is evidently in rude health judging by the following extract from a report of a Bath Road week-end which we came across in a recent copy of the *B.R. News*.—"Beauchamp, also timing the Greenford Ladies' '25', slept with 60 odd lady riders at the 'Railway' at Farnham". Cycling is such fun!

Looking through some old Handbooks of pre-1914-18 war vintage we were intrigued with the reports on the annual All-night Rides. York, Penrith, Malvern and Aberystwyth were visited among other places.

MOUNTAIN NIGHT RIDE

Whilst recuperating from a touch of 'flu I came across an article written early in 1949. The tale was of a trip to Pwllheli, and the more I read of it the more I felt that I wouldn't like to do it again. Now don't get me wrong, I enjoyed the trip very much, but this account of it left me feeling the same way as when I used to think of riding to and from Cranwell each weekend in Service days. It seemed impossible to accomplish such a trip on a bicycle.

I left home one Friday evening just before Easter. I wasn't very fit, as I had only been riding for a few weeks since being forcibly off the bicycle for twelve months. The night was stormy-looking, and I remember a quick stop at Coed Talon for a pint and shelter from some sleet and to put my lights on—battery lights! Corwen did not provide the expected bed, and Bala offered only a cup of tea and a bit of bread and salmon at midnight. The lake gleamed glorious in the moonlight, the sky had cleared and there was no longer any need for lights.

There and then I knew that I must go over the Bwlch-y-Groes, for I'm one of those fellows who suddenly gets an idea, and if I don't take advantage of an opportunity—well, it just doesn't seem to occur again. The pass was glorious, I had an ample supply of tobacco and all night to use it. It was icy, and the moonlight plays nasty tricks. Here my first fears dawned. I ought to have company. It would not be very difficult to slip and be left alone for days.

Down to Lake Vyrnwy, and what a strange sensation riding down the river-bed of Cwm Eunant in the very early hours. The Bwlch Rhiw Hirnant made me puff rather hard at the old pipe, and the trees at the roadside produced most weird noises at 3-30 a.m.! Another shock! On the descent I couldn't stop because the brakes and wheels were coated with ice!

Lower down the pass, with worries over, I found my feet very cold, not surprising, though. They had been wet through many times that night. Ffestiniog produced a good breakfast, and Pwllheli early elevenses. The ride back on the Sunday was uneventful. I left just after two o'clock, my route being Criccieth, Ffestiniog, Bala (tea), Corwen, Llandegla, Penyffordd, the Nag's Head (very welcome) and home.

Equipment and food were sparse, respectively being: 27-in. alloys with H.P. tyres and 63 fixed. Food: a pint at Coed Talon, tea and salmon at Bala, two sandwiches (iron rations) in the early hours. Tea at Bala coming home, and a pint at Willaston.

I think there must be few people who have done this alone, but I am not going to say "Is this a record?" I merely suggest that some of our older members must have similar tales to tell. Let's hear 'em! Perhaps I shall do it again sometime, in company though. I know that Frank Marriott would jump at it.

PETER S.

RUNS

Prestbury, 24th December, 1949

The old-world village of Prestbury had a delightful Yule-tide air as I rode down the high street beside its lovely black and white cottages at tea-time on Christmas eve. A pleasant glow emanated from the many mullioned casements, and high above all a bright crescent of new moon gave a pale seasonable illumination to the surrounding countryside.

Entering the White House I found a select Anfield gathering full of Christmas cheer. The Presider was in his most jovial mood. Mr. Bick, whom we were very pleased to see once more, gave an interesting demonstration of his remarkable memory in tracing the family tree of the late "F.H." from the year dot. Hubert was rather better behaved than usual—his wife was with him! Rex and Bob Austin, accompanied by Mrs. Austin, basked in the reflected brilliance of Rex's gaudy, green, "wild-west" shirt. There was a suspicion that the shirt was actually a blouse which Mrs. A. was trying out on the dog! Laurie Pendlebury's ruddy countenance beamed forth in the most cheerful fashion. Alf. (for a change) and Percy were content to sit in silence, listening to the words of wisdom which fell from the mouths of this distinguished throng.

An excellent tea and a pleasant ride home completed the most enjoyable Christmas eve I have experienced for a very long time.

Members present were the Presider, E. Buckley, H. G. Buckley, R. J. Austin, R. R. Austin, P. Williamson, S. Wild, A. Howarth and L. Pendlebury.

Parkgate, 24th December, 1949

No more pleasant and convenient venue than Parkgate could have been chosen for a Christmas eve run, and it was a delightful experience to drift down Boathouse Lane and see the red glow of the setting sun colour the tops of the Welsh hills and to watch the twinkling lights across the Dee.

Inside the Deeside Café a merry throng of Anfielders were keeping the fire warm, and it was grand to see John Futter again on leave from the R.A.F. at Tern Hill; with John was friend and 'prospective' Bryan Jones

and the rest of the party consisted of Jimmy Long, Tommy Mandall, Frank Palmer, George Parr, John Davies, Ginner and the Editor.

During the post-tea chinwag Sammy Marriott appeared, having scrounged a feed off an unsuspecting friend; Prenton to Parkgate is evidently too far for the lanky one without sustenance en route.

The ride home was pleasant though short and uneventful; altogether a grand prelude to the festive season.

Boxing Day Run to Sandiway

Just before ten on this delightful morning of a happy Christmastide my telephone tinkled. It was Jimmy, suffering, so it sounded, from the father and mother of all hangovers. "Sorry I can't cycle with you. Got to get back early. I'm going by car". Now all my so-called friends will gather from this that I at once dived upstairs and changed my cycling glad-rags into something more respectable and motored out with Jimmy. Quickly let it be placed on record that with clenched hands and a sweating brow I turned the offer down!

Five minutes later my knees were creaking (audibly!) through the vestiges of Birkenhead and Bebington. I touched the main road for a quick half-mile at Eastham, tried some "honking" tactics (very inelegant, very effective, but hard on the wind system) on the little bank by Rivacre valley, and through Stoak and Stanney reached towards the forest.

Short of Manley partridges in the furrow of a ploughed field brought recollections of beloved Norfolk. Then, somewhere, the bicycle picked up a load of lead! The wind astern, the tyres board hard, but the sags were there. The wheels would barely revolve. The machine could hardly balance. Manley Bank proffered an invitation to walk in the delightful sunlight, and gain a view of Cheshire's beauty on a rare December day. Rangers Bank gave a fling into the forest.

Hatchmere for a cup of tea was a hope, no more, and so through Norley and Cuddington I came to the Blue Cap at 12-30 to find a goodly crowd of Anfielders installed: Don Stewart (who arrived first, and who made rings around himself to fill in time); Bert Green, Frank Marriott, Rex, Mrs. and Bobbie Austin, Len Hill and family, Laurie Pendlebury (with that hat he looks more like a merry monk every day), Alfred Howarth, Jimmy Long, Percy Williamson, Stan Wild, Salty, Eric Reeves, George and Mrs. Stephenson and Peter, Tommy Mandall, George Parr and John Davies.

The run was not quite so good as the previous Boxing Day trip to this ancient Cheshire inn; we missed many old faces, but that is not the fault of the Blue Cap. The meal was good, and we had a happy time. Salty and Eric Reeves offered to lead me home. I have since wondered whether it was worth it. Yet it didn't rain, the sky formation was wonderful, and the lads did wait for my breathless body sometimes.

Bollington, 31st December, 1949

Accompanied by Alan Gorman it was already dark when we started on this last Club run of 1949. The pace was leisurely and the distance far too short (about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from my home). For the last half-mile we took to walking over the rough bridle road that skirts Dunham Park and here we met our President; an early arrival, he had abandoned his steed at the hotel and was taking a stroll.

Back at the Swan were Percy Williamson, Laurie Pendlebury and Stan Wild. This company sat down to a satisfactory meal and after disposing of same entered on a very interesting discussion as to whether '1900 and all that' were 'the good old days'.

Having just agreed that from a cycling and eating point of view they were, who should roll in but one, Howarth, with wild tales of riding round the counties adjacent to Cheshire. The story was accepted, but please, Alf, old chap, may the writer point out that there are two Bollingtons and it is a goodly ride from Macclesfield way when the inner man is knocking!

Nobody seemed anxious to break up the party except the local darts throwers who required our space for their pitch, so we gave way, departing singly, Alan and Alf riding to Hale Barns with me.

Those present were H. Green, P. Williamson, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth and Laurie Pendlebury.

Derby Arms, Halewood, 7th January, 1950

Fifteen booked and twenty-five arrived, no matter, for the good Sarah provided a grand dinner of lovely goose, grand veg's, Christmas pudding, pies and the trimmings which prove days of ample are still here for Anfielders.

We met the President, Vice-President, Captain and Secretary all looking fit and well. We drank the ambrosial with Mr. Tierney, who related a cycle tour of Portugal, when the heat wave raised the temperature to 108°, Messrs. Parr and Davies did a conjuring trick and produced a phorn—sorry, photographic magazine of American vintage, now if you had seen those boys take up photography study as soon as a certain page became visible, you would have been amazed. And to notice the huddled group around the Captain (Bretherick, Smart, Walls and friend Doyle) anamorphosically appreciating the objects! But cycling teaches one to appreciate beauty, as those boys proved. Away with the ascetics, the sunsets over Gable and lets get back to Anfieldland; old faithfuls Chandler, Swift, Morris, G. Stephenson and Long were noticed eating and then talking, Jimmy complaining about Club runs being too near, whilst Frank Marriott was scheming a Parkgate entertainment. Eventually members Palmer, Perkins, Peter Stephenson, Williams and Williamson (some having shares in the Tierney cigar factory) did something to steer the conversation back to photography, so over to art.

The trees on that picture
Were noticed not much,
The sand was ignored
That their feet did touch,
And Stewart's guffaw
Was not for the sky,
With Eric Reeves' awe
And the Captain's sad sigh,
We cyclists seek beauty
With aid of a bike,
Be it flesh-tinted paper
Or sunset's delight.

Navigation Inn, Buxworth, 7th January, 1950

It was mild, even warm, as I ploughed a lonely furrow (in triplicate) through the Cheshire foothills to reach the Navigation at opening time precisely.

As usual the meal was to a time-honoured formula approved by generations of Anfielders and most welcome these austere days. This almost forgotten inn, built at the meeting of the now disused High Peak tramway and the canal, still shows respect to hearty appetites.

During our post-prandial discussions the sage pronouncements of Granfer Wild were punctuated by startlingly novel interjections by our erudite junior, Astronomer Howarth. Has professional football reduced the incidence of wife beating in urban England? Does the owning of a cycle shop guarantee a life of affluence and ease? Our topics, ranging from economics to ethics, embraced editors; editors in general and in particular. For once we were unanimous. An editor should not wield his blue pencil in such a way as to impose his own style on the work of his contributors. Besides selection and arrangement his duties should include the correction of errors but not the "improvement" of articles by the changing of words and phrases. In short, the style and personality of the writer should remain in each contribution whilst the touch of the editor should be discernable when viewing the periodical as a whole.

It was still warm and clear when we took to the road about 7-30, and with a slight tail wind and gravity also in our favour the journey home was a real sleigh ride.

Those present were Messrs. R. Barker, Catling, Howarth, Pendlebury, Thorpe and Wild.

Lymm, 14th January, 1950

Soon after four o'clock I set off from home, making my way towards Roby. At the Cronton pyramids I caught up with Vic Lambert, who was going to attend the run just to prove he has not got 'hitched'.

We pedalled slowly on into a steadily increasing wind through G.I. town, and on alongside the ship canal to our destination.

Inside the Spread Eagle there were a number of hungry cyclists, just waiting for the word, Go. Soon seventeen sat down to a very excellent meal, which disappeared in true Anfield style. Topics of nearly every description were touched upon during and after the meal, but all these topics soon found a way back to bikes or food.

At seven-thirty the Merseyside contingent moved off into the night, and of course let it be said this is the best time of the day to ride from Warrington—you just cannot see the ugly sites of oil tankers, factories and collieries.

The group broke up at Roby, and Eric and Len, who were the only Wirralites present, continued with Don to refill their stomachs before continuing their pleasant ride through Liverpool!

Members present were H. Green, T. Mandall, R. Band, S. Wild, P. Williamson, L. Walls, E. Reeves, V. Lambert, R. Barker, G. Stephenson, A. Howarth, G. Parr, L. Pendlebury, J. H. Jones, F. Palmer, G. Bradley and D. Stewart.

Parkgate, 21st January, 1950

This afternoon we have a good deal of pleasure to express. Firstly, our one and only Wayfarer (Himself) travelled from Birmingham to tell us of his Irish travels in a manner that has lost no delight down the years. We were taken, in grand style, from Belfast and around Ulster before venturing westwards to wildest Donegal. Then Connemara and Galway, and Dublin for home again. Robbie offered to come at short notice when the film show could not be arranged, and we were delighted. Pleasure is expressed at McCann accommodating Robbie at his home and providing transport to and from the train. More gratitude once more goes to Joe Williams, A.R.P.S. of the Liverpool C.T.C., who provided and operated the lantern. Mrs. Winifred Williams, a well-known writer on cycling topics, was also pleased to be present. Thanks, too, to Jimmy Long, who expended a good deal of rare petrol in transporting Mr. and Mrs. Williams and the apparatus. Frank Marriott travelled with him just to see that the mighty atom did not stray too far from the straight and narrow. We eventually reached home at 1-0 a.m.!

We were also pleased that Bert Green pedalled across from Manchester to preside at our social gathering. A big cheer goes to Russ Barker and Alan Gorman, who tandemed over from Hale, and returned to be home roughly about 1-0 a.m. How really grand to see them! Nice to see John Futter and his friend, too. John is in the R.A.F. now, and his appearances are all too few. Here is just one little moan. We had 36 names given, and more than 50 turned up! A margin was allowed for, but an increase of nearly 20 stretched the catering facilities a little too much.

Thirty-one members were present: Bert Green, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, W. M. Robinson, Donald McCann, Salty, Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, Ernie Davies, Tommy Sherman, George Stephenson and Peter, Frank Marriott, Donald Stewart, Frank Chandler, Jack Seed (nice work)! Frank Palmer, Vic Lambert, Alan Bretherick, John Futter, Cyril Selkirk, Len Hill, F. H. Swift, W. C. Tierney, Arthur Williams, Len Walls, Don Smith, George Parr and John Davies. Our guests consisted of wives, girl and boy friends, and we hope they enjoyed the evening.

Dane-in-Shaw, 21st January, 1950

It was a crisp afternoon and the weather was ideal for a ride in the hills around Macclesfield. We passed through Wincle and Dane Bridge, past many small and rugged farms until, as the light began to fail, we dropped towards Leek. We began to make for Dane-in-Shaw with the silhouette of Bosley Cloud as guide but as the sun finally disappeared the lane surface deteriorated until half-past five found us trudging through the mud of a typical farm track.

The Cloud was still before us, as was the light of a bright star, so we kept going and were finally rewarded by seeing the lights of Congleton below us and the reappearance of the road which made us fully mobile again; we were soon at the Coach and Horses, late but happy.

It was a surprise to find, on entering, that only Percy and Stan Bradley were present, many of the others having apparently made for Parkgate, but despite the small turn-out it was a goodly 'do' and may there be many more like it. Those present were Stan Bradley, Alf Howarth, Percy Williamson and Walter Thorpe.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MARCH - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

March

- 4 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Somerford (Sunnyside Café)
- 11 Lymm (Spread Eagle)
- 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 18 Halewood (Derby Arms) Birthday Run.
Lantern Lecture ("Lands End to John O'Groats")
- 25 Highwayside (Travellers Rest)

April

- 1 Club "25". Headquarters: Tarvin (Owens Café)
- 7/10 Easter Tour. Headquarters: The Craven Heifer Inn, Stainforth Settle, Yorks.
- 8 Alternative fixtures have been arranged for—
Parkgate (Deeside Café) Prestbury (White House Café)
- 15 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries)
- 17 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool

COMMITTEE NOTES

Transfer. W. C. Tierney has been transferred from Honorary to Full Membership.

Easter Tour. As there was little support for a Shropshire tour the Easter Tour has now been arranged for Yorkshire, with headquarters at The Craven Heifer Inn, Stainforth, Settle. Accommodation has been booked for ten—all single beds—although sharing rooms. Terms: 10/6 bed and breakfast, baths, etc., and dinner 5/-. Please let me have your names as soon as possible.

Birthday Run. March 18th, Halewood. Please let me have your names for this fixture so that I can give Sarah a reasonable estimate of the number requiring a meal. Thank you.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

75 Avondale Road North, Southport.

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month and all matter for publication *must* be in the hands of the Editor by that day. Contributions must be on one side of the paper only and should be typed if possible.

FOUND : AN ANFIELD MEDAL

Some months ago an Anfield medal—silver with gold centre—was found on the beach at West Kirby by an individual who passed it into the hands of the Mersey Roads Club. It was awarded to E. A. Bentley in 1906 for a "50" ride. Bentley passed away, to our great regret, after much suffering resulting from experiences in World War One. The medal is in good condition. We would like to return it to a relative of our old friend and member. Does anyone know how they might be traced? The medal is at present in the hands of Frank Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead. Telephone Birkenhead 1556.

SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY RUN, HALEWOOD MARCH 18th

A speaker at the Speedwell Dinner, reported elsewhere in this issue, asked why the Club was so hale and hearty at 74 years of age, and we are sometimes prompted to ask the same question about the Anfield, 71 years old this month.

There is no single reason but a series, including love of tradition wedded to willingness to move with the times when this seems good; a long line of first-rate officials backed up by willing help from back-benchers and so on. But there is something which cannot be defined, rather like IT, in the glamour world, which keeps Anfielders loyal and interested, even when they move to the far corners of Britain or America, Canada or what have you.

And our membership is representative of all ages, raw novice and newcomer mix on equal terms with men having half-a-century's membership to their credit.

How many of us will crowd into the Derby Arms on March 18th to wish the old Club "Many of them"? If YOU are not there somebody will be disappointed! And if you haven't been out for some time this is the occasion when you can be sure of finding well-known friends present—send George Connor a card to-day and say you are coming.

After the meal we will be entertained by Gordon Shaw with talk and slides on his "End to End" ride, and if he can come from Sheffield—well, what about it?

Cheerio, and see you all at Halewood.

SPEEDWELL B.C. DINNER, 3rd DECEMBER, 1949

It was a great pleasure for Rene and I to attend this 74th Annual Dinner of the Speedwell, and we were given a warm welcome and seats of honour.

Proceedings opened with the Loyal Toast, proposed by the President, S. T. Capener, who kept up a running fire of cross-toasting throughout the meal. We were entertained by the Speedwell Male Voice Quartet, one item appropriately having many choruses ending 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 GO!

W. E. Jones, in toasting the Club and Officers, expressed a desire to know the secret of the Speedwell remaining so active at 74; Richard Hulse had the answer to that one when he said that Speedwellians put more into the Club than they take out.

A pleasing interlude was provided by a presentation of a clock to Johnny Mew to mark the occasion of his recent marriage. Credit must go to Eric Buttress for organising a grand evening and we were sorry to have to leave early but not before renewing many old acquaintances.

Among those present were J. J. Smith, H. Townsend, A. C. Coulter, C. Cappella, J. G. Macdonald, W. G. Smith, N. McEvoy, J. Matthews, J. K. Middleton, P. Barlow (Mersey Roads) and K. Phillips (North Road).

E. HAYNES.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION (NORTH MIDLANDS SECTION) MID-WINTER MEET

A Tricycle Association Mid-Winter Meet was held on January 21st at Scrooby Top, on the Great North Road near Bawtry. Although far from our own stamping ground the Anfield was represented by J. G. Shaw, G. G. Taylor and H. Catling. Saturday evening started well with a really excellent meal, after which the wine stewards did a roaring trade. Gordon Shaw and others regaled us with reminiscences of the road interspersed with entries for the "Liars Chain" contest made by various tykes. The chain was eventually wrested from the holder, Jack Riley, by 'Chick' Henderson with a most incredible yarn touching on the prowess of a certain Rotherham Wheeler as a climber in the Alps.

A ciné film show by the Henderson brothers rounded off a most enjoyable evening a little after midnight.

HAROLD CATLING.

MERSEY ROADS DINNER, FEBRUARY 18th, 1950

On the evening of Saturday, February 18th, four Anfielders sat amid a merry and happy throng at the annual celebration of the Mersey Roads Club. They were Albert Lusty, Ernie Davies, Frank Marriott and Albert Preston.

The evening *was* a celebration. Bert Parkes, very much a modern End-to-End hero on a tricycle, received a gold medal from the hands of Charlie Davey. Bert's reply was humorous, but very much the delightful and unexpected was a counter-presentation—a small memento to that well-loved ace of helpers—Johnnie Williams. How nice that gesture! Then the Barlows, father and son, received their reward as organizers, the generous thanks of a grateful club for superb work.

Bert, in turn, presented awards to other heroes, the men who made the Championship "24" last year such a splendid event. Crimes, who did such grand work on a tricycle, and Harvey of the Addiscombe were bright highlights of a brilliant occasion.

As a personal note, the dinner to us was one of those grand times when you meet with old friends. It is strange that the good lads who started me on this pedal pushing game years ago are veteran Mersey Roaders to-day. Sometimes they think I should be a Mersey Roader, too!

FRANK MARRIOTT.

FRANCE WITHOUT FEARS

If you can cast your mind back to the middle week-end of July, 1949, you might remember it to have been a period of bright spots and thunder showers. Through this sunshine and heavy rain we cycled to Southampton, arriving there on Monday afternoon. While we were wandering around waiting for the *Falaise* to push off at 10-0 p.m., a chance encounter gave a glimpse of Jack Beauchamp and Editor Binham of the Bath Road. They were for France, too.

St. Malo at 8-0 a.m. The bicycles gave several headaches while they swung around from the end of a derrick, but fortunately they were still intact when we collected them. Our breakfast of coffee and rolls was disposed of in St. Malo at three times the English price. On the ferry across to Dinard we encountered another English cyclist, a strange individual garbed in a heavy tweed suit and a straw boater. His bicycle, a really heavy 26-in. roadster, was loaded down with packs tied on everywhere. A walking-stick strapped to the top-tube completed the ensemble.

Lifting this great weight down the quay steps caused some difficulty, and a burly French sailor came to the rescue and very kindly lifted it down for him. The reward? Just one French franc handed over with all the benevolence in the world! And when you know that just then French francs were 1096 to the £1, it is easy to imagine the disgust with which the sailor hurled the tiny coin into the sea!

Our halt that evening was at St. Brieuc, and did we shake the hotel people when Alan asked for a bath! The hotel had 100 bedrooms, yet only one bath! Room costs, being government controlled, were quite cheap, although the meals were much more expensive. They had more courses, were of better variety, and of course excellently cooked. The wines were not impressive, but the beers—brown and blonde—were quite good.

The next day we passed on to Morlaix, the road being very hilly, and the weather very hot. Lunch was a grand alfresco affair: cheese, bread (about two feet long), butter, biscuits and various kinds of fruit. From Morlaix we rode to the coast at Roscoff, a pleasant little holiday resort, and then next day we cycled south to Quimper. Quimper is delightful. The medieval and Breton character have been retained, and we arrived to find the quaint old city the scene of a Breton Festival. Everyone seemed to be garbed in Breton costume, and several processions were headed by Breton bagpipe bands. These instruments are somewhat smaller than their Scottish counterparts, but equally noisy.

Now comes a confession. The weather, a real scorcher in the way of heat waves, made us decide to forsake the road for a mile or so, and travel by diesel auto-rail to Vannes, before resuming the saddles on to La Roche Bernard. We crossed the river Vilaine by pontoon bridge as the high level bridge had been destroyed by the Germans and not yet rebuilt.

Another day, and we were at the popular holiday resort of La Baule. Here Vic enjoyed a swim in the warm sea. Alan was much more at home admiring

the latest fashions in swim suits on the beach! Alan had to drag Vic from the sea, and then Vic had to literally heave Alan from those beach fashions for the ride to St. Nazaire!

The most impressive thing to see in St. Nazaire these days is the memorial to the Commandos, who did such a grand job on their famous raid to this French port. We had hoped to stay for the night, but not a hotel could be found amid the ruins. It was at Nantes where we found a bed for the night. Thanks to Russ Barker we found our way around this city just like natives.

Nantes surprised us by its size. And how proud is the city of its castle! We were amazed to see a Transporter, just like the Widnes-Runcorn Mecanno set. Gendarmes provided us with a spot of bother on some occasions, for we would persist in ignoring pedestrian crossings, and we seemed to find the wrong end of one-way streets every time. Yet apart from remarks about "Mad English" they were quite pleasant about it. They were always very helpful and prepared to go out of their way to direct us.

Through Rennes we came to Mont St. Michel. Here we spent a day climbing up and down hundreds of steps and thoroughly exploring the famous old abbey. Another morning and we were travelling around the coast towards St. Malo. We passed the night at the little fishing village of Concale. St. Malo again, and after a day of sight-seeing and shopping we embarked on the *Falaise* once more for England. Another smooth crossing, and we saw Southampton in pouring rain. Our fortnight's very enjoyable tour had ended. We must say that the French people seemed very pleased to see us, and gave every assistance when we were in difficulty.

ALAN BRETHERICK.

VIC. LAMBERT.

ODDS AND ENDS

Numerous members, from Manchester and Liverpool, offered to take over the addressing of envelopes for the *Circular*. The job has gone to George and Peter Stevie and the advantages of having them done so near the printing press are obvious. Sincere thanks George and Peter and to the unsuccessful applicants who can now heave a big sigh of relief!

A Manchester correspondent enquires, what has happened to the attractive fixtures in the Cheshire foothills, mentioning Buxworth, Walker Barn, Dane-in-Shaw, etc.

We Liverpool lads leave such things to Manchester Committeemen and perhaps some lobbying is indicated.

A cheery letter from Ned Haynes contains greetings to all Anfielders and news that he gets out with the Speedwell boys now and again and hopes to become a second-claim member of that ancient and excellent Club shortly. The firm Ned was working for folded up towards the end of 1949 and he is now in business on his own account.

Club races in 1950 will be four at 25 miles on April 1st and 22nd, June 10th and September 16th, and three at 50 miles on May 13th, July 22nd and September 23rd.

More details of our racing activities and courses will be given next month but we can say that this year races at 25 miles will be joint events with headquarters at Tarvin. Starting at the fourth telephone pole on Chester side of Bailey Bridge at Stamford Bridge. Proceed via Chester Bye-pass and Whitchurch Road to Beckerton/Tilston Cross Roads 11½ miles from Chester. Turn in road and retrace to finish near bottom lane on Tarvin Road (quarter-mile from start).

Mention of racing again raises the question of the desirability of a mid-week run. Plans can be made at an evening meet and the Captain and Racing Secretary are given an added opportunity of finding victims to fulfil our obligations to Associations and kindred Clubs who do so much for us. Len Walls will be glad to hear from any who are interested.

RUNS

Moreton Old Hall, 28th January, 1950

A tricyclist, pottering along on better wheels and tyres than we can afford to race on, whom we overtook just by the Hall, proved to be Bradley, and together we crossed the frozen moat and sought shelter from the keen wind. Inside already were Green and Williamson. Hot meat and potato pie and hot fruit pie rounded off with bread, butter and cheese and tea made a suitable and most acceptable meal and satisfied even a Buckley. I don't mind how soon we go there again. We numbered ten in all. In addition to the aforesaid gentlemen, the board was graced by Thorpe, Howarth, Barker, Davey, Wild and Gorman. Whether the pie or the favourable wind caused the bouts of spirited pedalling that occurred on the homeward run I don't know but we were soon at Wilmslow and we parted unanimous in that we had enjoyed the fixture.

Halewood, 4th February, 1950

The few miles separating home from the Derby Arms soon passed uneventfully, and on entering I found four or five members sitting round an empty hearth.

Slowly the party increased, including Tommy Sherman, who hurried in and demanded the key of the shed. One wit muttered something to the effect that it was to let everyone know he had ridden out.

An excellent meal of fowl, vegetables, apple tart and trifle was neatly disposed of in true Anfield style, during the course of which Ernie challenged Jack to an eating match. This ended all square neither of them crying "enough". After the meal was finished and everyone had started discussing various topics, the air was shattered by a certain honourable gentleman igniting a fivepence an ounce herbal mixture. This same gentleman actually claims to derive more pleasure from smoking these herbs than he does from the more expensive weed known as tobacco.

Towards seven-thirty the party started to break up, though some remained to taste the ale.

I accompanied Jack and Ernie to Queens Drive before leaving them to make their way to the ferry.

Those present were T. Mandall, J. Salt, L. Hill, E. Davies, J. Davies, G. Parr, G. Stephenson, J. Long, F. Perkins, E. Morris, F. Chandler, T. Sherman, G. Connor and D. Stewart.

Middlewich, "Woodlands", 4th February, 1950

In company with Alf Howarth, Alan Gorman and Walter Thorpe I set out early for a ride round before making the tea venue. At Denham we were moving very nicely when three cyclists passed in a hurry. Instead of resisting the urge we were tempted, we joined in. The three were Farebrother, Woolley and Bamforth of the Ravens and they proceeded to drop me, then Alf by fair means and then Alan and Walter by foul, to wit, jumping behind passing pace. United in commiseration once more we four took to the lanes to find a tea caterer at the instigation of the writer who was able to prove its existence but unable to make them cater. Pressing onwards we halted finally for fourses at the cottage some three miles Nantwich side of Middlewich where we persuaded a passing Len Walls to join us, whilst we watched the gyrations and acrobatics of the cottager who performs somersaults, etc., with little persuasion and who by his dialogue has most certainly kissed the Blarney Stone. On to Woodlands and "the feed" shared by a party of eight, bright conversation and an uneventful but pleasant ride back.

Observations (personal) on the day's events:

How nice it is to know that Cheshire lanes are no longer a mystery and that if one is dropped it is still possible to arrive at the venue.

Present were H. Green, A. Gorman, P. Williamson, Cliff Davey, W. Thorpe, A. Howarth, R. Barker, L. Walls.

Lymm, 11th February, 1950

The wintry afternoon was uninviting but invigorating as I pushed off from home. In Altrincham I overtook Percy Williamson, who was pushing manfully against wind and gradient and together we made good speed in the gathering darkness to the Spread Eagle. Here on entering I found V.P. Mandall and George Stephenson taking an aperitif (or maybe two), and seated round the synthetic blaze were Reeves, Hill, Green, Barker, Palmer, Thorpe, Preston, Rock and Bradley. Over an excellent soup and dinner and a not so excellent sweet and coffee, topics discussed at my end of the table included crime in Liverpool, and Continental Passes. Authority on the latter subject was Stan Wild, a late arrival who allayed the fears of the superstitious by making our party fourteen. I will leave you to guess who was the authority on the other subject. Then the week's most unpleasant moment. Someone stood up to go, and soon the party had split up. Taking the pleasant, and at this time of the year quiet, route via the Saracens Head and Dunham, Barker, Bradley, Thorpe and I made rapid and effortless progress before the wind which must have made those other Anfielders labour mightily.

Over, 18th February, 1950

This was the perfect winter's day for cycling, brilliantly sunny, dry roads, and not too cold. Truly there was a dash of spring in the air, and the old saying "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" became more than a well-worn tag and fitted the conditions perfectly.

A persistent south-westerly wind of nearly gale strength hampered my progress considerably, but astride three wheels I was able to plug away in the comfortable way that tricyclists find such an attractive feature of the broad-gauge vehicle.

My way followed the main Manchester to Chester highway, which with its complete absence of camber, is delightful on a "barrer". Beyond Northwich, however, I suffered. The left-hand side of the road had been torn up by the local electricity undertaking and replaced as though tricyclists did not exist, and until I turned off for Whitegate my progression was pure purgatory.

As I trundled along the road to Whitegate the sun was setting behind a huge black cloud, in front of which the pine belts of Pettypool Park stood out sharply to give a most eerie effect to the surrounding countryside. So on to Whitegate church, which I have heard compared with Stoke Poges, but believe me, nicely situated though it is, the Buckinghamshire gem of literary fame has the advantage in every way.

There was a nice crowd of members at the Hunt Hill Café, and as an excellent tea was consumed there was much banter and good-humoured leg-pulling. It was good to have Len Walls and Don Stewart adding a little Liverpool tone to this Manchester run and we hope to reciprocate in the near future.

Conditions were pitch black for the early part of the ride home, but when our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we found that a star-spangled sky gave sufficient illumination to make the going comfortable. And with the wind behind it was a hectic ride—fast and furious even for me and quite a contrast to the steady grind of the afternoon. Then, an hour from home, there was an unaccountable heavy shower, which instead of spoiling the day emphasised the pleasure experienced.

Those present were the Presider, A. Gorman, R. Barker, D. Stewart, W. Thorp, P. Williamson, L. Walls, A. Howarth and S. Wild.

We regret that no reports have been received for the Runs to Neston on January 28th or Kirkby on February 18th. Come, come, Liverpool!

Please note that we close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month and contributions, typed if possible, must be on one side of the paper only.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



APRIL - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVI

APRIL 1950

NUMBER 529

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

April

- 1 Club "25". Headquarters Tarvin (Owens Café)
- 7/10 Easter Tour. Headquarters, The Craven Heifer Inn, Stainforth, Settle, Yorks.
- 8 Alternatives have been arranged for—
Parkgate (Deeside Café) Prestbury (White House Café)
- 15 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries)
- 17 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 22 Club "25". Headquarters: Tarvin (Owens Café)
- 29 Highwayside (Travellers Rest)

May

- 6 Llanarmon-yn-Yale (Raven). Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses)
- 13 1st Club "50". Headquarters: Tarvin (Owens Café)
- 15 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month and all matter for publication *must* be in the hands of the Editor by that day. Contributions must be on one side of the paper only and should be typed if possible.

COMMITTEE NOTES

75 Avondale Road North,
Southport.

Application for Membership. John Edward Bryan Jones, 51 Windsor Drive, Broughton, Chester, proposed by J. J. Salt and seconded by J. C. Futter.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

16 Campbell Drive,
Liverpool 14.

When the Club Rules were revised at the last A.G.M. there was one which was not altered, namely, that subscriptions should be paid by 1st December last year. It is for the Committee to decide what steps shall be taken with defaulters, so if the May Circular does not arrive I would refer nearly fifty members to the writing on the "Red Slip".

My impending departure to a warmer climate has now been cancelled; as I shall now have to keep this job till September I shall be sending out a few "Dear Sir, unless—" letters to some old acquaintances. These will definitely be final notices.

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.

Donations from the following are acknowledged with thanks:—

H. Catling	J. D. Cranshaw	W. J. Finn
J. S. Jonas	L. Oppenheimer	D. Shaw
J. G. Shaw	G. Stephenson	L. J. Walls
J. R. Walton		

J. R. BAND.

EDITORIAL

Our 71st Birthday Run is now but a memory. It was grand to be one of the number turning over old times and relishing them once again, and how good it was to follow Gordon Shaw as he led us by word and picture in the wheeltracks of those giants of the past, the men who carved the history of the "End to End".

In that all too brief journey we made a new friend. How often did genial George Jowitt smile on us from the screen? It was most appropriate that at our celebration we saw the records of his celebration also. Half-way between the Ends, among the northern fells, he reached his 83rd birthday.

Whilst saluting the old Club let us pay sincere tribute to a Grand Old Man of the cycling game, a living testimony to the lure of the wheel and a glorious example of the fitness that results from our favourite dissipation!

Uncle George, the Anfield greets you!

ODDS AND ENDS

Last month a contributor complained of the state in which a certain road had been left by the electricity people "as though tricyclists did not exist". We took the matter up with the Board and received a courteous reply which ended thus:—

"We are fully aware of the existence of tricycles but feel that your little boy should ride on the pavement".

Will those who wish to have Starters Sheets for Club races please inform the Racing Secretary who will also be glad to have volunteers for Sunday duty at Association and other events.

There were many re-unions at Halewood on 18th March, but none more touching than that between Bert Lloyd and Jimmy Long. The burly arm of the law stood the Mighty Atom on the raised hearth and what followed was in the best French general tradition (both cheeks). Jimmy's reply was also in French, we think; certainly we didn't know most of the words.

We owe very many thanks to our good friend Joe Williams for providing and operating the lantern at Halewood. The best slides are better for expert projection and Joe is REALLY good.

Apart from Club races during the next month or so, there are the following events locally:—

16th April	West Cheshire and O.D.C.U. 25's.
30th April	Wavertree C.C. "25".
7th May	W.C.T.T.C.A. "30" and Dukinfield "50".
13th May	"Ches" "50"; Merseyside Mountain Trial and T.A. (Northern) "50".

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of April in the year nineteen hundred and fifty, Anfielders may meet at the "Cottage Café" at Kirkby, in Lancashire, to taste the tea and cakes at 8-0 o'clock in the evening. All Lancashire Anfielders will be welcome also one Wirralite (he who so recently braved the setts and sat with us in meditation at the Cottage Kaf). Anfielders meeting here will become members of the elite Society of Lancashirian Anfielders and will be entitled to wear a red rose which rose will only be deposed when an elite Society of Cheshirarian Anfielders do prove that their attendance at a Wednesday rendezvous is greater than the aforesaid Society of Lancashire. Until the nineteenth when by the sign of the rose we will meet at the above-mentioned Kaf.

Signed (under orders),
THE CAPTAIN.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE R.R.A. 22nd FEBRUARY, 1950

This was the shortest meeting of its kind which I have attended as Co-Anfield delegate with Percy Beardwood.

G.H.S. put the business through in record time and the Secretary's motion for five clear weekdays notice of attempts on records instead of three was passed unanimously.

Existing officers were all re-appointed and the ballot for the Committee resulted in the same membership as 1949/50. Percy put my name up and although not elected I polled a lot more votes than I expected and was only two places behind—due doubtless to the name Anfield rather than to that of Turvey; after all the A.B.C. is one of only three Founder Clubs still in the Association, Anfield, North Road and Bath Road, and alone of the trio is unrepresented on the Committee.

These meetings are always a great pleasure to me and I thank the Club for appointing me one of their two delegates. After the pleasure of the meeting there follows the further pleasure of imbibing a decorous quantity of medicine at the nearest with dear old Percy Charles, who has been suffering badly from rheumatism though otherwise hale and hearty for his age.

(Anyway, Norman, you saved your deposit! Better luck next time—Ed.)

LLYN HESGEN

Those of you who haven't ventured beyond the Holyhead Road at Cerrig-y-Druiddion may like to hear of my final fling of the '49 season.

Almost caught in the clutches of winter under the shadow of Carnedd Filiast, for snow had fallen the previous night, I spent an arduous but most enjoyable day.

Of necessity an early start was made as the west wind was blowing and my fitness was in doubt, and so the road to Mold was covered in solitary state. There were slight patches of ice beyond Llanferres and the view from the top of the Bwlch disclosed snow-covered hills as my objective. Then the exhilarating drop into Ruthin and across the park land of

the Clwyd Valley made me think of elevenses, and so toiling up to Clawdd-newydd in the warm rays of the autumn sun my first halt was made.

The break over, a cigarette and a short stroll up the first hill found me in a stranger's company. We chatted while able but those last hills to Cerrig soon quietened us; my companion of the moment was halting here for lunch but, with my bag full of grub, I was far from following suit. There were frowning hills ahead which I wished to cross before eating.

Over the Holyhead Road by the "Saracen" and up the long climb of the Ysppyty Ifan road until, reaching a cross roads, I swung left to follow a fast dropping, narrow winding lane into the valley of the Ceirw.

At the parting of the ways I took the right hand gate and so began a long, wet climb. With the melting snow, everything was sodden and the heather, knee deep, made me blow somewhat. My way lay up the western slopes of Nant Fach, across numerous gullies which would be worthy of any battle course: I was without a watch but judged that the summit was reached by about one p.m.

Out with the camera, a smoke and a wide sweep of the hillsides to work out my route: Llyn Hesgen lay far below, nestling between deep heather clad hills. Heavy hail clouds lay on Arenig Fawr and Filiast and their skirts stung my cheeks; it was wet enough on this high ground, so that instead of making the rapid descent to the lake I kept high up to the left.

Heather, thigh deep, and steep slopes were not easily negotiated in the lightest of cycling shoes. With shins scraping on boulders and knees scored deep with heather I gradually descended until I found myself in a rocky ravine, through which the Hesgen forced its way.

By winding sheep tracks I came to the stream and crossed the rickety footbridge to call a halt for my well-earned sandwiches; the last rays of the sun pouring into this rocky defile brought back memories of the summer, and with my back to the wire mesh fence I made the most of this friendly warmth.

The repast over and afoot once more I climbed the hillside to the farm marked on "Bart's" as Cwm Hesgen, and here I talked awhile with the farmer's son, who welcomed the chat, as he left the farm to greet me; it seemed I was the first wayfarer he had seen since a party of the Shropshire D.A. called the previous Christmas.

My way now lay over fields and along farm tracks to the Bala—Ffestiniog road which I joined at Tyn-y-Bont, west of Fron Goch.

It was a delightful drift down to Bala through trees ablaze with their autumn tints and I was gradually turning with the wind.

With Bala behind me the ascent to Bethel seemed easy after my day among real hills, then full steam ahead to Corwen, steady through Gwyddelwern and I was fleeing down the road to Ruthin, attempting to dodge the threatening rain.

Old man moon was raising his face over the Bwlch-y-Parc as I halted for tea at 5-15 p.m.; I wasted no time over my meal and was off again into a rainy night, but fortune smiled and halfway up the Bwlch my cape was put away and the rest of the climb was in the mellow light of the Hunter's Moon.

No one needed lights on this night of nights, the road to Mold was as day, so full steam ahead for the Wirral.

The Nag's Head was my last port of call before wending my way through the lanes to home and bed.

SALTY.

RUNS

Kirby

Some came by this road and some came by that but it didn't matter for thirteen Anfielders came and went, with one friend (Doyle of the Century). The Captain, Lambert, and friend Doyle came by a wandering route via the ancient village churches that sheltered graves of noble families. It was once mentioned that if an Anfield Captain left his cycle outside a village pub, no self respecting Anfielder would pass without enquiring the Captain's health, but brother Parr nonchalantly passed the Captain's bike when he was inspecting the Stanley Tombs at Kirby Church Yard. We wonder would he (Parr) have passed that bicycle had it been outside the local. Victor Lambert was welcomed out again after a sojourn of winter ills, but we missed his Tele. Twin; where had he been recently? Was he ill? On enquiry we found he is well (*Dirge*:—Ho! Women thou bearer of Anfielders—Why dost thou Seduce (*Sorry*) Reduce our ranks so). Short interlude here and then rousing cheers HOORAH, HOORAH, HOORAH; enter a hero! who is he and why this acclamation? For in strode a Wirralite (and we expected none). So brave and modest was he, our greetings were loud and sincere, for his lonely journey from the land of Wirral was not envied. His Courage, Valor and Faith in attacking and traversing these miles of setts through the wicked city!—Dear Frank Perkins, may all your journeys be more pleasant than that one.

A pleasing meal was enjoyed by all and we heard much news. Cyril Smart was heard asking permission to borrow Len Hill's tandem tricycle to introduce his (Smart's) wife to the delights of cycling; what has she done to deserve that we wonder. Frank Palmer, our cheery young schoolboy, was heard telling Cyril what he thought of schoolmasters and Cyril was doing his best to protect his colleagues and profession. Came 7-30 and we wended our ways, the Secretary, Captain, Davies, Parr, Mandall and Doyle to the village inn; Arthur Birkby to Crosby; Lambert, Palmer, Band and Smart to Liverpool. We sat in that ancient inn and toasted our Wirralite who was patting his peregrinations to Wirral, where slept so many, then we Lancastrians potted home, silently admitting HE was a man.

Lymm, 11th March, 1950

The men of Anfield are very akin to Bath Roaders! Way back on the "Tints Tour" I was chatting to Frank Marriott, Tommy Mandall, the Telephone Twins, Len Hill and others about forthcoming runs. On no account, they said, must I miss Lymm. Mention was made of the wonderful food at the Spread Eagle, the charming village nestling in the fold of the hills, the ancient stocks and the goodly crowd who gather. Frank never misses Lymm, neither does Len Hill nor any of the others. Straight

away I felt there was a blank in my life and resolved to rectify same and the tooter the sweeter.

A card from Frank reminded me of the next Lymm run but I couldn't make it, not so the next and with high expectations I bundled bike in car, sped to Chester, dumped car in garage and pedalled to Lymm.

It was a pleasant ride to the village nestling in the folds of the hills and the ancient stocks were there as described, certainly it was a picturesque spot.

The Spread Eagle looked good and eagerly I awaited the legions of Liverpool Anfielders. Tommy Mandall arrived by car explaining that it was a long way from Liverpool, Frank Marriott, they said never supports this run nor do the other Liverpool and Wirral blokes; Len Hill was missing, the Telephone Twins courting and it was too cold for Jimmy Long. Only Don Stewart came from Merseyside, apart from Tommy and Stevie (who don't strictly count for they were motorists). However there was a good muster of Mancunians and I sat down to the "wonderful food". All I can say is, it must have been an off day!

After a chat I found to my dismay that I would have a solitary ride back, then to crown all—the ORDER—"Write this ruddy run up!" No friendly bribe of a pint of Old and Mild—just a command. Life is very hard at times!

Present were:—Messrs. Gorman, Barker, Howarth, Stewart, Stephenson, Mandall, Parr, Davies, Green, Williamson, Bradley, Smart, Thorpe and B. R. Baker.

(Several Liverpool men have evidently moved to Manchester! Addresses please!—Ed.).

Birthday Run to Halewood, 18th March, 1950.

This Birthday Run idea bids fair to become one of the Club's most popular fixtures. It brings Mark Haslam, out anyway! Jack Walton, too, all the way from Settle. Gordon Shaw crossed the Pennines from Sheffield with a weighty box of slides, that he might tell us the fascinating tale of a veteran's End to End trip last year. And a lot of other strangers, too. Today we counted a muster of fifty one and only two friends were included in such a fine turnout.

How nice once again to meet and talk with Mr. Bick, and greet Oliver Cooper, Jimmy Williams, McCann, Seed, Tierney and Swift. Others we noticed were, in no particular order: Parr, Reeves, two Davies's, Lambert, Molyneux, Smart, Howarth, Wild, Williamson, Cranshaw (nice to see you, Jimmy), Catling, Chandler, Green, Bradley, Band, George Stephenson, Gorman, Sherman, A. Williams, Long, Lloyd (yes! Our 'Erb), two Austins, Hubert Buckley, Perkins, Salty, Connor, Ken Barker, Marriott, Palmer, Smith, Morris, Kettle, Hill, Mandall and Thorpe. Stewart and Walls arrived flat out after a blind around the Bowland Forest. Lanternist Joe Williams and friend Doyle completed the muster.

How grand for old friendships to be renewed like this! How good for old tales to be retold. Memory Lane is a long and pleasant highway on these Birthday afternoons. Cross talk comes with the pleasant rattle

of table irons, and the excellent food of this, our favourite, rendezvous disappears delightfully. And then—tables cleared for the event of the evening, Gordon Shaw's illustrated story of his epic ride from the cliffs above Land's End to the swirling waters of Pentland Firth. Gordon tips the three-score, his tandem crew George tips the four-score, and together they averaged over sixty a day on this historic route. Tom White of Manchester accompanied them on a single.

Gordon is a born tourist, and although on the actual ride the party stuck strictly to the record route, on this occasion he dipped into his memory—and ours—with some of the loveliest pictures ever of favourite scenes in the Cotswolds. Tewkesbury had a collection to itself. Then Wales, and we will remember for a long time a view of the Maddach Estuary on a stormy day, and Harlech's castle standing four-square against the sky. Derbyshire, and Lakeland—wonderful pictures all. Comes the Scottish border above Carlisle, and once north of Auld Reekie we saw the Highlands at their grandest. Skye, Loch Torridon and the bleak landscapes of Caithness. So to a grand welcome at the big house at the end of a long road, and we looked across the Pentland Firth to the Orkney Islands.

We haven't had such a grand and interesting evening for a very long time, and our cup of gratitude, brimful and flowing over, goes to "J.G." for coming to talk to us tonight. Many of our younger members had not met him, and we can only hope that he will not allow another 25 years to elapse before meeting us once more!

In conclusion, just a few more acknowledgements; to Joe Williams for loaning and operating the lantern; to Harold Catling for transport arrangements; and to all those who made this splendid run such a grand occasion.

Somerford, 4th March, 1950

Two o'clock saw the Mancunian racing quartet assembled at the rendezvous, which is named, most appropriately, Hasty Lane. Unanimously proclaiming our unfitness we potted at quite a respectable pace through the lanes until Mrs. Bates's hove in sight; our bicycles refused to pass by this haven, and so we found ourselves drinking tea, eating cakes, and thinking how pleasant it is to be unfit.

We then continued our journey via Holmes Chapel and Brereton Hall, including some rough stuff, and on to some back lanes which Russ and Alan wot of but which Walter and I wot not of.

Our progress was erratic, but the last mile to Somerford was covered at a record pace due to an evil desire on the part of Mr. Thorpe to "drop us cold". Alan, in the true Gormanian manner, refused to be dictated to, but the other 50% of the field succumbed without much of a struggle. Finally, four gasping individuals staggered into Sunnyside Café and joined the others for tea.

There were two sensations during the meal, firstly, the defeat of United in the Cup, and secondly, the fact that Hubert Buckley had actually ridden, all the way, on a bicycle, from Macclesfield.

The after-tea topics were films and radio. Our President pointed out, in no uncertain manner, the superiority of Dame Sybil Thorndyke over Ingrid Bergmann in "Joan of Arc". We also embraced Joy Nichols (metaphorically) though I am afraid Stan Wild is still unconvinced of the supremacy of "Take it from Here", that show without which my winter evenings would be very dull. (Come 'ome, Stan Wild!)

The homeward journey was a subdued affair. We said 'Cheerio' to Russ at Fulshaw Cross and I drifted quietly home, realising regretfully that another week now separated me from the next Anfield run.

Those present were the President, P. Williamson, L. Pendlebury, S. Wild, S. Bradley, H. Buckley, R. Barker, A. Gorman, W. Thorpe and A. Howarth.

Parkgate, 4th March, 1950

The sun was just breaking through after a dull morning when I started out for the landing stage and the Woodside boat.

My way was along the Chester Road, very familiar but quite pleasant in the springlike atmosphere, as far as Hooton and the turn for Willaston. From here I crossed the top Chester Road and down to the old-world village of Burton. From Burton it is up and down, mostly down, to Parkgate and tea, a pleasant prospect for one who had lunched early.

Just as I arrived Frank Marriott rolled up, his bicycle covered with liquid mud, and looking as if he had ridden straight over from Connahs Quay. Those present were F. Marriott, Alan Bretherick, Len Hill, J. Davies, F. Palmer, G. Parr, Len Walls, Don Stewart, Jimmy Long, T. Mandall, Jack Salt, Reg. Wilson, Ginner Williams and Ken Barker.

A stop at the Fox and Hounds at Barnston on the way home rounded off a very pleasant afternoon and evening.

Hatchmere, 25th February, 1950

A cold biting wind greeted me full in the face as I left Woodside ferry, but after a few miles twiddling the cold seemed to vanish. On I went towards Chester and then left for Kelsall.

On the hill leading to Tarvin, I caught Len Hill, who had been riding round the Wirral before turning his wheels towards Hatchmere. The main road was left at Delamere and the final miles through the forest brought us to the venue soon after five o'clock.

George Parr, Percy Williamson and Laurie Pendlebury arrived soon afterwards, but as five-thirty drew near Len began to get worried about the lack of numbers. Together we walked down the lane to the side of the lake, and espied Peter Rock, who had been riding round in circles trying to find the cottage. We escorted him back, and soon our party was complete with the arrival of Alf Howarth and Walter Thorpe.

An excellent two bob meal was served, with second helpings for anyone who was still hungry.

The results of the General Election was the main topic of conversation after the meal, but this passed off quietly; no blows being struck!

At seven thirty the party dispersed, the Manchester men making their way homewards, Peter and Len headed for Chester and George and I made for the Runcorn contraption, to part later near Widnes, when George turned off for Halewood's Derby Arms.

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MAY - 1950

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

May

- 6 Llanarmon-yn-Yale (Raven). Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
- 13 First Club "50". Headquarters: Tarvin (Owens Café).
- 15 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 20 Birch Hill. Whitby's Tea Rooms, Birch Hill, nr. Frodsham.
- 27/29 Open "100" Weekend. Headquarters: Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.
- 29 Open "100".

June

- 3 Llanarmon-yn-Yale. (Raven). Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).
- 10 Third Club "25". Headquarters: Tarvin (Owens Café).
- 12 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 17 Over, nr. Winsford (Hunt Hill Café).
- 24 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Member. Stanley Norman Bradley, 10 Mentone Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, has been elected to Full Membership.

Transfer. F. H. Swift has been transferred from Honorary to Full Membership.

A number of beds have been booked in Shrewsbury for Saturday and Sunday nights of Whit week-end. Please contact the Secretary and remember, first come, first served.

75 Avondale Road North,
Southport.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL

High on the list of compensations for the Editorial chore must be placed the pleasure of receiving complimentary copies of the journals of kindred Clubs.

The April number of the M.C. and A.C. *Roll Call* is a bumper issue celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of our Midland friends; we congratulate them on their "Sixty Glorious Years" and send good wishes for the years to come.

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Browsing through this excellent Jubilee number, we came across a photograph of the M.C. and A.C. winning team in our "100" of 1921 and out came the Handbook for that year to see what else happened.

Bert Green was a Vice-President, and the Captain was Harold Kettle; between them they dropped only three Run attendances.

In July the Club suffered a great loss by the death of A. M. ("Boss") Higham.

Membership stood at 179 and recruits during the year included Mark Haslam, Alf Lucas, Freddie Swift and Harry Austin, who was soon to be appointed General Secretary.

Average attendance at 54 Runs was 37.314; the largest muster was 79 at the "100" and the smallest, 21 at *Tarporley in December*!

Tommy Mandall collected 2nd Attendance Prize, 1st Handicap and Greatest Distance in the "12" and a few other trinkets, whilst in the semi-open "24" our own J. A. Grimshaw survived the terrific heat to win with 357½ miles; second was J. G. Shaw (Sharrow) with 350½—that name seems to crop up, doesn't it?

At the A.G.M. Charlie Conway dropped a bombshell by proposing that the Easter Tour be to Bettws, but Anfielders recover quickly and by Easter 46 members were well enough to attend.

Jack Rossiter won the "100" in 5.6.28 and the M.C. and A.C. pipped the Century R.C. by four minutes for first team medals; Grimmy and the Mullah teamed up to take the N.R.R.A. tandem "12" record to 217½ miles and the Club was invited to promote the 1922 World Championship Road Race.

So that is 1921, for no particular reason, except a glimpse of a photograph of three lads in tights; Editors are like that, or they wouldn't be Editors!

THE "100"

The big event of the year for Anfielders is almost upon us once more, and our badge should be visible all over the course at Whitsuntide.

The Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, will again be Headquarters, the Staff have been putting in many hours of hard work perfecting the organisation and it now rests with individual members to do everything possible to make the event an outstanding promotion. Our next issue will be a special "100" number, and every member present at the event can help by sending items of news, however trivial, picked up round the course. Added together these will complete the picture, so please send to the Editor, notes of personalities or clubs you meet or any incidents during the race.

RACING NOTES

Results of two Club events will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The West Cheshire T.T.C.A. "25" on April 16th was won by A. Walmsley, B.N.E., with 1.3.33. Of "Ours" Bryan Jones came home in 1.6.54, Reg. Wilson 1.7.4, Don Stewart 1.9.39 and Len Walls 1.13.55.

The 'Chesh' "50", Merseyside Mountain Trial and T.A. (Northern) "50" are on May 21st, not the 13th as stated last month.

Members requiring beds in Shrewsbury should contact George Connor immediately. There is very little accommodation at the Lion but some beds are available at the Britannia, Mardol.

ODDS AND ENDS

With one accord the miscreants who recommended Lymm to our friend Baker insist that Halewood was the subject of their anthem of praise. As an unbiased observer we just wouldn't know but fail to see how our tame Bath Roader could have imagined the mention of stocks which certainly are in Lymm. These two places continue to get mixed for only a month or two ago Tommy Sherman girded up his loins and bashed out to the Spread Eagle only to discover that the Run was to the Derby Arms—a mere mile or so from his front door.

Norman Turvey has had a dose of 'flu followed by the usual "stringy knees" feeling. A report that he was at Parkgate on Easter Saturday seems to indicate a return to normal; we hope so and trust that the Gravity of the Budget will have bucked him up considerably.

The first meeting of the Elite Society of Lancashirian Anfielders has taken place as threatened in our last. Those sworn in were Tierney, Swift, The Skipper, Stewart, The Treasurer, Bretherick, Birkby, Palmer, Parr and Davies. Rumour has it that Ham and Eggs are in circulation at the Kottage Kaf, certainly the meeting was a success and will be repeated weekly until further notice.

Laurie Pendlebury is a real enthusiast. He cycles from Cottonopolis to Liverpool for Committee meetings and looks as if he enjoys it. After the deliberations he sets to and pedals back again. What a man!

RUNS

Highwayside, 25th March, 1950

Spring was noticeable for the first time on this perambulation towards the Travellers' Rest.

Flowering trees and the early green of the hedgerows gave promise of sunshine, warmth and long Saturday evenings; how grand it is to anticipate pleasures to come when signs and portents show them to be not too far distant.

With some it will be the anticipation of faster times (Alan Gorman perhaps) or even of "beating the hour" (Bryan Jones and Reg Wilson please note) and all of us can look forward to pleasant riding through the changing seasons with good companions to be met at the trysting place.

Common interests bind us together; should Bradley's frail looking trike be expected to carry his manly form AND a hub gear; nods of approval as Russ Barker and Alan arrive covered with honest athletic sweat. Eric Reeves comes in coughing; has he been trying or has he merely ridden through the dense clouds of tobacco smoke puffed out by Wild and Williamson?

In comes Marriott, jocular and affable. (He ought to be now—drat him! Ed.), then Perky Palmer, George Parr, seeking photographs, Alf Howarth, of the cynical quips and the Captain unruffled by his 8 m.p.h. dash.

Next comes Peter Rock, Laurie Pendlebury, cheerful as ever, John Futter, Bryan Jones, the President and V.P. Mandall.

All the above (except Wilson) plus friend Burton of the "Chesh" sat round the board and another Anfield Run was in full swing.

First "25" Miles Handicap, 1st April, 1950

What a day to start the racing programme—the festival of fools!

A field of nine was stretched to ten with the advent of Bryan Jones, our young prospective member, who desired to compete as a private trial. Then Len Hill couldn't raise enough energy to trundle his tricycle, so we were back where we started. A strong wind put paid to any hopes of fast times, but some splendid rides were accomplished for this, the first effort of the year. We would make particular mention here of Bryan Jones' effort of a 1.10.0 on a 69 gear! He thought the event was restricted to a medium gear.

It is regretted that we have no turn times to record, but our checker at Christleton Island took some intermediate performances, and as these are within 3 seconds of timekeeper's time they should be interesting for comparison. The first check (roughly 2 miles, 3½ furlongs) revealed Reg Wilson, our scratch man, to be fastest in 7.0 minutes; Bryan Jones, second in 7.20; Alan Gorman started a little slower and came up in 7.25; Walter Thorpe, 7.40; Alfred Howarth, 7.45; Donald Stewart, 7.48; Salty, the evergreen, 8.3; Len Walls, 8.7; and Russ Barker, 8.20.

Then followed the somewhat difficult stretch along the Whitchurch road to the turn at the top of Broxton Bank, where Peter Rock was ready to receive the competitors. The trip back was more of a flyer, and at Christleton (22 miles 4½ furlongs) we find Alan Gorman to be fastest with 1.2.35. A super fast finish to where Bert Green waited with the watch enabled the lads to gain roughly two minutes on their outward times.

The finishing results were as follows:

		h'cap.	nett		
1.	Alan Gorman	1.7.57	1¾ mins.	1.6.12	
2.	Reg Wilson	1.8.47	Scratch	1.8.47	
3.	Alfred Howarth	1.9.25	1½	1.7.45	
4.	Walter Thorpe	1.10.10	4¼	1.5.55	1st Hand
5.	Donald Stewart	1.11.22	3¾	1.7.37	
6.	Len Walls	1.14.25	4¾	1.9.40	
7.	Russ Barker	1.15.20	6¾	1.8.35	
8.	Jack Salt	1.16.35	4½	1.12.5	

Private trial—Bryan Jones, 1.10.0.

Those who were out, and this is not a complete list, were: Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Frank Marriott, Ken Barker, Peter Rock, Stan Bradley, Bert Green, Percy Williamson, John Futter, Cyril Selkirk, Eric Reeves was also around for some time, but like a wisping shadow he departed early.

Easter Tour, "Craven Heifer", Stainforth, 7th to 10th April, 1950.

The week-end really started at the Swan, Whalley, on Thursday night when Eric Reeves, Len Walls, Don Stewart and Alf Howarth met for a

night off the ration, the idea being to make possible a circuitous route on Good Friday.

The quartet travelled via Clitheroe, Gisburn, Skipton and Bolton Abbey where they were joined for a time by a stranger with an iron on his leg and wearing surgical boots but these had not prevented him doing a 1.8 for 25 miles.

Grassington and Arncliffe followed, then over the top to a C.T.C. house in a valley for tea. Making short work of a long tea our heroes prepared to knock off as many of the remaining miles as possible before dark. Then came the casual enquiry of the good man of the house: "How far to Stainforth—the Craven Heifer?" And the answer, believe it or not was 100 yards!

The Female Cow aforesaid stands on the main road two miles north of Jack Walton, and Stainforth's main claim to fame lies in the fact that it once harboured the A.B.C. for an Easter week-end.

Whilst the athletic section had been chasing around the Northern fells the President had been looking around the Trough of Bowland before meeting Tommy Mandall at teatime; Tommy had a rendezvous with George Parr, John Davies and two friends, George Alcock and Jack Baines, at 9-0 a.m. on the East Lanes. Road and so we find 7-15 p.m. with our party complete.

After dinner Kitty was introduced and found favour in the eyes of the lads who prefer to pay a deposit and trust the Treasurer to watch for signs of inflation.

Saturday

The first morning was far from encouraging, rain, hail and high winds greeted us and when our hostess asked if any Gentlemen (!) would be in to lunch, the Presider, Tommy and Eric (is it "Ichabod"?) said yea!

Off went the Jacks and Georges in one direction and Don, Len and Alf in another; ten minutes later Alf was back—for lunch!! Ichabod in excelsis.

Of Len and Don there is no record save that they go—they come back—they probably spent the day at their Friday tea-place (100 yards each way) but it is not for the writer to suggest such things.

Parr and Pals had a good day. Climbing out of Settle they made for Scaleber Force, a waterfall which drops into a wooded hollow, then Kirby Malham with its church register reputed to contain Cromwell's signature; and so to Malham for lunch and then on to Gordale Scar, a deep cleft in the limestone cliff down which water tumbles only to be blown back in the form of spray on such a day as this.

The way now was back to Malham, for the grassy Mastile Lane route to Kettlewell must await a better day, and visits to Malham Cove (from which springs the infant River Aire) and Malham Tarn, one of Yorkshire's few lakes. How grey and forbidding it looked on this wild day.

It was pleasant to return to the comfort of the inn and, round dinner table and fire, to talk of the day's adventures and look forward to the morrow.

Easter Sunday

Words are so inadequate at times and in any case the Editor wouldn't pass a fair description of today's weather and consequently a rather late start was indicated.

Alf, Eric, Len and Don found lunch in Aysgarth via Stocton-in-Ribblesdale, Ribbleshead and Bainbridge.

After lunch and a look at the falls, in full spate after the heavy rains, the route lay up the Kidstone Pass then downhill into the wind through Buckden and Kettlewell.

A halt was made for afternoon tea before tackling a rough cross-country route from Threshfield to the Malham—Settle Road then rain and more rain with the road twisting and climbing before finally dropping into Stainforth.

George Parr, John Davies and friends had spent the day in the Ingleton Caves and surrounding country, whilst Bert Green and Tommy had motored round the countryside with Jack Walton. Jack is a real philosopher and treats his petrol-wagon accordingly. If the starter won't work then take it off, you can always start the brute down a hill and if the fan belt gives trouble take that off too, the engine goes better when it's hot!

Fortunately this slap-happy attitude is not extended to stopping; Jack is quite conventional in the use of brakes rather than running against a wall.

Returning to the "Craven Heifer" the President and his Vice unstabled their bicycles for the short run to "Walton Hall" for tea and to meet Jack's wife and family and after dinner Jack joined the party at the Heifer and a good time was had by all.

Easter Monday

Gales, hailstones, snow and rain greeted us for the day of departure; Yorkshire was bent on showing us what weather can be like.

Alf, Len, Eric and Don fought their way to Whalley for lunch, where Alf turned off for a sleigh ride to Manchester leaving the trio to fight on through Preston and home, Len completing the week-end by puncturing in the Tunnel.

Bert and Tommy called at Jack Walton's and then pushed to Hellifield where additional shares in Home Rails were purchased, *no disgrace*, as Jimmy would say; it took a 200 ton loco all its time to stay on the rails.

And so ended another Anfield Tour; good grub, beds and barley-water, the general opinion being that the district and the house are well worth another visit.

Whitegate, 15th April, 1950

The threatening feature of this day was the awful fact that Eric Reeves had promised his company for the trip across the forest hills to the pleasant eating place on the slopes of the ever delightful Vale Royal of Cheshire. Then Len Walls made it a trio, and we three drifted gently through the lanes to Ellesmere Port for a quick 'cuppa' before the somewhat smelly though quite interesting journey through the refineries. A footpath aside the railway brought Elton and so Helsby was reached quite quickly.

The hills came then, and we walked—yes, walked, Len was racing on the morrow—on the pleasing slopes into Alvanley village. Right, then left, and another climbing road gave grand glimpses of this lovely and tumbled bit of Cheshire. We do not see half enough of it. A halt at the tea-place at Birch Hill for a second cuppa provided an opportunity to arrange for a future fixture in this delightful hill-land.

More climbing, and we reached the lofty skyline of this forest country before dropping into the vale. A narrow lane drifts into Kingsley, and there's no more delightful glimpse of a Cheshire village than this, the main road misses the glory. Crowton, Acton Bridge, Weaverham, a right turn on the fringe of Hartford, a furtive glance at the main-line for the glimpse of a possible express, and then left once more for the last miles to Whitegate. The other two were guessing until the main road, and then they knew. Five-forty, and the trio arrived.

Many feet were in the trough. The sound emanating from the champing jaws brought recollections of a little bit in *The Countryman* months ago. An old rustic was telling someone that "Pigs is like ducks, they squawp their chuck!" The eggs, sausages, beans and trappings sounded as if they were being "squawped" too!

What a happy party—the Mighty Atom wasn't there! (Jimmy reached no farther than Two Mills on this delightful afternoon). Bert Green, Bradley, Walter Thorpe and Alfred Howarth had been for a "bash", and had unkind things to say of the Homestead Café, between Wem and Whitchurch; others round the board were Tommy Mandall, Frank Palmer, Vic Lambert, Rigby Band, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, George Parr, John Davies, Donald Stewart, Percy Williamson, Eric Reeves, Len Walls, Frank Marriott, Stan Wild, John Futter. Len Hill sweated in just as we were leaving. Some business in real estate in Wirral had been held up by the other bloke telling Len of all the Anfielders he knew, and it was 4-30 ere Len left the Two Mills for his trip to Whitegate. We can only hope that someone was friendly enough to wait for him. We didn't!

Second Club "25", 22nd April, 1950

As we go to press a report on this event is not to hand and it must await a later issue. In the meantime the results are as follows:—

	Turn	Actual Time	H'cap	Handicap Time
1. A. Gorman	30.52	1.4.20	1	1.3.20
2. B. Jones	30.20	1.4.45	2½	1.2.15
3. A. Howarth	31.37	1.6.53	1¼	1.5.38
4. J. Futter	32.6	1.7.15	2½	1.4.45
5. D. Stewart	32.21	1.7.24	4¼	1.3.9
6. L. Walls	33.20	1.10.10	5¼	1.4.55
7. W. Thorpe	31.57	1.11.14	4½	1.6.44
8. R. Barker	34.15	1.11.39	7	1.4.39
9. J. J. Salt	34.23	1.12.15	5	1.7.15
R. Wilson	31.36	D.N.F.	Scr.	—
L. J. Hill	D.N.S.	—	—	—

Congratulations to Bryan Jones on getting inside 1.5 so early in his first season. There was a grand turnout of members at Tarvin and your Editor must apologise for leaving the detailing of a victim so late that only competitors were available and certainly it isn't fair to be butchered to make an Anfield holiday and then have to write about it.

Highwayside, 29th April, 1950

The bloke who once said that telephones are accursed things is probably right. This morning was filthy, a south-east wind, and continuous rain dripping from a leaden sky. The telephone tinkled with a message from the Editor: find someone who can write the run and post it on Sunday. In other words, do it yourself! For the Editor and his henchman (who did the ringing) it was far too wet to venture across the flat fields of Cheshire to the pleasant tea house we have known so long.

Strangely, though, I had intentions of having tea at Highwayside, rain or no rain. Then, shortly after two, Perkins called at No. 30, and the pair of Franks drifted slowly into the wind and water towards Two Mills, and a cup of tea and a cake. Then Eric Reeves sailed across the skyline. More tea, and the rain was ceasing. The wind veered, too, and the miles passed pleasantly through Chester and Waverton and on to the road giving such grand glimpses of the Peckforton Hills. Tiverton looked particularly delightful on this April afternoon. A mile or so from the Travellers Rest a short and sharp shower made us scatter for the capes.

Five-thirty, and journey's end. Bert Green, Donald Stewart, Jimmy Long (nice work, after a two o'clock start), Bren Orrell and his lad (nice work again), Alan Gorman, Alfred Howarth, Russ Barker, Walter Thorpe, and the Wirral trio mentioned earlier. Such was the merry throng that clamoured at the tea-table. Percy Williamson and Len Hill drifted in later. The Manchester lads were full, figuratively speaking, of some maps that they discovered last week in a Cheshire tea-house. Gently envious, we accompanied Bradley on his explorations in Corsica; stronger terms described the blokes who stayed at home, the enthusiasts who cannot see the fun of an April day awheel in the rain.

Seven pip-emma and the hour for drifting homewards. Brighter light, and a sun winking behind the clouds. The evening gave the glory of this April day. Len Hill and Donald ventured to Liverpool across the forest to the Mersey and the Meccano Set. Percy and Bert ambled gently, leaving the faster quartet to make the miles pass quickly. Jimmy joined Eric and the two Franks, and a pleasant quartet pedalled on the quiet ways towards Chester and the high road home.

As we go to press we regret to learn of the sudden death of Albert Lusty on May 2nd. Further particulars and an appreciation will appear in next month's issue.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JUNE - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

A LIST OF WINNERS SINCE THE INCEPTION OF THE ANFIELD "100"

PACED EVENTS

1889	P. C. Wilson	Catford C.C.	7.11.0
1890	No event—police interference		
1891	J. A. Bennett	Anfield B.C.	6.25.57
1892	J. A. Bennett	Anfield B.C.	5.46.50
1893	R. H. Carlisle	Anfield B.C.	5.58.6
1894	J. A. Bennett	Anfield B.C.	6.3.4
1895	W. M. Owen	Anfield B.C.	5.23.18
1896	W. E. Gee	Manchester Wed.	4.59.30
1897	W. E. Gee	Manchester Wed.	5.7.0
1898	F. R. Goodwin	North Road C.C.	5.1.31
1899	W. E. Gee	Manchester Wed.	6.5.20

UNPACED EVENTS

1900	W. H. Nutt	North Road C.C.	5.38.47
1901	R. S. Cobley	North Road C.C.	5.25.0
1902	W. H. Nutt	North Road C.C.	5.36.3
1903	E. J. Amooore	Bath Road Club	5.33.25
1904	F. H. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	5.23.2
1905	F. H. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	5.18.15
1906	W. M. Bailey	Polytechnic C.C.	5.19.20
1907	F. H. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	5.17.44
1908	E. A. Merlin	Polytechnic C.C.	5.19.30
1909	R. H. Etherington	Bath Road Club	5.13.5
1910	C. Moss	Midland C. & A.C.	5.17.56
1911	C. Moss	Midland C. & A.C.	5.11.52
1912	C. Moss	Midland C. & A.C.	5.11.12
1913	H. H. Gayler	Polytechnic C.C.	5.5.51
1914	H. H. Gayler	Polytechnic C.C.	4.59.8
1919	M. G. Selbach	Unity	5.15.39
1920	W. H. Genders	Midland C. & A.C.	5.9.50
1921	J. W. Rossiter	Century Road Club	5.6.28
1922	W. T. Burkhill	Midland C. & A.C.	5.5.13
1923	A. Wilson	Hull Thursday C.C.	5.11.47
1924	A. Wilson	Yorkshire Roads Club	5.3.4
1925	A. Wilson	Yorkshire Roads Club	4.55.31
1926	F. W. Southall	Norwood Paragon	4.55.10
1927	F. W. Southall	Norwood Paragon	4.47.21
1928	F. W. Southall	Norwood Paragon	4.53.26
1929	A. West	Bath Road Club	4.51.18
1930	G. B. Orrell	Anfield B.C.	4.56.34
1931	H. J. Townsend	Speedwell B.C.	4.53.10
1932	C. Holland	Midland C. & A.C.	4.48.0
1933	G. B. Orrell	Anfield B.C.	4.45.37
1934	C. Holland	Midland C. & A.C.	4.41.18
1935	J. E. Carr	Anfield B.C.	4.48.19
1936	C. Holland	Midland C. & A.C.	4.33.29
1937	H. H. Pickersgill	Vegetarian	4.32.13
1938	R. Firth	Bronte Wheelers	4.33.36
1939	R. Firth	Bronte Wheelers	4.35.34
1946	R. J. Maitland	Solihull	4.43.9
1947	R. Firth	Altrincham R.	4.27.0
1948	J. Baines	Lancaster C.C.	4.36.12
1949	H. Harding	Walton C. & A.C.	4.34.24
1950	J. Baines	Notts Falcon	4.28.51

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVI

JUNE 1950

NUMBER 531

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

June

- 10 Third Club "25". Headquarters: Owens Café, Tarvin
- 12 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 17 Over, near Winsford. Hunt Hill Café
- 24 Utkinton. Smithy Farm

July

- 1 Cilcain (White Horse). Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)
- 8 Hatchmere, Ivy Cottage, Flaxmoss
- 10 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 15 Whitegate. Whitegate Nurseries
- 22 Second Club "50". Headquarters, Owen's Café, Tarvin

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

This number of our *Monthly Circular* will have a larger circulation than usual, for it will go out not only to our own members but also to all those friends who took part in our "100" either as competitors or as helpers. To each one I would say, on behalf of the Club, a most sincere 'Thank you' for the part you played.

Elsewhere in this *Circular* you will find a brief outline of the long history of the race and a description of this, the 51st event in the series. Should your contribution to its success have failed to receive the mention it deserves I assure you it was none the less appreciated and we look forward to meeting you again and again around our course at Whitesuntide.

In the meantime, good wishes and good riding and again our very best thanks.

H. GREEN, *President*.

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month and all matter for publication *must* be in the hands of the Editor by that day. Contributions must be on one side of the paper only and should be typed if possible.

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.

COMMITTEE NOTES

At the Committee Meeting held May 15th the President and Members stood in silence as a tribute to the memory of the late Albert Lusty, a member since 1920.

The Committee accepted with gratitude a donation of £10 from R. A. Fulton, to be used for a special prize or prizes. A decision regarding the allocation of this generous gift was deferred for further consideration.

New Member. John Edward Bryan Jones, 51 Windsor Drive, Broughton, Chester, has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

Application for Membership. Brendon Orrell (Jnr.), "Orrwood", Twemlow, Holmes Chapel. Proposed by H. Green, seconded by W. Orrell.

Changes of Address. W. A. Connor, 11 Roe Lane, Southport. S. Wild, 6 Gibwood Road, Northenden, Manchester.

75 Avondale Road North,
Southport.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

OBITUARY

ALBERT LUSTY

As so briefly recorded in our issue last month, it is with the greatest possible sorrow that we have to add the name of our revered friend Albert Lusty to the list of those Anfielders who "have ridden on ahead". His passing was accidental, tragic and sudden, and to his good lady and Len we extend our sincerest sympathy.

Albert Lusty was one of the finest cyclists of his time. Not purely as a rider, although his career glistened with outstanding performances for more than forty years, but also as an admirable administrator, and a man firm in his conception of principle. For thirty years he had been an Anfielder, and although his residence in Birmingham had precluded him from really active participation in our affairs, his services had been readily given as a timekeeper over many years. He was to have timed this year's Open "100".

Albert Lusty is one we have loved and lost. We shall not see his like again.

F.E.M.

EDITORIAL

For the second time the name of J. Baines has been added to the long list of Anfield "100" winners, and both the name and the time, 4 hrs. 28 mins., 51 secs., are worthy additions to an already impressive record of a classic event.

The first Anfield "100" was held on a Cheshire course in 1889, ten years after the foundation of the Club at Liverpool in March, 1879.

No event was held in 1890 due to police interference but, war years excepted, it has been a highlight of the road calendar ever since.

Until 1899, the events were paced and the Club provided the winner on five occasions, J. A. Bennett winning in 1891-2-4, R. H. Carlisle in 1893 and W. M. Owen in 1895; Bennett, who joined the Club in 1888, was elected to Life Membership in 1949.

The unpaced series started in 1900 with a win for W. H. Nutt, North Road C.C., who also won the 1902 event; since these early days the names of many famous riders and clubs have been added to the roll of winners.

The first unpaced ride inside 5 hours was by H. H. Gayler in 1914, but many cycling historians, including G. H. Stancer, consider that the greatest performance in the history of the event was by Gayler in 1913, when he battled through the most appalling conditions to record 5.5.51 against the next man's 5.32.0.

Charlie Holland, M.C. & A.C., was the first to beat 4.40 when, in 1936, he clocked 4.33.29.

From 1892, North Shropshire was the scene of the event with the exception of two years when police interference necessitated a tactical retreat to Cheshire.

The 1937 event finally proved that parts of the course were too congested with motor coach and car traffic and an entirely new course on the Welsh Border country was used in 1938 but although this has again been modified the fine old town of Shrewsbury has remained the Headquarters of the event and the wheels of many hundreds of cyclists still turn towards Shropshire at Whitsuntide.

Reuben Firth won the first two events on the new course, in 1938-9, and in 1947 he set up the present course and event record of 4 hrs. 27 mins.

Even the briefest sketch of the history of this great event would be incomplete without reference to the many sportsmen who have played their part down the years.

Winners are honoured and remembered and rightly so, but a date, a name and a time should recall not only one who made fastest time but also the many who rode for the joy of physical achievement against watch and elements with little or no thought of tangible reward, and behind the riders each year is a great band of helpers, the lads and lassies who check, marshal, hand up drink or sponge or, merely by their presence at vantage points on the course, add to that indefinable something which totals up to another Anfield "100".

LETTER FROM AMERICA

A letter containing news of our old member, R. A. ("Baron") Fulton, is always most welcome for his removal to New York many years ago removed an active member and a grand Club-mate from among us, but his name has remained on the membership list and his interest in the game and in the Anfield has never waned.

"The Baron" joined the Club in 1907 and was a fine rider, particularly on a tricycle. Wherever he went, and his journeys were legion, he left a trail of broken records behind him; he is anxious that this most desirable form of vandalism shall be continued by present-day Anfielders for his recent letter contained a donation of £10 for special prizes to be allocated at the discretion of the Committee. The matter is now under consideration and the decision will be made known in due course, in the meantime we send greetings and sincere thanks to our friend across the sea.

RACING NOTES

Dukinfield "50"	A. Gorman 2.14.56; A. Howarth 2.18.31.
Cheshire R.C. "50"	A. Gorman 2.14.2 (13th); A. Howarth 2.17.17.
Club "50"	A. Gorman 2.10.15 (Club Record).
Anfield "100"	A. Gorman 4.53.0; A. Howarth 4.56.7.
W.C.T.T.C.A. "30"	D. Stewart 1.23.24; L. Walls 1.27.15.
R.A.F. "25"	John Futter did a short 1.9 against fastest time of 1.7.51 in half a gale. He hopes to ride in the Anfield team in the W.C.T.T.C.A. "50" as will Ernie Davies, who is now available again.

SHORTS

Congratulations to Rex Austin, now a V.P. of the N.R.R.A.
Best wishes to Stevie and Peter, both of whom missed the "100" due to illness.

Charles Randall was on the Top Road on Whit Monday night and hailed the Editor and Salty. He wishes to be remembered to all friends in the A.B.C.

Jack Seed has been on his cycle again after a long spell of poor health. Best wishes, Jack, and to John Band, who is having a rough time due to an accident to his back many months ago.

RUNS

Llanarmon-yn-Yale, 6th May, 1950

Two-thirty p.m. and pouring rain saw one lazy Anfielder start out for the ferry on those features of a bygone age—slippery setts. He hadn't been riding for five minutes when wham! and he was slithering, jet-propelled, towards the Pier Head.

The "lazy Anfielder" was me, and I got up about three minutes afterwards and looked around for my bike. Ah! there she was, twenty yards up the road. Well, how did I get here? Now I remember, I put the front brake on. Clumsy clot! I remounted and wended my way, a little wiser and much wetter young cyclist. I arrived at Birkenhead without further mishap, looked at the time on the Town Hall clock and found I was late. Head down, and I started to hurry. (Well, twelve an hour is hurrying for a bloke who hasn't started racing).

Just before Two Mills a "bod" with a motor on the back of his bike, and a sardonic grin on his face, came charging past. I didn't like his grin nor his bike, so I simply had to tuck in behind him. At Two Mills he succumbed to the conditions and stopped. I had just got to within a mile of Queensferry when I heard the "zug-zug" of the "motor-bod" again, past he came, still with the sardonic grin. I crept in behind but after he had soaked my feet and splashed my face with dirty water, I decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and let him go.

Under the railway bridge at Queensferry I caught up with Tommy Mandall and James Long, and the three of us rode up to Mold, where

we were overtaken by Don Stewart, Len Walls, and Frank Marriott. We continued up out of Mold, passed the Loggerheads to the Raven Inn, Llanarmon, to find Frank Chandler, who was going to spend the night at Llangollen; George Parr, who was to stay the night at Llanbedr, Bryan Jones and John Futter, all waiting for the word Go!

The meal passed off uneventfully, though of course nothing was left. Len Hill came in half-way through to complete the party. He had been to visit a friend who lives near Cilcain. At 6-45 everyone decided to leave, Chandler had already gone, and Tommy and Jimmy had sneaked off alone, leaving eight others (including the Captain on his barrow) to start on the easy ride home.

Shortly after leaving Llanarmon we said "Goodbye" to George, and after a pedal spinning drop into Mold we parted from Bryan and John, both of whom promised to be at the West Cheshire "30" next day. The others continued to Clatterbridge, where Len and I made our way, via a cup of tea, to Woodside for the end of another Club run.

Those present were Chandler, Mandall, Long, Bryan Jones, Futter, Marriott, Walls, Stewart, Parr, Hill and Palmer.

Dane-in-Shaw, 6th May, 1950

As I rode to work this morning, my thoughts dwelt on the afternoon Club run. A quick get away after lunch. A turn into the lanes beyond Chelford, across the road at Windy Harbour to negotiate the twists and turns which would land me at Radnor Bridge. A cup of tea at Somerford where I was almost certain to find Mr. Presider.

Alas for sweet contemplation. When I came to leave the office it was in heavy rain which continued whilst I lunched. Reluctance to don a wet cape delayed my departure until I had only sufficient time to travel alone along the most direct route, and what can I tell of that. The climb out of suburbia at Alderley Edge. The start of Cheshire "Opens". Quiet Redesmere and brave Capesthorpe, not yet a Polish colony. Marton church and the Davenport Arms, scene of Anfield teas several decades ago. The tumble into Congleton and a tour of its streets by the one-way detour. The climb out again and once more a tearing drop to the foot of toiling hill.

The President, Bren Orrell and son, Rus Barker, Walter Thorp, Laurie Pendlebury and friend were already in possession when I arrived. Stan Wild rolled up on his barrow having been determined to give the three wheeler an airing even if it meant riding in a bathing costume. Tea was soon served in the usual Coach and Horses proportions.

The news of the death of that fine sportsman, Albert Lusty, placed a subdued air on our Club run. Everyone felt that he had lost a precious friend, for our late fellow clubman was in all his activities a friend to every cyclist.

The company divided for the run home, one half down the hill whilst the remainder of us proceeded via Key Green, North Rode Church and Cox's Moss to join the main road again at Marton. The afternoon was fine after the noonday rain, but I still begrudge that lost cup of tea.

1st Club "50", 13th May, 1950

After nearly 20 years in the care of Jack Salt, the Club "50" record has passed to Alan Gorman, who clipped half-a-minute off Evergreen's figures with a fine ride of 2.10.15.

Stan Wild started the first man at 4.31 p.m. on an afternoon that could not be called ideal and Alan was quickly into his stride to lead by a minute at the turn near Backford Island. He continued to increase this lead throughout. Congratulations, Alan, it was a fine ride.

A good turnout of members spread themselves around the course and tea was taken at the Headquarters, Owen's Café, Tarvin.

In addition to those included in the results table the following members were noted, though this list may not be quite complete :

The President, Frank Marriott, Frank Palmer, Peter Rock, Bryan Jones, Ernie Davies, the Editor, Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, George Connor, Arthur Williams, Laurie Pendlebury, Len Hill, Harold Kettle and Stan Wild.

		50 Miles			H'cap	
Name		1st Turn	Top Turn	Actual Time	H'cap	Time
1	A. Gorman	23.58	1.22.0	2.10.15	Ser.	2.10.15
2	D. Stewart	24.55	1.28.30	2.21.20	9	2.12.20
3	J. J. Salt	25.20	1.30.30	2.21.30	10	2.11.30
4	L. J. Walls	25.23	1.30.30	2.23.20	11	2.12.20
5	W. Thorpe	25.28	1.31.0	2.24.14	10	2.14.14
	R. Barker	25.28	1.33.0	D.N.F.		
	R. Wilson	24.58		D.N.F.		
	A. Howarth	D.N.S.				

Birch Hill, 20th May, 1950

The instigators of the run to this venue in the lovely, folded, hill-land in the Forest of Delamere tender their apologies. Perhaps to some an explanation might not be needed, the meal was good, and quite delightful. Yet to others the price charged—3/6—seemed a bit steep. And indeed it was. When Eric and Frank and Len Walls first tackled the lady on the prospect of catering for the Club, egg on toast was mentioned, with bread and jam and cake to follow. Perhaps the succulent cold lamb came from the blackest of sable markets. Even so, we cannot easily travel this way again without some report on the all-important price question.

A pity, this, for the rendezvous gave an opportunity of revelling again in some of the most delightful bits of this tumbled Delamere forest-land. Jimmy, Frank, Eric and Donald tackled something new when, on the lower slopes of Manley Bank, they swung away to the left instead of perspiring profusely on the steep bit by the quarry. The road still climbed, and then curved back by something almost Continental in the way of hair-pin bends. Misty blue of many wild hyacinths gave the waysides rare delight. We did not know that such a delightful bit of road existed.

Left farther along, and a gently ascending highway gave us Manley Schools, and a right turn from the Frodsham road a half-mile farther on led on to a wonderful bit of Cheshire we have not seen for 20 years.

Tommy Mandall and Jack Davies held the fort, and then, slowly, and one by one, the others drifted in. Some had difficulty in finding the place. Birch Hill is on every map worthy of the name, but if you ask your way from the locals, the name is Kingswood. Vic Lambert arrived all alone since Alan is swiftly on the way to being a benedict, then Frank Palmer, after an energetic trip over the Horse Shoe Pass; Len Hill, with friend Ossie Dover; George Parr; John Futter and Bryan Jones, looking fitter than ever; and Frank Perkins, who had been doing a first right, first left stunt ever since Helsby in the hope that it would get him to Birch Hill sometime.

Five-thirty, and not a soul from Manchester in sight! Where were the enthusiasts from the city of Eternal Sunshine? Five-thirty-five: forty. "Tea up!" shouts Captain Hill, and we started the meal, still wondering. Then, cheers! Stan Wild, who seemed all of a lather. He—and the others—had toiled over the slopes from Kingsley and across the highest bit of Delamere to come swiftly down to the waiting meal. Bert Green was next; then Laurie; Percy; Bradley and Mr. Duck, a prospective member. Bradley has just returned from Corsica, only to find, on reaching London, that someone had whipped his beloved Brooks from his bicycle, and replaced it with a far inferior saddle! Our Midland friend seemed to be as brown as those attractive and dusky dark-eyed Corsican maidens we hear so much about.

Seven p.m. and we were away again. Stan was to be up more than betimes at 4-30 to assist in the Cheshire Roads "50", in which Gorman, Howarth, Thorpe and Russ Barker were riding. The Wirral lads drifted through the lanes from Mollington to Bebington in all the glory of an evening in spring. Very nice, too.

Whit Week-end, 27th-29th May, 1950

Some forty members were in Shropshire for Whitsun, but history will not record the comings and goings (and goings-on) at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, the Headquarters for the week-end and the "100", for space is limited and must be conserved for an adequate report of the "100".

The end of petrol rationing was celebrated by at least two motorists with a "heresy-hunt"; one tried to ram Len Walls near the "Black Dog" and although Len escaped serious hurt his front wheel was rendered completely U.S. and had to be replaced.

The second miscreant scored a "bull" on one of Len Hill's back wheels, whilst our Captain and tame barrow-boy was lunching at the Stokesay Castle Hotel on Sunday with a party consisting of the President, Connor, Mandall, Ernie and Mrs. Davies, Lambert, Norman Turvey, Jack Beauchamp (B.R.C.) and son, Percy Williamson, Jonas, Walls, Wild, Reg Wilson and Peter Hazelwood (M.C. & A.C.).

A select party spent part of the afternoon trying to repair the damage, watched by the owner who, as Captain of the A.B.C., could hardly do the job himself when minions were available.

Tea was served to the labourers at the expense of Wilson and friend Hazlewood, who paid the bill silently and disappeared to avoid either thanks or having to buy the blighters chips on reaching Shrewsbury.

The Lion was the scene of many reunions and numerous friends called on us during Saturday and Sunday nights but Monday was the great day and so we must pass on to the highlight of the Anfield year—the "100".

THE COURSE

To older members and friends mention of the "100" conjures up nostalgic memories of northern Shropshire with the start appropriately enough at Battlefield, named after an even more ancient "scrap" which took place in 1403 A.D.

How many speedmen have sped through Shawbury and High Ercall, have groaned at Lee Brockhurst and sweated through Hinstock and round Chetwynd Church and been cheered by the "gallery" at Prees Heath.

How many hundredweights and quarters of cold rice pudding in neat greaseproof papers have been thrust into pockets of alpaca jackets, the lapels of which proudly carried traces of a variety of drinks that missed their mark; but all this was in the days of that almost extinct relic of a by-gone age—a *black* bicycle!

The present course runs south from Shrewsbury down the Ludlow road (A.49) through Leebotwood and Church Stretton gap with its attendant Roman road nearby and perhaps the straining muscles find a little relief because of the glorious views of the Long Mynd and Wenlock Edge. At Onibury, north of Ludlow, the speed man starts to retrace his steps, glancing perhaps at the not far distant Clee Hills as he makes the turn. Not for him the quiet stroll round the fortified manor-house of Stokesay though he may reflect that our modern spate of form filling had its counterpart in 1291 A.D. when one, Laurence of Ludlow, acquired the manor and had to obtain a "licence to crenellate" before adding embattled walls and the north and south towers.

The speedman will find no time to turn aside at Craven Arms, gateway to lovely Corve Dale, and he must deny himself more than a glance at the start of the Carding Mill Valley as he heads north for the Shrewsbury bye-pass to negotiate the numerous islands before reaching the Welshpool road which he now follows to Ford and the right fork for Alberbury and Llandrinio with its bridge over the Severn. Near here the wooded slopes of Breiddon Hill rise sharply to the summit, crowned with the column commemorating the victories of Admiral Rodney. On a more leisurely occasion the cyclist might well turn aside awhile for Middletown and the quiet lane leading to Old Parr's Cottage, once the home of that famous figure (remembered by a brass in Wollaston Church inscribed "the old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr") who died in the reign of Charles I, aged 153 years.

The course leads from Llandrinio to Maerdy on the Welshpool-Oswestry road which it follows north through Four Crosses and Llanymynech, where the "local" on the English side of the border works a seven day week in contrast to its Welsh brothers, who take Sunday off.

At Llyncllys 64 miles have been covered and the speedman turns left but not without a wistful glance across the road towards the mere which is reputed to have no bottom; the next nine and a half miles are "on the

collar" and usually the wind comes down this lovely Tanat Valley straight from the lofty Berwyns just beyond Llanrhaiadr and the turn. The return down to Llynclys will normally be fast and even the racing man intent on his job may be moved by the steep wooded walls of the valley around Llangedwyn and Pen-y-Bont, though he will have no time to turn aside into picturesque Llanyblodwell village to see the wonderful half-timbered Horseshoe Inn in its glorious setting on the brink of the Afon Tanat nor to wander from near Llangedwyn to search out Pont Sycarth and the mounds which mark the site of Owen Glyndwrs 'royal palace.'

Llynclys (83½), Maerdy (88), 8 miles now to Rowton, then less than 4 miles to the finish in Montford Lane; a typical Anfield sporting course on which it is unlikely that Competition Record will ever be broken!

Many fine rides have already been done on these roads and many more are yet to be accomplished by the boys to whom Whitsun and the "Anfield" is an annual 'must'.

THE FIFTY-FIRST ANFIELD "100"—29th May, 1950

This story should really start many weeks ago, for only those who have actually organised such an event can really know the work which lies behind the scenes. As time and space are short however, we start the tale at 5-30 a.m. Whit Monday, a bright windy morning with promise of a fine but fit man's day of alternating hard slogs and 'flyers', making severe calls on stamina and willpower.

The great trek has started; from Shrewsbury and all points of the compass riders, officials and spectators converge on the start or slip silently off to where duty and good sportsmanship bid them serve for the next few hours.

Eric Reeves, now using his great racing experience as Racing Secretary and therefore chief architect of the whole structure of the race, sees that Timekeeper Stan Wild (famous Cheshire Roader and Anfielder and infamous tea drinker) is at the correct spot so that the riders do (in the words of a certain advert.) "not too little, not too much".

The Timekeeper, first to start and last to finish in every event, would have been Albert Lusty but for the tragic accident which robbed all cyclists of a great hearted friend and as yet it is hard to realise that we shall see him no more until we also ride on ahead and beyond.

Judge and Referee was genial Bert Green, Anfield President, member since 1912, with over 50 Run attendances each year since that date; a great record and an inspiration to all who know him.

The man who is Always Wrong (alias the Handicapper) was burly East Liverpool Wheeler Frank Slemen and before the race 100 entrants thought he was "up the shute"—97 of them will continue to think so "until death do us part", but Frank has broad shoulders (and a kind heart that yearns to *give everyone two hours!*)

Assisting at the start were George Connor, efficient scribe of the A.B.C., Ned Haynes and Walter Thorpe among others, and with those who came to see fair play were North Roaders Abbott, E. B. Marsh, A. B. Smith and a crowd of disciples; Bath Roaders Jack Beauchamp (with Mrs. B.),

Sam Webster ("Boffin") and several young recruits who are in good hands in the B.R.C. We were delighted to see W. A. Tuplin on the late Billy Cook's trike; "Tup" is nearly 80 not out and has seen half-a-century of "Anfields".

Eddie Green, also North Road, came (in triplicate) from Windermere and other welcome friends included S. T. Capener (Speedwell) and Don Lifford, Finsbury Park and *Cycling*.

A stentorian voice calls "No. 1" and shortly a quieter voice says "15 secs.—10—5-4-3-2-1. GO", and Alf Howarth is pushed off on the hard leg to Onibury into the rising wind. Over the next hour and forty minutes this is repeated for 93 starters, long and short markers, good fellows all. Alf Crimes broke a toe-strap, a hasty replacement and off like a shot, Haslam "went" right from the gun; "Pat" Baines, almost placid as he waited in slacks and pullover for his turn, with no sign of that tremendous dynamo that was to hustle him round the course and back to the cheers of a large gallery less than 4½ hours later.

Around Craven Arms George Jones was denying himself another tear-up round the course so that he could marshal and captain a fine band of Birkenhead North Enders who saw that every rider had a drink at 27 miles. At Onibury, with assistance from Don Stewart, Jack Salt checked and turned the hurrying figures crouching low to reach him against the wind and speeding away as the turn gave relief from the gale but brought the aches of more revs per minute.

First through this check was No. 2, H. A. Price, Liverpool Century, with 1.0.10, the same time as Evans of the Rotherham. Inside the hour were Baines 58.30, Haslam 59 minutes, Harding 59.15 and Southport R.C.'s Bird in 59.45.

Syd Jonas, past record breaker and trike wizard, turned the riders on to the Shrewsbury Bye-pass and a most efficient band of Mid Shropshire Wheelers saw all safely round the many islands in spite of skittish coaches and other modern conveniences of this petrol age.

After 46 miles more food was indicated and this (as at the start) was in the capable hands of Bren Orrell and Jack Pitchford (who need no introduction here), Norman Heath and Walter Thorpe, Ike Carter (Mid Shrops.), Ernie Davies and Mark Haslam, all under orders of Ira Thomas, head of the Anfield Consulate in Shrewsbury, without whose untiring help the event would have to be held on Bootle Track!

Four miles now to the "50" point, where Rex Austin, Anfielder, Vice-President and past Hon. Secretary of the N.R.R.A., waits to take a check and discover that Baines leads with 2.13.16, only four secs. faster than Harding, who is making a great effort to repeat last year's performance; Haslam passes in 2.15.40, Bird in 2.16.44, whilst R. Sidlow (Walton) and Lewis, Fylde R.C., have come into the picture with 2.18.12 and 2.18.45 respectively.

We might here have a look for the three-wheel enthusiasts and find Crimes leading 23 secs, outside 'evens', followed by Henderson in 2.37.57, and Wilkins in 2.38.42. Tom Hickenbottom collected a row of punctures in his "pressures" and retired later but he clocked in here with 2.49.27.

The 50 mile check revealed numerous excellent rides, D. E. Wilson, Hull Thursday, doing 2.19.7, others going well were Hargreaves; Thornhill of the Stone Wheelers, C. Evans, from Rotherham, D. Wood, J. Wade, R. T. Coleman, Speedwell's McEvoy, F. Atkinson, from Preston, K. Salmon and the brothers Mustill, of the East Liverpool Wheelers.

From Rex Austin at 50 miles the course turns into the wind towards Peter Rock and Russ Barker at Maerdy on the Welshpool—Oswestry road, a nasty turn calling for skill in rider and marshal, but before this point Tommy Mandall, John Davies and Jack Beauchamp piloted the riders through Rowton, George Parr and Reg Pugh were at Alberbury and good friends from the Maghull Wheelers took charge of Llandrinio Bridge and district and being Lancashire lads, they made a "reet good job" of it too. Len Hill was at Four Crosses.

Anything that is left to Bob Coward and the Mersey Roads Club can be promptly forgotten by a harassed Racing Secretary, for all will go well, if not better, and even the fact that final arrangements between the M.R.C. and A.B.C. were made at a chance meeting on the step of a small, necessary, but unmentionable establishment in a Salopian thoroughfare did not prevent "Llanymynech and drinks both ways" being carried out to the letter by Bob and over a dozen of his henchmen.

At Llyncllys the check was taken by Frank Marriott, ably supported by Bryan Jones, John Futter (on week-end leave from the R.A.F.), Len Walls and H. V. Rourke and quite a gallery of cyclists and locals; callers at this spot after doing duty elsewhere included Larry Ross and Peter Williams with a contingent of other E.L.W. boys, President McDermott among them.

It was from here that the tough stuff really started, for the Tanat Valley, though sweet to the tourist, can be unkind to the racing man, and the next few miles to Llanrhaiadr were well summed up by Nunbrook Wheeler Stevens when asked his number at the turn—"87 and I feel like it" was the reply!

At Llanrhaiadr the Liverpool Century were in complete control of the situation with G. Kearns and Ossie Dover demanding numbers, Prescott and Tom Henderson booking times and Messrs. Bagge, Hall, Metcalfe, Allan, Bewley and Sedgwick dispensing drinks, sponges and encouragement quite impartially to fast and slow.

Here (73½ miles) Baines led with 3.22.15, Haslam arrived in 3.26.30, his greatest deficit on Baines from whom he pulled back nearly two minutes in the remaining miles.

Harding was only 49 secs. down on Baines with 3.23.4 but lost his second place later to Haslam, S. R. Sidlow (3.28.32) and Lewis (3.30.25) were going great guns as was Alf Crimes with 3.50.52, a time that gave warning of his ultimate beating of Petrie's course record for a tricycle ride. G. Thompson, B.N.E., lost several minutes here with spoke trouble.

Up the Tanat was hard but back to Llyncllys was a flyer and feet were really "revving" past Frank Palmer at Llangedwyn, the Editor at Llanyblodwell, Arthur Birkby and brother Karl, whose persuasive tact held two local puffers at the level crossing until the speedmen were served first.

Just before Llyncllys Johnny Williams organised his family and anyone else available into a sponge battalion before Marriott & Co. shepherded the riders on to the Welshpool road and the final 17 miles to the finish.

During this last hurdle to the line, two clubmen on a motorcycle clocked Baines doing 30 on the level, dropping to 26 on a hill, so Haslam who gained seconds here wasn't picking flowers!

Back in the Mountford Lane waited Timekeeper Wild; Norman Turvey and Rex Austin pushed Harry Austin out of his car and made it into a telephone kiosk from whence mystic numbers were flashed to Connor and Vic Lambert at the results board.

Among others giving assistance were Percy Williamson and George Molyneux, record breaker of an earlier age, and the first number called to him was "5"—Shuttleworth, of Stretford, with an excellent 4.42.25, which remained fastest time for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Next was Jimmy Mundell, ultimate handicap winner, whose club-mate Smith Parker was to take 2nd award in this section with a personal best of 4.46.53, less than a month before his 45th birthday and after riding his first Anfield "100" in 1927.

Scratchman Haslam flashed over the line in 4.31.11—a great effort and good enough for fastest time on such a day but 17 minutes later the flying figure of 'Pat' Baines was seen and when his 4.28.51 was announced everyone knew who had won the Anfield "100" of 1950.

Crimes was already home in 5.7.7, as was A. Green, Southport Road Club, in 4.38.55, then S. R. Sidlow, Walton, clocked 4.36.57, third fastest at the time only to be displaced a few minutes later by club-mate Harry Harding, whose 4.36.29 gave him third place and made a good foundation for the Walton team victory over the Lancashire Roads boys.

And so our story draws to a close as the last man clocks in and the inquest starts!

Seventy-four finishers; 52 inside 'evens'; 8 teams finished with Walton at the head in 13.59.51, Lancs. Roads 14.7.26, Cheshire Roads 14.25.54, Fylde R.C. 14.28.34, Walton 2nd string, 14.28.35, Nunbrook 14.38.25, Mersey Roads 14.38.31 and E.L.W. 14.39.59.

Frank Slemen's forecasting got the first four men into 11 seconds, R. Williams, Walton missing third handicap by 2 seconds.

There was the usual bag of good fast rides by men like Aspden, L. T. Griffiths, Bill Ward, Hargreaves, Cliff Baxter and others who are now "hardy annuals" and can be relied upon to give the scratchman no peace.

Of "Ours" Alan Gorman went round in 4.53.0, Alf Howarth in 4.56.7, whilst Reg Wilson had enough by 50 miles where he was timed in 2.27.43.

And so the story closes as the 51st Anfield "100" passes into history. Congratulations to 'Pat' Baines on a great ride, to Stan Haslam and Harry Harding and the teams they led, to Alf Crimes and to all who set their fitness and pluck against Father Time in the greatest and cleanest of British sports. Come again next year!

K. W. BARKER,
Hon. Editor.

6 Heathfield Road
Bebington, Cheshire

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JULY - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

July

- 1 Cilcain (White Horse). Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
- 8 Hatchmere (Ivy Cottage, Flaxmoss).
- 10 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 15 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).
- 22 Second Club "50". Headquarters, Tarvin (Owens Café).
- 29 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).

August

- 5/7 Bath Road "100" Week-end.
- 5 Kirkby (Cottage Café). Poynton (Saxon Café).
- 12 New Brighton, near Mold (Argoed Café). Moreton Old Hall.
- 14 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, Liverpool.
- 19 Holt (White Lion). Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses).

COMMITTEE NOTES

75 Avondale Road North,

Southport.

Change of Address. Please note the following changes of address:—

- T. T. Samuel, 463 Woodchurch Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire.
- L. Oppenheimer, 2 Chesham Place, Bowden, Cheshire.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month and all matter for publication *must* be in the hands of the Editor by that day. Contributions must be on one side of the paper only and should be typed if possible.

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.

EDITORIAL

The Council of the West Cheshire Time Trials Cycling Association have found it necessary to circularise constituent Clubs on two important matters.

Complaints have been received concerning the stopping of motor traffic by stewards during time trials and the Association feel it desirable to point out that, in their own interests and in the interests of the sport, riders should give way at road junctions.

It is a well established principle that the onus of care is upon a rider in a road event and that the function of checkers or marshals is to indicate the correct course; the danger of assuming the role of traffic scout is obvious and should be avoided at all costs.

The second matter of concern is the large number of entrants to Association events who fail to start and then omit to write to the promoters with an explanation and suitable expression of regret.

The Committee are assured that none of our members are among the transgressors but it may not be out of place to remind ourselves of the high standard of conduct that the Club expects from men who ride as Anfielders.

There will always be genuine reasons for preventing a man riding in an event from time to time but in these days of overspill entries and returned forms, every non-starter prevents a fellow rider from competing and consequently it is now, as always, a point of honour to ride, if accepted for an event, and if unavoidable barriers arise then courtesy demands a suitable apology.

We would like to express the sincere sympathy of the Members to Harold Catling, whose wife passed over in the middle of June; also to Vic Lambert in the loss of his father about the same time.

ODDS AND ENDS

Don Shaw is back in England (an omnibus term which includes Manchester) after a trip to America and Mexico.

A Green, Southport R.C., who did an excellent ride to take 5th place in our "100", followed it up with a win in the Pendle Forest "100" with 4.33.45.

Jimmy Mundell, Handicap winner in the "100", is a son of G. F. Mundell at one time a member of the A.B.C.

Jack Beauchamp writes his appreciation of Anfield hospitality at Whit-sun. Nice to see you and yours, Jack.

S. J. Smith, Mersey Roads, broke a crank at Rowton (96 miles) in the "100" and had to call it a day; tough luck to get so near the end of a good ride.

Another link with the past has been broken by the death of Harry ("Goss") Green, who broke records from 50 miles to the End to End, very many moons ago.

This month's starred item is the attendance at a run by Alan Bretherick; probably a belated result of the revocation of the Control of Engagement Order !

Harold Kettle was delighted to have a visit recently from F. H. Wood, a member since 1898 and Life member since 1949.

F.H.W. resides near Penrith and is fit and active at nearly 80. We hope his next visit might coincide with a Birthday Run at Halewood, but in the meantime he sends greetings to all Anfielders.

Thanks to several members who expressed appreciation of the June issue of the *Circular*. Any merit it possessed is due to Stevie's ability to get order out of chaos; an eclipse of the sun, visible at Prescott, coincided with the arrival of the "copy"!

The Wednesday evening fixture at Kirby continues to thrive and a welcome awaits any member who can attend.

Does anyone know of a suitable tea and bun shop in the Wirral which will cater in the evenings? The old W.T.T.'s are anxious to resume operations but cannot find a home; Thursday evening would appear to suit the greatest number.

*"How many paltry, foolish, painted things
That now in coaches trouble every street
Shall be forgotten, who no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet".*

(From a sonnet by Michael Drayton, written in 1619).

Frank Palmer, already an authority on fresh-water fish, is turning his attention to birds.

The loveliness of the vale of the Tanat at Whitsun had a most soothing effect on Frank Marriott, who delved into his early life for the benefit of the Editor; we hope one day to publish the story of how Sammy nearly got a commission in the Girls' Training Corps as O/C. Hikers, and apropos of this the Long One confessed that in his youth, when in conversation with the female of the species he always said the wrong thing and got all hot under the collar.

Presumably he now says wrong things without turning a hair.

Mersey Roader, Bert Parkes, has regained the End to End Trike Record by clipping 8 hours 49 minutes from the time of J. K. Letts. The new record is 3 days 38 minutes.

AFTERMATH OF THE "100"

We were immensely pleased to have a Boffin, in fact, the original Boffin, with the party at the Lion this year.

For the benefit of those who do not know their 'Barfroad,' we would add that this is the Boffin called Sam, and we must say that we found him to be a very likeable beast, almost human in many ways, particularly in his liking for Beer; not that he washes in it, nor in anything else for that matter, but he was able to keep pace with our best imbibers in one or two tidy sessions, when the future policies of the Bath Road and Anfield were laid down and settled once and for all time.

We know that our readers will be glad to know of the most important decision made at these talks. It is that all Club Runs should take place at Reputable Hostelrys of the type patronised between the Wars (Great, not Roses). The practice of creeping into cafés in capes, crunching cakes, and creeping out again is one that lowers the tone and standing of such old established clubs.

Cafés are quite suitable for impecunious motorists who have to pay fabulous sums for cars, petrol and upkeep of offspring.

Lowering the standards makes us into just another cycling club.

(Pause whilst Norman Turvey mutters "What about running an INVITATION "100", the ANFIELD "24" and the ALL-NIGHT RIDE".)

To get back to Sam the Boffin; it was decided to speed the parting guest, who was on his way to SHAW to visit his friend Urban Taylor. We were not aware that Urban had any friends, but nevertheless, Sam and Bicycle were bundled into a convenient Plain Van and under a strong escort, Mandall and Jonas, was conveyed discreetly out of the Salopian Capital.

The Beechound had thoughtfully scrawled "MADMAN" in the dust on the back door of the conveyance and lower down he added the words "Sam—the Sanitary Man".

It was intended to set the Boffin free at Whitechurch, put him on his machine, point it in the direction of SHAW, and give him two really good old soldiers' farewells, but the escort got so fond of him for paying for a most excellent tea at the Swan in this most pleasantly unchanged town, that they relented and decided to let him stay until Bickerton was reached.

We almost hesitate to mention that the Boots at the Swan thought so highly of the party that he invited them to make full use of the Gentlemen's Retiring Room UPSTAIRS. Thus the Bicyclists maintain their place as Honoured and Welcome Guests.

A cruise through the lanes brought the travellers to the Durham Heifer at Bickerton, which meant a longish stop and longer draughts and then the Boffin fancied a bed in Chester.

Once more the three set forth and on the pretext of having to deliver three bicycles to the Duke of Westminster, they drove down the drive from the Whitechurch road to Eaton Hall and found it to be very pleasant motoring.

The Duke, not being at home, missed the opportunity of buying three machines at give away prices, and the wagon continued to Chester, where a bed was booked for the Boffin at The Blossoms.

A 10 p.m. our Bath Roader was left in, we believe, good company, and we look forward to hearing of his further adventures.

Tommy was delivered half way up a very long road in Liverpool and was last seen bending over his bicycle.

(This arrived anonymously but the typed script with ample margin smacks of Editorial experience, and who else could wangle a Keighley postmark but Jonas? Ed.)

WEEK-END IN SCOTLAND

Memories are wonderful things; they take you back to all sorts of grand places. Even the most miserable moment can be brightened by a memory. Often, lately, and for no apparent reason, my mind has been taken back to a week-end trip to Scotland which George Connor and I so thoroughly enjoyed way back in the halcyon days of 1932. The time was a week after Whitsun, and we had the thrilling experience of two of the finest week-ends ever in succession.

The reason for this very energetic week-end was Anfield business. Salty on a single, and Syd Jonas on a tricycle, were making a real endeavour to swipe two records in a day, the famous Edinburgh to Liverpool R.R.A. records. George had the Saturday morning free, and so had I. What better way of spending it than by a trip to Lockerbie, there to attend in some measure the feeding of the lads at (I think it was) The Crown.

I crossed the docks and called for George some time after ten on the Friday night, and by the 11-0 p.m. boat we reached the Lancashire shore. We were not exactly travelling light. Camping kit festooned the bicycles. Preston came at 2-0 a.m. No need to hurry. A mug of hot tea and cake or two at a transport café worked wonders. Lancaster glowed with the summer dawn. On the outskirts of Kendal out came the Primus for morning tea. No brew ever tasted better! On the lower slopes of the climb to Shap we washed the sleepy feeling away in a roadside stream.

The dash down to High Borough Bridge was exhilarating, exciting, and the slopes beyond we knew were the last to the windy crest of Shap summit. Easy miles then to Clifton, where the breakfast was marvellous, and we reclined languidly in roomy, easy chairs. In a field aside the wide highway to Carlisle, we had a snooze in the summer sun.

Just beyond Gretna a car festooned with bicycles drew up alongside. I seem to remember Rex Austin driving, and we were able to wish Salty all the luck for the morrow. Tea was an *al fresco* and early meal enjoyed by the splashing waters of a tiny river. Then, in the early evening, into Lockerbie, to pitch the tent aside the waters of the little river Milk. Then a walk into the town for some packets of oatcakes to be used as evidence at home for those unbelievers who thought a week-end in Scotland was an impossibility. A chat with mine host of the Crown completed a grand day.

(to be concluded)

RUNS

Dane-in-Shaw, 3rd June, 1950

After a pleasantly brisk ride in the Cheshire/Staffordshire border country, Alfred Howarth and I arrived at the "Coach & Horses" to find that only nine members had braved the heat and the hill to reach the rendezvous. They were the President, Messrs. Williamson, Bradley, Howarth, Russell Barker, the Orrell trio and Gorman. Although the meal was the best part of an hour late it was plentiful and satisfying when it did appear.

As a matter of fact, loads of bread, jam and cake was left on the board. That perennial topic, the Open "100" was once more brought out, surveyed, weighed, judged, looked at from all angles, turned inside out and shaken before being put away for a little while. The Bradley then entertained us with an account of (some of) his experiences in Corsica. The bit I liked best was that there is practically no motor traffic there. The time to split up came all too soon and the homeward route taken by three of us was Havanah (a little known hamlet), Swettenham and Lr. Withington.

Club "25", 10th June, 1950

A field of eleven starters for a Club event is a welcome sign of better days to come and a glance at the finishing list shows times that augur well for the future.

The President held the watch and a goodly crowd of members were around the course including Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Frank Perkins, Len Hill; George Parr and Jack Davies were photographing the scowling athletes, and Harold Kettle was at the turn supported by Franks Marriott and Palmer, who found it so exhausting that they came back in Len Baker's ambulance.

Helping here and there were Stan Bradley, Mr. Duck, Arthur Williams, Percy Williamson and Bren (senior and junior) Orrell, all under control of Racing Secretary Reeves, to whom a mere "25" is now child's play after the first class job he did with the "100".

Alan Gorman made fastest time with a grand ride of 1.3.50; Walter Thorpe caned the handicap with 1.7.5. less 4 minutes.

Name	Turn	Finish	H'cap	H'cap Time
A. Gorman	30.50	1.3.50	Scr.	1.3.50
A. Howarth	31.15	1.5.15	1	1.4.15
J. Futter	32.15	1.5.35	1	1.4.35
E. Davies	31.45	1.5.55	$\frac{1}{2}$	1.5.25
R. Wilson	32.15	1.6.15	Scr.	1.6.15
B. Jones	31.15	1.6.30	$\frac{1}{2}$	1.6.0
W. Thorpe	32.10	1.7.5	4	1.3.5
D. Stewart	32.30	1.7.43	3	1.4.43
J. J. Salt	33.25	1.9.10	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.6.40
R. Barker	34.45	1.12.5	5	1.7.5
L. Walls	34.50	1.13.7	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.8.37

Over, 17th June, 1950

A main road afternoon, for a change. Tea and a hefty wad at Two Mills provided the necessary sustenance for Eric Reeves and Frank Marriott to continue to Chester for a spot of shopping before leaving little more than an hour for the last miles to Hunt Hill Caf . Kelsall's old road gave a silent and country-scented mile, and from the crest of the

road came good, yea, splendid, impressions of the tumbled bit of countryside ridged with a line of pines against the sky. There's no bit of Cheshire quite like this fringe of Delamere.

A quick diversion led us into the woods for a glimpse of the Roman fork road in the forest, and, then, on the Winsford way, we had quiet travel once more. The two Bren Orrells slid up astern, and it was a pleasant quartet that drifted gently towards Hunt Hill Café. How grand to see Uncle (and Brother) Wilfred again. Quite a crowd of the lads (old and young) seemed to be milling outside, Bert Green, Stan Wild, Stan Bradley, Russ Barker, Percy Williamson (all agog for a week-end in Shropshire), Tommy Mandall (quite lost without Jimmy, the Mighty Atom), George Parr, Jack Davies (very popular with some pre-war copies of *The Bicycle* and *Cycling*), Alan Gorman (still doing smashing rides with no training), Bryan Jones, Frank Palmer, John Futter, Laurie Pendlebury. Alfred Howarth and Walter Thorpe staggered in (although they won't admit to the word "staggered") muttering something about Ashbourne and mountains; good ride, though. Vic Lambert (one exclamation mark), and Alan Bretherick (five!) drifted in later. A very delightful party was completed with friend Duck and Ben Griffiths.

When your late Editor (sorry to hear you are "The Late" Sammy, we thought you were merely "Ex". Ed.) edged towards the kitchen for his second (or third) cup of tea, a fragment of conversation was *very* illuminating. Just when the last straggler had brightened the threshold, one of the staff remarked: "Another one just come in. He'll have to have ham!" While the other 23 of us had to put up with a brawnlike concoction! While we don't grudge Vic his splendid slices of succulent ham (not much, anyway) things are coming (or perhaps more correctly have come) to a pretty pass when patrons paying 3/6 for a tea are not given the best in the house. We understand, also, that here is another instance of the people putting the price up from 2/6 to 3/6. The day is rapidly approaching when for a cold tea we shall have to insist on a 2/6 meal.

Yet for all that it was a grand occasion. The friendship revealed at an Anfield run is something to be wondered at. Not here is a division between young and old, but a happy, ageless gathering full of enthusiasm for the grandest hobby in the world.

Soon after seven we drifted for home. John Futter, Bryan Jones and Ben Griffiths for a grand blind to Chester. The Manchester folk ebbed towards the Rainy City leaving the Wirral and Liverpool bodies to hie their way homewards. Vic and Alan remained with Eric and the two Franks so far as Norley, where they made directly for Runcorn Ferry, leaving the trio to drift quietly, and full of elegant conversation, through the lanes to Eastham, and so home.

Utkinton, 24th June, 1950

The most memorable part of this day was possibly the visit of the two Franks (Palmer and Marriott) to see Mrs. Evans at Handley. Our old friend ceased from catering for the needs of hungry cyclists some time

ago, but our ex-editor has often been assured that he need never be without a cup of tea when in this grand district of Cheshire. So needing somewhere to consume a sandwich lunch on a doubtful sort of day, the long and short of it drifted into Handley sometime after 1-30. When Mrs. Evans told us that the fire was out, we thought that was the last of the tea, but now a small electric stove is fitted where a kettle boiled eternally from a chain, and pendant electric lamps can cast an immediate light from every ceiling in this ancient home of England.

Mrs. Evans, who is now around, if not past, eighty, is quite well although a trifle deaf, but she remembers Johnny Band, Jack Seed, Dave Rowatt, Mrs. McCann, Salty, Charles Randall, and a host of others, and she sends her kindest wishes to all.

After a pleasant interlude the two Franks drifted into the Peckfortons, and explored the inner recesses of a large cave just under the lid of the escarpment at Harthill with a succession of matches. And all of you will realise how much of a glimmer a match gives in the blackness of a cave! A slither down the sheer hillside gave the sandy track and slow progress brought eventually the crest of Peckforton Gap, Burwardsley, and the woodland route beneath Peckforton Castle to Beeston. They were just on the fringe of Utkinton when Walter Thorpe belted up after a ride around Ellesmere.

Inside, a happy party had their feet well in the trough, because we were late. Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Rigby Band, Jimmy Long, Tommy Mandall, Russ Barker, Stan Wild, Len Walls, Bryan Jones, Len Hill, Harry Austin and Laurie Pendlebury were joined by the trio mentioned earlier. The meal was a change from the usual boiled eggs we usually obtain at Utkinton. This time it was a nice bit of boiled ham and the price was still 2/6. Let the moaners of Utkinton please note! Our good friend hoped to do the same again!

At seven we were away again. Frank Palmer accompanied Rigby Band across Runcorn Ferry. Tommy and Jimmy beat it early, Len Walls drifted off to Goostrey with the Manchester folk. Percy Williamson once more made tracks for an inn he wots of at Calverhall. Frank Marriott and Bryan Jones made for Chester, and the former found Jimmy and Ken Barker at the foot of the Wishing Gate Hill. Many of our racing men were absent because of the East Liverpool "50" on the morrow.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



AUGUST - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVI

AUGUST 1950

NUMBER 533

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

August

5/7 Bath Road "100" Week-end.

Alternatives

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 5 Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Poynton (Saxon Café) |
| 12 New Brighton (near Mold)
(Argoed Café) | Moreton Old Hall |
| 14 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool | |
| 19 Holt (White Lion) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 26 Hatchmere (Ivy Cottage, Flaxmoss) | |

Sept.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 2 Cilcain | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 9 Utkinton (Smithy Farm) | |
| 11 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 16 Fourth Club "25". Headquarters, Owen's Café, Tarvin | |
| 23 Third Club "50". Headquarters, Owen's Café, Tarvin | |

Will Committee Members please note that the August Committee Meeting will be held at the Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Member. Brendon Orrell, "Orrwood", Twemlow, Holmes Chapel, Crewe, has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

Change of Address. L. M. Baker, Colwyn Bay Repeater Station, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month and all matter for publication *must* be in the hands of the Editor by that day. Contributions must be on one side of the paper only and should be typed if possible.

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.

EDITORIAL

Frank Marriott's article on a week-end in the Land of Cakes takes us back in memory to the golden years when the name of Anfield made records quake and tumble.

Before F.M. and our present Scribe arrived back in Liverpool on that May evening in 1932 Jack Salt had clipped 25 minutes off the Edinburgh—Liverpool bicycle record and Syd Jonas had lowered the trike time for the same route by no less than 1 hour and 18 minutes. Students of the statistics of the game might get confirmation (or otherwise) of their theories on the relative speeds of the two machines by reflecting that on the same day and course two first rate men did 11 hours 4 minutes (with a puncture) and 11 hours 56 minutes on two and three wheels respectively, some 8.5% difference.

In all, during 1932, fourteen attempts on records were made by Anfielders, six of these were successful and the eight others gallant failures against awful odds.

Jonas added the N.R.R.A. Tricycle "12" (207 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.) to his bag and steered a tandem trike (pushed by Del Blotto) for 229 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles to collect the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. records and prove that it is not necessary to go to totalitarian countries to see atrocities!

The one and only Charles Randall, alone and unassisted, rode all through the night and liked it so much that he continued until 24 hours had elapsed and the N.R.R.A. passed his new record as 388 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. According to an eminent medical man who states categorically that a "24" takes 10 years off a man's life, Charles died quite early in the 17th century; he was still warm on Whit Monday, 1950!

In the competition field 1932 was a grand year for the Club; Salty won the B.R. "100" and our team collected the best set of medals as they did in the Grosvenor "100" (won by Bren Orrell), Potteries "50", Palatine "50" and Manchester Wheelers "12". Individual "places" came to Salty, Bren and Jack Pitchford with delightful regularity, Pitchy winning the Apollo "50" and pushing Bren all over the place on a "twicer".

We were still running the "24" in 1932 and that year the three wheelers were to battle for the Tricycle Trophy.

Jonas did a great ride of 374 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles to take the Trophy, Norman Heath, of "Ours" running second whilst Charlie Randall was third in the two wheeler section, which was won by G. H. M. Pitt, one of the mile-eating fraternity for which our old friends the North Road C.C. are famous.

No pen could describe the Christmas Dinner of the Tea-Tasters that year at Willaston, with the B.R. Cup and Trike Trophy to be filled, and an epic poem composed for the occasion by Jack Walton will never grace these pages.

Some of the success of the Club at this time was undoubtedly due to the intense activity which was largely planned on Wednesday evenings; there are sure signs that these days could return quite quickly, we have

some good youngsters and every opportunity of strengthening the Club must be grasped.

Have you any ideas? One improvement would be less space taken up in the *Circular* by old codgers like the Editor!

RACING NOTES

St. Christopher's C.C.C. "30": John Futter, 1.17.57, Don Stewart, 1.25.43.

R.A.F.C.A. "25": John Futter, 1.5.2., "50" John Futter, 2.14.26.

Alf. Howarth won the "Ches" Club "50" recently with 2.15.27.

E.L.W. "50": Alan Gorman, 2.14.4.

Club "50": J. Futter, 2.11.15, L. Walls, 2.19.32 (1st Handicap), D. Stewart, 2.19.50, A. Gorman, 2.20.3.

P.C.B. AND THE F.O.T.C.

It is with great pleasure that we extend hearty congratulations to Percy Beardwood on his election to the Presidency of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists.

The qualifications for membership of the Fellowship were anticipated with masterly foresight by our Life Member who contrived to be born before 31st December, 1872 and later retrogressed from a Humber Safety to a high bicycle before 1890, thus providing himself with impeccable references against the day when this fine band of old timers became a body corporate.

Percy Charles became an Anfielder in 1892 and was elected to Life Membership in 1949.

His removal to London (in 1903) in no way dimmed his loyalty to the A.B.C. and he has always been more than willing to serve the Club in any way possible; he is one of the Club's delegates (with Norman Turvey) to the Road Records Association and no Club is better represented.

Congratulations, Percy, and when at a later Summer Meet of the Fellowship all those over 100 are asked to stand, may you be first to your feet!

WEEK-END IN SCOTLAND

(concluded)

Our morning started at six, and by eight we were packed and at the Crown ready to dispense food and drink for hungry and hurrying travellers. The wind, thanks be! came rising from the north, auguring good riding for the record breakers—and us! The gear laid ready to be stowed in the following cars, and our wheels were turned round to give a gear in the mid-seventies. Capes and tools only hung from our saddles. A hope lingered that we might, with some fortune, be able to make our own motor paced record back on the 150 miles ride to Liverpool!

Salty, on his single, arrived at 8-30, and with a quick stoking he was soon away on the hurrying road down the Annan valley. An hour later Syd Jonas trundled up on his tricycle. He started from Auld Reekie half-an-hour later than Salty: bottles filled, pockets stacked, tyres right.

Away again, and he was soon a rolling spot on the skyline. Tucked in behind the following car, we were doing "evens" too. At Carlisle, we were more hungry than, or it so seemed, the potential record breaker. But some semblance of decency made us let him have his fill before starting to clear the tables so systematically. Our pacing car had to leave before our tummies were anything like satisfied, and our hope for a spot of pace for the century and more miles to Liverpool had vanished.

Yet we passed Penrith an hour after leaving Carlisle, and from the summit of Shap came the mighty fling into Kendal town. Somewhere on those wild fell slopes we remember seeing Eddie Haynes and his father. Indeed, this romantic route seemed positively strewn with Anfielders. Charles Randall and Dick Ryalls were in Mrs. Braithwaites at Kendal, and looking bloated after a very elegant meal. My high spirits were somewhat blighted when being told that I looked "half-dead"!

There was too much west in the wind towards Lancaster, and the Lakeland traffic of this summer Sunday deprived the ride of pleasure. The record breakers should be in Liverpool by now, or so we hoped. From Preston the going seemed harder still for a mile or so, but after a quick tea at Rufford the pace began to swing again. Ormskirk, Aughton Brow, Aintree, and so the last six setted miles to the Pier Head.

The clock had just passed nine when George and I parted on the Landing Stage. Our ride of about 145 miles had been accomplished in roughly $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours. And when mother (to whom I was always "half-dead" after a cycling trip) said that I looked very well, the contentment was complete.

F.M.

ODDS AND ENDS

The Hon. Treasurer acknowledges with thanks donations from R. J. Austin, F. Beckett, J. H. Fawcett, F. D. McCann, W. R. Oppenheimer, G. B. Orrell, J. J. Salt, D. Shaw, J. G. Shaw, G. Stephenson, J. R. Walton and E. Webb.

A new stock of badges is to hand and any member desiring one should send the Treasurer 3/6. Anyone who prefers a frilled edge will be accommodated at the same price, but it should be noted that one or two of the records in the Handbook have been improved!

We have established diplomatic relations with the Speedwell by exchanging "rags" and the *Winged Arrow* is now added to the list of journals circulating among a few members. If you would like to see them, inform the Editor—then read and pass on quickly to the next name on the list otherwise the system comes unstuck.

The Tints Tour is to Glynceiriog on 21st/22nd October, and George Connor is taking names. You have been warned!

There was consternation in Chester Police circles when it was found that Randall was due for a weekend at home towards the end of July. Frantic telephone calls for reinforcements flashed all over the North West and Southport loaned their Superintendent, who was instructed to stick to

Charles "closer than a brother-in-law". The two were last seen on the Sealand part of the "24" course; Randall was not manacled although he was a keen advocate of hand-cuffs in Tea-Taster days.

We would point out to the Bath Road Club (more in sorrow than anger) a glaring inaccuracy in the May—June issue of their *News*. Writing of the printers of their journal the Editor says ". . . . faithfully producing stories and news of the B.R.C. between these blue covers, recording the varying fortunes of the *finest Club in the Country*". We will print their abject apology next month (we hope) and in the meantime Turvey's copy of this issue is being held back.

"And in the darkest hours of urban depression I will sometimes take out that dog-eared map and dream awhile of more spacious days; and perhaps a dry blade of grass will fall out of it to remind me I was once a free man on the hills".

Does any member know where in the writings of one, A. H. Sidgwick, these lines appear? We would like to read the rest.

As we go to press there is a glimmer of hope of finding a coffee house for an evening meet in Wirral. If negotiations are successful the glad tidings will be spread by every available means.

Committee Members are reminded that the August Meeting is at the Victoria Hotel and this serves as an opportunity to wish Harold Kettle (our usual host) a good holiday. We are greatly indebted to Harold for the pleasant surroundings in which we deliberate at no small inconvenience to him though he always pooh-poohs such remarks.

A Bristol post-mark is unusual in the Editorial mail but a letter from A. B. Smith of the N.R., now exiled at Saltford near that city, arrived recently and contained greetings to all Anfielders from one "who knows a lot of Anfield names and faces and gets 'em mixed up". A.B. has seen (and ridden in) a lot of Anfield "100's" and came up for a "24" or two when Pitt was a contestant.

From the Speedwell Editor-cum-Secretary comes news that Ned Haynes is very much in circulation still. Hope to see you out soon, Ned. From the same source comes news of 'domestic complaints re shortcomings in interior decorating and gardening—obviously Editors have much in common and a meeting should be convened for swapping news and views and slanging readers (if any!)

RUNS

Cilcain, 1st July, 1950

A nice easy run without meeting anyone (although I found out later Tommy Mandall and Jimmy Long were drinking strong liquor at the Travellers' Rest and Don Stuart and Eric Reeves watched me go by from Two Mills Café) got me to Mold by 4-15 and after a stroll along the High Street I carried on the hard way via Pantymwyn.

After trying hard to break thro' all afternoon the sun really came out and turned the walking of the hills hereabouts into a pleasant stroll with

plenty of time to admire the surrounding country. Two or three short spells leaning over various gates, also a break watching the golfers on Mold links helped pass the time and even then I arrived in Cilcain village before anyone else. The old church seemed worthy of a few minutes inspection and my eye was certainly taken by the carved wooden roof which I understand is the finest in Wales. Returning to the White Horse I found Frank Marriott, Frank Palmer and Len Baker of the Bath Road who had been out all day and George Parr, John Futter, Bryan Jones and Len Walls, who had arrived by divers routes. Enquiry at the White Horse found they knew about us and we were directed to a cottage around the corner. Mrs. Jones rose nobly to the occasion and the first order of food for nine increasing in two's to a final number of fifteen (thirteen members and two friends), Vic Lambert being the last arrival. Finally all were satisfied, even Len Hill, our famous tea drinker, and after the usual chat, split up into the usual small groups for the journey home, mostly I think via Star Crossing and the main road. Tommy Mandall, Frank Perkins and Jimmy Long turned at Rhosesmor and went over the top to Northop and Shotton and so home, after a very pleasant run and worth repeating. There will, I think, be one non-starter if this does happen, one James Long, who found them demmed hills hard on the legs, gears or no gears.

Wildboardclough, 1st July, 1950

It is always a hard climb to Stanley's, but once the cross-roads at Foxstake are achieved there is adequate reward. Range after range of high hills stretch before one's eyes with the noble peak of Shuttlings Low towering above all. Then the lovely sweep into the Clough, around the bend and there is Stanley's, confounding Robert Louis Stevenson's dictum that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. There is no more exquisite joy than that of arrival when a delightful inn like Stanley's is concerned!

The afternoon was lovely when I dismounted outside the inn to find the Presider, Bren Orrell, senior, Bren Orrell, junior, and Harold Catling lounging in the warm sunshine. Just then Stan Bradley puffed up from the lower regions of the valley and tea was ordered. The racing section arrived before the meal was served, which, as ever, was a perfect tonic to the salivary system.

Stacks and stacks of food were put away and many were the compliments (and otherwise) flashing around anent the capacity for food (and drink) of certain members of the party. Brillat-Savarin said "Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are". But if I attempted to do that I am sure that the Editor would wield his blue pencil with vigour! Apart from being Anfielders the rest can be left to your imagination!

The homeward way in the cool of the evening was a delight, and I could not help wondering why we do not have a Stanley's run at least once a month, especially in the summer when this lovely hill country is at its best.

Those present were the Presider, S. Bradley, H. Catling, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, B. Orrell, G. B. Orrell, W. Thorpe and S. Wild.

Whitegate, 15th July, 1950

Not the choicest of summer days as I left home, but I hoped for improvement; however, five miles out found me donning my cape and I wasn't able to take it off until I got to Whitegate Nurseries; with little time to spare if I was to make Whitegate for 5-30 I came out on the most direct of routes.

Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth and Walter Thorpe were waiting to sit round the board when I arrived after stowing my bike under some friendly trees. Steadily in one's and two's the Club-run was made up to a total of sixteen. The dampness of the day and the lateness of some arrivals didn't reduce the appetites of anyone. I can report that the clearing of the table was up to the usual Anfield thoroughness.

The champing of teeth and the loud buzz of conversation around me made it difficult to follow an engrossing conversation between our President and Alan Gorman. Peter Rock was out too (glad to see you, Peter) applying himself to running the second Club "50" in the absence of Eric, still on holiday. There is some doubt in my mind whether George Parr (or was it J. J. Davies) graced the board, perhaps the members concerned will inform and forgive me; the remaining fifteen were the President, Tommy Mandall, Len Hill, Stan Wild, Peter Rock, Walter Thorpe, Bryan Jones and friend, Percy Williamson, Frank Palmer, Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth, "Ginner" Williams (Arthur! you made a bad day a little brighter by being out and around!), Frank Marriott, who spurned the suggestion that he should write up the Club run with great ferocity (its alright for you, Frank, my lad!) and yours truly Laurie Pendlebury.

The dispersal set in shortly after 7 p.m. and the President, Percy Williamson and I wended our way towards the Big Smoke with Jupiter Pluvius still in attendance. After a short pause at the "Windmill", Tabley, we continued our journey Manchester-wards. I later broke away at Bucklow to follow a lane route home which was reached comfortably about 9-15 p.m.

Club "50", 22nd July, 1950

The Birkenhead-Chester road has little to commend it to the cyclist but the necessity to be in the Walled City considerably less than fifty minutes after leaving home put the more pleasant Willaston route out of court.

Near Backford a passing car gave several "pips" and from the rear window Bert Lloyd grinned broadly and made vigorous Victory signs with the first and second fingers of both hands. This sign seems singularly inappropriate at the present time in view of British cricket and football performances and we wonder if there is another meaning attached to it.

Business in Chester prevented participation in the outward leg of the race but contact was made with Ginner and son at a wayside café, where tea was consumed to the accompaniment of heavy rain beating on the roof; then a moist cape was donned for the short ride to the Whitchurch Road island, pausing in front in the hope of seeing Stevie who was O/C Tarvin Island.

Reports had it that John Futter was going very well and for once Reuter's Correspondent was dead right—2.11.15 and 8 minutes in hand over the next man, Len Walls, who pipped the Sub-Capt. by half-a-minute.

Alan Gorman clocked 2.20.3—4th fastest and the Manchester eclipse was completed with the writing of D.N.F. against Howarth and Thorpe (why go to the far turn to pack on such a foul day?)

Out and about were the President, Marriott, Reeves, Rock, Byron and Preston (nice to see you both) Perkins, Molyneux, Long, Mandall, Bradley, Catling, Williamson, Jack Davies, Palmer, a couple of Brens (Orrells, not guns), a brace of Stevies, Wild, Bryan Jones, Williams, the Editor, various athletes previously mentioned and welcome visitors Len Baker, Duck and Griffiths.

Len Hill and Arthur Birkby were at Prestatyn assisting the Mersey Roads to run a "24" and the Anfield run drew to a close as various members moved off to give further assistance.

Shortly after 11-0 p.m. the Editor espied a tent conveniently pitched on the grass verge near Shotwick and decided to throw in his lot with the occupants; fortunately it was a small lot for the tent already contained Marriott, Reeves, Palmer and the top half of Albert Preston—no marquee could (or would) accommodate Albert's other half.

The roar of a primus and the gentle flow of conversation made the time fly—it was an almost pre-war vintage night out needing only Charlie Randall and one or two other Tea Tasters of that era to lift the discussions to an even loftier plane.

As the "24" merchants started to appear the rain became a deluge and it was a sticky job packing the kit at 3-30 a.m. in a barrage of liquid stair-roads.

Just before we made a move for home Arthur Birkby arrived from Prestatyn to make the party six; Arthur had found some difficulty in locating the feeding station at Nant Hall and was about to enquire from the driver of a fire engine he could hear when he discovered it wasn't a fire engine at all but our one and only Skipper Hill with a galvanised bucket hanging from his saddle accentuating the duck-like progress of the trike and sounding just like something by Prokofiev.

Progress across the Wirral was good and as dawn came we met the Birkenhead boys going to the start (5-0 a.m.) of a "25"—what a game this cycling is!

As we go to press no report on the Hatchmere Run (8th July) is to hand. "Somebody's got to be summoned" as Alf's wife said when the lion ate Albert.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



SEPTEMBER - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVI

SEPTEMBER 1950

NUMBER 534

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Sept.

- 2 Cilcain Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)
- 9 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
- 11 Committee Meeting, 3, Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 16 4th Club "25". Headquarters: Owens Café, Tarvin
- 23 3rd Club "50". Headquarters: Owens Café, Tarvin
- 30 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest). (Photo Run). Photograph at 5 p.m.

Oct.

- 7 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
- 14 Annual General Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms). Tea at 5 p.m.
- 16 Committee Meeting, 3, Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 21/22 Autumnal Tints Tour. Headquarters: Glynceiriog (Glyn Valley Hotel)

Will members please note that tea on the occasion of the Annual General Meeting at Halewood will be at 5 p.m.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Autumn Tints Tour. Will members wishing to join the tour at Glynceiriog and who have not already sent in their names please do so without delay. Accommodation at the Glyn Valley Hotel has been arranged for 28, but if necessary arrangements will be made to accommodate others in excess of this number, outside the Hotel.

Annual General Meeting. The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on Saturday, October 14th. Members wishing to have any matters included on the Agenda should send me particulars not later than 16th September.

The Club History. The Committee has received and accepted with thanks an offer by Norman Turvey to write the History of the Club.

Photo Run. It has been decided to re-introduce the "photo run" which proved so successful before the war. It has been fixed for 30th September at Highwayside and the photograph will be taken before tea at 5 p.m.

Change of Address: F. Perkins, 16 Hilton Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

75, Avondale Road North, Southport.

CORRESPONDENCE

22, Draycot Road,
Wanstead, London, E.11

Dear Anfielders,

As you will see elsewhere in this issue I have let myself in for the writing of a history of the Club, and I shall need all the help I can get, especially from our older members: the job really ought to have been tackled twenty years ago.

Please will you all think whether you have any old press cuttings, reports, letters, pictures, etc., which might help me and which you would lend.

This appeal is addressed principally to the elder brethren still amongst us—from the real ancients like Chandler, Kettle, Cotter and Stevie, down to comparative youngsters like Lord Kenilworth, Percy Beardwood, Artie Bennett, Mr. Bickley and Dave Rowatt.

I want to make a job of this, but at this late date I shall need all the help you can give me, so please when you read this will you make "Do it NOW" your motto.

With thanks,

Yours in trepidation,

NORMAN TURVEY.

THE NEW COURSE—OR THE OLD ?

The Committee decided, at their last meeting, that we should revert to the old courses for the remaining events this season because of exceptionally heavy traffic on the new courses.

The Racing Secretary, who was unavoidably absent from the meeting, says that owing to staffing difficulties at this time of the year it just can't be done. Fortunately there is another Committee before the two remaining events and the matter will no doubt receive further consideration.

In any case Tarvin will remain Headquarters, but members turning out would do well to contact a Committee member after September 11th.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR

We are again visiting the Glyn Valley Hotel for this popular October Week-end and members wishing to stay on the Saturday night should notify George Connor as soon as possible.

Last year some of the boys spent Friday night at the "Glyn" and this gives the advantage of travelling light on the Saturday, but other ideas are brewing.

Some remember with delight a dark October night on the Bwlch-y-Groes and one suggestion is a rendezvous in the Conway Valley on Friday night; it would mean a midnight arrival for some but the enthusiasts point to the thrill of winging down to Llanrwst at the witching hour.

These are only two of many possibilities and if you are interested you should contact Frank Marriott, who is thirsting for another jaunt to the Roman Steps—but not on the "Tints" week-end !

ODDS AND ENDS

The last two weeks in August saw the Editor, in holiday mood, overlooking Puffin Island and Penmon Point; this will explain, if not excuse, the lateness and shortcomings of this issue.

Was the Kettle chariot on the Conway—Llanrwst road at about 5-0 p.m. on Wednesday, 16th August? If not, this job is having serious effects on the Editorial eyesight, if it was, then Harold's glasses need changing. Certainly one of us needs to see an optician!

Peter Stevie has an assortment of gear for disposal ranging from a complete bicycle down to a spoke nipple. He is anxious that Anfielders should have the first chance before advertising and anyone interested should contact Peter as soon as possible at Ill Ouse, Harchway Road.

Frank Marriott has received a card from Mallorca, Espana, containing greetings to all from Alf Howarth. Alf will now be able to swap notes on heatwaves with Tierney, who 'did' Spain some years ago and found it rather warm.

Don Birchall was sighted on the Landing Stage recently and wished to be remembered to the lads. He hopes to get to a Run just as soon as rather awkward shift duties permit.

Salty has at last discovered a new route home from the Bath Road "100". Leaving Ernie Davies at Kidderminster the other Tuesday morning, our Maestro ventured westwards and over the hills through Bewdley to Cleobury Mortimer and its quaint crooked steeple. More hills took him over the southern fringe of the ever delightful Cleo Hills and down into the Teme Valley.

Clun, and the ever climbing highway brought the Welsh border at the Anchor, and yet another fling gave the Severn Valley at Abermule. It was here the rains came, but with the wind quite a half-gale from the south-west, and with a cape more nuisance than worth, Salty reached home about nine after a very good day's ride.

Sid Carver, whom we were delighted to see at Flax Moss, tells of something super in the way of rides he struggled through not long ago. He specifically does not use the word "enjoyed". With a friend who is training for long distance events, Sid left Hull at 6-30 on a Sunday morning in July. The flat lands between the Wolds and the sea led, eventually, to Scarborough. Then the hilly road, with a glimpse of Robin Hood's Bay in the distance, to Whitby. Sid draws a veil over the next miles—his eyes were glazed—Saltburn for lunch! A good eighty from Hull. For the post-lunch hours our Member for Hull doesn't know where the devil he got to, but he remembers hills, and hills, and flat lands. Thirsk he does recollect, and then York, and home, very thankfully, somewhere between eight and nine, after a ride of around 180 in the day. In B.L.R.C. parlance, a Circuit of the Cleveland!

Vic is now an Ass. Engineer with the British Electricity Authority: come ohm Vic Lambert, learn a trade, same as Alan Bretherick; he's got a luvly house and is daubing it all over with pink spots ready for his

blushing bride. Best wishes Alan, and we won't breathe a word about that French tour.

A photo in the *Liverpool Echo* recently of a police-cadet off to Germany was none other than Clifford Halsall, our recruit from Nannerch, and the photo by Sub-Capt. Stewart.

As we go to press comes news of Bob Mynott's win in his Club's "24" (the N.R.) with 460½ miles. A copt of Turvey's History of the Anfield or an air cushion to the first member (1st claim) doing 480!

RUNS

Utkinton, 29th July, 1950

On this Saturday afternoon, at 4-30 p.m., the only two active Anfielders who live in Anfield, plus Don Stewart and John Davies, met at a café near Hatchmere to drink tea and eat cakes. Then the four continued through Delamere, Don and Frank keeping a watchful eye on V.P. Mandall to see that he wasn't seduced by the numerous butterflies. (John Davies, being incorruptible, doesn't need a watchful eye!)

The only incident of note occurred when the four turned right at Cotebrook, and on to the beautiful narrow lane leading to Utkinton. They had not gone far when the two Orrells were sighted, coming the other way. They were told that that was not the way to Utkinton, and then the four Liverpoolians arrived at the eating place, to find John Futter, Len Walls and Ben Griffiths on the wall surrounding the pigstye. Bryan Jones, for some obscure reason, was inside!

Various people arrive in quick succession, and the Captain appeared on his barrow with a great lasso tied on behind. Then the cry "come and get it!" rang out, and the farmhouse was stormed without further ado. Half-way through the meal Marriott appeared after taking half-an-hour for two miles. Soon afterwards Alan, Walter and Alf came in. Those present beside the above mentioned were Bradley, Green, Wild, Williamson, Long and Williams.

After Don Stewart collected the money in his characteristic fashion, everyone departed for home. Walls, Stewart and Palmer wended their weary way to the Meccano Set to show Len the sights of Widnes.

Week-end to the Bath Road "100"

It is difficult to know where to start this little story. Perhaps it would be well to commence our tale with a halt in Worcester, when Albert Preston and Franks Palmer and Marriott were signalled (some would say rudely, others victoriously) by Eric Reeves and Bath Roader Baker, who were mopping up the miles quite quickly without a great deal of effort themselves. Your ex-Editor had some candid things to say to Eric, who had left his two pals—Len Walls and Donald Stewart—to make their own way under their own steam. Eric retorted something about a green face, which perhaps was right, as only a belated telephone call prevented the two Franks from pushing Eric to his rightful place—the hard saddle of a bicycle on the high road. Lunch, and the speedsters left us.

Donald and Len came up in the middle of a shower at Pershore, and then beat it to scrap with a tin-lizzie of an auto-cycle. A pleasant tea at Evesham, a gentle walk to the crest of Fish Hill, and Albert hurried on ahead to make Peasemore for the night. Quite a hefty ride this, and the midnight hour was almost at hand when he docked, somewhat wearily, for a splendid supper. The two Franks pitched their camp aside the Thames at Lechlade.

Sunday was a day of lazing for most, and the two campers made the most of a pleasant evening by riding on the ridge road along the downs, missing the way down to Streatley, and eventually coming in at Pangbourne at 8-0 p.m. Tea then wasn't even a hope, but some bread rolls and hot sausages at Basildon filled an aching void very delightfully indeed. The evening hours passed in pedalling gently along the rippling road to Wantage, where their tent was pitched near the first turn in the "100" on the morrow.

Bert Green and Tommy Mandall travelled from their respective cities by train, meeting each other at Bletchley. Lunch, we understand, was something good at Aylesbury, and the duo pottered quite pleasantly to the Thames Valley, where Shillingford Bridge and its scenery—human and otherwise—called for a halt and a gawp. A pip-pip from a motor horn revealed the arrival of Jimmy Long, and after much, very much, persuasion, the President agreed to have his bicycle stowed aboard for some fast miles to Newbury.

Sunday was spent in watching the Ladies "100" (in which Eileen Sheridan, of Coventry, managed to achieve a 4.37 ride) and then some lazy hours followed.

Four a.m. Monday, and the world—our world anyway—was alive once more. Eric Reeves, Albert Preston, Len Walls, Donald Stewart and friend Bill Jackson, tumbled from their beds at Peasemore, and over the downs they scuttered into the Thames Valley for the first drinking and feeding station not far from Abingdon. Young Palmer made short work of the miles from Wantage. Bert Green and Stan Wild were officiating at the 50-mile point, while Jimmy and Tommy were i/c transport for the last feed and drink station. Marriott assisted at the Wantage turn.

We all met again at the finish, amid a milling throng that was thrilled at the times achieved. Two performances of 4.12, the best going to a Midlander, Les Willmot, with 4.12.29, and we passed our congratulations to Frank Greenwood, whose face was shining at the first Midland win in the B.R. "100" since 1924. Forty-three men inside 4.30! Where will it all end?

Bert Green was talking with "G.H.S." Salty, looking fitter than ever, spent his time renewing many old and valued friendships. We could not help recalling the brilliant day when "J.J." beat them all, and returned winner of this famous event. Nineteen-thirty-two. It seems but yesterday—until you start counting the years. Rex Austin, with his very good lady, and Bobby, made this venue as a final high-light of a wonderful Swiss tour, and how grand it was to see them so fit. Stan Wild had been over-

seas, also. Stan's holiday took him to the French Alps—alone. Some of the "rough-stuff" crossings he found "too hard", which means impossible to most of us!

Ernie Davies, Len Hill and Rourke we haven't mentioned so far, and, so far as our observation goes, completes our list of members present at this grand week-end jaunt. We didn't see Urban Taylor, who is a regular, and isn't it strange that Norman Turvey doesn't manage to twiddle his pedals to this popular fixture?

After the event the happy group of Anfielders spread fanwise across the country. Bert Green was for Bexhill on the south coast. Stan Wild was for home by way of London. Rex Austin and family motored to Manchester. Salty and Ernie Davies were for a farm near Droitwich for the night, to be home on Tuesday, while the other younger members made for Peasmore for lunch. Eric and Don were mighty pleased at the prospect of a lift from Len Baker, while the two Franks, after a late tea at Oxford, pitched their camp midway between the city and Woodstock. Len Walls and Albert Preston were staying out for a few days longer.

Kirkby, 5th August, 1950

A small but select party attended this alternative to the tour; Cyril Smart was first to arrive after riding from home into the wind with the idea of a sleigh-ride to the Cottage Café, when he turned. Next came the Treasurer and Editor each with a prospective member—average age six years—and the youngsters will certainly qualify for membership on their ability as trenchermen.

Half-way through tea the Hon. Secretary arrived, far from pleased with his ride on an ancient hack dug out hurriedly whilst his thoroughbred has attention from the vet.

After an interlude in the garden with the dog, a boxer to those in the know and a bulldog on stilts to those who aren't, the party broke up to wend their several ways; poor Cyril couldn't find an excuse for not riding to Southport with George and we have yet to hear the one he has concocted for not writing the Run up!

New Brighton, near Mold, 12th August, 1950

The rain had ceased when I left home to make my way to another Club run. As I passed down London Road I caught a glimpse of the marathon runners starting out on their afternoon's jaunt. I should think riding a bike is easier than running twenty-six miles.

After leaving the ferry my route lay via Willaston to the Mills, where a cup of tea was enjoyed in the company of Frank Perkins. As we were about to leave up rode Jack Davies, so we waited whilst he did justice to a cup of tea.

The road to Queensferry and Mold was a seething mass of cars and char-a-bancs and we were glad to turn into the lanes near Ewloe and so to the Northop road where a left turn led us through more lanes to the top of New Brighton hill.

Eric Reeves was standing outside the café wondering whether it was the right place or not, and Frank Palmer was standing in the middle of the village asking where New Brighton was !

George Parr, Bryan Jones and friend, and Alan Gorman, out training for a Scottish '12', completed the party.

An excellent meal was tucked away in the usual manner, and after talking about the sensational B.R. "100" times, and a few topics of lesser importance, we set off for home.

Bryan and friend left us at Queensferry, and the remainder of the party rode steadily to Birkenhead before Eric and Frank departed, leaving young Frank and I our respective routes home from the ferry.

Moreton Old Hall, 12th August, 1950

Much water has flowed under the bridge since my last attendance at a Club run and it was high time that this matter was rectified.

It was 3-45 and the rain had cleared when a start was made for Gaws-worth and Marton; Radner Bank suggested a leisurely stroll, the proper way to take a hill for one of such advanced years and ever increasing girth, and the sight of Stan Wild making a terrific effort to sprint the climb was no inducement to change the plan.

Pushing the bicycle across the Wild one's path caused him to dismount and walk up with me and together we continued our way to the venue; Percy Williamson and the two Brens had already arrived and by common consent a prompt start was made with tea, a wise decision, for no more men of Anfield came that way.

Stan did some excellent foraging and kept us well supplied with extra food and the latest Test scores and it was 7-0 p.m. before we felt inclined to make a move to break up the pleasant party.

Percy, Stan and the writer returned together as far as Radner Bank and Lower Withington, where the latter turned off for Macclesfield and the end of another enjoyable Club Run.

(The "advanced years and ever increasing girth" belong to Hubert Buckley.—Ed.)

Holt, 19th August, 1950

Leaving Shrewsbury by the Wem road with a following wind, I made good progress to Burlton, where a right turn took me to Loppington, past the Dickens Arms, well known to older members and the H.Q. of the English team that so dominated the World's Championship of 1922. A road to the left led through parkland to Northwood and so via Bettisfield to B.489 for a hundred yards or so. A sharp left turn found me riding along a most pleasant lane bordered by magnificent beech trees, their branches forming a huge tunnel. A quick descent brought me to that gem of a village—Hanmer—as yet unspoilt and undiscovered by the multitude. I was loath to leave this haven of peace and tranquility, but time was short so I set my wheels rolling again to Tallam Green and Threapwood then left again at the Frontier House (a most aptly named house) through

Shocklach past the lock-up, dated 1837, at Farndon and over the river to the White House.

Our host and hostess here must have had previous warning of the capacity of Anfielders as trenchermen, for we found a most excellent meal awaiting us and after disposing of the same I listened with interest to Salty and Marriott (a contender for the B. & R.) discussing the proposed weekend for the Tints, evidently someone had listened to the Mont Blanc broadcast.

Alan Gorman was the first to leave and the writer was the next, just before two super optimists in the persons of Len Hill and Vic Lambert arrived nearly an hour and half late expecting tea. My homeward way led me through the lanes to Bangor over the Dee to Overton and so to Ellesmere and Burlton, where I completed the triangle and consumed a pint of Shropshire's best before completing a most enjoyable and pleasant afternoon.

Those present were Marriott, Salty, Mandall, Long, Ira Thomas, Futter, Bryan Jones, Ben Griffiths, Palmer, Parr, Davies, Gorman, Hill and Lambert and one friend to make the party 15.

Dane-in-Shaw, 19th August, 1950

Leaving home rather late I realised before half the journey was covered that I should have to hurry along in order to be at the tea-place at the appointed time of 5-30 p.m. A fairly strong southerly wind did not make the going any easier so that tea-time was past before the streets of Congleton were negotiated, and a further twenty minutes were needed for the uphill ride to the Coach and Horses. I expected to find tea nearly over, instead I found the meal was not commenced and was told to order what I wanted, poached eggs on toast, or meat and salad. Eventually it was somewhere about ten past six before our party was served, with a jolly good tea at a reasonable price. By this time the number had grown to nine, the last man to arrive being Cyril Smart, from Liverpool. Cyril was intrigued about the writings in the *Circular* about a place he could not find on Bartholomew's half-inch and had come to see for himself, enquiring his way from Congleton. Questions discussed around the table dealt with the non-appearance of the "racing men" at this fixture, whether the wind would change for E. R. Jones' (Wolverhampton W.) attempt on the Liverpool to London bicycle record scheduled for the following day, and why the start was put so late as 10-30 a.m. Although we are getting accustomed to fast times the results of the Bath Road "100" were staggering, and we probed the possible reasons for knocking nearly an hour off the fastest times of thirty years ago. No satisfactory conclusions were reached on any of these topics.

Those present were Bert Green, Williamson, Hubert Buckley, Bradley, Harry Austin, Smart, and the three Orrells, Wilf, Bren., and Junior. Soon after 7-15 p.m. the party broke up, the President and Austin seeing Cyril Smart as far as Marthall on his longish ride home to Merseyside.

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Tea at 5-30 p.m.

October

- 7 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).
- 14 Annual General Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms). Tea at 5-0 p.m.
- 16 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
- 21/22 Autumnal Tints Tour. Headquarters, Glynceiriog (Glyn Valley Hotel).
- 21 Alternatives: Parkgate (Deeside Café), Middlewich (Woodlands).
- 28 Lymm (Spread Eagle).

November

- 4 Halewood (Derby Arms). Somerford (Sunnyside Café).
 - 11 New Brighton, nr. Mold (Argoed Café). Holmes Chapel (The Hollies).
 - 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool.
 - 18 Kirkby (Cottage Café). Barton (Tall Trees Café).
- Alternative fixtures for October 21st have been arranged as above.
Members should order their requirements on arrival.

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

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.

Resignation. The resignation of F. D. Elias has been accepted with regret.

Transfers. R. Poole and K. Turnor have been transferred from Full to Honorary Membership.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL

In March, 1879, a small body of enthusiastic wheelmen met in Liverpool and laid the foundations of the Anfield Bicycle Club.

For over seventy years the building that they started has grown and stood foursquare to all the winds that blow, so that to-day we marvel at the beauty and strength of the structure.

The history of the Club, from its small beginnings until the seventieth anniversary of its foundation, is now to be compiled and we are grateful to Norman Turvey for undertaking a task of such magnitude.

The collection and marshalling of facts and figures relating to the activities of members, past and present, is in itself a most formidable job and unless the result is to be a tome of gigantic proportions it will be an unenviable task to decide what must be left out: how much more difficult it will be to capture and express in cold print the living spirit of the Club, a spirit strong enough to bridge time and space and bind together men of widely differing ages and tastes, some of them scattered to the far corners of these islands and even beyond the seas. It is, perhaps, most fitting that one of our exiles should interpret that spirit for us.

We would not wish to anticipate Norman's work by attempting to forecast possible lines of approach but it may not be out of place to take a brief glance at the intricate pattern of the Anfield picture and see if some threads are continuous throughout, giving strength to the tapestry.

From the beginning, the place for Anfielders has been the open road and the term "Black Anfielders" resulted, not from the scowling visages of our early members, but from their choice of a stout, serviceable garb in the days of official Club uniforms; not for them the gay colours and silver braid, for to Anfielders cycling was an all the year round affair and well they knew how rain, snow and frost would turn the best roads of their day into something tougher than what we now call "rough-stuff".

The success of any Club depends very largely on the man at the top, and it has long been a tradition that our Presidents are chosen from the active membership; the list of past Presidents is short but those names were known throughout the cycling world and to-day we have a man who has added lustre to the office and holds a unique place in the affections of his fellow members.

Saturday Club Runs of the 'go as you please' type have contributed in no small measure to the continuity in our membership roll, making possible participation in the activities of the Club far beyond the normal span of Club life. Youthful enthusiasm can, and does, meet mellowed experience to the advantage of both and the hurt of neither, whilst Sunday is free for following the dictates of conscience, for the family circle or extended wandering without the inconvenience of fixed lunch and tea meets.

There has, we know, been criticism in some quarters that we are "choosy" in admitting new members, though such criticisms are quite illfounded; the Anfield has never considered so called 'social status', in fact some of our most respected members and friends have been far from

well blest with this world's goods; there is a world of difference between the A.B.C. and the M.C.C. definitions of a gentleman. The Club does demand, however, that members shall wear its button proudly and no act of theirs shall dim its brightness and we do no disservice to the game in measuring prospective Anfielders with such a yardstick.

To-day we are temporarily out of the headlines by which so many judge a Club, but the future can be made as bright as the past if all pull together; the A.G.M. on October 14th offers to everyone the opportunity of taking a hand in shaping the history of the Second Seventy Years.

THE GREAT JOLT

A popular weekly recently featured an article under the title "The Great Jolt", which was the newspaper name for the 1900 car rally.

On April 23rd, 1900, a cavalcade of horseless carriages set off from Hyde Park Corner on a thousand mile journey to Edinburgh and we read that they opened up to 12 m.p.h. after negotiating Hounslow on the first stage to Bristol.

The next stage was to Birmingham, then a rest day and on to Manchester via Derby.

From Manchester to Kendal was over such arduous roads that passing was forbidden and the procession lined up behind the Hon. Scott Montague, who took aboard the Surveyor of the Salford Hundred as pilot and adviser on gradients and surfaces.

"At Thirlmere the first real accident occurred when Mr. Siddeley's car came into collision with a horse, which had to be destroyed"; thus first blood to the Anfield, for "Mr. Siddeley" had then been a member for ten years and now appears on our Life Membership list as Lord Kenilworth.

It is interesting to note that a speed test in Welbeck Park was won by Mr. Rolls, who covered the measured mile in 1 minute 35 secs.

In conclusion, we read that "one reporter, summing up, remarked that the Rally had shown the consummate control which the driver of a motor car has over his vehicle in being able to pull up in a few yards, while horses, going at half the speed, could not have stopped in thrice the time".

That was 1900. In 1950 we are all for giving horses another chance!

ODDS AND ENDS

It seems but yesterday that F.M., with a most engaging smile, gave us his benediction and Blue Pencil and yet a year has gone and proved far from unpleasant because of the willing help which has been forthcoming. It is a pleasure to acknowledge much guidance and assistance from the previous tenant and to say "thank you" to Don Stewart and Laurie Pendlebury for finding so many victims, and to those who have sent contributions or words of encouragement or merely loaned a leg for pulling.

Congratulations to N. E. McEvoy, of the Speedwell, on lowering the Midland R.R.A. Llandudno to Birmingham record by nearly 11 minutes with a ride of 5 hrs. 32 mins. 20 secs.

Len Hill organised some help in the Abergele region and has had a most appreciative letter from our Speedwell friend in which he said he was also writing to "the Bath Road gentleman" (Len Baker). "Where ignorance is bliss"

It must be nice to be one of those philosophical souls who see everything in a good light. A trio of Anfielders were passing through Childer Thornton towards the "25" course on Battle of Britain Saturday when a shattering roar of aeroplanes and the wail of a siren made the Editor recoil in horror from the hideous din; Tommy merely grinned and said it was far better than listening to Jimmy.

In the Minutes of a Special General Meeting of Members held at the Club House, 8 Lower Breck Road, on Monday, December 7th, 1885, we read:—

Mr. W. Downes Mills moved, Mr. D. R. Fell seconded, and it was Resolved—

"That the wearing of Straw Hats at Club Runs during the summer shall not be *compulsory*".

Members are referred to Rule 14!

Alan Gorman had a successful trip North recently for the East Scotland T.T.A. "12", where he covered 224½ miles to the winner's 230¾. Alan had several delays, mostly through tyres and lost about 20 minutes, otherwise he might have gained 1st place; he is very enthusiastic about his reception by the friendly Scots and looks forward to riding again next year.

Manchester slide rules are red hot after calculating that Ben Griffiths pedalled his 75.6 gear from the turn in the last "25" at 117.04 r.p.m.

Lambert must have returned home from the finish at something less than 117.04 because he was caught by a "flat-foot" for having no light. When the Victorian flow of oratory ceased the local constabulary apologised profusely for the quality of lamps now turned out!

Lancashire members continue to meet at Kirkby each Wednesday evening and for the next few months the main meet will be on the third Wednesday of each month; something super is planned for December.

As we go to press, comes the July-August number of the *Bath Road News*, still recording the varying fortunes of ONE of the finest Clubs in the country. The explanation called for in our August issue is contained in the Editorial and is perhaps a trifle too militant in its wording to be

called an apology, but on behalf of the Club we accept it in the spirit in which it is sent! For a comparatively new club the Bath Road has made quite a name for itself and we have no hesitation in forecasting that *when the B.R.C. is as old as the A.B.C.* she will run us close for the title "the Premier Road Club" (vide *The Cycling World Illustrated*—1896).

The Liverpool D.C. of the R.T.T.C. is to promote the Championship "25" in 1951; we have some hot twenty-five milers and should aim at having a good team ready for week-end No. 16.

LOCAL LAD MAKES GOOD IN METROPOLIS

Since the announcement last month that Turvey is to compile the history of the Club we have received so many letters asking how long Norman has been able to write that it will be impossible to reply individually.

It all started a few years ago when our historian moved from Yorkshire to London, joined the North Road C.C. and contrived to get himself elected Treasurer; the manager of the bank where the North Road C.C. kept their money and Turvey had his overdraft, insisted that Norman should learn to write his name on cheques, on the grounds that a cross is so easily forged.

Years of residence near Pontefract had given Norman a characteristic Yorkshire doggedness and after only one year at night school he was turning out a very tolerable signature; moreover, the thirst for knowledge was on him and, far from discouraged by the Head Master's report which said, *inter alia*, "he should go far", our hero enrolled each succeeding year and it is now his proud boast that he has read the last three *Circulars* with practically no help.

So when the history of the "Anfield" is published it will all be due indirectly, to the manager of the bank where Turvey keeps his money and the North Road C.C. have their overdraft.

THE LIMIT

Somebody once said that every club has its Baron Munchausen. The Anfield, we have just discovered, has its own tame storyteller to-day, and not since the hey-days of the Randall era have we had such reason to doubt the veracity of one of our members. This interesting business came to light in this manner: Salty and Ernie Davies travelled northwards together from the Bath Road "100", and at Kidderminster, on the Tuesday morning, their ways parted. Salty ventured westwards through the Wyre Forest and the hilly road to Ludlow, Ernie came straight home. This is his story:

He left Kidderminster at 9-45 (and as the pair stayed the night almost on the outskirts of Droitwich this can be believed); Handley provided late elevenses (nearer noon) of a pint and a meat pie, and he was home at Rock Ferry at, near enough, 1-30 for lunch! On the day in question he

was helped by a wonderful wind from the south, and had the advantages of a four-speed gear. But, the tale takes a lot of believing.

From Kidderminster to Bridgnorth is 13 miles, Wellington at least another 11, Whitchurch a further 20, and Handley, for the first halt, 12. Total, 56 miles—between 9-45 and noon! Let us be generous and concede that Ernie could have left Carpet Town at 9-30, 56 miles in 2½ hours. Eighteen minutes inside evens, including the climb to Shatterford, and the uncomfortable lumps on the Whitchurch road! The Anfield builds stayers better than she knew!

From Handley to Rock Ferry in something less than 90 minutes is, of course, quite a possibility. But the other bit takes a lot of swallowing.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

The unofficial aspect of this grand week-end, whereby some are enabled to sneak out on the Friday night for an extra day awheel, has occasioned some thought this year. As mentioned last month, it was felt that to spend the Friday as well as Saturday at Glyn Ceiriog meant some unnecessary duplication in road travel, and efforts have been made to find an alternative venue.

As we go to press, all eyes are on a Guest House on the outskirts of Llanfairtalhaiarn. Len Hill stayed here not long ago, pronounced it good, and the price reasonable. The village is roughly fifty miles from Merseyside. Len is entering into negotiations in the hope of making a provisional booking. A grand round-up at the A.G.M. will enable final figures to be sent to the Guest House in good time.

RUNS

Hatchmere, 26th August, 1950

Quite a happy little party foregathered in the tiny Cheshire cottage not far from the shining mere at the forest cross-ways. As we staggered over the threshold, head ducking from long habit, we noticed Bert Green, Stan Bradley, Percy Williamson, Stan Wild, Rigby Band, George Parr, Jack Davies, Tommy Mandall, Donald Stewart, Eric Reeves, Len Walls, Sid Carver and Frank Marriott.

The afternoon had been delightful, even after a week of deluges that seemed very reminiscent of The Flood, although even dear old Bert could not remember *quite* that long ago. Tommy Mandall washed his feet in a torrent near Bowring Park on the way out, and we strongly suspect Jimmy looked at the two p.m. downpour and then wouldn't risk being drowned.

The Wirral folks accumulated at the Two Mills. As each arrived more tea was ordered and we thought that if many more showed up we would swim in the delightful stuff. We visited Chester as Len wanted to do a bit of shopping, and Sid desired some cigarettes: neither was really successful. We did hope for a glimpse of Bert Lloyd, whose shining example of a—modern petrol monstrosity lingered outside a cycle shop—of all places. Five-fifteen, and we turned through Ashton for the delightful road through the Forest for an arrival just after 5-30.

Sid was away first, to get a bit into the bank for to-morrow's journey back to Hull. The Manchester and Liverpool folk drifted away, too, leaving Tommy Mandall making a lone way to Heswall, and Eric, Frank and Len (leaving later) to find some new lanes and a wet ride home.

Cilcain, 2nd September, 1950

Four! Let their names be writ in letters large—DAVIES, PERKINS, HILL, MARRIOTT. This September afternoon was a delight indeed, but the fates were against a good turn-out. The younger lads were racing early on the morrow, and have some sort of an excuse. We met Ginner Williams and Jimmy Long at Two Mills, but they wouldn't come. "Into those ruddy hills, not likely!" Neither would Tommy Mandall. You see, at the last Cilcain run it was discovered that neither Tommy or Jimmy had been there before, and, of course they would come the hard way through Pant-y-mwyn. So that was the last.

Actually, it was one of the loveliest days for some time. Frank Perkins paddled up alone, and for once Ernie Davies was kind. He accompanied Frank Marriott very gently, and the two talked—"of ships and shoes and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings." They struggled up some of the hills, and walked the others, and so to the brink of the Alyn Valley where you gain such a grand view of Moel Famau in the receding light. The dip to the river was hectic, and the last climb brought Cilcain just after 5-30. Len Hill arrived later to make the foursome.

The meal was a delight indeed, and it did not help matters that Len had ordered for about a dozen, but the good lady was quite nice about it, and no food had been wasted.

In the half-light at the crossways we had a delightful chat with Fawcett, and then the two Franks ventured to the cool crest of Halkyn Mountain. The sight of the mountains against the setting sun will live long in memory. No half-hour has been finer for a long time.

Through Rhosesmor we skimmed down a narrow lane to the shining mill pool on the Holywell road just a mile from Northop, and at the latter village we bade the traffic good-bye and slipped towards the coast. The river Dee mirrored the last gleams of sunlight, and before we came to Two Mills the light had gone and all was in shadow.

Wildboarclough, 2nd September, 1950

The coincidence of a fine Saturday and an Anfield fixture to Macclesfield Forest is indeed a happy event in this most hydraulic of summers. That I prefer Derbyshire hills to the Mid-Cheshire plain is perhaps unbecoming in an Anfielder but I confess that I regard "Stanley's" as the most attractive of our current runs. To look across the Clough from Forest Chapel is ever a magnificent reward for the climb.

I had descended from the Chapel and was proceeding up the last few yards of the Clough road when, with a swish of chains, the Twemlow Orrells swept past me—Junior in the lead. I followed more slowly to find myself the last of a party of ten gathered around the bar.

Light entertainment was being provided by Alf Howarth, recently returned from continental wanderings with a unique collection of picture postcards—all of the Eiffel Tower.

Before long we were summoned to the table and there was a pause in the conversation sufficient to permit of justice being done to the meal.

After a short but pleasant session the party broke up about 7-0 o'clock to journey homewards in twos and threes at a variety of paces.

Those present were Messrs. Catling, Gorman, Green, Howarth, Orrells (Bren Junior, Bren Senior and Wilf), Pendlebury, Wild and Williamson.

Utkinton, 9th September, 1950

One of these days I will invest in a large scale map of South Lancs. and find the shortest way from Crosby to that Eddywilly contraption so aptly referred to as the Mecanno set.

To-day I steered the trike unerringly as I thought through the lanes. Yes, all seemed familiar until I called at Rigby's, who, incidentally was still on holidays (what a job!) and then my troubles started. I had not previously realized how many lanes led to or rather away from Runcorn.

John Davies caught up to me as I was in sight of the Transporter, which was already occupied by Tommy Mandall and Don Stewart. A mug of tea in Frodsham put us in trim for the remainder of the ride to the Smithy, so full of beauty at this time of the year. Don and John pushed on ahead leaving Tommy and myself to struggle up the hills.

The meat and salad tea is a definite improvement and seventeen sat down to do justice to a very satisfactory meal. Laurie Pendlebury and Percy Williamson kept very quiet at their private table for two, no doubt they did not wish to focus attention on their heavily laden plates!

Len Baker's welcome appearance revived memories of midnight at Prestatyn, tired fleeting figures, posh shooting brake and heavy rain, to say nothing of a welcome lift to Flint.

Bren was there showing Junior how to stoke up in true Anfield fashion. Conversation on many topics whiled away a pleasant half-hour, billowing clouds of smoke issuing from the President's pipe, made the atmosphere hazy as the party gradually melted away. Geo. Parr, John Davies and myself were first away to retrace our "steps" through Runcorn, my companions finding it necessary to quench a rather troublesome thirst at the "Derby Arms".

Those present were Bert Green, Mandall, Pendlebury, Gorman, Rock, J. Davies, Len. Baker, Williamson, Wild, Howarth, Marriott, Stewart, G. Parr, Ben Griffiths, Bren Orrell and son, Birkby.

Club "25"—16th September, 1950

This event, which was run off very successfully, had two unusual features, a strong southerly gale, and a very poor turn-out of members. Howarth, Salty, Palmer, Stewart, Walls, Bryan Jones and Gorman lined up for the

starter. Their number was augmented by two friends who rode private trials: Glyn Jones and Ben Griffiths. Thorpe hoped to make it in time but after a ride from Marple into a very troublesome and increasing wind, it was too late to do anything but watch. John Futter could not get leave from his R.A.F. station for the afternoon, and Reg. Wilson was very much an elusive shadow.

The course starts not far from Stamford Bridge on the Tarvin road, and proceeds to Vicars Cross Island on the Chester Ring road. Left here, and left again along the Whitchurch road to turn just beyond the top of Broxton. For the last ten miles of the outward leg the going was hard, very hard. Yet Howarth, first man off, made the turn in $41\frac{1}{4}$ minutes; Salty, a shade over $41\frac{1}{2}$ with a loss of more than a minute just after the start due to a pulled-over rear wheel; Palmer, a youngster making his first effort, just under $46\frac{1}{2}$; Stewart $41\frac{1}{2}$; Glyn Jones, just under 41; Walls, $43\frac{1}{2}$; Bryan Jones, $38\frac{1}{2}$; Gorman, $38\frac{1}{2}$; Griffiths, 38.20. These names are given in the order of start.

This is no story of a race being won and lost during a hard start, nor a fast finish, the tussel between Bryan Jones, Alan Gorman and Ben Griffiths continued to the end. Their speeds coming home were identical, and very fast. Griffiths was told by a passing motorist that he was doing 32 an hour! on a 75 gear! These boys were ten minutes faster returning than going out, riding the $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles in $28\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, which included an almost two-miles stretch where the wind was anything but helpful. The following table shows all the riders in order of speed.

	Actual time	
1. Ben Griffiths	1.6.49	Private trial.
2. Alan Gorman	1.6.51	Scratch.
3. B. Jones	1.6.56	Less 1 minute handicap.
4. Alfred Howarth	1.9.7	$1\frac{1}{4}$
5. Donald Stewart	1.11.4	3
6. J. J. Salt	1.11.29	4 (lost $1\frac{1}{4}$ minutes).
7. Glyn Jones	1.11.52	Private trial.
8. Len Walls	1.13.54	3
9. Frank Palmer	1.23.37	10

Frank Marriott held the watch, and Russ Barker checked and timed at the turn. B. Jones gains Handicap Award.

Out on the course, in addition to those already mentioned, were Bert Green (as usual), Jimmy Long, Tommy Mandall, Ken Barker, Len Hill, Vic Lambert and Harold Kettle.

Most of the party returned to the Headquarters for a grand feed, and an even better gossip over the race and those subjects which make even an Anfield run such an enjoyable outing.

Club "50"—23rd September, 1950

The bloke wot had the most sense to-day was Donald Stewart. Our sub-captain listened to the 8-0 a.m. weather forecast, called at Len Hill's to say that he wouldn't be out owing to work commitments, and then waited for the afternoon rain to come pelting down on his office window. Oh! that some other and lesser mortals could have the same foresight.

The afternoon, when we started out, was quite good. Frank Marriott managed to overtake Frank Perkins, and then we found Tommy and Jimmy sheltering beneath a hedge; the rains had come. Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, and Ted Byron halted at Two Mills, while your ex-editor moved on to be at the start for 4-30. The starters who braved the weather were five: Howarth, Gorman, Walls, Salty and Futter. The rain had by this time set in in earnest, and the prospects of a pleasant afternoon were nil.

Russ Barker and Walter Thorpe scooted off to the top turn, passing the drinking station at Handley on the way, where Peter Rock, Frank Palmer and friend Griffiths succoured the needy with hot coffee. Len Hill, George Connor, Bryan Jones, George Molyneux and the two Bren Orrells were also on the course. George Parr, Percy Williamson and Bert Green waded into some delightful egg and chips at the headquarters.

So much for incidentals. Of the event itself we can say little, of intermediate times we have none. The checkers and marshals were quite content to snuggle inside their cold and clammy capes and shout words of cheer to the riders. Alan Gorman had the misfortune to puncture and thereby lost the usual and probable three minutes. Alfred Howarth, not too happy about this soul-destroying pastime of trying to cycle fast on such a miserable afternoon, packed up after about fifteen miles just before John Futter had the pleasure of passing him. Stick Alfred last man next time, please!

Yet, misery withal, the times were quite good. John Futter sailed in first with a grand ride of 2.16.12. Alan Gorman's puncture cost him first place, and he splashed everyone at the finish with a 2.16.22, a very near thing. Salty, the Maestro, came up with 2.23.3, and Len Walls not far behind with 2.24.55.

Alan and John Futter were on scratch, although why John shouldn't have a minute we just don't know. Salty, with a gift on a silver plate of nine minutes, gained the handicap award. And J.J.S. wants the handicappers to know that he isn't all that decrepit, to be insulted with such a long mark in a Club event.

Result :

1. John Futter	scratch	2.16.12	
2. A. Gorman	„	2.16.22	
3. J. J. Salt	9	2.23.3	Handicap award.
4. Len Walls	8	2.24.55	

And so ends the 1950 racing season. The run ended with a pleasant hot meal consumed while the twilight faded into night. The rain was still drenching everything when we turned into the air for the last miles home.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



NOVEMBER - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

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NOVEMBER 1950

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

November

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 4 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 11 New Brighton (near Mold)
(Argoed Café) | Holmes Chapel (The Hollies) |
| 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 18 Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Bartington (Tall Trees Café) |
| 25 Utkinton (Smithy Farm) | |

December

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 2 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 9 Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 11 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 16 Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |

COMMITTEE NOTES

75 Avondale Road North,
Southport.

The undermentioned were appointed delegates :—

- R.R.A. : P. C. Beardwood, N. Turvey.
N.R.R.A. : L. Pendlebury, A. Howarth, S. Wild.
R.T.T.C. : Liverpool Council : E. Davies and D. Stewart.
W.C.T.T.C.A. : J. J. Salt, W. P. Rock.
Timekeepers : R. J. Austin, S. Wild.
Handicapping and Course : J. J. Salt, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, E. Davies, D. Stewart, J. Pitchford, I. A. Thomas.
Committee :
Open "100" : J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt, S. Wild, J. Pitchford,
Committee : I. A. Thomas.

Applications for Membership : William Jackson, 35 Mainwaring Road, Bromborough, Cheshire, proposed by J. E. Reeves, seconded by L. J. Walls; George Edward Alcock, 45 Lombard Street, Liverpool 6, proposed by T. Mandall, seconded by W. G. Connor; J. R. Griffiths, 65 Mold Road, Broughton, Chester, proposed by J. J. Salt, seconded by L. J. Walls.

Boxing Day Run. This has been booked at Halewood (Derby Arms). Please let me have your name if you intend to come as accommodation is limited to 25.

Resignation. The resignation of Mr. D. Smith has been accepted with regret.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

IN MEMORIAM

1914 — 1918

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

1939 — 1945

B. H. Band	D. L. Ryalls
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*"They shall grow not 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

22 Draycot Road,
Wanstead, E.11

Dear Mr. Editor,

Whylst I am greatfull for the nyce rite up in the October *Circular* I think you ort to be more kairfull to avoid harming my reputayshun with the North Rode Klub. You see sum of those blokes are a bit suspishus about my Swiss holidays last yeer and this. Alltho I dont no wot an "overdraft" meens, the way you rite about it looks fishy, indeed to me it smells fishy and I feer that some down hear may say By God it taysts fishy. And then whair shall I be for a Swiss holiday in 1951 ? I think this is a poor way to reward a chap wot has tayken on the job of riting your ruddy history.

Yors trooly,
NORMAN TURVEY.

ODDS AND ENDS

The Skipper, Len Baker, Lambert and Palmer had a good day on "Tints" Saturday, travelling from Llanfair, T.H., to Glyn via Pentre (lunch), Corwen, Llangollen and the Alty-Bady.

In the absence of Tommy and Jimmy, Alan Gorman was acclaimed King of the Mountains on the Saturday bash.

Len Baker's stay on our territory is about over and we shall miss him on his return to London. Nice to have had you around Len ; try and come again !

The Anti-Trike Brigade received a sharp set-back at Highwayside when a use for the object of their scorn was demonstrated. Stan's Barrer made an excellent camera stand and the T.A. wallahs point out that, whilst a trike makes a good tripod, a tripod won't transport one to Troon.

Talking of trikes reminds us that our worthy Skipper is even later getting to Club runs now he is riding a bicycle, which seems to suggest that our Standards need another revision—10% in favour of bicycles instead of the other way round.

Our printer slipped last month so that on page 85 we read "those subjects which make even an Anfield run such an enjoyable outing". The script said "every Anfield run".

It was hard luck on Sammy to miss the Tints because of a call to follow a record attempt and harder luck on the two Mersey Roaders, Griffiths and Jones, who failed by a very narrow margin to gain the Liverpool to London tandem record.

Next month's issue should contain the photograph taken on the occasion of the A.G.M. George Parr's effort at Highwayside is a super affair but more faces were available at Halewood.

Len Hill represented the Club at the T.A. Dinner in Birmingham recently and some report anent the goings-on should be available for next month.

Congratulations to Stan and Mrs. Wild on the birth of a daughter, also to Alan Bretherick, who was married on October 14th.

RUNS

Highwayside. Photo Run, 30th September, 1950

One p.m. on this pleasant Saturday saw me leave Flint for Highwayside, and, let me add, by bicycle; it was my first experience of the grand Cheshire lanes, which took me through Eccleston and Eaton Park to Beeston Castle, where the sags were noticed due to the absence of somewhere for a 'cuppa'.

By four o'clock this was remedied at Highwayside where the good folk stopped laying the table to do the necessary.

One by one the Anfielders arrived, looking strangely spick and span, faces washed and hair brushed and one or two had even cleaned their shoes; soon came the cry "Get fell-in" and we trooped on to the green, all looking very sheepish. There was the usual fuss from the two photographers, Stan Wild and George Parr, the former measuring distances, looking at the sky and generally messing the party about this way and that whilst George fluttered about like an old hen.

Stan arranged the mob one way, George put it the other, Stan told Tommy to "take that awful grin off your face", then George told him to stop looking as if he were attending a funeral; Stan then got his trike on to the lawn to act as a tripod and George promptly fell over it and wanted to know what the purple blazes the heap of old iron was for. At last all was ready and our faces were "taken" umpteen times and all seemed to be over when Frank Marriott hops out to the front, 'snapped' the bunch just like

that with no messing about distances, light factors or conferences with fellow conspirators with the usual jargon about f.6 and panchromatic what-nots. Of course, if his turns out the best it will be just beginner's luck !

Back inside, we found the usual high tea and very nice too; catering up here is decidedly better than ours down South and I shall miss it, for my time in Anfieldland is nearly over.

After tea the Tints week-end was the main topic of conversation and I was stunned to find that the Friday night was to be spent at Llanfair T.H., for this meant riding a bicycle all the way.

Wending our various ways homewards, the Wirral gang met Len Hill two miles from Highwayside; he had evidently got hold of the wrong *Circular* and gone to last year's tea-place by mistake—a failing of Anfielders or their sisters', for a week or two ago I phoned Sammy who was out gallivanting as usual, but his sister looked up the rag and told me the tea place. Later a frantic card from the Long One told me she had consulted a 1949 issue !

And so back to Flint after a good day in cheery company, which makes a difference when one is far from home—Thank you, Anfield.

Those present were H. Green, F. Marriott, F. Palmer, L. Pendlebury, W. Thorpe, C. Davey, T. Mandall, H. Austin, S. Wild, Bren Orrell and son, P. Williamson, K. Barker, A. Gorman, G. Parr and L. Baker.

Utkinton, 7th October, 1950

With a following wind from home, I soon found myself in the company of Tommy Mandall waiting for the Meccano set to transport us across the Mersey.

A sedate pace was maintained to Hatchmere, where a halt was made for a "cuppa" and a cake. During this interlude we were joined by Jack Davies and Vic Lambert. Off again and soon after five we arrived at Smithy Farm to find Georges Parr, Alcock and Molyneux, and Ginner Williams already in possession. John Futter and Ben Griffiths were also present, having just arrived home from a week's tour down South—or was it a bash, because during the process they lost Glyn and Bryan Jones.

In one's and two's the remainder arrived, and it was five thirty-three when the Captain arrived, but he would not have been this early had he not been with Frank Palmer.

Twenty members enjoyed the meal, and the main topics of conversation after hinged on either the A.G.M. or the Tints.

Soon after seven Vic, Frank and I left soon to overtake Georges Parr and Alcock; Jack Davies was waiting, near Delamere, for some acetylene to be generated in a gas lamp. Another journey across the transporter and in another forty minutes I was home.

Besides those already mentioned the following were also present:—H. Green, F. Marriott, P. Rock, H. Austin, A. Howarth, A. Birkby and the two Orrells.

Annual General Meeting, Halewood, 14th October, 1950

October is certainly a good month for the Annual Meeting of the Club, as evidenced by an attendance of 40 members and two prospectives on this glorious afternoon. All roads seemed to lead to the Derby Arms, and the Hon. Secretary was soon sure of the 30 for whom he had ordered tea.

The first to receive honourable mention must be Sid Carver, who had ridden over from Hull and only accepted a lift from Warrington in Russ Barker's "plain van" under protest; it was good to see Harold Powell again and then, in no particular order, were noticed Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Gorman, Parr, Jack Davies, Stewart, Ernie Davies, Austins (Rex and Harry), Pendlebury, Howarth, Thorpe, Birkby, George Connor, Selkirk, two Barkers (the Editorial one and Russell, the nice one), Sherman, Walls, Futter, Salt, Rock, Perkins, Longfellow, Tommy Mandall, Bryan Jones, Marriott, Ginner Williams, Captain Hill, Reeves, George Molyneux, Stan Wild, Smart—but not half as smart as Vic Lambert, who came after helping Alan Bretherick to get married, Palmer, Preston, John Jones and Rigby Band. We were glad to have George Alcock and Ben Griffiths to complete the party.

Tea was preceded by another spate of photography in the field—a most solemn occasion sadly marred by some cad asking the photographer if he had a rising front just as Marriott arrived; Sammy had the last laugh however, for he took a few exposures of the group and only found out next day that he hadn't put a film in his box of tricks!

After a pleasant interlude in the dining room, during which Salty treated us to his celebrated impersonation of a Toucan, a move was made for the large shed in which we were to deliberate, and the stern business commenced.

The Secretary's Report showed attendance at Runs fairly well maintained, Attendance Prizes going to Percy Williamson and Alf Howarth. Bert Green attended 52 fixtures and is well on the way to 2,000.

Eric Reeves reported on racing activities which promised well for the future; Rigby reported the cash position and showed how we had spent £22 more than our income, with the *Circular* as our heaviest expense; strange to say the members assembled later refrained from sacking the Editor!

It was decided to make the racing programme next season consist of the Open "100" and seven Club events—4 at 25 miles and 3 at 50 miles.

Club Tours were left to the discretion of the Committee.

Officers re-elected were Bert Green, President, with Tommy Mandall and Jack Salt Vice-Presidents, Secretary Connor, Treasurer Band, Len Hill is again Captain and the Editor is as before.

Eddie Morris and Chandler will again watch the Treasurer and all outward bound ships.

It is unfortunate that business and transport difficulties made it impossible for Manchester men to contemplate a monthly trip to Liverpool

so that the President and Alf Howarth (a Sub-Captain—Len Walls is the other) are the only representatives of Cottonopolis; it is to be hoped that circumstances will change before the next A.G.M., for much sound counsel has come from Manchester, and we want that to continue.

Racing Secretary is Don Stewart, and a new appointment of Secretary for the Open "100" is filled by Ernie Davies. Others on the Committee are Marriott, Reeves, Rock, Long, Birkby and Palmer.

The Meeting would have none of Harry Austin's proposal to alter subscriptions though he ranged eloquently over every topic other than subscriptions in order to put the pack off the scent and win his point.

The Special Prizes donated by "Baron" Fulton were discussed at length, it being finally decided to allot the sum available to the first three Anfielders to win the Team Race in an "Open".

At length the business was concluded and the trek for home started, a sleigh-ride to Liverpool but not so easy for the Mancunians, but anyway some training was indicated before the Tints Tour over the next week-end.

PRELUDE TO THE "TINTS"

My mind was awchirl with excitement at the prospect of another "Tints" week-end, for this year we had planned to travel far afield with only one night at Glyn.

We foregathered at the Bridge Inn, Mold, on Friday, to stoke up for the miles to Llanfair T.H., and were escorted as far as Nannerch by Ben O'Broughton, then settled down to a steady "rev" to our abode for the night.

The Bryn-y-Pyn was not the usual nightmare for we walked and talked over the worst with Len and Peter amusing us with strong-arm tactics, then the golden opportunity came, for they took a wrong turn and the rest broke away.

Beds sorted out and grime removed, we soon had our feet under the table; then Len Baker ran us to earth, followed by Alan Gorman, dazed after the maze of lanes around Elwy side.

After supper plans for the morrow were discussed, the Captain, Barf Road Baker, Lambert and Palmer opting for the shorter route, the rest deciding to make a real day of it, and so to bed in readiness.

Saturday. It was 9-15 before we moved off on this lovely crisp morning up the valley with only Salty really knowing what lay ahead; it is many years since Sid Jonas took the gang of the early 30's round this part of Wales and the day's ride commenced with a return to the route of those happy days. Colourful Elwy side was soon left behind as we climbed to the uplands above Llanrwst and made our way along the ever enjoyable road to Nebo and Pentre Voelas with the views across the Conway Valley, which I believe cannot be bettered anywhere.

From Nebo our route tumbled in glorious sweeps to skirt Capel Garmon and join A.5 above the Falls of Conway; the woods were at their loveliest, as if in welcome to those Anfielders who had not passed this way before at this most wonderful season of the year.

A gentle mile or so down the valley and our turning point was reached as we made for Penmachno and Cwm; elevenses at the "Eagle" and soon we left the highroad for the ascending track to Eidda Wells and here, for the only time during the week-end, Alan was dropped during the footrace to the top. Awheel again for a gentle potter along a track covered 19 years before when Salty and Birkby had to coax Gordon Glendenning along, but no coaxing was required this time for ahead was Festiniog and a satisfying meal.

Trouble in a large dose arrived when Don mangled his chain-wheel and crank half-a-mile along the Trawsfynydd road, but a quick return and the damage was soon put to rights.

The usually fast road to Dolgelly was hard by reason of the wind and it was 3-25 p.m. when Dolgelly was reached with only Salty realising exactly what had yet to be accomplished; over the river to Cross Foxes, "poodling" up in bottom gear, then Eric's knee was giving trouble and with Peter as escort he dropped back.

The final mile to the summit was covered on foot and was a reminder of another tour of long ago with George Glover, when we rode the Bwlch-Oer-Drws on the way to Dolgelly. This time it was an exhilarating sweep down the fine surfaced road and so to Dinas and a call on Mrs. Morris for the best tea she could rustle.

We waited for Eric and Peter and had their word to carry on before making over the hills to Llanfyllin and Llanrhaidr and the final testing miles after a long day. Not one faltered and the surrounding hills echoed our tramping feet and voices as tales were told of past forays into Ceiriog's hillsides.

Twinkling lights greeted us as we sped past the West Arms, scene of epic week-ends in the 30's and soon we arrived at journey's end, late and therefore unwashed, for our meal and the cheerful chatter of clubmates.

Another pen must now take up the tale, for the happenings of the next hour or two eluded me as I slipped quietly into the land of dreams, most comfortably ensconced on the hearth rug; how fitting an end to a grand day.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR, GLYN CEIRIOG,

21st/22nd OCTOBER, 1950

The annual pilgrimage to the glorious Ceiriog Valley is one of the high lights of the Club year, and it was with pleasant anticipation that I left home shortly after 2-0 p.m. on Saturday afternoon. The fortune of the weather resulted in a true Autumn day, a cool nip in the air being mellowed by soft seasonal sunshine. Riding conditions were perfect and I made only one stop during my 60-odd mile journey—at Vicars Cross for toasted tea-cakes and a cup of tea—and soon I was lighting up at Ruabon preparatory to indulging in the exquisite delight of the final miles of valley road with the sweet murmur of the Ceiriog river for company all the way to my destination.

Already the lounge of the Glyn Valley Hotel was full of Anfielders headed by our revered President, Bert Green, and at the appointed time he was followed into the dining room by V.P. Tommy Mandall, Hon. Secretary George Connor, to whom we are indebted for making the arrangements for this excellent week-end, Moneybags Rigby Band, Captain Len Hill, and ordinary mortals in the persons of Jimmy Long, Albert Preston, Jack Davies, George Parr, Harry Austin, Percy Williamson, Stan Wild, Arthur Williams, Vic Lambert, Arthur Birkby, Frank Palmer, our esteemed Bath Road friend Len Baker, and prospective member George Alcock. We learned of Ira Thomas's inability to be present with regret and were critical of Frank Marriott allowing R.R.A. business to interfere with such a grand fixture, but of course someone has to perform these sometimes irksome duties. Our gathering was not yet complete. Salty and party, after staying the previous night at Llanfair Talhaiarn, were reported to be circumnavigating North Wales, and were due to arrive any minute.

We started dinner without them. Barely had the soup plates been cleared away when an urgent phone message informed George that Eric Reeves (one of Salty's merry men) had strained a knee, and that Peter Rock had stayed behind to keep him company. Their time of arrival would be about 9-30! George's act of hanging up the receiver heralded the arrival of Salty, Don Stewart, Alan Gorman, Len Walls and friend Bill Jackson. They staggered rather than walked into the dining room and were laconic in conversation until their ravenous hunger had been satiated. Nearly a hundred miles in the hardest part of North Wales had been their portion and it appears that Alan had emerged King of the Mountains and even evergreen Jack had to give best. Salty will, I understand, be writing a full account of this strenuous day, and we look forward to it with interest.

A lazy evening in front of a huge log fire brought midnight in no time at all, but no one cared, for did not Summer Time end this week-end? Perhaps the best sight of the session was Salty slumbering peacefully on the mat, a most interesting study of the Maestro at rest! I nearly forgot to mention that Eric and Peter rolled up at ten o'clock, Eric's plight being due to his enthusiasm being greater than his present state of fitness.

Sunday morning dawned dull and misty. The usual excellent breakfast was followed by the now customary photo-drill, a form of exercise in which Jack Davies and George Parr excel. A most pleasing incident was the arrival of the two youngsters, Ben Griffiths and Bryan Jones, who had ridden out from home in the small hours to join the party. Well done, lads!

Nobody seemed keen on the mountains this morning, and the suggestion of "elevenses" at Selattyn and lunch in the vicinity of Meverley seemed to find favour with the majority. Personally I took that pleasant route through the Border country via Overton, Bangor, Malpas and Peckforton, to indulge in a late lunch at Whitegate, which was a grand way of writing *finis* to one of the best week-ends on record.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



DECEMBER - 1950

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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HALEWOOD—14th October, 1950



Back row, left to right :—W. G. CONNOR, R. BARKER, F. MARRIOT, E. REEVES, S. T. CARVER, W. THORPE, B. JONES, L. WALLS, A. GORMAN, A. HOWARTH, R. J. GRIFFITHS, J. FUTTER, D. STEWART, H. AUSTIN.

Second row, left to right :—A. WILLIAMS, J. LONG, T. SHERMAN, C. SELKIRK, L. PENDLEBURY, P. WILLIAMSON, G. ALCOCK, K. BARKER, G. PARR, W. P. ROCK, E. DAVIES.

Front row, left to right :—L. HILL, A. BIRKBY, S. WILD, T. MANDALL, H. GREEN, J. J. SALT, H. W. POWELL, F. PERKINS, G. MOLYNEUX.

Photo : J. Davies.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVI

DECEMBER 1950

NUMBER 537

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

December

- | | | |
|----|--|-------------------------------|
| 2 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 9 | Woodbank (Yacht)
(Rough stuff event—see text) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 11 | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 16 | Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |
| 23 | Woodbank (Yacht) | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 26 | Halewood (Derby Arms)—Lunch 1-0 p.m. | |
| 30 | Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |
- 1951

January

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------------------------|
| 6 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 13 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 15 | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 20 | Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

Resignation. The resignation of T. T. Samuel has been accepted with regret.

Boxing Day Run, Halewood (Derby Arms). Will those members intending to be present please let me have their names so that the necessary catering arrangements can be made.

Change of Address. S. J. Buck, Mayville Hotel, 25 Park Road, West Kirby, Cheshire.

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

The Editor of this journal is K. W. Barker, 6 Heathfield Road, Bebington, Wirral. We close for press on the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month and all matter for publication *must* be in the hands of the Editor by that day. Contributions must be on one side of the paper only and should be typed if possible.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; Under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Band, 16 Campbell Drive, Liverpool 14. or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5 branch.

HON. TREASURER'S NOTES

16 Campbell Drive,
Liverpool 14.

For the information of those who were absent from the A.G.M. I should like to repeat that the Club's financial position is still as sound as ever although our stock of ready cash will just about meet our monthly commitments. For this reason it is essential that everyone shall live up to the letter as well as the spirit of Rule 25 and pay his subscription by December, 1950.

The Hon. Members' subscription of 10/- barely covers the cost of their *Circulars* so I would appeal to all Honorary Members who can do so to add a little extra. We have made a good start to the year, as the following acknowledgment of subscriptions and/or donations(*) shows:—

K. W. Barker*, H. S. Barratt*, P. C. Beardwood*, A. E. C. Birkby, A. Bretherick, F. Chandler, W. G. Connor, J. J. Davies, W. J. Finn*, J. C. Futter*, A. Gorman, E. D. Green, E. R. Green, H. Green*, N. S. Heath*, W. Henderson*, T. R. Hinde, A. Howarth, J. E. B. Jones, J. H. Jones, E. L. Killip, D. C. Kinghorn, W. H. Lloyd, J. Long*, T. E. Mandall*, E. O. Morris, J. Newton, L. Oppenheimer*, G. Parr, L. Pendlebury, H. W. Powell*, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt, T. V. Schofield, J. Seed, C. Selkirk, W. C. Smart, F. W. Smith*, D. Stewart, U. Taylor, I. A. Thomas, L. J. Walls*, S. Wild.

J. RIGBY BAND,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL

Greetings. We would take this opportunity of wishing all our readers a right Merry Christmas and Good Health, Good Fortune and Good Wheeling throughout the New Year.

The late E. J. Reade. We regret to announce the death on November 7th, of Jimmy Reade, who joined the Club in 1920 and will be remembered particularly by older members, for his appearances have been few for many years now.

For several years after he joined in 1920 Jimmy was a regular attender of our fixtures; he was on the Committee in 1923 and in the same year won the handicap in the Club "12" with a ride of 178½ miles.

He was one of the select band of all the year round week-enders and many were the stories of their adventures which kept the table lively when recounted.

As mentioned elsewhere, our late member's son attended a run recently before going to live in Bury and his interest in the Club was very evident. We hope it will not be long before the name Reade re-appears on our Membership Roll.

MUD, SWEAT AND TEARS

Members will note that the Parkgate run fixed for December 9th, has had to be re-arranged and that tea on that date will be at the Yacht, Woodbank.

An unofficial "scramble" over about six miles of fields, woods and muddy tracks had been suggested and a juicy course laid on in the Raby district.

Owing to the fact that lighting-up time will be about 4.0 p.m. on December 9th a course nearer the Yacht will be found. Those interested should meet at the Yacht before 3.0 p.m. if possible or a phone call to Frank Marriott (B'head 1556) will bring details and a nice job of checking if desired.

This is an experiment and the experience gained should help towards the promotion of something really good in February.

ODDS AND ENDS

The run on January 13th to Parkgate is the customary Christmas "do", when we are glad to welcome friends and relatives. Please remember to advise George Connor if you will be present and if you propose to bring any guests. Last year catering was strained almost to breaking point by those who arrived unannounced, and this is unfair to the staff and to those who have booked a meal.

Congratulations and good wishes to our near neighbours the East Liverpool Wheelers, who are celebrating their Diamond Jubilee; they can look back with pride on sixty years of vigorous existence, good sportsmanship and service to the cycling game and have every reason to look forward to an even brighter future.

The "Lion" at Shrewsbury has already been booked as H.Q. for the "100" next Whit, and an announcement will shortly be made about reserving beds; in the meantime members should start saving up now as a deposit will be required.

The Committee have provisionally booked March 10th for our Birthday Run at Halewood. Please include attendance at this fixture as one of your New Year Resolutions and you will not be disappointed, for this annual get-together is becoming a real highlight in our programme.

We were not amused by the suggestion that copies of recent *Circulars* should be shown at the Liverpool Dry Rot Exhibition; on the other hand we were highly tickled by the local daily which, in a report of a school concert, said "the Hall was packed with expectant mothers eagerly awaiting the appearance of their offspring".

The question of suitable courses for Club events is causing the staff some headaches. Suggestions will be welcomed by Don Stewart.

Alan Gorman is the new Secretary of the Manchester and District T.T. Association. We doubt if "Congratulations" is quite the right word Alan, but the Association are certainly to be congratulated on their choice.

A correspondent, who shall be nameless, has hard words to say about some "Tall Trees" and is beating his spear into a pruning hook against the day he next meets our Skipper, who recommended the joint.

RUNS

Lymm, 28th October, 1950

The story of this run really started when V.P. Mandall and Frank Palmer met about a mile past Bowring Park. Frank noticed a sardonic gleam in Tommy's eye, the reason for which soon became apparent. It seems that Stevie had telephoned Tommy and asked if he were going to Lymm. Now Stevie has a car, and Tommy saw the idea right away. Therefore the two cyclists parted about two miles from Bowring Park. Tommy gave Frank his paternal blessing, and the youngster hurried on to overtake Donald Stewart just before the H_2SO_4 works at Farnworth. Don had a cold, and this is probably the reason why Frank was able to catch up with him. The twain continued until they reached that blot on the landscape known as Warrington, or Little America. (I have heard it called other names, but would Ken Barker approve? No! Spoil sport!)

As the two bold explorers penetrated deeper into the heart of the town it became evident that Warrington *v.* St. Helens had just ended and that put the tin hat on it. However, they got through without injury and started on the last lap of the journey. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Lymm the pair ran across Jimmy Long, who was walking to warm his feet, and all three covered the remaining distance to the Spread Eagle to find Bert Green, John Davies, George Parr, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson and friend Churchill crouching over the showy electric radiator and engaged in a very technical discussion on photographs, films and cameras.

Just after the new arrivals had settled themselves in the ring Alf Howarth walked in and was soon followed by the "motor bods", Tommy Mandall and George Stephenson. Jimmy was very sarcastic about Tommy's mode of arrival, but the V.P. as usual just grinned and said nowt.

The Wirralites attendance record was nearly broken, the only fairly regular attenders absent being Marriott, Reeves, Rock, Walls, Perkins, Abdul the Damned, Salty, Ernie Davies and Ken Barker. Marriott had a very novel excuse. He was digging his allotment! (You can tell that to the marines).

About 5-45 p.m. the cry "Dinner is served" was heard, and all filed quietly into the dining room like the perfect little gentlemen we are. The meal passed off very pleasantly, some eating chicken and others disposing of jugged hare. The conversation was interesting, particularly Alf Howarth's description of this week's "Take it from Here" radio show, and also his views of rough stuff, or rat-holing, as he puts it.

Soon after seven the party broke up, and the Manchester section set out on their short ride home. Tommy and George went after wishing the rest good luck, and the other Liverpudlians plus the Pride of Cheshire (Jimmy Long) set off on their ride through Warrington. In Warrington we said

goodbye to friend Churchill and at Farnworth Don and Frank left John, George and Jimmy, who were going to quench their thirst and drown their sorrows at the Derby Arms, Halewood.

Don and Frank rode spritely past Cronton slag heap, through Huyton and Roby to Alder Hey Hospital, where Don slipped off home, leaving Frank to continue his way alone.

Halewood, 4th November, 1950

A description of this run even beggars my imagination. Perhaps the funniest thing that happened was the way in which Alan Bretherick's new (and smashing) wife allowed him to come out to the Derby Arms tethered by a very invisible lead to her brother. Perhaps the good lady thought that such tactics would keep our Alan on the straight and narrow! Anything but!

Friend Churchill (quiet lad, that, but he'll get over it). Tommy Mandall; George Stephenson (nice work!); Jimmy Long, after a ride through Cheshire; Frank Marriott, after a potter straight out; George Parr; Jack Davies; Frank Chandler; Len Hill; Vic Lambert; Albert Preston; friend Jackson; Frank Palmer; George Connor and Arthur Birkby comprised the splendid muster that sat down to succulent roast goose and loads of trappings. Then—ahem!—trifle, with second helpings for those who wanted to be Oliver Twist and have just a little more. Mince pies followed, and then those who had any corners to fill were supplied with cream and jam sandwich cake. And there was just one person at least who could not refuse! Guess who! By the way, it was George Connor who finished off the last of a large dish of trifle.

Then, delightfully replete, we sat and talked until it was time to drift slowly home. And drift slowly is the exact description. Frank Marriott and Jimmy Long were accompanied to the Mersey shore by Bill Jackson, and all reached home in little need of any supper at all!

Somerford, 4th November, 1950

A call at Hale Barns elicited the fact that as it was bonfire night, a convalescent Junior Barker's entertainment took precedence over the Anfield Club run. So I had a solo ride to Somerford, Alfred Howarth and Walter Thorpe having departed on a century bash somewhere or other despite the fact that we are now entering upon the season of rest and recuperation. The ride out was not particularly interesting, Industrialism hemming us in for about 270 degrees of the circle we get rather a surfeit of North Cheshire lanes, pleasant though they are. Arriving first, I had not long to wait for the arrival of the attendance prize winner, Percy Williamson. Then came Howarth and Thorpe several minutes after their voices were heard in the distance, and our party was made up to six by Hubert Buckley and Stan Wild. The absence of the Chief was due, we learned, to a dinner engagement in Liverpool. Percy and Hubert regaled us with some tales of

Anfield affairs in the twenties. It was most interesting, even Stan listened. The homeward journey, at least as far as Alderley, was covered *en famille*, and we parted in excellent spirits.

New Brighton (near Mold), 11th November, 1950

A cold and strong south-easterly wind outside made me look longingly at the fire but Birkby Junior, gently reminded me that I had promised to escort him to the Argoed Café. I reluctantly changed into my cycling togs. Hopes that the tyres would be punctured were dispelled when I saw that he already had the machines in readiness.

George Parr joined us on the Liverpool Landing Stage and the three of us pushed doggedly on to Two Mills. Jimmy Long, Don Stewart, Ken Barker and V.P. Mandall were already installed, the latter, taking pity on us, kindly treated all to some tasty cakes to soak up the welcome cup of tea provided by George.

Frank Marriott's sylph-like form appeared and duly folded itself up to join the group inside the café, where Jimmy was discoursing on bird-song at day-break.

Our Editor was gently chided for the non-appearance of the *Circular* (shows how it's appreciated, Ken!) whilst Don seemed restless and anxious to be away bending more chain wheels.

The party moved off together but Ewloe spread us out somewhat. Brian and I decided to light up and await the rearguard, consisting of Tommy and James, but decided they must have been well and truly dropped. During the ensuing conversation over tea it would appear that they had been rabbiting as reference was made to a ferret being needed for Jimmy. Frank Palmer was last to arrive and managed to scratch a decent tea out of the remains.

For an hour or so we talked and the youthful ones tried to inveigle the Tall One into a trip to the summit of the Clwydians on the morrow. At last the party broke up and enjoyed a fast drop to Queensferry, which town detained most of the party. Tommy, alone, was with the nipper and myself and we rode along conversing in monosyllables to Two Mills, where he disappeared muttering something about George Parr and the Nag's Head.

Frank Palmer and Don caught us up and a gentle amble brought us by way of the Sych to Woodside and home.

Those present were Frank Marriott, Bryan Jones, Frank Palmer, Ben Griffiths, Tommy Mandall, Don Stewart, George Parr, Glyn Jones, Ken Barker, Jimmy Long, Brian Birkby and Arthur Birkby.

Holmes Chapel (The Hollies), 11th November, 1950

On this breezy but dry November afternoon friends Gorman and Howarth dragged my weary "bod" from a warm fire and made same "bod" mount and pedal as it had not mounted thus ere July last. My own

once familiar saddle was estranged to me and with objecting knees I managed to follow the two considerate friends who from time to time glanced around to see if I was or was not.

Via Mobberley, Knutsford and various lanes which all returned almost to whence they had commenced we arrived on the main road at the Whipping Stocks and were soon walking the hill into Holmes Chapel. When I had a cup of tea inside me and took a look around there were within the room the President, S. Wild, H. Buckley, Orrel and Son (not by Warwick Deeping) and Percy Williamson. A very satisfactory meal was served to which everybody did justice, including Stan with a table (and a tea pot) to himself. After tea Russ Barker was relieved to hear that others are as knowledgeable as himself on gardening matters and that Stan's "How green are my weeds" will possibly appear in a future *Circular*. Reluctantly the party split up and the writer together with Alan and Alf rode to Alderley with Hubert, who had ideas about dodging the wind by that route. The Orrells of course had dropped off at "Wintergreen Villa". So ended another delightful Anfield occasion. *A bientot*.

Kirkby, 18th November, 1950

Half of the fun in attending a Club run is dispersed when you (and that means me!) get "landed" to do the writing for the Circular. It happens so often that sometimes I wonder whether it was worth the candle to shove the Editor's job on to Ken Barker. When you are chief scribe your eagle eye can command some other mug. But when it happens that you are the mug, and so frequently . . . well, words fail even me.

I really didn't intend to venture to Kirkby at all to-day. It would have been much nicer to drift down to Parkgate for a quiet meal with no prospect of having to write about the wretched thing afterwards. But Len Baker telephoned me in the morning . . . "Where in heaven's name is Kirkby?" When our Barf Roader friend heard my volatile description of the route there was a long pause, and then: "Would you, er, condescend to come with me in the car?" That put a different aspect on the matter, and as I am still only about three-quarters of the way to a very much coveted thousand runs, I agreed. A spot of telephoning put Jimmy on to a very good thing, and at the last minute we managed to rope Len Walls on to the scheme.

Len Baker found his way to No. 30 about three, and Jimmy and the other Len were present on deadline. Jimmy had some picturesque (but unprintable) things to say when Len did a spot of "Open Sesame" at the Tunnel without paying! Then, just before four a call at the Mandall establishment brought a splendid afternoon tea of bread and jam and loads of cake. After tea and biscuits at our house we wondered whether we could cope with a Kirkby tea.

Quite a party had foregathered at the Cottage Café after our wagon had slithered along all the lanes and around all the corners outside of Liverpool.

Frank Perkins had ridden out in a hurry from home, and so had Rigby Band, Arthur Birkby and Brian. Friend Churchill was already in residence. Len Hill and Vic Lambert joined with George Parr to make a trio. Frank Palmer staggered in as usual muttering something about football results, and we were very delighted to see George Molyneux.

But perhaps we were most delighted to see a youngster George Connor had brought from Southport. His name is Reade, and he is the younger son of the late E. J. Reade, who had been a member for such a long time. The other day he called at George's home to tell him not to send the *Circular* any more. His father had passed on, but as he had heard so much of the Anfield, could he please come out at least once to make our acquaintance and meet those men about whom his father had spoken so often. We were pleased that Tommy Mandall and Jimmy Long were out to meet him. "E.J." had not been to a run to our knowledge for many years, but how grand it is to know that he remembered the comradeship of our Anfield even until the last days. By the time these lines are printed young Reade will have removed to Bury to live with his uncle, but we must keep in touch. Another keen Anfielder is already in the making.

The meal was splendid, and we had no difficulty in disposing of it at all. We could go into raptures, but as more than enough space has been taken up already we must draw towards the end. When the time had arrived for departing we found it was raining—coming down good and proper. The envious eyes that looked on that shining motor car! We dropped Tommy near his home, Len Walls and Jimmy in Birkenhead, and Baker came home to No. 30 to wipe the table with an exciting card game of his before we could push him home. He may have reached Flint before midnight.

Bartington, 18th November, 1950

A trying day, especially in its ending. It looked like being fine, but alas! the promise was not fulfilled. Having a job to do at Goostrey, I bored into the wind to that resort of other days, nearly outing myself in the process, and, my job done, and a cup of tea swallowed, turned for Middlewich and Weaverham, with a helping wind. Arriving somewhat late I found six members—Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth, Harry Austin, the Orrells, father and son, and Percy Williamson, well on with their meal. That finished, Bren and son turned for Weaverham and the rest of us for Stretton. Before long the rain began to fall, forcing us to cape up—no handicap with the wind behind. But when we turned at the Cat and Lion the going was very hard and the pace slowed down considerably. Gusts of wind made steering not too easy and the conditions altogether were not at all comfortable. In Swinyard Lane, Harry Austin, who was in the rear, managed to get mixed up with a telephone wire which had been blown down, but fortunately no harm came to him and we were able to proceed with little delay. The Swan reached, we were able to get on better, and eventually reached home safely, but so wet that nothing mattered.

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