

THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JANUARY - 1951

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVII

JANUARY 1951

NUMBER 538

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

January, 1951

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 6 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 13 Parkgate (Deeside Café)
(Special Run) | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 15 Committee Meeting, 3, Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 20 Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |
| 27 Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |

February

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 3 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 10 Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries) |
| 12 Committee Meeting, 3, Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 17 Tarvin (Owens Café) | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

75 Avondale Road North,
Southport.

New Members. William Jackson, 35 Mainwaring Road, Bromborough, Cheshire, and Robin Griffiths, 65 Mold Road, Broughton, near Chester, have been elected to Junior Full Membership.

George Edward Allcock, 45 Lombard Street, Liverpool, 5, has been elected to Full Membership.

Application for Membership. John Glynne Jones, 33 Windsor Drive, Broughton, near Chester, proposed by D. Stewart, seconded by J. C. Futter.

Parkgate Run, 13th January. Members intending to be present should let me have their names immediately so that adequate catering arrangements can be made.

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.

EDITORIAL

During 1949, 176,779 persons were injured on the roads of this country, 4,773 of them fatally; these figures include injuries to 38,767 children, of whom 965 lost their lives. Preliminary figures for 1950 indicate that the 1949 total had been exceeded before December casualties were known and that it is likely that road accidents during the year just ended will have resulted in some 205,000 persons being killed or injured.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents have decided that the theme of their 1951 campaign shall be "Courtesy on the Road" based on the Golden Rule "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you", a theme most suitable for consideration in this month of Good Resolutions.

We cannot, however, overlook the fact that the toll of life and limb on the road has mounted in spite of a continuous stream of propaganda and we are forced to the conclusion that there is a hard core of selfish road users who continue completely unmoved by the growing total of human misery and suffering represented by killing and maiming on such a scale.

Any campaign for an increase of the courtesies which make life flow more smoothly will have the ready support of all right thinking people, but the toll of the road has become a social problem of such magnitude that sterner measures are urgently needed to stem the tide.

The realistic campaign initiated jointly by the C.T.C. and the Pedestrians' Association which seeks to stimulate a growing public demand for more severe enforcement of existing laws is one which deserves the fullest support. Tinkering with this problem is worse than useless but it will continue until such time as a fully informed public demands real action and the C.T.C. and Pedestrians' Association are to be congratulated on the lead they are giving to this end.

We would express the sincere sympathy of the Club with Cyril Smart, whose father passed on just before Christmas.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

The following is a copy of a letter written by Lawrence Fletcher to Dave Fell on the 5th August, 1890, after Fletcher had ridden from Liverpool to Edinburgh in 20 hours. The R.R.A. (formed 2 years earlier) did not accept the ride as a record as the start and finish were not timed at the respective Post Offices. Can any older members throw some more light on this ride and the gent named Lucas?

Dear Dave,

Liverpool, 5th August, 1890.

Your wire recd. I know you'll want to know how twas done. I wish you cd have been with me, but no solid tyre could have lived at the pace, and I'm more confident than ever re Lucas—if he'd said he got to Carlisle at 1 or thereabouts I *might* believe him, but I knocked my inside out on the Pneu' and only got there at 11. He says he got there, had his dinner and

left before 12—they swear at Shap that he passed at 11-40! I can't get informn out of Currie, so am waiting for the papers to come out with particulars.

Well, I left Exchege midnight, checked by P.C. 875, followed the Tram Line and passed Walton Church at 12-13!! Setts dry. Ormskirk 1-0. Posted card at Burscough, got a check signed at Ribble Bridge 2-20, tried our short road—put in 2 mls on Blackpool Rd, tried back & rode top speed for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour over Cobbles & got into main road at 8 mls to Garstang! Atmosphere sulphurous. Garstang 3-35, check signed, left 3-40. Started to rain 3 miles before Garstang & kept . . . (here follows an undecipherable line owing to a fold in the letter). Lancaster 4-40—Burton P/card—Kendal (check) 6-40/6-50.

Shap enveloped in a dense mist for about 8 miles on top. I got a check at the bottom of that bad piece—it cost me 10 minutes—I took the pneu' up the bank by the wall at *top* of bad hill, jumped on & rushed down the bank & having thus got a start rode every yard of the way bar the 350 yards of bad hill. All this time it was dead still—not a breath of air & on top of Shap it was so oppressive I cd hardly breathe & the perspn ran off me in streams.

Shap 8-30, left 8-45 after fowl and cocoa. Kendal to Shap 1h 40m, beats G.P.M's fastest (without a check to get) by 5 mins. The old chap at Shap blew up my back wheel, it was a bit flabby, & nearly bust himself!! Fearfully hot work! Penrith 9-35/40 Check. Plumpton 10 a.m. Check. Carlisle 11 a.m. Check. Left 11-5. Gretna, check, 11-40. Ecclefechan 12-45, deadbeat with a terror of a headwind for last 23 miles—had to lie down while grub was preparing as it was ordered for 1-15.

Lockerbie p/card 1-57, I think it was, not come in yet. Dinwoodie, 7 from Beattock, 6 from Lockerbie 2-15. Beattock B'g 3. chck, Crawford 4-30 check. The wind fell after Lockerbie luckily for me, & about $\frac{1}{2}$ way up the Summit started to blow again like the deuce *behind* me, & kept hard at it, I'm thankful to say, till I finished. Biggar 5-45/5-55 check, Carllops 7-5/7-10 check. Edinbro Bank of Scotland 8 check. Last 13 miles in 50 minutes, tried to get 19-55, but there was a dangerous hill with N.C.U. board on, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, down (the hill, not the board!) & I had to go dead slow which just knocked me. I was obliged to be here at 2-30 today to keep an appointment or I would have gone on & knocked G.P.M's Northern Record up to 270. I'd done over 225 with 4 h. left & was travelling like a fiend. The last 60 took 4h. 55m. deduct 25 mins. stops—4-30.

If Lucas had said he did faster time the 2nd half, I *might* have believed him, but inside 12 hours on a solid tyre to Carlisle's a bit too thick.

Yours ever, LAWRENCE FLETCHER.

RACING NOTES

The question of courses for Club events is still unsettled but is under active consideration whilst dates are ready to be entered in all those nice new diaries. 25 mile events will be on March 17th and 31st, June 30th and

September 29th. Fifties will be held on April 21st, June 3rd and September 15th. The Open "100" is, of course, on Whit Monday, May 14th. It is hoped to hold another Rough Stuff event over a dirty bit of Wirral on February 10th. The course will probably be much the same as that used on December 9th with a second lap thrown in for luck.

Tricycle Association 22nd Annual Dinner

The Captain trundled to Birmingham recently to attend the T.A. Dinner, staying at Whitechurch on the Friday night with the Mersey Roads and Liverpool Century contingents, Len pedalled to Brum on the Saturday, meeting Ned Haynes on the road and the pair forthwith retired to a handy hostelry there to lubricate throats nearly scorched by question and answer regarding Anfielders and Anfieldland.

Three-wheelers had come from all parts of the compass and the riders enjoyed an excellent dinner under the chairmanship of G.H.S. North Roader Joe Burgess made one of the best speeches, in which he declared that "the tradition of the road game is passing into the hands of the tricyclists".

The A.G.M. of the T.A. was held on the Sunday morning, which necessitated our Skipper keeping his nose down to get home after lunch in Birmingham.

THE NORTHERN ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION

The N.R.R.A. became sixty years of age last month, for it was formed at a meeting of eighteen Clubs in Manchester on December 17th, 1890.

Of these founder members only the Manchester Wheelers and the Anfield retain a record of unbroken membership.

To Anfielder R. H. Carlisle fell the honour of creating the first record with a 50 mile ride of 2.54.10 on 9th May, 1891, and six weeks later he claimed the 12 hour record with a ride of 152 miles.

The history of the N.R.R.A. is to a very great extent Anfield history, for records fell to Black Anfielders with almost monotonous regularity and our tricycle riders particularly played havoc with times in the early days. At the time of writing the Anfield is well represented on the table of existing records with five of the sixteen held by members; Jack Salt holds the "100" and shares the Tandem "100" with Peter Rock, Jonas holds the Trike "12" record and Tandem Trike "12" with Blotto, whilst Bren Orrell and Jack Pitchford still lead in the Tandem "12" list with 256½ miles.

In addition to speed activities our members have taken a full share in the administration of the Association which owes much to Anfield influence; particular mention must be made to the part played by our own Mr. Bick, who was Honorary Secretary from 1906 to 1933 after two years as joint secretary with the late "F.H." In 1934 he was elected President and has remained in this office ever since.

Rex Austin had a long spell as Hon. Secretary and all told, the Club has good reason to be proud of the part its members have played in the sixty years of the Association's existence.

ODDS AND ENDS

Jimmy Long held a Press Conference at Halewood last month, when he made the devastating announcement that he is resolved to become a cyclist AGAIN.

We have explored the pages of past *Circulars* to try and discover if and when Jimmy had a past career but without success. Turning to old Handbooks we were no more successful until, in an issue of the late twenties we found that the average attendance at Club runs had been something point three three; the "point three three" could only be Longfellow for Anfielders, like Truth, are indivisible.

The *Ministry of Labour Gazette* devotes its Editorial this month to the brighter prospects on Merseyside, which are reflected in a reduction of able bodied unemployed from 5,000 (as at 31-11-50) to 4,999 at the turn of the year; the Editor claims this to be a triumph of mind over matter.

At the T.A. Dinner recently Len Hill met a certain Mr. Briggs, who worked on the next drawing board to G. P. Mills in the 90's and who could probably give Norman Turveysome "gen" for his History of the Club.

The Skipper writes to explain the slip-up over the "Tall Trees" recently complained of: it appears that his friends who would have done us proud left just before our visit.

A report on the North Road Dinner, at which we were represented by Len Killip, will appear next month. During 1950 Len has attended meetings in New York, Montreal, Brussels, Rome, Istanbul, Madrid and Paris, the latter place was evidently to his liking for he is off there again in a couple of weeks. Comment is, perhaps, superfluous.

A merry party gathered at Kirkby one evening in December and opened the Christmas festivities of the Lancashire Brigade. Rigby Band, Birkby, Connor, Jack Davies, Captain Hill, Lambert, Mandall, George Molyneux, Palmer and Stewart made up the Anfield muster and they were glad to welcome that good friend of the A.B.C., Johnny Williams, of the Mersey Roads.

The Skipper has been wintering at Beddelert and evidently taking the waters, for a note to the Editor opens "Dear Arthur". We hope he is more careful when writing to Mrs. Len or there may be trouble brewing.

No reports are to hand concerning Runs on December 23rd or Boxing Day and this issue cannot be held up any longer. Better luck next month!

RUNS

Halewood (Derby Arms), 2nd December, 1950

A sharp and bleak but dry day greeted my good friend and I as he tethered me with his life line and we wended our way to the Derby Arms.

On arrival we were greeted by a cheery fire in the lounge where we sat as one by one the Anfielders arrived. Later we evacuated to the pump room, then at 6 p.m. all were seated round the usual and most welcome meal of the month. Following an enjoyable meal, the usual Anfielder's gossip started—subjects were varied, rough stuff—architectural designs of

houses, then down to the pumps once again after spending another enjoyable evening at Halewood.

Anfielders present were George Stephenson, Frank Chandler, Eddie Morris, George Alcock (prospective member), Jack Davies, Frank Marriott, Len Hill, Arthur Birkby, Rigby Band, Jimmy Long, Arthur Williams, George Parr, Don Stewart, Alan Bretherick and friend Cyril Winstanley, Frank Palmer, Tierney, Swift, Tommy Mandall, George Connor and Ken Barker.

Somerford, 2nd December, 1950

Visibility was limited by fog when I left home, but fortunately atmospheric conditions did not become worse as I progressed towards Somerford on this bitterly cold winter's afternoon. I had a call to make in Hazel Grove, which meant cutting things rather fine if I were to arrive at the tea venue by the appointed time.

It was very dark at Poynton and I had to light up here, and then I hammered hard along the high road to Macclesfield and Congleton. Near West Heath a sinister figure was observed in the pitch blackness of the early evening; it was easy to deduce that it was Hubert and that meant pretty sinister! (We have heard of a Bar Sinister—did Hubert invent these?—Ed.) I dismounted and together we walked the remainder of the way to Mrs. Lowe's comfortable establishment.

Here we found the Presider, Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman, and Bren and son, and soon we were tucking-in to an excellent spread. Hubert was as full of vim as a butcher's dog. He has discovered the art of living and is already training young Bren to forage (food, of course) for him. Bert regaled us with stories of the Bath Road Dinner at which he had been an honoured guest on the previous evening, and the session after tea was full of interest. The racing section rolled up late after covering many Derbyshire miles.

The Presider, Percy, and the writer rode through the lanes to Chelford, where Bert turned for Mobberley. The night was the coldest I can remember for a very long time and it was not surprising to find the road surface covered with a treacherous glaze of ice. We just about managed to keep warm and home was reached with the fine feeling that only an afternoon on a bicycle can give.

Present: The President, P. Williamson, S. Wild, H. G. Buckley, A. Gorman, Bren Orrell, senr., Bren Orrell, junr., Alf Howarth and Walter Thorpe.

The Yacht, 9th December, 1950

The highlight of the run, an unofficial "Rough Stuff" event sponsored by the Liverpool Secretary, was a great success. The event was the first of its kind in the Club's history, I believe, and not the last, I hope. Five competitors took part—Len, Ben, Don, Bryan and Glynne. The course which was centred round Thornton Hough and Raby, was restricted to a wood, atrociously muddy lanes, and occasionally a bit of good road.

At the start Ben drew a laugh (which is not unusual) when, instead of donning racing kit, he pulled on a very old pair of overalls, much the worse for wear and several sizes too small for him. With all set for the "off" Len and Glynne found they had punctures. Len borrowed Timekeeper Marriott's wheel, but Glynne mended his. I was the first man to go and had the unenviable job of rousing the day dreaming Marshals, some were even snoozing I think. Hardly their fault though as the start was some 15 minutes late. During the ride Glynne got lost while going through the wood, and before he could sort himself out he was overtaken by Ben and Don. Len lost valuable time when his dynamo slipped, and he had to get off to fix it. I, unfortunately, failed to branch off on the homeward journey and ended up in a ploughed field. Don returned the fastest time of 27 mins. 53 secs., and won the prize of a Free Tea. Ben was second, 28-33; Len 29-50, and Glynne 32-25; by the time I arrived at the finish Marriott's watch was run down. Following a swift change and clean-up in the bushes, we made our way to the Mills, where Don bought us a cup of tea each. With this disposed of we rode to the "Yacht" and found several other members already gathered. After an appetizing meal had been put away we gathered in groups round the fire and told shaggy-dog stories, heard on the B.B.C. and Television (or were they?) The Broughton Lads contributed by relating personal "out of the ordinary" happenings, after which Len Hill wished he was seventeen again. We all wondered why Frank Chandler, the first to leave us, was in such a hurry to go; we didn't realise until shortly after his departure that he hadn't paid for his tea, the crafty so-and-so ! At approximately 8-45 I said good-bye to the boys after a most enjoyable evening and, accompanied by Ben and Glynne, headed for Broughton.

Assisting in the event at various points on the course were Perkins, Mandall, Alcock, J. Davies, Parr, A. Williams, E. Davies, K. W. Barker and C. Selkirk. Others present at tea included Marriott, Palmer, Long, Hill, Griffiths, Walls, B. Jones, G. Jones, Stewart, A. Birkby and son, and F. Chandler.

Dane-in-Shaw, 9th December, 1950

It seems quite a time since I was out on a Club Run, and though this wasn't exactly a gloriously sunny day, I seized on the opportunity of a ride with an object namely, a "natter" with the boys round the tea-table.

In spite of much effort I was late starting out from home and in the first miles much assessing of routes was going on under my woollen cap, deciding which road presented the least hills to be climbed. Darkness was closing down on a dull December afternoon by the time I reached Mere Corner so from there I had my lamp switched on. Through Knutsford round by the Railway station and on to Chelford cross roads and a pleasant lane, long remembered, which led to Siddington cross roads. Right towards Congleton, always a road this which I've got to plug on. However, you don't notice hills in the dark—or do you ?

Congleton loomed up eventually and again I attacked another hill on

the Biddulph road, nothing now remained after turning off the main road but a slow stagger (on foot) up the last cruel climb to the "Coach and Horses".

Though I arrived late, fortunately tea was not yet on the table, but numerous pairs of eyes were beginning to glisten in anticipation. In a few minutes Stan Wild trooped in ravening for a large pot of tea, and this seemed the signal for tea to appear.

Our President, Alf Howarth and Walter Thorpe arrived quite late to make our total eleven for a grand tea, well worth toiling hard to get. The conversation was just as entertaining as ever, here deeply technical, there delicate light touches of flashing wit passing between Hubert Buckley and Stan Wild.

The time passes all too quickly and soon we are on the road again, but easier now with slight wind and much gradient in our favour; we split up as always to come home and with company and conversation to speed the miles we were soon back in the built-up areas.

Members present were as follows:—The President, S. Wild, S. Bradley, H. Buckley, A. Gorman, Bren Orrells (senior and junior), P. Williamson, L. Pendlebury, W. Thorpe, A. Haworth.

Kirkby, 16th December, 1950

After a week of monotonous snow, we wondered if Saturday would be a day of reckoning for bicyclists of the Anfield. It was not, for five members arrived on bicycles, three on tricycles and three on foot. We heard no stories of the skids and crashes of the bicycle riders. We on tricycles crashed and cracked our happy and safe way over the ice and snow in triumphant style. Birkby toured around Upholland and Band the Bickerstaffe area to the Cottage Café, where we were served with a delightful mixed grill and even Frank Marriott was satisfied. Frank and Perkins came through the Great Smoke from the Wirral to the rendezvous and as we Lancashians supped there we appreciated their coming, for was not their way weary and dingy. We heard the story of Secretary Connor's bicycle, which was attacked by a lady (?) motorist whilst resting against the kerb, George fortunately being indoors did not sustain any injury in the skirmish, which resulted in the driver reversing to divorce her car from the screaming bicycle underneath. This done, she speeded away heedless of the death gurgle of the Connor steed, but apparently she thought nought of the sharp eyes of some school girls, who brought their own sex to boot by retaining the number of the car and with Police efficiency the naughty driver was fined by court of law for not reporting the accident. We hope George gets a new bike soon to help him to Club meets. Those that met there at Kirkby, which is really a small village some few miles from Liverpool were Band, Birkby, Connor, Davies, Hill, Marriott, Mandall, Palmer, Perkins, Parr and Stewart.

I rode home alone over frozen snow and thought that to ride a tricycle is grand, but to have one's bowels dithering over a differential under such conditions must be one of the fascinations of the cycling game.

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February, 1951

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| 3 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 10 Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries) |
| 12 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane) | |
| 17 Tarvin (Owen's Café) | |
| 24 Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |

March

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 3 Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |
| 10 Halewood (Derby Arms). | Birthday Run |
| 12 Committee Meeting | |
| 17 Club "25". Headquarters : Lime Tree Café, Lower Bridge Street, Chester | |
| 23/26 Easter Tour. Headquarters : Glyn Valley Hotel | |
| Alternative Tour : Tewkesbury | |
| 24 Utkinton. Members attending this Run should order their requirements on arrival | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

75 Avondale Road North,
Southport.

Application for Membership. Frederick Benjamin Churchill, 70 Harvey Lane, Golborne, nr. Warrington. Proposed by F. E. Marriott, seconded by L. J. Hill.

Struck-off for non-payment of Subscription. P. Baguley.

Easter Tour. Members wishing to join the Tour with H.Q. at the Glyn Valley Hotel, should let me have their names as soon as possible.

Birthday Run, Halewood, March 10th. Members intending to attend this Run are urged to notify me in good time so that adequate catering arrangements can be made.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. Secretary.

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.

CORRESPONDENCE

We are greatly indebted to "G.H.S." for the letter printed below which throws considerable light on the late Lawrence Fletcher's letter published last month.

In view of Turvey's letter we withdraw any suggestion that Jimmy Long hasn't a "past": time alone will settle if he has a future.

Dear Mr. Editor,

How much information do you require about "the gent named Lucas"?

Charles Lucas was born at Prescott in 1861. He started cycling in 1883 on a 49-inch Ordinary. He soon developed some speed and began track racing in 1884, getting away with 33 prizes in his first year.

It was his last year on the track too, as he turned his attention to the road thereafter. For five years he stuck consistently to road work, but made no noticeable progress, and I cannot understand why he did not return to the track, where he had shown considerable promise. He rode in two Anfield "24's", but with no success.

Then, in 1890, he claimed to have ridden from Liverpool to Edinburgh on solid tyres in 21.35, the first time it had been done inside 24 hours. Lawrence Fletcher went soon afterwards on pneumatics and did the journey in 20 hours, but although the R.R.A. had decided that year to recognize Liverpool-Edinburgh, neither of these rides were certified.

Lucas went again in 1891, this time on pneumatic tyres, and his figures were given as 17½ hours, but the R.R.A. were not satisfied with the checking and turned the claim down, although Lucas said he had 24 good checks. R. H. Carlisle established an authentic record of 15.54 over this course in 1892, and it does not appear that Lucas took any further interest in it.

In 1892, Lucas claimed to have ridden from Liverpool to London in 15.13, and also to have established a northern 12 hours' record of 170½ miles, but neither of these rides received a certificate. Did he do them? Fletcher seemed to think that the little man was "shooting a line", but undoubtedly he *could* ride. He made three more attempts at Liverpool—London in rapid succession. The first was halted by bad weather, the second by tyre trouble, but the third (on August 25th, 1892) produced a thoroughly good R.R.A. record of 13 hrs. 4 mins., which stood for three years. Lucas's only clubs, so far as I know, were the West Lancashire B.C. and the North Liverpool Gymnasium C.C. Had he associated himself with a first-rate road-racing club he might have done really well, as he was a persistent trier. He died some twenty years ago.

Yrs. sincerely,

G. HERBERT STANCER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Referring to your doubts as to whether Jimmy Long ever had a past (cycling) career, I can confirm that he had. It was, I think, in about 1928 that he started in the N.R. "24" and I was down helping. Some time in

mid morning some Southerners approached me and asked was I Anfield. I said "Yes" and they replied "Well we asked because we thought you would like to know that there is a lump of dead meat of yours—lying on the grass about a mile up the road". I went along and Jimmy was the dead meat—stretched out at his full length. So you see he used to be a cyclist.

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN TURVEY.

FOR SALE

Frank Chandler intends selling his Tandem-Tricycle and before doing so offers the machine to Club members. It is in perfect running order, has a pre-war Dunlop Roadster on the front and Tandem Sprites on the side-wheels, all new tyres 26-in. x 1¼-in. The machine was that on which Jonas and Del Banco broke and still hold the 12 hour Northern Record of 229½ miles. Will anyone interested get in touch at once with Chandler at 100 Princes Boulevard, Bebington, 'phone 4670. Price £20.

CLUB HISTORY

Norman Turvey is making progress with the compilation of our History but is sadly hampered by the lack of Handbooks for 1879-1884, 1886-1888, 1901 and 1903-12. Can any members help by filling the gaps? Please contact Norman direct and as soon as possible so that the work is not unduly delayed.

"WHEELS OVER THE MOUNTAINS"

The Club has long been indebted to Winifred Williams for lending us Joe and his lantern on the numerous occasions when he has made poor slides good and good slides better for our enjoyment.

On January 13th at Parkgate the debt was greatly increased, for this pair of intrepid enthusiasts gave us a most enjoyable evening of rough-stuff through word and picture. Everyone present voted this to be the highlight of a grand Run and we would express the thanks of all to Mr. and Mrs. Williams for so generously giving of their time when we know that the calls on them have been so heavy.

IN BRIEF

Best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery to Harold Kettle, Rigby Band, Len Walls and Robbie, who are on the sick list.

For once we are badly pushed for space and have had to hold over reports by the President and Len Killip on the Bath Road and North Road Dinners.

The Club "50" date given last month as June 3rd should read June 2nd.

George Connor is anxious to have bookings for Halewood (March 10th) and Glynceiriog (Easter) as soon as possible.

Len Walls is organising a quiet tour centred on Tewkesbury for Easter. Only those beating 5 hours need apply (and anyone slower than 4.30.0 is advised to go to Glyn !)

We have been gently chided concerning last month's Editorial, not for anything we said but because of what was omitted ; it was pointed out that this was a grand opportunity of appealing to all good cyclists to support one or other of the national clubs who do so much in our interests. We readily admit the error and commend the appeal to all members.

Will members please send reports of Runs as soon as possible after the event—don't wait for closing date or a couple of weeks later. The whole balance (if any) of the *Circular* is thrown out of gear by reports which should have appeared in a previous issue.

RUNS

Prestbury, 23rd December, 1950

There is little to relate, so far as the writer is concerned, of actual riding to-day for the journey both to and from Prestbury was made mostly in darkness, but much could be written of the gay gathering at the White House Café ; somehow this established Christmas fixture enjoys a cosy and delightful atmosphere of its own.

It is an occasion to have Bick with us and everyone wishes it could be more often, for who can tell us more of those great cycling days when the Anfield was a mere 15 years old ?

Rex and Mrs. Austin, Jim and Mrs. Cranshaw, and Hubert and Mrs. Buckley were there, the ladies bringing a welcome gaiety and colour to our Saturday tea table. The Presider greeted everyone in his inimitable way and our visitors in true Christmas style under the mistletoe.

Rex is a great club man and it is our loss that we now have his company so rarely.

Jim Cranshaw hasn't time to cycle, being too occupied in flying places and collecting interesting experiences with which to entertain us on his all too rare appearances. It was nice to see Bob Austin putting in a run whilst on a brief respite from official duties. Bren Orrell, senior and junior, Rus Barker, Alan Gorman, Walter Thorpe, Percy Williamson, Alf Howarth and Stan Wild completed the party.

The café was cheerfully decorated and a warm log fire burned brightly. We had the room to ourselves and with a nice tea, including the home-made scones for which the house is famous, quickly served, it was as good a club "do" as one could wish. The time for departure came all too quickly and we rode home in the moonlight, encountering here and there patches of ice, with a satisfied feeling of having participated in a super Club run.

Halewood (Boxing Day)

A 'phone call to F.M. on Christmas Day enabled me to fix a time of about 10 a.m. for a ride around the "block" next day. The morning was a fine frosty one and I arrived to find the Long Man of Elm (Rd. Nth.) rearing to go. Within a hundred yards a faulty H.P. valve brought us to a halt, but after a bit of wiggling about, and some hefty pump work, all was well thereafter. Shortly afterwards Bill Macateer, of the B'head C.C.,

overtook us, and chatting of this and that, brought out that he was off to the annual footer match with the Vics. Leaving him with his pals at Two Mills, we carried on thro' Capenhurst and out on to the bye-pass and so to Helsby and Frodsham. A short stop here for tea and a mince pie helped us to stave off that sinking feeling, although it did mean we missed a Transporter. Once on board the Transporter F.M.'s flair for eliciting facts re ancient monuments, etc., brought forth some very interesting remarks about the old link between Runcorn and Widnes which is to be replaced by a modern road bridge in the future.

Our arrival at the Derby Arms was some 40 mins. behind schedule, but no time was wasted in getting us started and we were soon replete with good food. Looking around I noted: Bert Green, Jack Salt, Stan Wild, Jim Long, Tommy Sherman, Geo. Parr, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Davies, F. Perkins, F. Chandler, Eddie Morris, F. Marriott, Geo. Alcock, Geo. Connor, Bren Orrell, Bren junior and Ben Griffiths. A total of seventeen, perhaps not up to the numbers of previous years but enthusiasts all.

The usual topics kept us chatting for some time, but suddenly there was an exodus which emptied the room in double quick time.

The writer was very glad of a chance suggestion by F.M. that we spend an hour at Speke Hall, which we found well worth a visit. Our day finished with a ride thro' the Tunnel enabling us to arrive home in nice time for tea.

May all Boxing Day Runs be as enjoyable as this one proved to be.

Lymm, 30th December, 1950

This being my first and last chance of a Club run in 1950, I was determined to appear at Lymm whatever happened. The only thing that happened was the weather, and tricyclists are notoriously unconcerned about that. After overnight snow, the morning showed promise, but by early afternoon it was again snowing hard. Having time in hand, I made a detour through Rostherne, but the barrow made heavy going through six inches of snow. Arriving at the "Spread Eagle", the Presider hailed me with the comment that probably no-one else would appear. However, soon after the appointed hour, Russ Barker and Alan Gorman arrived, and we were just settling to an excellent meal when Stan Wild appeared. In this company discussion naturally ran on the administrative side of road sport. At 6-30 Liverpool's contribution arrived, Len Hill, who reported a fearful struggle with the elements. He had had to retrace his tracks to convince himself he was suffering from a headwind and not a seized-up axle.

For the return journey the snow had fortunately ceased, and with a favourable wind, tricycling was the proverbial sleigh-ride (albeit rather bumpy in places). We hoped Len was travelling equally well.

Those present were the Presider, R. Barker, A. Gorman, L. Hill, S. Wild and G. G. Taylor.

Halewood, 6th January, 1951

The effect of the bad weather and the 'flu epidemic was very noticeable on the first run of the year, to the Derby Arms, Halewood. Only half the

usual number sat down to the meal, which was of the usual high standard and for once some difficulty was encountered in clearing the table.

In case of further bad weather, members might care to note that the Liverpool Corporation now run a 'bus service to within easy reach of the Derby Arms. This is the 72A service, every 20 minutes from the Pierhead. Travel to the outer terminus of this route, Old Hutt Lane, Hunts Cross, then walk on, towards Widnes for a further 300 yards, then turn left along a road signposted Prescott. A brisk 10 minutes walk along this road finds one at the Derby Arms with, one hopes, a good appetite.

Those present were Stephenson, Connor, Tierney, Swift, Chandler, Parr, Stewart, Palmer, Lambert and friend.

Somerford, 6th January, 1951

Ten a.m. at Wilmslow Village saw Walter Thorpe and me standing in the rain and arguing, not about any of the multitudinous things on which we seem to find room for disagreement, but about the proposed mileage for the day's run. Eventually achieving unanimity, we headed via Congleton and Kidsgrove to Harecastle Tunnel, where an electrically operated barge pulls other barges through the hill for $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The man in charge of this large barge (Garge?) who has been there since 1914, when 43 barges were once pulled through together, gave us and our bikes a trip through—a unique experience. The "gears" make a great deal of noise which is magnified by the confined space—the roof being so low in parts that we had to descend into the cabin.

After lunch at Church Lawton we did some shop window gazing in Crewe. I went in to buy a chess set which I didn't really need, and came out with a Halma set as well.

We arrived at Somerford more or less on the dot and after twenty minutes the meal was in full swing. Walter explained at length the principle of the electric barge, and made it all clear to us, as clear as mud.

At about six o'clock Alan Gorman arrived with some trumped-up excuse for being late. Of all the times to turn up for a Club run! Bring a note from your parents next time, Alan.

It appears that the after-tea harangue is becoming somewhat standardized. The eating powers of Hubert Buckley; "Henry V"; "Hamlet"; "Ray's a Laugh"; "Educating Archie"; Frankie Howerd; "Take it from here"; Films *versus* Radio, Stan Wild *versus* Alf Howarth, corny cracks (from the former), brilliant repartee (from the latter), whilst Bert Green and Percy Williamson maintain a slightly superior air through all this prattle.

The party broke up without any physical violence, and on the way home Laurie Pendlebury cracked some old chestnut which has been bad for years and so gets his name into print. At Wilmslow the main stream began to break into its delta; I accompanied Alan home and over innumerable cups of tea we violently agreed on the state of the world till 11-30. If everyone enjoyed themselves as much as I did, then it was verily a good

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

Parkgate, 13th January, 1951

Having made a promise to attend the run to Parkgate I dug out the iron and dusted off the cobwebs and with great reluctance set forth. The wind was keen, but the sun shone brightly and as I warmed to the pace, I realised that this was the sport and could be enjoyed all the year round. We wandered through the lanes around Raby and eventually arrived at the Parkgate road, turning off to traverse more lanes to Neston. It was dusk when we rode into the old village of Neston, everywhere was quiet and peaceful, and the place seemed deserted; after lighting up, we sped down the hill to Parkgate, along the now lonely sea front, to arrive at the Deeside Café, quite ready to do justice to a hearty meal.

Introductions to several friends of members, gathered around the fire were made, and light-hearted chatter with the young bloods, together with the more sombre conversation of the elder fraternity soon brought the cry "ladies and gentlemen, please take your seats". The party sat down to a very sumptuous repast which I am certain was enjoyed by all, in true Anfield fashion. I cannot let this opportunity pass without a word of thanks to Mrs. Prosser and her daughter, who alone so ably carried through the tea, in spite of the absence of staff, who were down with 'flu.

With the re-arranging of the room the party relaxed to enjoy a lantern lecture provided by the guests of the evening, Winifred and Joe Williams, entitled "Wheels over the Mountains", which included rough stuff in Scotland, N. Wales, Yorkshire Dales and English Lakes. The lecture was acclaimed by all to be a masterpiece and one of the finest they had heard, the photographs being extremely good and well chosen. The end to the evening's entertainment came all too soon, and once again we were on the open road wending our way homeward under a beautiful starlit sky, happy and content to have spent so jolly a time in such good company.

Members present were the President, A. Williams, P. Rock, E. Davies, F. Marriott, K. W. Barker, C. Selkirk, P. Williamson, W. Thorpe, A. Howarth, A. Gorman, D. Stewart, J. J. Salt, J. Futter, L. Walls, F. Palmer, R. Griffiths, L. Hill, G. Alcock, V. Lambert, E. O. Morris, F. Chandler, J. Long, G. Parr, F. Perkins, with Len Baker (Bath Road Club).

Wildboarclough, 13th January, 1951

It was well past lighting-up time when I climbed out of Macclesfield, but it was a long time before darkness actually fell. The ride up the "Cat and Fiddle" is hard enough without the added drag of a dynamo on the front wheel, and I was content to break the law except when the lights of approaching cars necessitated a dexterous downward lunge at my dynamo.

Just past Forest Cottage Bren and his son were fiddling with their lamps at the roadside, but I pressed on, naturally assuming that they would shortly catch up with me. As I rode on the hills were silhouetted against a star-lit sky with a crescent of new moon adding its gentle illumination to as delightful a winter scene as one could wish to see.

The vast ridge of Shining Tor appeared on the skyline with the lights of the "Cat and Fiddle" twinkling in the near darkness and I dropped swiftly to the sanctuary of Stanley's for the usual warm welcome, excellent food and cheerful company. It was grand to see Rex and Mrs. Austin, who supplied the news that Don Shaw, accompanied by his son, had just left. I was sorry to miss Don and hope that he will come out again before long.

Just as tea was placed on the table the two Brens appeared and for some little time we were content to let Rex do all the talking whilst we listened—and ate! After tea we talked of the continent, the Bath Road, and of many other places where the great game of cycling has taken us and left us with precious memories. And then it was time to depart. There were still huge banks of snow on the sides of the road, and on the way down the "Cat" it was found that the cold northerly wind was freezing the partial thaw, and until the "Setter Dog" at Walker Barn was reached several nasty wheel-skids were experienced, luckily without mishap.

Macclesfield brought the parting of ways and I carried on alone, but filled with the utter contentment that only a run to Stanley's can give. May we mere Manchester men request that the gentlemen of the Committee give us a run to Wildboarclough at least once a month, especially in the summer when the Cheshire hill country is at its best?

Middlewich, 20th January, 1951

We were nine when the roll was called. The President (with the remnant of a nasty cold), Percy Williamson (fit as usual), Bren and his junior (who managed to get themselves lost on the six mile journey from Twemlow), Stan Wild (stimulated by the chinking of tea cups), Alf Howarth (recovering from influenza), Walter Thorpe, Laurie Pendlebury and Alan Gorman. The 'Woodlands' provide us with good, well served meals but, I venture to suggest Mr. Sub. Captain, something hot would be preferable to cold meat and salad on a winter evening, at least it would be to me. Unlike the previous occasion we had the room to ourselves and were spared having to listen to the 'sport' results; we talked until well past seven. He would be a knowledgeable person indeed who could come away from one of our meetings having learned nothing. We left and went our several ways but the ride home was, for me, not pleasant. Have you ever "hiccupped" for twenty miles, reader? I did and got rather tired of it. With Alf explaining different methods of controlling the outbreak and Walter delivering shattering blows at my unsuspecting back, in the hope of a 'shock' cure, it was a relief to reach the home fireside.

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.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MARCH - 1951

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVII

MARCH 1951

NUMBER 540

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

March

- 3 Parkgate (Deeside Caf ) Somerford (Sunnyside Caf )
10 Halewood (Derby Arms) Birthday Run
12 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool
17 1st "25". H.Q., Lime Tree Caf , Chester
23/26 Easter Tour Glynceiriog (Glyn Valley Hotel)
" Ross-on-Wye (Lamb Hotel)
24 Alternative. Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
31 2nd "25". H.Q., Lime Tree Caf , Chester

April

- 7 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries)
9 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool
14 Holt (White Lion) Somerford (Sunnyside Caf )
21 1st "50". H.Q., Owen's Caf , Tarvin

COMMITTEE NOTES

At the Committee Meeting held February 12th, the President and Members stood in silence as a tribute to the memory of the late C. H. Turnor, a member since 1905, and of the late Jack Hodges, a former member.

Honorary Treasurer. Owing to business reasons Rigby Band has been obliged to resign from the office of Honorary Treasurer. The Committee extend to Rigby their best wishes for a successful trip and thanks for his services to the Club.

J. Long has been appointed Hon. Treasurer in his place.

J. J. Davies has been co-opted to serve on the Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of J. R. Band.

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. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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.

New Member. John Glynne Jones, 33 Windsor Drive, Broughton, near Chester, has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

Transfer. W. M. Robinson has been transferred from Full to Honorary Membership.

Application for Membership. James Edward Goodall, 25 Floyd Avenue, Manchester, 21. Proposed by A. Howarth, seconded by A. Gorman.

Changes of Address. W. J. Finn, 75 Howth Road, Clontarf, Dublin. James Park, 20 Maylands Road, Bedhampton, Havant, Hants.

Easter Tour, Glynceiriog. There are still one or two vacant beds for the above. Will members intending to join the tour let me have their names as soon as possible.

W. G. CONNOR, *Hon. Secretary*,
75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

OBITUARY

CHARLES H. TURNOR

It is with very great regret that we announce the death of our Life Member, C. H. Turnor ("The Mullah").

He joined the Club in 1905 and was a regular attender at fixtures for many years, resuming active participation when his sons were old enough to accompany him, after a period during which family concerns meant that we saw little of him.

The Mullah did not shine particularly in competition but was highly successful in record breaking at the longer distances. His talent for organising record attempts was great and his determination to adhere to his schedules strong.

At one time or another he held the N.R.R.A. 24 hours' Bicycle and Tricycle records; 24 hours' Tandem Bicycle (with E. Webb), Tandem Tricycle (with A. Newsholme) and the 12 hours' Tandem Bicycle (with J. A. Grimshaw).

The name of C. H. Turnor appeared frequently in the list of Officers and Committee, for his talents and knowledge of the game were ever at the Club's disposal: he was Captain in 1914 and a Vice-President from 1915 to 1920 and again in 1930.

The recent removal of The Mullah to Plymouth took a great Anfielder from our midst though his interest in the Club remained strong; his death severs another link with the early days and leaves a gap which cannot be filled.

To Mrs. Turnor and the boys we offer the sincere sympathy of the Club in their loss, which we all share.

JACK HODGES

It is our sad duty this month to record the passing, with tragic suddenness, of Jack Hodges.

If you look for his name in our membership list you will be disappointed. It is not there. For some unaccountable reason Jack resigned his membership just under two years ago. Yet he remained an Anfielder. He could not be otherwise.

Jack Hodges joined the Club almost forty years ago. He raced with skill and prowess and his touring was even better. Jack took a bicycle and a big stand camera over the Gemmi Pass in Switzerland about 1913; if our lamented friend was not the first to do so, he was no doubt a pioneer in the long run of cycle tourists to explore the thrills of the Gemmi.

Domestic reasons prevented him from being actively associated with the Club for many years. And then, towards the end of the thirties he started to come out once again and made friends with a host of younger members. He resumed racing where he left off all those years ago, and although nearing the three-score in the counting of the years, his ability amazed us all.

When Jack retired from business just after the war, he indulged to the full in many touring activities, Scandinavia and Switzerland saw him again, and many a faintly trodden path in Wales felt the tread of his enthusiastic feet. A year and more ago Jack moved to Ellesmere, and later he obtained a home in Shrewsbury, where his unfortunate demise occurred.

At the funeral in Manchester the Club was represented by Bert Green, Stan Wild and Frank Marriott.

TREASURY NOTES

Or Cheques, Money Orders, Postal Orders, Cash—any form of (British) currency will do. For what? For to pay your subscriptions and donations. Not “and/or” donations—*and* donations. Otherwise, how am I going to pay for the new frame I’ve just obtained? All donations will be thankfully received. It’s a good job for me that 50% of you have ignored Rule 25 (not Rule 11 this time, Ginner). It gives me a chance. If you’ve never read rule 25 look it up in your handbook, and if you haven’t got a handbook write to George Connor about it—don’t bother me. All I want is your money.

Seriously, though, you will help the Club considerably by paying your sub. NOW.

J. LONG, *Hon. Treasurer.*

RACING NOTES

The 1951 season is upon us with our first “25” on March 17th.

The start is at T.P. 706 on the East side of the Chester—Whitchurch road (A.41) approx. quarter mile South of milestone—Chester 3. Proceed

to turn at T.P. 145 on East side of road five-eighth mile short of milestone—Chester, 15 and approx. quarter mile short of Tushingam Church. Finish as at start.

The "50" Course starts as in a "25", then proceed to Whitchurch Island, where sharp left and follow A.49 for approx. $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the turn. Retracing to start.

When intermediate distances have been checked a card giving full details of these courses will be published.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, *Anfield Circular*.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your mention of Jimmy Long's future in the February *Circular* must have been by intuition rather than coincidence. My short notice of a trip to a warmer climate made the appointment of a new Club Chancellor of the Exchequer a matter of some urgency.

The obvious choice was the budding Borough Treasurer of Birkenhead, who accepted with alacrity ; and why not ? Jimmy's loyalty to the Anfield is unquestioned but who knows to what heights he can rise in a financial career when he can sign his name "James Long, Hon. Treas., Anfield B.C." Anyway, good luck, Jimmy, and may they pay up for you as well as they have done for me.

Yours sincerely,

J. RIGBY BAND.

The Editor,
Anfield Circular.

Sir,

May I, through the medium of these columns which you libellously misuse each month, thank Norman Turvey for coming so *shatteringly* to my defence. I hope—I do most sincerely hope—that I may some day be able to do as much for him.

As for you, printable words fail me !

Yours *truthfully*,

J. LONG.

BATH ROAD DINNER, DECEMBER 1st, 1950

My train from the South Coast landed me at Victoria just after 5 p.m., when the toilers of the Great City were arriving there in a solid phalanx on their way home. With difficulty I cut my way through the mass of humanity to the Tube, and hung on to a strap, held quite securely in my place by others in similar case ; no sardines were ever more closely packed. Thus to the hotel for a brush-up and then on to the Holborn Restaurant, where I was welcomed by our good friend Len Baker and

wandered around, picking up an acquaintance here and there, and inspecting a very interesting cycling book of the 90's with photographs of cyclists prominent at the time, some still knocking about. Then came the dinner. Percy Beardwood, of Ours, was in the chair and looked after me most assiduously. A large number of well-known cyclists were at the table; among others I saw were G. H. Stancer, H. H. England, C. W. Cooke and Maurice Draisey, in addition, of course, to our Bath Road friends, Jack Beauchamp, etc.

Witty speeches were made by Vic Jenner, in proposing "The Club", Jack Beauchamp, in welcoming "The Visitors", and H. H. England, in replying, a Bath Roder, in moving "The Prize-winners", and others, and there was constant cross-toasting, with hilarity all the time. I wish (or do I?) I could remember all the stories told of each other by these orators—most libellous most of them were, but distinctly amusing.

Amidst great enthusiasm Willmott was chaired to Percy to receive the "100" Cup, and expressed his firm resolve to win it again.

The evening passed very quickly, closing-time coming before we were ready for it, and with parting greetings and hopes expressed that we might meet again soon, we went our several ways. The Bath Roaders are good hosts.

H. GREEN.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NORTH ROAD C.C.

This followed the usual successful pattern of North Road dinners, but with added significance this year in that the club provided the winners of the individual and team awards in their own '24'. I take off my hat to Bob Mynott for his terrific effort of 460½ miles.

After the Chairman had opened the proceedings, the assembled multitude proceeded to cross-toast each other in the approved manner. One, Turvey, with whom I was sitting, for a long time kept up a running commentary which sounded like this—"Not as good as Halewood"—"What about the clubs that were formed before 1885?"—"What about the blokes who've finished in the Anfield 100?"—and much in similar vein. This tended to die down as the evening continued and the level in the bottle before him dropped. Norman eventually got to the point where he jumped to his feet and called for permission to take wine with a certain class of individual which turned out to be himself only!

The guest of honour was Col. A. E. Young, Police Commissioner for the City of London. In his reply for the visitors he revealed that as a hobby he takes part in motor car rallies and such like. He will not forget his chagrin when, after toiling to the top of a particularly arduous pass in a recent Alpine Rally and commencing the descent, he met a couple of cyclists coming up the other side.

The toast of the Club was given by S. Hilhouse, President of the Camping Club, and was replied to, as usual, by Arthur Taylor. The latter got somewhat tangled up in the Companies Act, maintaining that according to statute the entire assembly was illegal. All I can say is that if things are getting that complicated, I'm rather glad I forsook accountancy for civil aviation!

Thank you, North Road.

LEN KILLIP.

SPEEDWELL 75th ANNUAL DINNER

On Saturday, the 20th January, I was privileged to attend the 75th Annual Dinner of the Speedwell Bicycle Club, held at the Imperial Hotel, Birmingham.

Previously I had met Ted and Rene Haynes and on entering the appointed place we found Norman Turvey wandering aimlessly around a room, which had been converted into a bar, looking for someone to buy him a drink. Feeling sorry for the "money-bags" of the North Road we supplied his wants. The gathering was most representative of the cycling world, notables present included that grand personality of the Speedwell—its President, S. T. Capener; G. H. Stancer, R. G. Shaw, H. H. England, W. Oakley, Barf Roader Jack Beauchamp (who with Norman Turvey managed to get pints when everyone else was rationed to halves), Peter Barlow and H. M. Brealey, who replied for the guests.

The speeches were interesting and witty and the numerous cross toasts kept everyone in a most happy mood. During the evening the President presented some magnificent trophies and amongst the recipients was Gordon Smith who, like our own J.J.S. goes on for ever.

Unfortunately we had to depart before the end and I wish to apologise to the Speedwell President, but also I would like to thank him for a most enjoyable and memorable evening.

IRA THOMAS.

IN BRIEF

The sincere sympathy of the Club goes to S. J. Buck, whose wife passed over recently.

News is to hand of Alf Lucas, a one-time regular who has been missed for some years owing to his wife's poor health. He hopes to renew old friendships, perhaps at Halewood in March; it would be grand to see him out again.

From George Molyneux comes more details concerning one, Charles Lucas, mentioned in Lawrence Fletcher's letter to Dave Fell. It seems he had a cycle shop in Kirkdale and called his product the "Anfield"; in 1894 he won second prize in the Paris—Bordeaux race and had a varied career before he died in 1923.

A note from Snowden recounts a pleasant evening at the Hastings C. and A.C. 75th Annual Dinner. He sat next to George Jenkins who immediately enquired about Bren and referred to a trip with G.B.O. to the Continent with special reference to a circus at Zurich. (Full story please, Bren.—Ed.) In closing, our exile deploras the proposal to sell the Jonas—Blotto Abomination and thinks it should be allowed to finish its life in peace as a stable companion for Chandler's much-patched plus-fours.

Best wishes to Stan Wild, now recovering from a nasty dose of pneumonia, which necessitated his removal to hospital. Stan is home again and we wish him a speedy and complete recovery and a quick return to normal activities.

Just to hand is the excellently produced Handbook of the M. & D.T.T.A. from which we note Stan Wild and Alan Gorman are V.P's (the latter is also Hon. Sec.), whilst Stan and Rex Austin are on the panel of Time-keepers.

RUNS

Lymm, 27th January, 1951

The Captain, Rigby and Don made a somewhat late start to the run. Capes were the order of the day as snow was beginning to fall and all three of us hoped it would not freeze.

Just outside Warrington a halt was made to light up, and whilst Rigby lit his carbide lamp, the Captain ordered me to press on and save some food.

A dozen or so members were seated in front of the fire waiting for the meal and during this interval we discovered that Alf had changed his favourite radio programme from "Take it from here" to the Radio Doctor!

At six-fifteen sixteen sat down to a grand meal, and the topics of conversation at my end of the table centred mainly around Club courses, and also on the ride of the Manchester trio back from Parkgate. It seemed that Walter has a craze for leaving tools behind at the Two Mills, and Alan a passion for riding over cats. Eventually the trio arrived back home at some unearthly hour in the morning.

The gathering started to split up for home in small groups and young Frank and I set off into the night. We experienced several unpleasant moments when we found ourselves riding over frozen roads. At Farnworth we caught the remainder of the Liverpool brigade riding carefully over the ice, Arthur Birkby, on three wheels, seemed quite unconcerned, but the last we heard of the Captain, on a single, was that he was muttering something about buying a trike!

Those present were H. Green, S. Wild, A. Gorman, P. Williamson, A. Howarth, Bren Orrell and son, H. Austin, F. Palmer, F. Marriott, J. Davies, R. Band, L. Hill, A. Birkby and son, and D. Stewart.

Halewood, 3rd February, 1951

One of the most difficult things to do to-day is to fill a page with an account of a Halewood run. The ride out never seems to spring any surprises, and who can write with any enthusiasm of the outskirts of Liverpool, anyway?

I recollect that the afternoon was pleasant. The sun beamed benevolently, and evidently persuaded quite a number to make their way to the popular inn that lies on the road to Widnes. I arrived just when the hatches were due to open, and found a goodly gang awaiting the same operation. Tommy Mandall, just recovering from a lengthy spell of 'flu, came with George Stephenson. Inside we found Tierney, with some sorry news about our mutual friend Swift. We hope he recovers his health quickly.

Upstairs, smiled Frank Chandler, the lad who, like age-old Oliver Twist, is always looking for more; Eddie Morris was with him. And then, in no particular order Jimmy Long (our new Treasurer, for Rigby Band is now in Lagos for a spell); Donald Stewart, Frank Palmer, George Parr, Jack Davies, Eric Reeves, Bill Jackson, George Connor, Vic Lambert and friend, Arthur Birkby, and Frank Marriott. Len Hill arrived decked in a smashing tweed hat. Actually, it seemed smashing for an expert in the piscatorial arts, but surmounting Len and his bicycle it looked too funny for words. This (as we write, three weeks afterwards) seems about all, but if it so happens that you are not mentioned, please ask George Connor for the credit of a run.

Somerford, 3rd February, 1951

Not having been to a run for nearly a month I decided that last Saturday was a very good chance to repair the omission. After a more or less uneventful ride I arrived at the Sunnyside Café just at 5-30 as Alan Gorman, Walter Thorpe, Alf Howarth and a friend, Eddie Goodall, arrived. Walter and Sub. arrived on time no doubt because of Alan's good influence.

Five members were already waiting for us and before tea was served Percy came in making the number up to eleven.

During tea the President told us the sad news of the death of our old friend Jack Hodges and also of the legacy left by this old member to the Club. After tea I don't quite know what all the conversation was about except that Alan was offering out M.D.T.T.A. handbooks and Russ Barker amused us with stories of life in the Western Desert.

The party broke up about 7-30; first to leave being the President, Laurie Pendlebury and Percy. Then Russ left on his own, followed by the two Brens for Twemlow. The remaining party travelled to Siddington, where the writer and Walter branched off via Thornycroft to Broken Cross, where after a short stop Walter carried on to Marple and the writer

continued the two miles home. So ended for me one more very enjoyable run. Please note the writer did manage to attend on a bicycle.

Whitegate, 10th February, 1951

Sometimes, in the winter months, sandwiched between what appears to be an endless succession of snow, sleet, cold rain or biting winds, there comes a day with a promise of Spring ; frost in the morning, then blue sky, a sun with just a touch of warmth in it, and no wind to speak of. And what an uplift it gives to one's spirits. Such a day was this and as I pedalled along the road through Knutsford and Lower Peover to Middlewich the cool air stinging my face a little, I thought how good it was to be alive and on the road. After half-an-hour at the Woodlands, hoping that some companion would turn up for the last stage of the journey, a hope that was vain, I made off up the Northwich road and turned for Moulton Lock. The long drop to the Lock seemed to be worse in surface than ever, and, preferring discretion to valour, I walked the lot, thinking that bumping into and out of the deep holes and ruts would not perhaps improve my three wheels. Arrived at the Nurseries, I found that Stan Bradley had ridden his tricycle down the drop ; he must be an equilibrist of the highest calibre.

At the appointed time there were only five of us on parade, but much later the Hardriders section came along ; as usual they'd been circling the earth ; in the course of their travels they'd done a spot of course measuring. After an appetising hot meal and a chat on all sorts of things, the party broke up. As to my party, we had a trouble-free journey home, with conditions almost perfect.

Parkgate, 10th February, 1951

How enjoyable it is to be present at an Anfield Club run after having been confined to one's home for a month with influenza. To see again the familiar jolly faces ; to hear the witty chatter and once more to converse on that ever topical subject "cycling" is a tonic, better than a doctor could prescribe.

The run was the occasion of the Club's second Rough Stuff event, held as before, over the Raby course. Ben, Palmer, Don, and Bill Jackson took part and Marriott held the watch. Not as many competitors as one might have expected, but Len and myself, only just recovering from 'flu, were not fit enough to ride, "Farmer" Glynne has to work alternate Saturdays, and was unlucky on this one. John couldn't make it in time from Ternhill, where he is stationed. Unfortunately owing to business ties I was unable to be present at the Trial even as a spectator but was later able to make for the Deeside Café in time for tea. While I was disposing of a satisfying meal, I gathered from scraps of chatter that Ben returned the fastest time of 26 mins. 37 secs., which is one minute 16 secs. faster than Don's previous record of 27.53. Don was second with 27.58. Young Frank crashed,

and Bill Jackson lost himself ! (Nice work, Bill, that makes two of us now). An intermediate check at Chicken Corner records the following times ; Ben, 8 mins. 45 secs. ; Don, 9.45 ; Palmer, 9.43 ; and Bill Jackson, 10.20.

Ben was his usual energetic self at tea ; he devoured his "free meal" (the usual Rough Stuff prize), with remarkable swiftness, and then helped the slower eaters to consume theirs. Once, when he became over helpful with some cakes which Futter considered were his share, he received from the latter a sharp right jab in the "solar plexus". This quietened him for a while. I might add here that Young Frank is "COURTING". He slipped quietly away after the event to keep a date with his beloved. I don't think he is contemplating marriage yet, though ! As all good Anfield runs should end, this did with a "natter" around the fire, sitting around on chairs, except for Ben, who assumed a natural animal-like repose on the hearth rug. All too soon came the time to part, and whilst some started on their short ride across the Wirral the North Wales contingent headed for Broughton and home.

Those present included Jack Seed (pleased to see him), Perkins, Long, George Parr, Jack Davies, Don Stewart, Len Walls, John Futter, Bryan Jones, Ken Barker, Birkby, Marriott, Ben Griffiths, Tommy Mandall, Frank Palmer, Bill Jackson, Eric Reeves and Len Hill.

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.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



APRIL - 1951

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVII

APRIL 1951

NUMBER 541

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

April, 1951

- 7 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).
- 9 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool.
- 14 Holt (White Lion). Somerford (Sunnyside Café).
- 21 1st "50". Tea at Tarvin (Owen's Café).
Changing accommodation—Red Lion, Christleton.
- 28 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest).

May

- 5 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).
- 7 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool.
- 12/14 Whit Week-end. Headquarters: "Lion Hotel", Shrewsbury.
- 14 Open "100".
- 19 Parbold (Hill Top Café). Somerford (Sunnyside Café).

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

New Member. Frederick Benjamin Churchill, 70 Harvey Lane, Golborne, near Warrington, has been elected to Full Membership.

Changes of Address. J. S. Jonas, 15 Thorpe Lane, Guiseley, near Leeds; F. W. Smith, Langley, The Downs, Altrincham, Cheshire.

Open "100" Week-end, May 12/14. Accommodation has been booked at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury. It has been decided to ask for a deposit of 10/- against each booking. Will members requiring accommodation please let me have their names together with the necessary deposit as soon as possible, in order to avoid disappointment.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. Secretary.

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. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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

Does the present day racing man compete too much? This question is the subject of the Presidential introduction to the handbook of the Manchester and District Timetrials Association and, coming from the pen of so experienced a man as Fred Turner, both the question and the remarks which follow demand close attention.

Mr. Turner contrasts the position in the early thirties, when a man was considered to be "piling it on" if he rode in twenty events in a season, with the present situation when many compete every week-end from February to October and concludes that so intensive a programme following upon the training and preparation before the early events results often in staleness and loss of form in crack and novice alike; in the case of youngsters there is the additional risk of denying the body proper time to build up.

The concluding paragraph sums up the situation by pointing out that modern racing speeds make the most exacting demands on a rider who should study the calendar of events, formulate a programme within his capacity, and keep to it, picking out special events for major efforts and laying off from competition when feeling below par.

This is sound advice and happy is the club which numbers among its members men of experience like Fred Turner, our own Jack Salt and others of like calibre who are ever ready to keep a watchful eye on young speedmen.

There is, however, another aspect to this question, the larger issue of the effect on club life of the extended and crowded racing season: it is good that men should train and pit their pluck and fitness against others and Anfielders would surely be among the last to deny the thrill of those days when our members met, and beat, the cream of the country. Indeed, it is our hope and determination that such days shall come again but we must not imagine that the exploits of a few alone make for lasting greatness in a club. In the final analysis a club draws its sustenance from fellowship, a meeting together, regularly and in diverse places, of kindred spirits bound together by the deep love of a great game which has many facets. Unless the speedman, the potterer, and the ardent pass stormer come together frequently and share a common experience there is no club in any real and lasting sense of the word.

FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE R.R.A.

19th February, 1951

The only point of issue at this meeting was a change of Rule 40 to accord with a new policy adopted by the National Physical Laboratory for testing watches. Under this, the Kew A test will cease and will be replaced by:—

1. The craftsmanship test in four grades, A, B, C and D—a 6 weeks job, and

2. The sporting test—a 2 weeks' job.

Existing Kew A watches will be assumed to be equal to at least grade D of the craftsmanship test and will be subject only to a sporting test every 24 months (instead of the previous Kew subsidiary). New watches must pass the craftsmanship test and then every 24 months the sporting test.

The only other matter for excitement was that I was again proposed for the Committee and again finished the course at the bottom of the poll. So by the three founder clubs with continuous membership since 1888 (A.B.C., N.R., B.R.C.) the A.B.C. continues to be the only one unrepresented on the Committee.

G.H.S. chaired with his usual urbanity and afterwards Percy Charles and I had an exclusively Anfield and therefore most decorous session in a nearby chapel.

N.T.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING—N.R.R.A.

The annual meeting of the N.R.R.A. was held in Manchester on the 21st February, the chief business being a motion to bring up-to-date the rule regarding the qualification of watches to conform to the new standards.

E. Buckley was unanimously re-elected President in his absence. As Tommy Barlow said in proposing his re-election "Bick is not quite, but almost *the* N.R.R.A. and we all regret his inability to be with us".

Bert Green occupied the chair at a very representative meeting. W. Bailey was re-elected Hon. Secretary and Treasurer and the retiring committee was returned *en bloc*: Alf Howarth attended as our delegate.

The question of introducing place to place records was discussed under Other Business, a suggestion that was very definitely negated many years ago, when the Association was more active; it is now thought in some circles that such a proposal might find favour and it is to be hoped that if such a motion is ever put on the agenda of a general meeting sufficient notice will be given to allow discussion in the clubs and for the instruction of delegates.

RACING NOTES

The results of the first two 25 mile events show that our boys are finding their speed legs in time for the forthcoming Association and Open events.

Much help will be needed for the "100" on Whit Monday, and it will assist the staff if members will ask for a job as soon as possible. If this is to be a real Anfield promotion every member who can possibly manage it should be out on the course with a job to do.

As we go to press difficulties regarding courses for Club events have been resolved and the "50" on April 21st will commence on the Whitchurch Road, Chester side of Waverton post office. Changing accommodation will be available at Christleton and tea has been ordered at Tarvin.

ODDS AND ENDS

Congratulations to Stevie, who celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his election to membership at Halewood on the 10th March.

There will be a T.A. "100" for the Tricycle Trophy on our course on Whit Sunday, and assistance is invited. Any member who can help should contact Alan Littlemore, 53 Halton View, Widnes, as soon as possible.

The Championship "25" is to be promoted by the Liverpool D.C., R.T.T.C., on June 3rd, from a headquarters on the Wirral. Don Stewart will be glad to hear from members available for stewarding.

Jimmy Long has not given up all hope of becoming a cyclist (again) although Norman Turvey's reminder of the results of his first attempt have rather shaken his resolve; the appearance of an Alvis at the "25" starting point is however due ENTIRELY to Jimmy's dislike of getting his watch wet.

Club ties are no longer available as per Handbook but other arrangements are being investigated, and members would greatly assist by informing the Secretary if they wish to place an order for one or more ties in the Club colours.

The need for a week-night run and suitable meeting place in the Wirral is again evident. Any suggestions for a venue will be appreciated by Len Walls. It appears that Thursday evenings will fit in best with training programmes. Lancashire enthusiasts continue to meet at Kirkby on Wednesdays and a welcome is extended to any who will join them.

Bert Green bought a short length of railway line recently in order to reach the first "25" on time. After the event he narrowly missed his puffer home and speaks most appreciatively of the hospitality of the staff at Hartford and Greenbank Station. He is hoping that they will have a St. Bernard dog on the strength by next winter.

Some members are made of sterner stuff and we hear that during a tough Easter Tour Alf Howarth and John Futter made things harder for themselves by carrying passengers on their top tubes.

The Beechound has relinquished the secretaryship of the Bath Road Club after a long and distinguished spell of office. Lest members should think that this is a case of "the old order changeth" we would assure them that the old order (same again) remaineth.

The Club is greatly indebted to Alan Gorman for the very natty cards he produces for Club events; his "amateur" printing is as good to look at as is his riding in the event. Both look easy, but———!

It was nice to see Harold Kettle out at recent races and we hope he will find it possible to attend many fixtures this year.

Jack Walton has been on a flying visit to America since we saw him at the Birthday Run.

The Treasurer has heard from F. Beckett, a member since 1918, who says he never claimed to be a cyclist but used to ride with Crowcroft, F.H., Doc. Carlisle, Buck and others! He still reads the *Circular* and sends good wishes to all.

We understand that Chandler's much-patched plus-fours have been completely re-bushed and being good for many more miles are not contemplating retirement. Frankie still insists on getting rid of the Jonas—Blotto pram (which is tuned up to R.R.A. pitch) and hopes to hear from a likely buyer.

RUNS

Kirkby and Middlewich, 24th February, 1951

After lunch at Whitchurch, Alf Howarth and Walter Thorpe toured around Ellesmere, Bangor-on-Dee, Malpas, Wrenbury and Nantwich before arriving at the Woodlands to join the President, Russ Barker, Alan Gorman, two Orrells, Hubert, Laurie, Percy Williamson and Eddie Goodall at tea. Ben Griffiths had ridden over from Broughton to meet the Manchester men on their own ground in preference to braving the Liverpool setts to reach Kirkby, where there was a gathering of Lancastrians, consisting of Rigby Band (with Mrs. Rigby and two lusty sons), Baron Birkby, the Hon. Sec., Captain Hill, Jack Davies, Tommy, George Parr, Frank Palmer, Stevie and Don Stewart.

Parkgate, 3rd March, 1951

A good muster of members and friends met at the Deeside Café as a prelude to the following Saturday's Birthday Run at Halewood, the usual venue for the first Saturday of the month.

Judging by the conversation which followed tea (in one corner at least) "night life in Broughton" might well be the title of our lecture at the next X'mas "do" at this old time port. Present at the gathering were Jack Davies, Ben Griffiths with his brother-in-law, Salty, Guy Pullan (Mersey Roads), Don Stewart, Franks Palmer, Perkins and Marriott, Tommy and Jimmy (again), the Skip., George Parr, Abdul, Bryan and Glynne Jones, John Futter and an R.A.F. friend. Ginner came in (half-price) at the interval.

Somerford, 3rd March, 1951

That ingenious and cunning Vice-Captain coerced (yes! that's the word) me into writing-up the Club run report; he, probably embittered at being lost for the greater part of the day in the wilds of Cheshire, with a snarl has snatched up his alleged rota of Club run writers, suitably cooked the list, and produced my name at the top!

To judge by the conversation at the tea-table, the fast and far section run had not been without incident. Walter Thorpe early in the day had gone straight thru' (or over) a deep pot-hole, putting flats and bulges in both rims and a brand new pair at that. Alan Gorman—kindly lad, had come to his aid and taken over one of the wheels for the day, thus making it possible to have one brake in use.

My ride out to Somerford had been a pleasant if somewhat lonely affair, but as usual the Sunnyside tea was much to our liking and well served as always; we stayed rather longer than usual after tea, conversation ranging from radio to time-trial programmes until almost 8-30 p.m. I parted company with the boys at Dicklow Cop, leaving them to ride towards Siddington whilst I headed for Chelford and Knutsford, reaching home finally at 10-45 p.m. Members present were the President, Bren Orrell, senior and junior, Hubert Buckley, Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman, Walter Thorpe, Alf Haworth, Laurie Pendlebury and prospective member Eddie Goodall.

Halewood, 10th March, 1951. Birthday Run

The popularity of this annual "get-together" at Halewood shows no sign of waning as was evidenced by an attendance of forty-seven members and friends who obviously enjoyed a real Anfield evening. Old friendships were renewed and the constant buzz of conversation, banter and exchange of reminiscences made up a memorable run.

An hour before tea and the invasion of the Derby Arms had commenced; George Connor was soon satisfied that his attendance forecast would be attained, but he had quite a job routing out pockets of resistance in the lower quarters and driving them to the dining room.

At the top table an impressive array of talent supported the President; how nice to have Mr. Bick with us once more, then Tommy Mandall, Stevie (40 years a member that day) and Chandler, who brought Walter Simpson, famous in his own right but even more so as brother of the late A.T.S., a peer among Editors.

Swift and Tierney had brought along two welcome guests, Tony Irwin, a Life Member of the E.L.W. and a piece of Yorkshire perpetual motion, F. A. Tuplin, whose hand still strays unconsciously to the seat of his pants when Anfield 24's are mentioned. Nearby was Guy Pullan, C.T.C. Councillor, R.T.T.C. and President of the Mersey Roaders, always a welcome visitor in Anfield circles: we were glad to have these friends with us and thank them for adding to the pleasure of our celebration.

In no particular order now we noticed Birkby, Perkins, George Molyneux, Orrell and son, Alcock, Jack Davies, Salty, Parr, Ginner, by courtesy of the Crosville Co. (Ichabod!), Preston, Tommy Sherman and Peter Stevie.

Yorkshire was further represented by Jack Walton, whose native Manchester sent a strong contingent, including Harry Austin, Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman, Thorpe, Howarth, Laurie, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and Eddie Goodall.

Ben Griffiths and Bryan Jones had pedalled from Broughton, Bill Jackson from Bromborough, and Jimmy (again) Long from Pulford (Road).

Bretherick was tethered to his brother-in-law and Lambert was grinning as if it could NEVER happen to him and pointed to Marriott as confirmation, but a moment later swallowed hard on noting Skipper Hill, Secretary Connor and the Editor.

Len Walls and Don Stewart were hatching dark plots for a bash at Easter from which much fitness should result and judging by the amount of food which disappeared the whole mob should have been put on bicycles and taken to Ross-on-Wye there and then to shake it down.

The meal came well up to the usual Halewood standards and it was with great reluctance that we realised that another grand Birthday had passed and that the time had come to wend our several ways home.

Chester, 17th March, 1951. First "25"

What a welcome to the racing season, rain, rain and still more rain ! Despite the uncomfortable conditions ten of the twelve entrants faced timekeeper Jimmy Long, but three of our starters did not return.

The ride to the turn was wind assisted, and here Frank Marriott recorded times, from which it was found that Bryan was 45 seconds up on Alf. During the second half of the ride Alf made up this deficit and took another 20 seconds from Bryan to win in 1.7.33. Alf rode an 81 inch gear, Bryan 73, and John Futter had a choice of 10, so we do not know which one was used ! Unfortunately he was forced to retire with mechanical trouble. Ben was not his usual happy self, but he finished third fastest, beating Walter by a quarter of a minute.

Frank Palmer retired and this could be put down either to lack of training or spending too much time bird watching.

After a change into dry clothing an enjoyable meal was provided at the Lime Tree Café in Chester, and of course when we decided to leave it was still raining.

Before ending this account the riders I am sure would wish to thank the checkers who guided them round the course on such an unpleasant day.

Members present not already mentioned in the account were H. Green, T. Mandall, George and Peter Stevie, G. Parr, H. Kettle, L. Hill, Bren Orrell junior and E. Goodall.

	H'cap Mins.	Turn	Actual	H'cap Time
A. Howarth	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	31.50	1.7.33	1.6.18
B. Jones	$\frac{3}{4}$	31.5	1.7.53	1.7.8
R. Griffiths	$\frac{1}{4}$	32.35	1.10.36	1.10.21
W. Thorpe	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	33.15	1.10.52	1.7.37
D. Stewart	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	33.10	1.12.40	1.9.25
L. Walls	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	35.23	1.13.50	1.9.5
W. Jackson	5	34.35	1.16.0	1.11.0
J. Futter	$\frac{3}{4}$	32.18	D.N.F.	
G. Jones	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	34.35	D.N.F.	

STOP PRESS

Second Club "25"—31st March, 1951

J. E. B. Jones	1.5.28	A. Gorman	1.6.18
A. Howarth	1.7.10	Full report next month.	

"TOMORROW IS TOO LATE"

This is not a plea for prompt reporting of Runs even though we go to press with no news of the Easter Tours; nor is it an advertisement for jobs on the "100", however glad the staff will be to hear from you on this topic. Should the opportunity arise for you to see a film, now circulating, with this title, do not let the chance slip by, for there is much of interest to Anfielders.

Made by the Drasdo Repertory Company in conjunction with the Police Film Unit, the film deals with the important topic of road safety and the hero dices with death on a high powered motor cycle, smashing up a cyclist and losing his own life in the process: the interest for Anfielders lies in the fact that the hero (who shouldn't bash cyclists about—and isn't a bit handsome) is none other than our own Sid Carver, actor, playwright, cyclist and grand fellow to boot.

Sidney, of course, does his training for motor-cycling on a bicycle, much of it on a 35 mile triangle round Beverley, Market Weighton and home to Hessle—17½ miles per hour when they are closed and 35 miles to the gallon at other times.

Our Consul in East Yorks hopes to make a passage to Anfieldland before very long but in the meantime sends chin-chins to all the boys and says there is usually a spare bed at "Anfield", Denesway, Hessle, for anyone wanting a training spin.

So if you want to see the first Anfielder to win an Oscar remember—*Tomorrow is too late.*

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MAY - 1951

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- 5 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).
- 7 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool.
- 12/14 Whit Week-end. H.Q., Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.
- 14 Open "100".
- 19 Parbold (Hill Top Café). Somerford (Sunnyside Café).
- 26 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).

June

- 2 Second Club "50". H.Q., Owens Café, Tarvin.
- 9 Holt (White Lion). Goostrey (Crown Hotel).
- 11 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool.
- 16 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest). Photo Run.

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

New Member. James Edward Goodall, 25 Floyd Avenue, Chorltoncum-Hardy, Manchester, 21, has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

Open "100". *There is still some accommodation available at the Lion Hotel. If you have not already booked and intend to join the Club at the Lion, please let me have your names IMMEDIATELY.*

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. Secretary,

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. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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.

R.R.A. DINNER, APRIL 13th

G. H. Stancer, President of the R.R.A., presided at this function, which was attended by representatives of all the well-known clubs in the London district and some others. Very early in the proceedings the Chairman gave the loyal toast and exhorted the gathering to get on with its cross-toasting. The Wessex took up the challenge immediately and from then on to the end of the meal there was a constant cross-fire of toasts, usually with a jesting allusion to some characteristic of the club or individual honoured, all making for the jollity of the company. When Stancer asked past and present record holders to take wine with him a small forest rose, and from that you can judge the quality of the gathering—there they were, from Jenny Walters, who was breaking records in the 90's to Hill, who was doing it last year, all looking well on it. The meal over, "The Road Records Association" was proposed by our President, and in his reply the Secretary of the R.R.A. gave a brief account of the work of the Association. Then followed a comprehensive account of "Record Breakers, past and present" by H. H. England, of *Cycling*, in which he told of many interesting and amusing incidents he had witnessed in record attempts. Suitable responses were made by E. B. Brown, of the Wessex Roads and A. R. J. Hill, of the Kentish Wheelers. "Cycling—the Sport and Pastime", was proposed by Stan Baron and responded to by 80 years old S. T. Capener, President of the Speedwell, and W. Oakley, President of the C.T.C. The last toast, "Our President", was proposed by our own Norman Turvey, in a speech which, in manner and matter, was worthy of its subject, which means that it was very good indeed. All cyclists who know anything of the work of Stancer hold him in high regard, and Norman expressed it perfectly for us. Unfortunately the hour was now far advanced and Stancer had to hurry away to his train, so that we had to be satisfied with a "Thank you" instead of a speech in reply, which was a pity. The proceedings closed with *Auld Lang Syne*, sung in great volume. Altogether a very jolly evening—it's nice to have these opportunities of meeting old cycling friends when they've time to chat.

H.G.

THE ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION

Following upon a decision of the N.C.U. not to concern themselves further with performances on the road, a meeting was convened for 11th April, 1888, by Mr. A. J. Wilson in his capacity as President of the North Road C.C. to consider the formation of a certifying body for road records.

At this inaugural meeting the Road Records Association was born and, as a basis for operations, existing records inscribed on the now closed books of the N.C.U. were accepted for the purposes of the new Association. The records recognised at the time were at 50 and 100 miles, 24 hours and Lands End to John O'Groats and the newly-formed R.R.A. made a modest addition of 12 hours as a recognisable record.

From the outset the Association set a meticulous standard in considering claims, and in 1896 it was decided that the practice of recognising amateur and professional records was open to such doubts that only best ever performances irrespective of status would be considered.

The aims of the Association are well epitomised in Rule 2, which reads "The object of the Association is to verify and certify the genuineness of claims to best performances on record accomplished by male cyclists on the road and to prevent the publication of fictitious or uncertified records", and it is now quite rightly nearly as formidable a task to get a performance recognised as to accomplish the ride. It speaks well for the Association that never in its history of authentication of records has its decision been questioned by press trade interests or the wider cycling community.

Repeated requests for recognition of Place to Place records were met in 1889 by the addition of the London to Bath and back, London to York, London to Edinburgh and London to Liverpool routes, and in 1890 there was added what has become perhaps the most sought after record—the London to Brighton and back; this was originally confined to the old coach route from Piccadilly to the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, and for many years the giants of past decades battled on the road where so many coach races had been fought out.

In the same year the Liverpool—Edinburgh route (much beloved of tough Anfielders) was recognised for record purposes.

Once firmly established, the R.R.A. continued the good work, adding 1,000 miles and Edinburgh to York (in 1897) and the London to Portsmouth and back and Land's End to London routes in 1899.

The first unpaced record was placed on the books in 1898, A. A. Chase having covered 50 miles in 2 h. 7 m. 8s.; motor pacing was prohibited in 1900 a year in which the number of affiliated clubs dropped to five due to so many forsaking the road for the track.

No mention has been made of the part our Club has played, but this is not because the Anfield stood aloof; with the North Road and Bath Road Clubs we are one of three with continuous membership since the beginning, and it was an Anfielder, S. A. Chalk, who was elected Hon. Secretary at the inaugural meeting in 1888; the late W. P. Cook was President from 1933 until his death on 7th April, 1936, when he was succeeded by G. H. Stancer.

Anfield activity in the sphere of record breaking demands a special article, and this will appear in an early issue together with an epitome of the history of the Association during the present century.

RACING NOTES

By the time this issue is in print the "100" will be upon us; a full report will appear in the June number and members are urged to send notes of interest concerning the event or club folk met in or around Shrewsbury to the Editor immediately after the race. These will be gathered up to form as complete a picture as possible.

Reports, which will appear elsewhere in this issue, of the second "25" and first "50" are encouraging. Other results of recent events are as follows:—

S.E. Lanes. St. Christopher's "25"—A. Howarth 1.10.56, R. Griffiths, 1.13.26. Fastest time, 1.6.1.

West Cheshire T.T.C.A. "25"—J. E. B. Jones, 1.6.57, J. C. Futter, 1.7.41, D. Stewart, 1.11.37; J. J. Salt, 1.13.27. Fastest time, R. Young (B'head C.C.), 1.3.9.

Birmingham Crescent "25"—J. C. Futter, 1.9.22. (Fastest time, 1.6.58).

R.A.F. (Bridgnorth) "25"—J. C. Futter, 1.8.49. (Fastest time, 1.5.30).

R.A.F. "25"—J. C. Futter, 1.6.5. (Fastest time, 1.2.51).

ODDS AND ENDS

Len Baker (B.R.C.) writes a note of appreciation of Anfield hospitality during his stay on our territory. His great regret is that he didn't manage a Halewood run, and we hope that an opportunity arises of rectifying this omission. Len who is, of course, Chief Marshal for the B.R. "100", hopes to see many Anfield friends at their classic in August.

A contributor writing on the Easter tour, tells us that the Skipper was "officiating at a christening on the Sunday". "Officiating" in this case meant holding one end of an infant whilst the other end was sprinkled, and we know what Jack Davies was HOPING! On Easter Sunday Jack roused the Captain (by request) at 7.30 a.m. and as a reward Len brought a nice cup of tea upstairs *and gave it to Tommy Mandall!*

Don't forget to send notes about the "100" to the Editor immediately after the event. Any oddments which will help towards a complete report will be welcome.

On Whit Sunday there will be a T.A. "100" for the Tricycle Trophy on our course and at 3.0 p.m. a Rally of tricyclists at the Quarry, Shrewsbury. There will be no blasting during the afternoon event.

RUNS

Easter Tour, Glyn Ceiriog, 23rd—26th March, 1951

The opinion has been expressed that Glyn Ceiriog is not a good centre for an Easter tour, and that is open to dispute, for the valley is certainly ever attractive and with the comfort of the Glyn Valley Hotel near at hand it proved an excellent choice for an early holiday blessed with the uncertain weather for which March, 1951, proved famous.

It was grand to linger over breakfast in the cosy dining room without hearing ambitious proposals to get as far away as possible from our Headquarters. Such planning is conventional and a slavery to custom, but new and original thought was here—see the Ceiriog Valley and know its topography—and not a dissentient voice was heard.

The National Trust has purchased the defunct "Glyn Valley Steam Tram" track and we should certainly explore our own property. An old Baddeley says "The line is on a 'toy gauge' with open and closed carriages. It is $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Chirk with about five trains a day accomplishing the journey in 40 minutes. Return fares 2/6 and 1/2". The now grass covered track was thoroughly surveyed as were the Glyn Ceiriog and Teirw Hill stone quarries.

The Presider personally conducted a tour of the caves and it is very strongly rumoured that when he tires of city life he will buy these subterranean passages and the fame of "Green's Caves" will rival that of Gough's.

The evenings after dinner, when the fire burned brightly in the sitting room, were not the least delightful part of the tour. Never did hours speed so fast or more pleasantly in good conversation both instructive and entertaining. Len had to leave for home early on Sunday morning to attend some family function which couldn't be put off and he surely had much generously tendered advice to think of whilst he ploughed his lonely solo towards Liverpool.

The less said of Monday the better. The rain was falling steadily as in capes and leggings we moved off and down the valley. Lunch was taken and the journey resumed in the rain which continued until the late afternoon, finally clearing for the last two hours of the ride.

It was a matter for much regret that Mrs. Law was laid up with sickness during our visit. We can only hope that our calling upon her as a deputation was of some assistance towards recovery. It was noted too that the house is in the market and we trust that if a change of host and hostess does come about we shall find a welcome as good as we have found in the past.

Members present :—H. Green, T. Mandall, J. Davies, A. Lambert, L. Hill, A. Williams and P. Williamson.

Club "25", 31st March, 1951

This was by no means an ideal day for speed but out of a card of twelve there were eight starters and seven finished ; Don Stewart had the misfortune (or good luck !) to pull his wheel over a couple of miles from the start and checked in to the President and Editor at Tarvin Island on foot and looking for a spanner. Bren and son took a check at the turn and found Bryan Jones (32 mins.) leading Alan Gorman by $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes and Alf and Bren by 2 minutes. Alan came home faster but Bryan's 1.5.28 pipped him by 50 seconds. Jimmy Long held the watch and others out on the course were Franks Marriott, Palmer and Perkins ; Harold Kettle, Tommy, George Parr, Len Hill and Eric Reeves.

After the event there was a good muster at the Lime Tree in Chester, and it was pleasant to ride out of the busy lighted city and traverse the familiar but ever popular top road in the dark.

Flickering lights near Mollington showed where a motorist had wrapped his vehicle round a telegraph pole and the waiting ambulance was a grim reminder of the mounting toll of the road.

The remaining miles before Damhead Lane were enlivened by stories from Salty concerning the tour, at Easter, of the fast pack and what memories of past runs were evoked by the mingling of purring tyres and dynamos with the chatter of clubmates ; all too soon came the parting of the ways, Jack to plough a lonely but short furrow to Heswall, whilst Franks Perkins and Marriott guided the Editor to the foot of the Sych, where tradition demands a halt and a walk to spin out as long as possible the pleasure of good company.

Another run was over but it had been good to be in familiar places among friends of the road.

The "25" results were as follows :—

	Turn	25 miles	H'cap Time
J. E. B. Jones	32	1.5.28	1.4.43
A. Gorman	33.30	1.6.18	1.6.18
A. Howarth	34	1.7.10	1.5.55
R. Griffiths	34	1.8.12	1.7.57
J. J. Salt	36	1.10.55	1.6.55
G. Jones	36	1.19.45	1.15.0
E. Goodall	43	1.27.41	—
D. Stewart	—	D.N.F.	—
W. Jackson, J. Futter, L. Walls and W. Thorpe—D.N.S.			

Whitegate, 7th April, 1951

Having proposed this run I felt a moral obligation to make my way to Whitegate on an afternoon that was not of April's best. And I didn't feel so good, either ; I would have paid quite a price for an excuse to stay away.

At Two Mills I didn't feel so bad, and after a "cuppa" and a cake the wind wafted me quite nicely along the high road to Chester, and then by the Middlewich road to Whitegate. The wind was half-a-gale from the north-west, and there was a sinister threatening of rain.

Five-thirty, and I arrived at the rendezvous to find a goodly crowd present. In no particular order they were, Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Donald Stewart, George Parr, Jack Davies, Len Hill, Alfred Howarth, Eddie Goodall, Ben Griffiths, Orrell and son, and Alan Gorman with Walter Thorpe. With the ex-Editor from Wirral, fourteen.

The meal was splendid. Fried gammon done to a turn, egg, fried bread, tomato—was there no end to such goodness? Then bread and butter, jam and cakes. Lashings of tea made a fine finish to a very happy meal. After tea we talked loud and long, and then after seven-thirty someone suggested that it was high time we were away.

To avoid a lone ride by way of Chester (Ben was week-ending with Alf) I agreed to join the Liverpool contingent, and with them take the "level" road to Runcorn through Halton. The word level in this instance is the

exclusive property of Len Hill. A few minutes before eight, and we were away. The others slipped slowly ahead and I said I would follow. Easy words ! When we reached the high road and I slipped my dynamo on—it wouldn't work ! A few minutes fumbling in the dark, and then back to the hut to get some light on the subject. Soon after eight the trouble was fixed, and I sped down the hill into the night.

Now it would have been a far easier ride home to travel by way of Chester, but as the others might be waiting for me somewhere ahead I ventured on Len's "level" road to Runcorn. Through Weaverham it wasn't so bad, but beyond the river Half-a-gale swept from the Mersey's shining sea, and was that road hard ! In sight of Halton the rain swept in a shower of icy stair-rods, and I staggered beneath the castle hoping for an easy mile or so into Runcorn town.

Those hopes were dashed, but I found a snack bar with a welcome, even after ten on a wet and windy night. A hot drink and a cake worked wonders but I could see something very sizeable in the way of "parcels" between Widnes and Liverpool Yes, I confess, for the first time in twenty years I packed up on a Club run and travelled the miles very elegantly from Runcorn to Liverpool by train.

Somerford, 14th April, 1951

This morning gave no promise of a break from the series of rough week-ends which have been a prominent feature of the spring. Whilst cycling to work I had hurriedly to don protection and very soon gathered a beautiful capeful of hailstones like a housewife with an apronful of peas. The sky had, however, cleared of cloud by lunch time and though a strong wind blew there was every promise of a dry afternoon.

I feel sure the Minister of Transport has not been in Cheadle on a Saturday afternoon or he would be more sympathetic to the proposal to bye-pass the town. Cars line the streets, shoppers overflow from the narrow pavements to the road or seek to cross with loaded baskets. Cars, bicycles and buses travel in single file with many stops and starts as they negotiate the bustle of traffic in the one main street. This is no grumbling protest—I like it. The place is alive and the delay is too short to be of any consequence. It is a rare contrast to Sunday morning, when the streets are quiet but the green is noisy with cyclists who stand around apparently aimlessly waiting for something or someone to turn up.

However, I must away, tea is calling at Sunnyside Café, so I push along to Wilmslow which like Cheadle is all Saturday afternoon hustle.

A pause at Chelford Island whilst two cyclists of the fair sex hurry past crouched over the bars, pedals swinging in nice rhythm, intent on riding ten miles as fast as possible. Shades of those Anfielders who considered 25 miles too short for the road—and how right they were.

Sunnyside Café at last, where the President and Stan Wild are already waiting. This is Stan's first Club run since his illness and how pleased we are to see him looking his old self,

Quarter to six and still only three present but of course as soon as it is decided to make a start Walter Thorpe rolls along quickly followed by Hubert Buckley. Bren Orrell senior and junior appeared later and then Alf Howarth and Eddie Goodall completed the attendance.

Bert, Stan and I left the later comers in possession when we moved towards home. It was still daylight and with the thoughts of advancing the clock during the night we rode along anticipating the joys of the warmer and longer hours of daylight which we hope to enjoy for a few months.

First Club "50" 21st April, 1951

Ten entries, nine starters and finishers for a Club "50" shows an improvement over last year's events. It was a fine afternoon, with a sticky wind as timekeeper Marriott sent the riders on their way.

John Futter and Alf Howarth were equal to the turn, but John with an 88 top over the last wind assisted miles jumped into a 1 min. 7 sec. lead to win in 2.18.49.

The handicap was even closer, Bill Jackson pipping Don Stewart by four seconds, and altogether the first six in this section were covered by 2 mins. 38 secs.

Noted around the course were Bren Orrell and Ira Thomas at Whitchurch Island, Russ Barker, Bren junior and a friend feeding at Bickley and No Man's Heath, Len Hill and George Parr at the turn.

After the event one group proceeded to Tarvin and another group to Chester, both with the one thing in mind—food! Bill Jackson stood teas all round for the Chester contingent, and with cheese sandwiches this made a nice snack before we proceeded on our various ways home.

Other members out, but not already mentioned:—H. Green, J. Salt, T. Mandall, F. Perkins, G. Molyneux, J. Long, F. Palmer, J. J. Davies, W. G. Connor, A. Gorman, L. Walls, W. Thorpe, G. Stephenson and H. Kettle.

	<i>Results :</i>			
	25 miles	50 miles	H'cap mins.	H'cap Time
J. C. Futter	1.11.0	2.18.49	1	2.17.49 Fastest
A. Howarth	1.11.0	2.19.56	1	2.18.56
A. Gorman	1.11.30	2.24.31	Scr.	2.24.31
D. Stewart	1.13.45	2.24.52	8½	2.16.22
W. Thorpe	1.14.30	2.27.40	10	2.17.40
J. J. Salt	1.14.0	2.28.28	10	2.18.28
W. Jackson	1.15.15	2.28.48	12½	2.16.18 1st H'cap.
R. Griffiths	1.13.45	2.31.18	4	2.27.18
L. Walls	1.18.30	2.35.6	9	2.26.6

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.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JUNE - 1951

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. Copley	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
1951	W. Kinghorn	Cheshire R.C.	4.28.29

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVII

June 1951

NUMBER 543

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

June

- 2 2nd Club "50". H.Q., Tarvin (Owens Café).
- 9 Holt (White Lion). Goostrey (Crown Hotel).
- 11 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool.
- 16 Highwayside (Travellers Rest). Photo Run.
- 23 Hatchmere (Ivy Cottage, Flaxmoss).
- 30 3rd "25". H.Q. Tarvin (Owens Café).

July

- 7 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).
- 9 Committee Meeting, Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool.
- 14 Holt (White Lion). Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses).
- 21 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries).

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

Club Photograph

A photograph will be taken at Highwayside on June 16th. It is hoped that as many members as possible will attend.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

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. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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.

KINGHORN OF THE "CHESH"

Many famous names are included in the list of winners of the Anfield "100", some of them remembered only by the real veterans amongst us, for it is over sixty years since the first event was won by P. C. Wilson, in 1889.

The names of J. A. Bennett, R. H. Carlisle, W. E. Gee, Wm. Owen and F. R. Goodwin recall the days of paced events whilst Nutt, Wingrave, Merlin, Moss and Gayler will bring back memories of Whitsun in Shropshire before the first World War.

In more recent times the rides of Baines, Firth, Charlie Holland and Bren Orrell, to mention but a few, will strike a clearer chord than those which followed the 1914-18 war; Selbach in 1919, Genders, Rossiter and Burkhill of the M.C. and A.C. led up to the triple wins of Andy Wilson in 1923-4-5 and Southall in the 1926-7 and 8 events.

To this great company has been added the name of William Kinghorn of the Cheshire Road Club, winner of the fifty-second event in the series with a time barely one and a half minutes outside record for the course. There is only one way to gain admittance to this select band; it is a hard road and many good men bar the path but are first to offer congratulations to him who wins through.

Kinghorn's win has resulted from careful and intelligent preparation carried out in spite of many difficulties; a fall on ice near his home early this year resulted in a fractured bone in one foot and much of his ground-work training was done with this in a plaster cast. During the war he was serving in the *Prince of Wales* when she was bombed off Malaya and spent the next few years as a prisoner-of-war in Japanese hands, not the most promising prelude to an athletic career.

Resuming racing in 1946 Kinghorn has steadily improved his times and has probably not yet reached the peak of his powers. He has won open events at all distances from 25 miles to 12 hours, including the O.D.C.U. "25" of 1949, Cheshire Road Club "50" in the same year, Abbotsford "100" and the M. & D. T.T.A. "12" in 1947, with 239 miles.

His best performances include 1.1.37 in the 1950 Rover "25"; 2.5.7. in the Sharrow (R.T.T.C. Championship) "50" in 1950 and 4.23.5 in the Bath Road "100" last August. On a strange course with little support he covered 245.64 miles in the Coventry C.C.A. "12" last season, finishing third to Beardsmore (250) and Joy (249); whilst well used to the very best company as proved by these figures Bill Kinghorn is a modest and unassuming clubman and we take pleasure in extending to him, and to the great club to which he owes allegiance, the hearty congratulations of all Anfielders on this their first win in our event.

THE SECOND ANFIELD "100"

20th May, 1891

Sixty years ago the second Anfield "100" was fought out on the roads of Cheshire and Lancashire, and fastest time was returned by a tough young rider of the promoting Club, his name—J. A. Bennett.

Bennett joined the A.B.C. in 1888 when he was 19 years of age and had then been riding a solid tyred Ordinary (Penny-farthing) for two years as a member of "The Old Boys", a club long since defunct. It was an "Old Boys" "25" which gave Bennett his first win and his next big race was the "Sefton and Dingle" Open "50" on 27th October, 1888, when he ran second and was one of six finishers out of a field of 103, there being so many retirements due to the atrocious state the road was in after a deluge the previous day.

Many successes in Anfield Club events followed and in May, 1890, when the Anfield "24" was cancelled because of shocking weather, our hero set out and "covered 220 miles for practice !"

When the first Anfield "100" was won by P. C. Wilson, of the Catford C.C. in 7 hrs. 11 mins. 10 secs. Bennett was away at a Volunteer's camp, but in October he set about Wilson's "100" record and, paced by Anfielders, clocked 6 hrs. 40 mins. to beat record by 31 minutes ; this ride followed a "24" in September with Lawrence Fletcher when G. P. Mills' record was broken with rides of 264 miles.

Inter-Club races, the Liverpool—London record, Catford Open "50" (J. A. Bennett—fastest with 2.59.45, and this in September, 1890) all came alike to this lusty lad who ate only a few raisins during a "100" but stoked up well all the week before with beef-steaks (happy days!) stewed fruit, cheese, etc.

This then is the man who lined up with 64 others on May 20th, 1891, to do battle in the second Anfield "100" ; London had sent of her best, North Roaders, including F. T. Bidlake, Ilsley, Shorland, J. M. James and Crosbie ; A. Nixon, of the Anerley, and riders from the Bath Road Club ; other clubs, some still gloriously active, some long since wound-up, were represented ; the Irish Road Club, Leinster C.C., North Liverpool, Manchester Wheelers, St. Helens C.C., Huyton B.C. and Wanderers, among others ; P. C. Wilson, of the Catford, was on scratch but was a non-starter and handicap allowances ran up to 90 minutes.

The start was at Rainhill and the course took the riders through Warrington, Mere, Tabley, Knutsford and Holmes Chapel to the Waggon and Horses, Congleton, where food was available. On to the Church Lawton, Holmes Chapel, Waggon and Horses triangle and so via Knutsford, Mere and Warrington to the finish at Rainhill.

Bennett and R. H. Carlisle rode together for some seventy miles until Carlisle was dropped on the hill out of Cranage, leaving Bennett to continue alone and unpaced for his usual all out final 30 miles.

The result is interesting, for it is given in handicap order as follows :—

1. A. J. Jack	Anfield	6.58.25	(60)	5.58.25
2. J. Reilley	M/c. Wheelers	6.53.15	(50)	6.3.15
3. J. M. James	North Road	6.35.45	(30)	6.5.45
4. F. T. Bidlake	} North Road (Tandem)	6.32.43	(25)	6.7.43
W. M. Crosbie				
5. J. A. Bennett	Anfield	6.25.54	(12)	6.13.54

(Fastest time and broke own record of 6 hrs. 40 mins.)

During the Anfield 70th Birthday Celebrations, J. A. Bennett (with others) was made a Life Member and is still very active and within a month of his 83rd birthday and it is from copious notes supplied by our veteran member that this article has been compiled.

A week after the "100" Bennett was in France pacing G. P. Mills in the Paris—Bordeaux race which he won, an hour and 18 minutes faster than Holbein with S. F. Edge third ; the first continental being fifth nearly six hours down.

Whilst training in France Mills was so bothered by dogs chasing him that he shot five of them with his revolver !

Sixty years have passed and revolvers are not included in present day R.T.T.C. clothing regulations ; the old event goes on and new names appear but we are indebted to our famous contributor for this glimpse into the past.

CLUB NEWS IN BRIEF

Space is limited and must necessarily be conserved for an adequate report of the "100" so that Run reports, Racing notes and similar features of normal issues have had to be held over.

John Futter, riding in a R.A.F. massed start event at St. Athan, South Wales, finished second, a wheel behind Peter Bowes.

In the Dukinfield "50" Alf Howarth clocked 2.29.6 after losing over 7 minutes with a puncture. Don Stewart did 2.30.36.

Alf rode in the Cheshire Roads "50", clocking 2.18.7 and the same morning Ben Griffiths (1.24.30), Bill Jackson (1.24.47) and Don Stewart (1.25.57) made up a team in the West Cheshire T.T.C.A. "30".

In the Wavertree "25" Ben Griffiths recorded 1.10.59.

There are two Club events in June, a "50" on the 2nd and a "25" on the 30th.

The Photo Run is fixed for June 16th at Highwayside, and it is hoped that this will be a real rally of members; a card to George Connor if you are not a regular, please.

Alan Gorman was on holiday in Scotland at the time of the "100" and a card from him posted in Skye revived memories of happy days in the Land o' Cakes.

We understand that "Wayfarer" is on the mend after a nasty illness. Best wishes, Robbie.

It was good to see Rex Austin out and about again at the "100" and looking cheerful and fit once more after a spell in hospital for the removal of a cartilage.

Norman Turvey has resigned his post in London and is now looking for a new appointment. His line is that of Administrative Secretary to an Institution, Association, Trust, Society, etc., and he would like to make this an opportunity to get back to Anfield territory after 25 years exile. If any Anfielder knows of a suitable post, Norman will be very glad to hear from him.

WHITSUNTIDE JOTTINGS

Over forty members were out for the "100"; in addition to those mentioned in the report of the race there were Harold Kettle, Urban Taylor, Harry Austin, who provided the timing car, Rex (on a stick, but looking fine) and Bob Austin, Chandler, Mark Haslam, Bob Poole, Peter and George Stevie, Len Hill (learning from Bob Coward & Co. near Four Crosses), Arthur Birkby (with brother Karl) and the Editor up the Tanat Valley. Glynne Jones was early at Llyncllys after riding out from home in the wee sma' hours: apologies to any who may have been missed.

We are indebted to Jack Beauchamp for timing at 50 miles, the Liverpool Century, Maghull Wheelers, Mersey Roads Club and Mid Shropshire Wheelers for taking onerous jobs and doing them well and individuals too numerous to mention who joined in and lent a willing hand just where needed.

Many friends came to see us at the Lion or on the course and we rather hesitate to start mentioning names because so many must go unrecorded when re-unions are so frequent over a short space of time. We did jot down in addition to riders: Stancer and England, A. B. Smith, Cecil Paget, Jr., W. B. Noble, Layzell, Wilkins, and C. E. Green; Bath Roaders including Sam ("Boffin") Webster; J.C.B. and Mrs. B., George Waters, Harry Frost, Jack Aston, Ken Randall, Len Holland and David Critchlow; Speedwell President, S. T. Capener, supported by Dennis Ford, Jack Adams, Harold Townsend (winner in 1931) and others; Frank Backhouse, of *The Bicycle*, Johnny Williams and family.

The M.C. and A.C. (who have left indelible marks on this event) were represented by Frank Greenwood, Racing Secretary Osborn, Davies and

Hazelwood and Cliff Farebrother was there—up and down the Tanat Valley like a train before nationalisation.

Cheshire Roaders R. Danby, A. and D. Burton, W. Cuthbert, A. C. Wood and J. Pilling came to see Kinghorn win, as did Stan Wild and others whom we claim as "Ours".

Spackman, Budge and Taylor, of the Century ; Peter Williams and other East Liverpool Wheelers, George Jones (B.N.E.) and Tommy Godwin came along. Baines, winner in 1948 and 1950 was out, and we were delighted to see Alex Smith, that great 24 hour man from Huddersfield, veteran Pat Walsh and son helped Ossie Dover and Co. at Llanrhaidr and spurred his Walton boys on to a narrow win in the team race.

Who was the oldest competitor? We don't know the answer but Cliff Baxter at 47 must be fairly near the top and still good for 4.54.17 ; Smith Parker is only a month short of 46 and Ted Craddock (4.50.31) is in his 24th season of racing. Any offers over 47 ?

The B.R. team looked very natty in their red, white and blue flashes, but why didn't Stockdale ride in that tasty line in dicky-bows he was sporting at the Lion?

Green (Southport R.C.) fifth last year with 4.38.55, was sixth this time with 4.37.42.

Sunday's T.A. "100" was won by J. F. Arnold, Middleton C.C. in 5.10.41. Second was Henderson (5.11.59) of the Sharrow and third North Roder W. B. Noble.

Second "50" times of leaders were Lewis 2.12.41 ; Thornhill 2.13.14 ; Kinghorn 2.17.9, and Harding 2.17.46 less than a minute slower than his first "50".

Fastest Anfielder was Alf Howarth (4.56.50), then John Futter (5.2.8) ; Walter Thorpe (5.9.47) and Salty (5.16.11).

Last year Lewis was sixth with 4.42.15, and Thornhill fourteenth with 4.47.14.

Roping the finishing stretch as in pre-war events would do much to keep a thoughtless minority of spectators from encouraging competitors and making the Timekeeper's job more difficult: J. J. Shuttleworth ruined an excellent tyre in avoiding the crowd who closed in as he finished.

THE FIFTY-SECOND ANFIELD "100"

14th MAY, 1951

The ancient town of Shrewsbury was astir early for the first man was due to go off at 5.01 a.m. ; weeks of careful preparation behind the scenes had left all ready for the curtain to go up on another Anfield "100" over 60 years after the first (paced) event in 1889.

All round the course marshals, checkers and spectators waited ; others checked over food and drink arrangements in readiness for the hurrying

figures soon to reach them and pass swiftly on, refreshed and heartened by the slick, efficient service of those who make the game possible.

In Montford Lane a small group gathered ; timekeeper Stan Wild was early at his post, a case of no profit and a very quick return for he had timed the T.A. "100" from the same spot only 24 hours before. Bert Green was judge and referee, E. Davies, starting steward, George Molyneux and Eric Reeves between them pushed off 96 starters and Bill Jackson handed out sandwiches.

It was warm and still as veteran Jack Salt came under starter's orders watched by a gallery which included G. H. Stancer, H. H. England and others of the Bath Road, North Road, Century and many other clubs ; J. F. Cockayne notified an improvement to 4.17.53 on the previous morning and Frank Slemen's handicap had to be hurriedly revised to put the Nottingham flyer owing five minutes.

Cockayne was No. 57, Bill Kinghorn No. 60, started three minutes later, and Harding had twenty more minutes to wait ; Salty had been going an hour and forty minutes when another seasoned veteran, Ted Craddock, was pushed off to start his 4.50.31 ride, and by then the Church Stretton "drinks" station had been busy to put it mildly ; Peter Rock, Len Walls, Bert Preston, Bryan Jones, Frank Palmer and Bren Orrell jnr. were ably assisted by Mrs. (Ernie) Davies, Ron Formston, Les Houston and Howell and Ada Jones, of the Birkenhead C.C. ; Bryan Wilson, of the Bath Road Club, called here to give assistance on his way north to join his clubmates.

Before taking a glimpse at the riders as they checked in at Onibury and the half-way mark we might look over the course and check the staff ; Don Stewart and Ben Griffiths are at the Onibury turn, Syd Jonas at the start of the Shrewsbury bye-pass to hand over the riders to Les Russell and the Mid Shropshire Wheelers ; two further members of this club are with Ira Thomas, Bren Orrell, Jack Pitchford and son, Norman Heath and Ned Haynes handing up more food and drinks at 46 miles. Bath Roader Jack Beauchamp is timing at 50 miles and before reaching Bob Coward and the Mersey Road contingent at Four Crosses and Llanymynech (drinks each way—and no "misses" with these boys) we pass Tommy Mandall, Parr and Davies at Rowton, Reg Pugh and Ginner at Alberbury, Russ Barker at Maerdy and stalwarts of the Maghull Wheelers who took charge of a stretch of course including Llandrinio Bridge.

The Onibury (21½ m.) check is interesting, for we find Kinghorn has pulled back Cockayne to lead with 53 min. 25 secs. followed by Harding (54.45), Thornley, of Long Eaton and S. J. Smith level at 54.50, Dawson, from Tees Side in 55.7, Stokes of the M.C. and A.C. in 55.13 and two Middlesex Road men, Price (55.25) and Oxlade (55.30). Turner, of Warrington, and McDermott, from Macclesfield, are going well but we have to look down the list for Lewis and Thornhill to find both slower than veteran Smith Parker, who recorded 56 minutes.

At 50 miles Jack Beauchamp had a different tale to tell ; Kinghorn blazed through in 2.11.20 exactly five minutes faster than Bowles (West Bradford C.C.), Thornhill was next with 2.16.21, then S. R. Sidlow in 2.16.33, leading Lewis of the Fylde R.C. by six seconds. Winner in 1949, Harry Harding was sixth here in 2.16.49, on level terms with Thorley Cockayne, no doubt feeling the effects of his great effort the previous morning, was still going well but over seven minutes down on Kinghorn, though ten seconds faster than Bird, of Southport, whose club-mate Green went through in 2.20.17.

Fourteen miles up the road waited Frank Marriott to turn the riders into the lovely Tanat Valley, and he was ably assisted here by George Hewitt and Herbert Moore, particularly in the task of getting returning riders safely on to the Welshpool road for the final 17 miles. It was evident here that the earlier start was a wise move for the traffic was less troublesome than in previous years.

This trip up and down the Tanat Valley is almost 20 miles and lovely as it is when taken gently it can sort out the unfit and be a hard task-master : fastest on this stretch was Lewis, who took 50 minutes to return to Llynelys, Kinghorn spent 51½ minutes here and Thornhill 52.

At the head of the valley the Liverpool Century Road Club made their usual efficient contribution, taking the check and providing drinks and sponges ; Kinghorn was leading in 3.16.32, but the gap was closing, for Lewis turned in 3.18.43, Price, of Middlesex in 3.21.11, Thornhill 3.21.56, whilst Harding had taken 3.22.55.

Twenty-six and a half miles remained to be covered and races can be won and lost in much less. Thornhill made a great effort and covered these miles in 1 hr. 7 m. 39 s., Lewis in 1.10.37, Harding 1.11.40 and Kinghorn lost more of his early lead by clocking 1.11.57.

By 9.30 a.m. Montford Lane presented a colourful picture as the usual gathering of club-men waited expectantly for the first man to finish. George Connor, Len Walls and Ben Griffiths manned the results board and telephone, Eric Reeves was timekeeper's clerk, whilst George Molyneux and Percy Williamson were in charge of policing the crowd, but it would take barbed wire entanglements to keep some from invading the course, and several riders were endangered by a thoughtless minority. Then the cry of "Man-up" and as excitement grew No. 15, E. J. Thornhill, of the Stone Wheelers, tore up the slight incline to pass the timekeeper with a time of 4 hrs. 29 mins. 35 secs., and set the crowd forecasting a series of super rides with Firth's course record in danger.

Thornhill remained fastest for nearly 27 minutes until J. F. Lewis, of the Fylde R.C. called "42" to record fastest time by 15 secs.

Could Kinghorn maintain his early lead was now the question and many calculations were made as the minutes ticked by ; Green, of Southport, clocked 4.37.42, and as he dismounted Kinghorn turned into the lane full of determination but not moving as fast as Thornhill ; a momentary hush, then the announcement—4 hrs. 28 mins. 29 secs. set the gallery

buzzing ; 51 seconds faster than Lewis ; Harding was still to come but the bush telegraph had been at work and all present knew that the winner of the 1951 "Anfield" was Bill Kinghorn, of the Cheshire Road Club, 22 seconds faster than last year's winner Baines (who was a spectator this year) and only 1 min. 29 secs. outside course record.

Eighty-eight of the ninety-six starters clocked in at the finish, sixty-three were inside evens ; Lewis and Thornhill took first and second handicap, third being G. L. Dawson, of the Tees Side R.C. In the team race Harding, S. R. Sidlow and Francis, of the Walton C. and A.C., recorded a 7 seconds win over Price, Oxlade and Digby, of the Middlesex Road Club ; S. R. Sidlow was unlucky to break a crank near Four Crosses and lost about eight minutes.

There was a crop of good rides, many by old hands who ride year after year, E. B. Mustill (4.45.42), Ted Craddock, of the Warwickshire Road Club, Cliff Baxter (4.54.17), Smith Parker and Ossie Jackson and our own Jack Salt, who said he had never been passed so often in any previous event. George Thompson recorded 4.42.46 to be the fastest Birkenhead North Ender ever in the Anfield "100", whilst J. R. Gill is the first Birkenhead Victoria rider to finish in the first twenty in this event.

As the fifty-second Anfield "100" passed into history the crowd in Montford Lane dispersed ; one moment it was busy and crowded with cyclists, the next it was almost deserted, but a new name had been added to the long list of winners and the name on every lip was Kinghorn of the "Chesh". It was a popular and not unexpected win, but Lewis, Thornhill and others had seen to it that there was no walk-over.

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.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JULY - 1951

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVII

July 1951

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

July

- 7 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
- 9 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 14 Holt (White Lion) Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses)
- 21 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries)
- 28 Highwayside (Travellers Rest)

August

- 4/6 Bath Road "100" Week-end.
- 4 Alternatives.
Parkgate (Deeside Café) Prestbury (White House Café)
- 11 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
- 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

Club History. In this issue, a more able pen than mine makes an appeal for a promise of subscriptions to enable the Club to publish the History of the Anfield Bicycle Club, now being compiled by Norman Turvey. Please give this matter your earnest consideration.

Committee Members are asked to note that meetings will be held at 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, commencing on 9th July.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. Secretary.

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. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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.

THE CLUB HISTORY

The work of compiling the history of the first seventy years of our Club life is almost completed and the whole membership is grateful to Norman Turvey for undertaking and carrying through such a task.

It is a long and glorious story which commenced when a small band of enthusiasts met in Liverpool in March 1879 and founded the Anfield Bicycle Club, which was soon to become one of the foremost in the country.

The building of the Anfield was largely the work of first rate officers, but their work would have come to nought without a real Club spirit and the loyal backing of the rank and file right down the years; so it is with the publishing of our history for whilst the compiling of the book was necessarily the work of one man, publication can only be considered if all members do their part in guaranteeing the cost.

Although we have a most generous offer from Stevie to bring out the work at cost it will be necessary to have guarantees to the tune of some £250, and it is estimated that copies will cost a guinea each; we need hardly add that it will be a superb production, well worthy of the subject and a credit to the Club.

Already one or two members have guaranteed £10 each and promises to take a number of copies (at £1/1/0 approx.) or to guarantee up to a stated amount will be welcomed by the Treasurer.

Will you consider what you can do to make publication possible and let Jimmy Long know as soon as possible please?

ODDS AND ENDS

We have had a letter from Rigby Band, now in Lagos until September, and he sends greetings to all and is looking forward to being back in England in the early autumn. No doubt Rigby would appreciate a line during his short exile and his address is: c/o Nigerian Tobacco Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 137, Lagos, Nigeria.

The news that Committee Meetings will be held at 3 Whitechapel, commencing on 9th July, is most welcome not only because of the more pleasant surroundings in which to deliberate but because this is an indication that our host, Harold Kettle, is feeling quite fit again.

Jack Seed reports having ridden all the way to Raby without dismounting just recently—Handicapping Committee please note. We hope to see you on a run soon, Jack.

Best wishes to Peter Rock, who was married recently.

Blotto, in partnership with his brother, collected first prize in the side-car section of a 470 mile motor cycle trial in connection with Wallasey's Festival celebrations: we understand it was child's play compared with pushing Jonas all round Cheshire.

A.B.C. "100" riders recently in the news include Thornhill (3rd), who won the Manchester Wheelers "100" in 4.21.7, Kinghorne was third, some 7 minutes slower. R. Bird, of Southport, won the Lancs. R.C. "12" with 245 miles, J. F. Lewis was second with 243. Bird also won the L.T.T.C.A.

"100". The "Chesh" collected 1st Team prize in the Mercury R.C. "50", Pilling, of the C.R.C. returning fastest time of 2.3.13.

The new "25" record set up in the Championship event on the Wirral by R. Inman with 57 minutes 17 secs. lasted two weeks only, S. J. Keeler recording 57.15 in the Solihull "25" on 17th June.

Our next issue will be very early or unusually late because of the printers' holiday. Please send any "copy" as soon as possible. With reasonable luck the Club Photo, taken at Highwayside, will be included.

In the Merseyside Mountain Trial John Futter clocked 3.17.6 and Salty 3.34. Thornhill won the event in 2.58.21.

The fast pack have planned a "scorched earth" programme for Sundays. Brief particulars are set out below and Don Stewart will be glad to give further information.

Meet 10-0 a.m. at Queensferry (Lights) or Chester (Davies Bros., Cuppin Street).

July 15	Llanymynech—Whitchurch.	Meet Chester.
.. 22	Bala—Llansannan.	.. Queensferry.
.. 29	Wem (Homestead)—Holt.	.. Chester.
Aug. 12	Llandrillo—Miltir Cerig, Gobowen.	.. Queensferry.
.. 19	Shrewsbury—Bunbury.	.. Chester.
.. 26	Glasfryn—Mold.	.. Queensferry.
Sept. 3	W.C.T.T.C.A. "100". Meet at "Yacht" after the event for Holt and Utkinton.	

Attendance does not count as a Club Run except under the usual arrangement where members are racing or helping.

RUNS

Parbold, 19th May, 1951

Having regained all my old enthusiasm for cycling, I had arranged a ride with a school friend, and so 8-35 a.m. saw Bryan and Frank leave the cobbles of "Scouserland" on A.59 bound for the "Trough of Bowland". The way to Preston via a cup of tea at Rufford was "on the collar", for the wind was north-east and so it was decided to slog up to Garstang Island and have the wind behind going over the "Trough". Unfortunately, like the Curate's Egg, Frank's reasoning was only good in patches.

The ride to Garstang (where we had dinner) was bad enough but from there to the top of the "Trough" in the teeth of the wind was murder. Just as the Yorkshire side of the "Trough" was reached the sun broke through and our spirits soared. The Yorkshire side of the "Trough" is by far the most beautiful and we felt as if we wanted to stop there all day admiring the view. The ride to Whitewell and Longridge was splendid, for the wind was right behind and the magnificent country bathed in sunshine could be enjoyed in comfort.

After Longridge industrialisation began to rear its ugly head, but even Preston couldn't spoil the memory of the country we had just passed

through. From Preston the miles passed quickly and we reached the Hill Top Café to find Len Hill and Wilf Orrell in possession.

Suddenly the sight of a life-time appeared—Tommy Mandall with a bevy of beauty trailing him. Len Hill thought they were Tommy's harem, but the V.P. had just picked them up on the hill.

Some of the main party in the form of Parr, Davies, Jimmy, Birkby and Baines and Alcock on a tandem arrived, Don Stuart was hot on their trail and the party went into the café for a very nice meal. Frank Marriott rolled up a few minutes later—6-30 p.m. to be exact, but the best part of Frankie's little escapade is that he *proposed* the run!

(Two reports of this Run have been submitted and the return journey is left to Arthur Birkby, with apologies to Frank Palmer for some "cutting" —Editor).

Parbold, 19th May, 1951

The shorter the distance I have to travel to the rendezvous the greater the need for haste. This was particularly the case on the Parbold run. I kept saying to myself that there was no need for panic—I only had to slip out over some footpaths, skirt Maghull, dawdle along a very few miles of pleasant lanes and there we are—or rather there I wasn't. I had made a slight miscalculation of the mileage and considerably underestimated the strength of the wind. How that blast from the east whistled through the side wheels of my trike as I coaxed it slowly up each rise.

The fields looked very bright and fresh in their Spring array, countless flowers bedecked the hedgerows and I could have enjoyed a pipe in a tantalizingly sheltered nook, but time would not allow this luxury so I bent low and pushed hard.

At last the foot of the hill at Parbold was reached and I thankfully finished the remainder of the journey on foot, arriving thirty minutes late over a journey of an hour and a half.

I was more than delighted to see the ever youthful face of Wilf Orrell, who had courageously devoured the couple or so of miles from his home nearby!

Frank Marriott was reported somewhere on the way and shortly after the meal commenced his lanky figure was seen folding itself up in an effort to gain admittance. He told some yarn of an old cottage, the examination of which gave him a good excuse for being late—he was still mopping his brow some time after though! The tea was ample and thoroughly enjoyed, after which Tommy Mandall had a date with a publican in Kirkby and a large party, also interested, moved off more or less together. Len Hill, also on a trike, George Parr and myself, drifted gently down the hill and proceeded to lose ourselves amongst some surprisingly beautiful lanes near Ellmer's Green and Rainford. We eventually overhauled the leaders who dived down a stretch of "road" which was, I think, deliberately chosen for the amusement of three-wheel exponents (or I should say the *audience*). One portion was particularly gruesome and I was so intent on keeping the gradually disappearing

riders in view that I was more or less blissfully unconscious of the huge gaping craters and knobbly setts, to say nothing of the many other pitfalls for the unwary tricyclist. However, we survived the ordeal and a heavy shower held up the Alcock—Baines tandem (whom I suspect were the only ones who knew the way) and thus enabled us to catch up.

This route must be retraced in the reverse, but on a single !

Where did Frank Marriott get to ? Apparently everyone saw him waving his pump at a deflated tyre muttering in Arabic, but alas, like the Levite, we looked away !

Those present were Tommy Mandall, Geo. Parr, Baines, Geo. Alcock Don Stewart, Frank Palmer, Geo. Connor, Len Hill, Wilf Orrell, Frank Marriott, Jimmy Long, Jack Davies, a friend, and Arthur Birkby.

Utkinton, 26th May, 1951

It seemed that Cheshire had never looked more lovely than on this glorious May afternoon ; certainly the long wet spell earlier in the year has meant handsome dividends in foliage and there are many worse ways of spending such a day as this than riding along the ever familiar route through Willaston to the Top Road and Chester with its busy throng of Saturday shoppers, glimpses of ancient walls, cathedral and river before passing on to take the Whitchurch road for a short space but far enough to be reminded of many runs of earlier years.

Then the quiet lane to Waverton and along the canal side with here and there a man sitting happily with pipe and rod and hoping that the dratted float won't sink and spoil his peaceful contemplation ; over the canal at Hargrave and so to Huxley with Beeston Castle beckoning and Peckforton Gap offering rough stuff in miniature, but these must await another day and reluctantly a course is set for Clotton and the final mile or so to tea and friends.

A goodly company assembled to taste of the hospitality of Smithy Farm; Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Thorpe and Goodall, Alan Gorman, back from a tour of Scotland, Jimmy, Tommy, Frank Perkins, Palmer and Don Stewart were there ; Arthur Birkby, Alan Bretherick, Geo. Parr and Jack Davies wedged themselves into the little room with Bryan Jones and a friend, Ben Griffiths and Bren Junior ; Bren Senior came late on his "benders" but not half as late as the Editor, who rolled in as others were thinking of leaving and made it a nice round twenty.

Torrents of rain and much thunder and lightning enlivened the ride home for the late starters, but even this was localised and the final miles across the Wirral made dry amends and rounded off a most enjoyable trip.

SECOND CLUB "50", 2nd JUNE, 1951

There were nine names down on the card, seven started and six finished. Len Walls was the unfortunate non-finisher and he was seen sitting at Broxton muttering sweet words about a puncture.

Bryan Jones, riding his first "50", won with the creditable time of 2.18.55. He caught Ben off a minute in 3 miles and then proceeded to catch scratchman Alan Gorman but could not get very far away. Jack Salt with 2.23.23 and a 10 minute allowance won the handicap.

Besides the drinks on this warm afternoon the most welcome sight to the riders was Ira Thomas with a cold sponge for all at the top of Hinton Bank.

Other members out and about were Jimmy Long as timekeeper, Bren Orrell at Whitchurch, Eric Reeves, young Frank, Bren junior and Bill Jackson with drinks, Len Hill, George Parr and Alan Bretherick at the turn. At the finish there was quite a gathering, including George Stevie, Bert Green, Mandall, Kettle, J. Davies, Goodall, Futter, Thorpe, Birkby, Perkins and a stranger masquerading under the name of Reg. Wilson.

	H/c.	Turn	No Man's Heath	Finish
B. Jones	4	1.7.45	1.49.30	2.18.55
A. Gorman	scr.	1.9.40	1.51.30	2.21.4
A. Howarth	1	1.8.40	1.50.50	2.22.15
J. Salt	10	1.10.50	1.53.55	2.23.23
R. Griffiths	5	1.8.50	1.52.0	2.23.26
D. Stewart	8½	1.10.0	1.53.50	2.24.14

Goostrey, 9th June, 1951

With happy memories of the many visits to Goostrey that the Club had made over teens of years, we were all looking forward to a resumption of our runs there. True, our friends were no longer at the Red Lion, but they had found us a successor in the Crown and we understood (unfortunately wrongly) that everything there would be as near as possible to what we had experienced at the Red Lion. So I pushed my "barrer" cheerfully by the lanes through Moberley to Marthall and Chelford and thence to Somerford for a "cuppa": up here the weather had been fine, but light rain commenced as I arrived. After waiting a little while in the hope that it would fine up again, a hope which was disappointed, I donned my cape and proceeded to Goostrey, where I found a number already assembled. We were pleased to have Churchill with us again after a long spell of sickness, and hope to have him out regularly now. Before 6 o'clock 10 of us had arrived and we proceeded to an upstairs room for the feed. The hot meal served to us was a good one, of the kind one would expect from any decent country inn of the type of the Crown—good plain food without any fancy trimmings. We did full justice to it, with the usual cheerful conversation. When we were well on in the meal, two late arrivals came along, making our number 12. Coffee dispatched, the Sub asked for the bill—he got it, right on the chin. Beneath his manly bronze a sickly pallor developed and his eyes seemed to be making a very strong effort to escape from the cavities provided for them by nature. He seemed to have the feeling that

they were not serving him well—what they told him couldn't possibly be true. But when others examined it they saw the same thing—"12 Dinners at 12/6.—£7/10/0". The first shock over, the matter was discussed, somewhat hilariously, and the majority was of opinion that we had better pay and get out as soon as possible, lest worse befall us—we might be charged rent. So we paid. On the way out one of our number addressed a few chosen words to the landlord—what they were I don't know, but I heard the landlord's reply—"We're catering for the better class". So now you know, you "other ranks"—this inn is for "Officers only" and you must take care that you don't sully the select portals of the Crown again. And another thing—the Crown is in the centre of a district where cyclists abound and our experience should not serve for our own benefit alone. Since this unfortunate date I have checked up and confirmed what my own experience told me—that the price which is charged for such a meal as we had by catering inns of a somewhat better class than the Crown is five shillings. Well there it is.

The ride home for us in Manchester was easy, but the rain came down copiously and steadily and we were well and druly drenched when we reached our respective sleeping places.

Holt, 9th June, 1951

We were ten all told that met for tea at Holt, and to me that seems rather a small turnout for what is now surely recognised as one of our ace tea places. It was pleasing to see Harold Kettle out on his machine once more looking well. Tommy Mandall and Jimmy Long had ambled the miles in their own inimitable way to arrive cool, calm and collected. The Broughtonians, Ben Griffiths, Bryan Jones and John Futter were there very early and so I presume came direct. Don Stewart had come out hot foot alone, whilst Len Walls and Sammy brought up the rear a little late, Len with tales of speed to out-do any spun by spell binder Davies. He left Rocky's wedding "do" in such haste that he found himself (plus a shirt !!) at Holt in less time than it took to spin the yarn.

The writer, though not really interested, seized the opportunity and rode out to Cerrig-y-Druidion to view the passing of the riders in the B.L.R.C. London to Holyhead race, so piling up the miles in which I was interested and making the most of what promised to be a pleasant afternoon's ride.

Leaving Broughton at noon I pushed ahead to Mold then over the top to Ruthin and the long slopes to Cerrig. There was a trying wind on the port beam, still two-fifteen found me seeking lunch outside Cerrig and finding a suitable spot from which I could view the Holyhead road. I enjoyed my roast pork and awaited the arrival of the B.L.R.C. gallants. About three the leading group of about a dozen riders hove into sight, wind up their flutters and averaging about 21 m.p.h., some miles an hour slower than I would have expected under the conditions. The main group

were some minutes behind and finally the last man I met near the Goat at Maerddy on his tod. Once they had passed the interest had gone. By comparison the Merseyside Mountain Trial must generate more interest at any one given spot. You know the riders and can spend your time working out who is doing what and who took a hell of a hiding thereafter. Mind you, to pick up over a £100 at the end of what would now be considered a first class Twelve is not bad and I suppose no one is going to slay himself for the benefit of others. Leave it to the last 200 yards if you can.

Then the rain fell but for all that I found the ride along the Vale of Dee enchanting as ever. A halt for a pot of tea and still an hour to go, which hour I spent ambling along rain drenched roads to the White Lion. Seventy miles, near enough, between noon and tea, couldn't do better when I raced over the same roads a fortnight previous.

So to tea and chatting, wondering who was not going to turn up and if we had to pay for uneaten meals—and who was going to eat them after paying for them.

The meal over we broke up to our devious routes home. Don, Len and I to make a halt at the Mills for a final cup of tea and so to bed.

Highwayside, 16th June, 1951

The entreaty in last month's *Circular* for a "real rally of members" for the photo run resulted in no more than 26 at the Travellers' Rest for the annual pictorial record, but any regrets we had that more members could not attend was partly outweighed by having two of our life members, who joined the Club in the last century, with us. J. A. Bennett and E. Buckley. A letter from the Editor to Harry Austin in the mid-week, and arrangements were soon made to convey our old timers by car. The afternoon was a pleasant one, and the Cheshire countryside looked its best after the wet Spring. We had the usual good tea at a reasonable price (with vivid memories of the Crown at Goostrey!) and then trooped out to have our "pictures taken" by our experts George Parr and Stan Wild. A bowling party prevented us from using the green, and we had to make do with the front of the house. Shutters were soon clicked—in fact George Parr had to be persuaded to take a second one "just in case". And so an historic occasion covering a period of 63 years of Club life was recorded. Over a pint or two our old friends Bennett, Buckley and the President swapped reminiscences until nearly 8 o'clock. Home was reached with a promise to Bennett and Buckley to bring out the petrol wagon on the next special run. Present besides those already mentioned were Harold Kettle, Len Hill, Marriott, Wilf Orrell and brother Bren, with son, John Futter, Frank Palmer, the Editor, Williamson, Bryan Jones, Stewart, Mandall, Long, Bretherick, L. Pendlebury, Birkby, Lambert, Howarth and Goodall.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



AUGUST - 1951

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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Seated (left to right) :—W. H. KETTLE, S. WILD, E. BUCKLEY, J. A. BENNETT, H. GREEN, J. C. FUTTER, F. PALMER, J. LONG, T. E. MANDALL, E. GOODALL.
 Standing (left to right) :—H. AUSTIN, A. E. C. BIRKBY, G. B. ORRELL, V. LAMBERT, J. E. B. JONES, A. BRETHERICK, F. E. MARRIOTT, K. W. BARKER, P. WILLIAMSON, B. ORRELL, W. ORRELL, A. HOWARTH, L. PENDLEBURY, L. J. HILL, D. STEWART.

Highwayside, 16.6.51.

Photo : G. Parr.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVII

August 1951

NUMBER 545

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- Aug. 4/6 Bath Road "100" Week-end
Alternative runs have been arranged for:—
- .. 4 Parkgate (Deeside Café) Prestbury (White House Café)
 - .. 11 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
 - .. 13 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
 - .. 18 Whitegate (Whitegate Nurseries)
 - .. 25 Flaxmoss (Ivy Cottage)
- Sept. 1 Holt (White Lion) Middlewich (Woodlands)
- .. 8 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
 - .. 10 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
 - .. 15 3rd Club "50" H.Q., Owens Café, Tarvin.
 - .. 22 Highwayside, (Travellers' Rest)
 - .. 29 4th "25" H.Q., Owens Café, Tarvin.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORS NOTES

Change of Address. Norman Turvey, 24b Kendal Green, Kendal, Westmorland.

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. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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.

A DISILLUSIONED MAN

Have you noticed how Jimmy Long has aged in the last few months? Joining the Club in 1922 Jimmy commenced a distinguished athletic career (described briefly by Turvey in a recent issue) before turning his attention to golf, where he was even more successful; on one occasion he returned home, having done a 66, absolutely bursting with pride and determination to try the second hole on the morrow. This perhaps was his finest hour until the most recent turning point in his life when he determined to become a cyclist (AGAIN).

Our Special Correspondent interviewed Mr. Long on his return from a Club Run a week or so ago with the intention of finding out at first hand how his come-back is progressing. It seems there are two main obstacles to the full realisation of his ambition—to become . . . etc. . . . (again)—the first being Tommy Mandall, who will not (or cannot) ride fast enough nor far enough; the second and more frustrating being the impossibility of wringing subscriptions from a proportion of the membership.

When Rigby sailed for Lagos Jimmy took over the Treasury in high hopes that the money would flow in and trickle out: experience has shown that it trickles in and flows out and at the time of the interview above-mentioned, no less than 35 members had not trickled for the current year.

This state of affairs cannot go on—if you are one of the thirty-five please pay up immediately—if you are not sure better pay twice than have Jimmy aging at the present rate. If all outstanding subs. are sent immediately the Treasurer plans to get one of those “splutter-things” to help Tommy along and so both the obstacles to becoming (—) will disappear.

RACING NOTES

Holiday tours have curtailed racing activity somewhat, but in addition to Club events there has been some activity in Association and Open events.

Closing for press rather earlier than usual has meant that information is not complete; we have no results from Manchester and that from the Liverpool end is scanty.

St. Christopher's C.C. "50"—J. Futter, 2.13.4.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50"—J. Futter, 2.10.37—a personal best by 38 secs.

Century "100"—J. J. Salt, 5 hrs. 3 minutes.

W.C.T.T.C.A. "12"—D. Stewart, 227 m. 7 f.
J. J. Salt, 222 m. 4 f.

There are no Club events in August and the two final scraps are to be settled in September.

ODDS AND ENDS

How nice to have Norman Turvey up North again ; too far North, but to a lusty lad like Norman Halewood is within striking distance of his new abode at Kendal and we look forward to hearing our historian called to the bar before the A.G.M. and the Birthday Run in March.

No piece of news in recent years has delighted us more than that concerning Don Stewart's ride of nearly 228 miles in the West Cheshire "12" : we confess to a secret longing to see Anfielders in the long distance events again and Don's grand ride is an indication that our new generation of speedmen are looking beyond the short stuff.

During a short evening ride recently the Editor encountered Syd Jonas, who wishes to be remembered to all old friends in the A.B.C. Our trike wizard was, on this occasion, touring the Wirrall in a petrol waggon and was accompanied by his mother, whom we were delighted to meet for the first time.

The Treasurer has heard from Johnny Band and Crompton Humphreys who send greetings to all Anfielders.

Nearly £60 has been realised from the sale of various items left to the Club by the late Jack Hodges and the disposal of cycling gear left to us by the Mullah is in the hands of Len Hill, who will probably be tapping you for half-a-crown shortly.

The Treasurer is still anxious to hear from members regarding guarantees for the publishing of our History. So far the result has not been encouraging.

RUNS

Hatchmere, 23rd June, 1951

Travelling south from the sylvan delights of Golborne I was quickly through the charming old mid-western town of Warrington. Occasional English males being the only drab spots in an otherwise colourful (colorful ?) scene.

As usual the railway level-crossing and the ship canal bridge were closed—an inspiring example of co-operation between State and private enterprise that should give pause to the critics.

Climbing the hill between Stockton Heath and Stretton the wind took up the challenge ; who is the anonymous humourist who paints "SLOW" on the roadway near the tops of hills ?

Eventually Hatchmere hove into view to reveal the lone figure of Jack Davies gracefully draped over a bench at the cross-roads. Our chat was interrupted by the arrival of a Wirral contingent, and on being joined shortly afterwards by the Presider we pressed on to the cottage.

An ample tea was enjoyed by the company which comprised the Presider, H. Kettle, P. Williamson, S. Wild, G. B. Orrell, B. Orrell, F. Perkins, G. Parr, W. Thorpe, E. Goodall, T. Mandall, J. Long, J. Davies, L. Pendlebury, A. Howarth and F. Churchill.

I claim indulgence for the lack of Christian names, but as a "rookie" launched into journalism by Alf Howarth's press-gang methods I may be forgiven.

Tarvin, 30th June. Third "25"

The field for the third "25" was somewhat smaller than for the previous events, due to holidays and because Salty and Walter Thorpe were riding in the Century and Abbotsford "100's" on the following day.

Nevertheless though only a small field the winning time was excellent. Bryan Jones pedalled a 77 inch gear round the course to record 1.3.15, an improvement of one and a half minutes on his previous best.

At the turn John Futter, who was demobbed on the Friday before the event, was ten seconds up on Bryan, but finally finished 1½ minutes down.

John Futter, Don Stewart and Eddie Goodall all improved on previous bests, and Don Stewart on a 2½ minute allowance won the handicap.

Jimmy Long timed the event, Frank Palmer and young Bren turned the riders ; other members out and about were H. Green, Mandall, Reeves, Churchill, J. Davies, Parr, G. B. Orrell, Hill, Kettle, Marriott and Ginner Williams.

	H'cap. Mins.	Turn	Finish
B. Jones	scr.	29.50	1.3.15
J. Futter	$\frac{1}{4}$	29.40	1.4.57
A. Howarth	$\frac{1}{2}$	30.35	1.5.54
D. Stewart	$2\frac{1}{4}$	31.10	1.6.35
E. Goodall	$9\frac{1}{2}$	34.9	1.13.35
G. Jones	4	33.10	1.17.35

White Lion, Holt, 14th July, 1951

I found myself in the midst of the upset in my house at Wanstead caused by preparations for my removal to take up a new job in Kendal. All the heavy work was done, my wife was a good imitation of a broody hen, and in any case I had to leave before her to start work on the 16th. Why not cycle North? Marital permission having been readily given (as always) I had a grand trip. The fact that I knew the Boffin made me very welcome at the excellent Cartwright Arms, Aynho, for the first night ; The Crown at Bridgnorth bedded me for the second and I sauntered thence to Holt on the Saturday for the great joy of attending my first ordinary Anfield run for very many years. I was delighted to see Harold Kettle to represent our older membership and equally so to see him on a bicycle. I can't remember all the 16 who were there but of my own vintage of the early 20's how good it was to see Tommy Mandall, Frank Perkins Cyril Selkirk and little old Jimmy Long. As I looked round the gathering and summed up its quality I thought there is not much wrong with the dear old A.B.C. and if sticking to our old well proven ways produces this kind of membership, we can rest content in the world of club life to-day. We may be a bit in the doldrums so far as racing headlines are concerned—but is that really so important as a membership of true *cyclists*—using the word in its older meaning? I suppose our ages range from somewhere about 70 down to somewhere about 18—and there were more of our membership at the Manchester alternative run. And what a grand thing it is to deal with a decent “knife and fork” tea again—ham and tongue, egg and tomato salad, strawberries and cream, cakes, as well as jam (home made), bread (fresh and thin) and butter (plenty of the real thing!) At 6.45 p.m. a start was made for the 28 miles home in glorious sunshine

but with a bit of hindrance from the wind which had troubled me somewhat all the way from London. I reached Kendal very comfortably on the Sunday with a score of exactly 300 for 3½ days riding—and who wants to do more at our time of life—and my new address should be in this issue of the *Circular*.

Dane-in-Shaw, 14th July, 1951

From our point of view this run could best be described as an "Orgy of Frustrations". (Apologies to Freud). A last-minute letter cancelled a planned trip to Walsall and a broken spoke whilst Eddie Goodall was riding up Saltersford cut short a hastily-arranged run to Whitchurch. We finished up by lunching at Nantwich.

Afterwards, at the fourth attempt, we found an interesting, well-remembered (?) road from Whitmore to Trentham. At Cheddleton, yours truly had another brilliant idea—a "short cut" via Longsden and Rudyard instead of going straight through Leek.

The road up from Longsden is steep—one can imagine the road strewn with the wreckage of Jeeps which have failed to make the gradient. Up and up—our ankling actions superb—we were walking—this time frustrated by gravity. At last, after only one wrong turning we arrived at the "Truck and Nags" late, but still in time for tea.

The absence of "Take it from here" from the air until December takes away much of the opportunity for high-class discussion around the tea-table, and we are compelled to fall back on such trivialities as Education, Socialism and the Future of the Individual. The President waxed emphatic about the methods of selection for grammar schools and the other subjects were introduced in the course of counter attacks from Percy Williamson, Stan Wild and Alf Howarth. Eddie made the most of his chance and ate like mad, whilst Orrell and son fought about whose turn it was to pay.

After tea we broke up into various groups, but with our wheels all heading in that one great direction—HOME, which is all the more welcome after a grand day on the bike.

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.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



SEPTEMBER - 1951

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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VOLUME XLVII

September 1951

NUMBER 546

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- Sept. 1 Holt (White Lion) Middlewich (Woodlands)
" 8 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
" 10 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
" 15 3rd Club "50". H.Q., Tarvin (Owens Café)
" 22 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)
" 29 4th "25". H.Q., Tarvin (Owens Café)
Oct. 6 Holt (White Lion) Somerford (Sunnyside Café)
" 13 A.G.M., Halewood (Derby Arms). Tea, 5 p.m. prompt.
" 15 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
" 20/21 Autumnal Tints Tour. H.Q., Glyn Valley Hotel,
Glynceiriog

75 Avondale Road, North,
Southport.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Autumnal Tints Tour. Will members wishing to join this 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. The charge is 17/6 for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Annual General Meeting. The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on Saturday, October 13th. Members wishing to have any matters included on the Agenda should send me particulars not later than 17th September.

Claims for Club Runs. Members wishing to claim Runs for attending races, etc., other than official fixtures, should let me have particulars immediately and before the Committee Meeting on 10th September, if possible.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

Change of Address. W. J. Finn, 88 Mobhi Road, Glasnevin, Dublin.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS

The entire Editorial Staff has been holidaying down the Welsh coast, and by some nifty fiddling managed to stay well into the third week ; this will probably mean a late *Circular*, for which we apologise ; it may also mean that a special request from the Secretary will reach members too late but George is anxious to have claims for Club Runs (racing, etc.) before the Committee on September 10th. Please send claims in as soon as possible whatever the date of publication.

What a welcome home to find news of Bryan Jones' grand ride of 1.2.2. in the Bolton Clarion "25", and John Futter's 2.8.33 for 7th fastest in the Birkenhead C.C. "50" ; both are Club records. Others are keeping our name to the fore with some fine times recorded under "Racing Notes". Alan Gorman and Walter Thorpe took the Anfield flag into Scotland and brought it back at the top of the mast ; Walter recording 228½ miles in his first "12"—a fine effort.

A post card with a Spanish stamp reveals that Alf Howarth has been in Mallorca and Barcelona with hopes of a look at Paris on the way back. Alf, who says that the heat was terrific, sends greetings to all Anfielders.

We recently came across an advertisement for some hefty looking shock absorbers for fitment to front wheels. The advertiser assured us that these are "recommended by the leading Clubs", which probably includes White's and the Carlton, but they have not yet spread to the Anfield.

TREASURY NOTES

The Editor's libellous attempt to fill the second page of the August *Circular* may—or may not—have amused you, but it did not appreciably hasten the trickle of outstanding subs.

It has, however, sent Tommy thirsting for the Editor's blood. The wicked insinuation that he needs one of those "splutter things" has really hurt him, as he has always refused even to consider fitting one. He prefers a roof over his head, and his great ambition is to be able to fill the tank of the Alvis each week.

With petrol at $3/6\frac{1}{2}$ a gallon this is an impossible proposition unless you pay up.

In a final desperate attempt to preserve the Editor's life and Tommy's sanity I have undertaken the formidable task of writing to each of the delinquents. If that fails I shall have no alternative but to expiate my failure as Treasurer by shooting myself.

Thank God I haven't got a gun!

J. LONG.

CLUB HISTORY

At the time of writing (27th August) 19 members have guaranteed between them £113 towards meeting the cost of publishing the history of the Club.

Several of them have actually sent the cash. A further 20 members have ordered single copies of the history at £1/1/0 per copy. So we are assured of £134 to date.

Even if no further guarantees are forthcoming, firm orders for one copy each at £1/1/0 from the remaining 100 members of the Club will ensure publication without loss.

Although, as we told you last month, Jimmy is a disillusioned man, he confesses to being heartened somewhat by the letters he has received from some of our old members and exiles whom we rarely, if ever, see, but nevertheless retain a lively interest in the Club and its activities and are ready to show their interest in cash.

Amongst those who have sent their good wishes to the Club and their hope that the History will be a great success are Lord Kenilworth ; Len Killip ; Urban Taylor ; L. Oppenheimer ; Johnny Band ; W. J. Finn ; W. E. Cotter ; A. Lucas ; Syd Jonas and Zam Buck.

To those who have not yet responded to the Committee's request we feel that we cannot do better than quote Zam Buck, who writes :—

"I am sure every member will feel very pleased to know that at last the history of the old Club has been compiled and that all will wish to show their appreciation to Norman Turvey for undertaking this task and also to Stevie for publishing at cost. I feel sure there are a number of members who like myself have procrastinated and there will eventually be no loss on the publication".

We hope that Zam Buck will prove to be a true prophet—but that rests with you !

RACING NOTES

Top line news this month concerns two Club Records which have toppled ; Bryan Jones recorded 1.2.2 in the Bolton Clarion "25" on 22nd July (fastest, R. Inman, 57.52) and was well supported by J. Futter, 1.3.35 ; A. Howarth, 1.4.27 and R. Griffiths, 1.6.4. On the same day Alan Gorman did 4.36, and Walter Thorpe, 4.56 in the National Championship "100", and the same pair journeyed North for the East Scotland "12", when Alan was fifth with 235 miles (winner 241½) and Walter, riding his first "12", ran out time with 228½ miles behind him.

The second record to fall was Alan Gorman's "50", which was well clipped by John Futter in the Birkenhead C.C. event, which was won by R. Bird, of Southport, in 2.4.59. John was 7th fastest and 1st handicap, with a fine ride of 2.8.33, and this on a day when *Cycling* said of this event "a high wind and cold weather ended all hopes of very fast times". The Editorial Staff would have had another week at Llanfairfechan if this news had reached those parts in time!

We had a team in the Phoenix "25" on August 19th, when John Futter clocked 1.4.21. Ben Griffiths, 1.4.46 (punctured and finished on a borrowed wheel), Bryan Jones, 1.5.2 (broken chain and off the course) and Don Stewart, 1.9.19.

In the Westwood "25" Ben Griffiths clocked 1.4.53.

There is going to be some fun at the last two Club events on September 15th ("50") and 29th ("25") when these lads get together.

THE MERSEY ROADS SUBSCRIPTION "24"

Our near neighbours and good friends of the Mersey Roads Club once again promoted a highly successful "24" on July 28th/29th.

The demand for such an event in the North is proved by an entry of 48 and many good rides were done in bicycle and tricycle sections.

Last year's winner—C. Bate, of the Mercury Road Club—started a hot favourite, but he eventually retired and the event was won by A. Vale, Warrington R.C., with 437½ miles : second was Russell, Mid Shropshire Wheelers, with 435 miles and Les really deserved an extra prize for the way he got round the course during a darkish night with a glow worm instead of a lamp. Another Warrington R.C. man, S. Lea, was third with 432 miles.

In the Trike section J. Arnold, Middleton R.C., broke competition record with a splendid ride of 419¼ miles (at the time of writing the above are subject to confirmation).

A complete list of members out helping is not available but Bert Green, Bradley, Catling, Preston, E. Davies and K. W. Barker were some of the Anfield contingent who tried to go some way to repaying the M.R.C. for much valued assistance given in our "100".

RUNS

Highwayside, 28th July, 1951

I suppose we all have favourite runs—one of mine is to Highwayside. There's something very engaging to me in the Travellers' Rest—an atmosphere of the old honest-to-goodness country inn—landlord and family all friendly and pleasant to deal with, and the fare provided plain, good and plentiful. Dear old Teddy Edwards didn't like being served by men in shirt sleeves, but I thought he was wrong—if I was served with caviare I would expect the waiter to show an expanse of white shirt front and to wear an immaculate black suit, but for the place we were in and the food we consumed, bare brown hairy forearms and horny hands were quite in keeping. And I'm glad that the old atmosphere persists, although, alas ! our smaller numbers now make the extra male help unnecessary.

So I put the "barrer" on the road this Saturday afternoon with pleasant anticipations. There are a number of nice routes to Highwayside, but I think the best is by way of Knutsford and Middlewich (with a cup of tea at the Woodlands) and then on through Church Minshill and Calverley, because after one has turned off the Holmes Chapel road at Toft Corner there is very little traffic, and after Church Minshill practically none—one can toddle along in quiet security until reaching the Nantwich-Tarporley road, which itself is not particularly hectic. This is the route I followed on this occasion, arriving to find a number of members already there. Altogether we numbered 17. Harold Catling made one of his very infrequent appearances, with Stan Bradley; they were out on a checking job in the "24".

Howarth and Goodall arrived with full touring equipment—they had been doing each other down over most of England south of Manchester. All the Orrells were there—Wilf, Bren and Bren Junior. Old Bren is carefully training Junior for the game and to all appearance in a very few years we shall again see the name in big letters in the cycling press as we used to years ago—this boy will make good. The Birkenhead and Broughton contingents were out in force and Tommy and Jimmy were chipping each other as usual. Jack Davies was there but not George Parr—one looks odd without the other. In the middle of the meal the Big 'Un from Prenton lowered his head to get through the doorway. After the meal, with accompanying chats, mainly about racing, Tommy, Jimmy and I made our way through Christleton and then by delightful lanes to the Glegg Arms, seeing quite a lot of the Mersey Roads "24" as we went along. There we broke up, the others for home and I for the hospitality of Mrs. Prosser at Parkgate, preparatory to attending the finishing stages of the "24" on the morrow.

Parkgate and Prestbury, 4th August, 1951

There was no great haste in the way Alf, Alan and myself rode out to Prestbury: Alf was riding in a "30" on the following morning and wanted to take it easy.

Arriving at the White House we found that Harry Austin was already there and although no one else came out quite a strong discussion began on cycling clubs and cyclists both in general and in particular, and it was quite late before we finally pedalled away into the lanes towards Wilmslow.

We rode together to Handforth, where our ways divided and from there a lone ride took me towards the hills and home.

Those present were Alf Howarth, Alan Gorman, Harry Austin and Walter Thorpe.

On the same afternoon Len Hill, Jack Davies and Bert Preston fed at "Prossers" then moved to another establishment to wash it well down ; notwithstanding the small number, due to the Bath Road tour, it was voted quite a jolly Club run.

Utkinton, 11th August, 1951

Meeting Jack Davies just before Widnes we pattered on through continual rain until we reached the hill at Frodsham, where Jack announced that he was hot and Frank complained that he was wet. Accordingly, therefore, by mutual consent we walked the hill. At the top the rain appeared to have lessened but we seemed to be surrounded by a mist which made things very unpleasant. We continued past placid though deserted Hatchmere, through the leafy loveliness of Delamere to Cotebrook, where the rain had ceased. Capes off ! and we were just about to start on the last two miles to Utkinton when both Bren Orrells appeared.

At Utkinton Don Stewart and Jimmy Long were in command. Everybody noticed that Mr. Long was strutting round proud as a peacock, and soon the reason became apparent ; James, it seems, had ridden from Bridgnorth that very day. Young Bren asked him if he had a "splutter thing" on his "bike" but the mighty atom's undignified reply was not fit for these unstained (?) pages.

Soon after the "Broughton Bashers" in the forms of John Futter and the irrepressible Ben were ushered in and so eight "die hards" sat down to a fine meal of boiled eggs, etc., etc. Half-way through Eddie Goodall staggered in mutterin' something about the d—d rain ; this completed the party. The after tea topics were mainly concerned with the Bath Road "100", the absence of Bert, who was somewhere in the vicinity of the Bath Road and Jimmy Long's golfing escapades.

About 6-30 the party broke up ; the Treasurer disappeared on a lone journey to the Wirral, while Jack, Don and Frank rode without capes as far as Frodsham. "But the rains came" and we put on our oilskins, not knowing that we were to keep them on until we reached home. Outside Widnes Jack said good-night, while Don and Frank ploughed their lonely furrows to the end of another Club run.

Those present were: James Long, Don Stewart, Bren Orrells, senior and junior ; John Futter, Ben Griffiths, Jack Davies, Eddie Goodall and Frank Palmer.

STOP PRESS

It has not been possible to include a report of the August Tour in this issue, but it will appear next month.

During an unexpected flip round the Wirral (petrol assisted) the Editor sighted Jimmy and Tommy heading for Holt (1.9.51) but hadn't time (or courage) to stop.

Five minutes later Sid Carver was sighted, supping tea at the Mills with Don Stewart and Jack Davies and Guy Pullan, of the M.R.C. It was impossible to tear home without a word with our member from Hessle (nice to see you again, Sid.), but apologies are due to the Hon. Treasurer and V.P. for rushing past with merely a vigorous V sign.

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DECEMBER - 1951

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Tea at 5-30 p.m.

1951

- Oct. 6 Holt (White Lion) Somerford (Sunnyside Café)
" 13 Annual General Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms). Tea at
5-0 p.m.
" 15 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
" 20/21 Autumnal Tints Tour. H.Q., Glynn Valley Hotel,
Glynceiriog
" 20 Alternative runs :
Parkgate (Deeside Café) Buxworth (Navigation Inn)
" 27 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
Nov. 3 Halewood (Derby Arms) Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)
" 10 Lymm (Spread Eagle)
" 12 Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
" 17 Kirkby (Cottage Café) Middlewich (Woodlands)
75 Avondale Road North,
Southport.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Annual General Meeting. Will members requiring a meal before the meeting please let me know in good time so that the necessary arrangements can be made for adequate catering. Please note that on this occasion tea will be at 5-0 p.m.

Autumn Tints Tour. There are still a few beds available at Glynceiriog, and I shall be glad to have bookings as soon as possible.

Resignations. The resignations of George Farr and Dudley H. Turnor have been accepted with regret.

Transfer. S. Del Banco has been transferred from Full to Honorary Membership.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

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. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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.

CLUB HISTORY

Norman Turvey reports that he is making good progress and expects to finish writing the history of the *first* seventy years of the Club by the end of this year. (The second seventy years he is willing to leave to someone else). Unfortunately, a large number of YOU PEOPLE have not made any progress at all in writing to tell the Treasurer how much you are willing to subscribe in aid of this laudable project.

Last month we told you that 39 members had assured the Committee of £134. Since then, a further 10 members and 4 non-members have increased the total to £152. There are still 90 members who have not answered the question—"Are you willing to take one copy of the Club History at the price of one guinea, or guarantee to contribute a sum greater than one guinea?"

If Norman Turvey will spend one year's leisure in writing the Club History, is it too much to ask YOU to spend two or three minutes writing a postcard to the Treasurer?

ODDS AND ENDS

Rigby is back in England and was out at Kirkby on a recent Wednesday: rumours, which have spread alarm and despondancy across the Wirral and South Lincs., concern the possibility of further wanderings in Africa.

Bryan Jones has been called up for his period of National Service: best of luck for a good "posting" Bryan, we'll be glad to see you whenever possible.

Ernie Davies has completed two weeks "Z" training and we hear rumours that Reg Wilson has just started a lifetime of domestic training. The very best wishes to you both, Reg. (meaning Mr. and Mrs. Reg, clots! —not Reg and Ernie).

The Treasurer and Editor have been doing some secret (and very gentle) training on Tuesday evenings, meeting John and Ben for char at Two Mills around 8-0 p.m. What about some more of the Wirral contingent joining in?

A bicycle (ancient) and various other gear left to the Club by the Mullah, is to be disposed of by means of a draw. Len Hill is operating the swindle at a bob a go and counterfoils will go into the hat at the A.G.M.—so send a shilling or two to the Skipper immediately please and so help Club funds.

In a recent W.C.T.T.C.A. "25", Ben Griffiths clocked 1.3.21 (P.B. by 42 secs.) and John Futter 1.3.49. The event was won by Hill, Griffin Road Club, with 1.0.15. The course was approximately 150 yards over weight.

In the Chorley "25" Bryan Jones clocked 1.3.14, John Futter 1.4.2 and Ben, 1.5.14.

Ben Griffiths wishes it to be known (particularly by the Handicapping Committee) that his puncture, recently reported, was before, *not during*, the Phoenix "25".

At the time of the census the ever delightful "Lucio", of the *Manchester Guardian* penned *Nocturne*, which opened :—

*"The midnight tolls the knell of vanished day,
The wiser sort by sleep should now be smitten,
Save where perhaps punctilious mortals lay
Aside the pen and read what they have written".*

How nice if this was a description of Saturday nights in the domains of those Anfielders entrusted with reporting the afternoon's run.

The old countryman lay dying: he and his wife hadn't spoken for twenty years but Maggie reckoned that this was the time to let bygones be bygones. "Garge", she whispered "Wheer would ye like to be buried?" and quick as a flash came the answer "Atop o' thee".

We have recently added *The Record*, journal of the Mersey Roads Club, to the list of magazines received each month in exchange for a copy of the *Circular*. It is really inexplicable why we have waited so long to enter into diplomatic relations with our very good friends and near neighbours of the M.R.C.

RUNS

August Week-end, 1951

For the 22nd consecutive August Bank Holiday week-end my plans were made for a trip down to the Bath Road "100".

We had no one down to ride but ten good men and true made their devious ways Thealewards for the usual enjoyable week-end. The "Presider", Jimmy Long and Tommy Mandall were out making their presence felt, but unseen by the writer.

Len Walls, Bill Jackson and Ben Griffiths made a two stage trip down to Peasmoore, spending Friday night in Shrewsbury and then the prolonged run to the Berkshire Downs on the Saturday.

Ned Haynes and Ira Thomas were seen round the course during the early hours of Monday morning: I did hope to see them at the finish, but Ernie's haste to be on the road home prevented that.

My pilgrimage commenced at 7 a.m. on the Friday morning, and within half-an-hour I was becaped, to remain so till the end of a long day. My original plan for a day run down the backbone of "Wild Wales" called for amendment under such conditions and so, after calling for my cycling literature at Queen's Ferry and admiring the new round-about, I headed for Wrexham and the Marches. A halt for refreshment at Ruabon and over the cup of tea my plan for the day was defined: Llanymynech for lunch and then along a completely new piece of road from Arddleen to Guilefield and Welshpool. This ought to be incorporated in our "100"; a delightful stretch of highway discovered after all these years. Thanks Ernie.

The rain and wind, though making their presence felt, did not detract from the enjoyment of wheeling along favourite roads south to Newtown and the long climb up through Dolfor was made so easy on the lowest of my eight gears. The views down the valleys crowned with cloud-capped

hills were most intriguing. One sensed a world of mystery beyond the limited range of vision. One should I feel always try and fit in some unknown bits of road on these trips, and in all the twenty-two years I have journeyed Reading-wards at August I have managed to discover one or two variations of route to add to the general interest. So the long run down the Irthon valley to Pen-y-Bont found me turning on to a new road as far as Llanfihangel-Nant-Melan: again glorious views all round and so on to roads reviving vivid memories of another grand August week-end with Sammy in the war years. Then to bed at Kington after a long, wet and windy day's ride.

Saturday was to be spent meandering over new roads in that quiet corner of Herefordshire we see so little. Leaving Kington by the Hereford road I breasted the first summit to find the Black Mountain bathed in brilliant sunshine, dead ahead and tempting me with a chance of fulfilling a promise made at Easter. Sharp right at Eardisley along delightful lanes with only the sounds of farmers engaged in their toil and keeping this land of ours as it is the admiration of all who see it. Out on the main road again at Witney, over the toll bridge and into Hay: a halt for fruit and then an arduous climb up Cusop Dingle. This name on the map intrigued me and I decided to try it instead of making the more hackneyed crossing via Llanthony Abbey. The climb over, a halt to admire the expansive view over sunlit countryside with distant Malverns, Clees and Long Mynd to be seen Northwards, and then the long steady rush of downhill miles to Pandy where the Hereford-Abergavenny road was joined. A quick lunch and so to Abergavenny and well known roads to Raglan and Monmouth.

My road now lay Eastwards with my objective Cirencester, with a bit of luck, for the night. The westerley wind saw me out of Monmouth and into the Forest of Dean, but the young bloke who decided to accompany me up the fast long climb was amazed to find that I didn't use my gears very much. He slogged up in 90 whilst I used my 60; I called that good usage for he was breathless, and I cool, calm and collected, waiting for the top and ready to bang in my 83, but alas, he turned Ross-wards and so that was that. Through Mitcheldean I encountered the first rush of week-end traffic but after a halt for tea Gloucester was reached by 5-15 p.m., well up on schedule.

Birdlip had no fears for me, low gear-work and I was reasonably soon over the top and whanging away to Cirencester then, with digs fixed, to the flicks for a quiet two hours before bed.

Sunday morning was spent ambling here and there among the delightful villages of the upper Thames valley and with only about 20 miles to do Stanford in the Vale was reached in ample time for lunch with the Bath Road Club and Len, Ben and Bill, a marvellous lunch in good company. Twelve were ordered for and about twenty turned up but Mrs. Keen did the necessary and ham and cheese, both in chunks, filled out our hollows. Of course, after lunch the usual grouping for photographs took place, and the Bath Road Young Gentlemen showed us sobersides how to enjoy the

quiet of a Sunday afternoon in Berkshire—football in the main street—nuff said. Somehow, we all seemed to be making for the one destination in the afternoon, and so I let them lead the way (probably knew the road better than any of them) watching the young bloods from the rear, all eager for the fray. Eventually we reached the stretch of road from Wantage to Streatley and on crossing the Newbury-Abingdon road, your humble well knowing what lay ahead, let 'em have it for about 200 yards, and then left them to battle it out whilst I dropped the stragglers. It's a hell of a hard road, isn't it, Len, Bill and Ben? Needless to say, I was almost last to reach Pangbourne, and saw not the mob till the morrow.

With Monday morning came the calm before the storm in more ways than one: we lads had a job to do at the drinking station at Streatley; it was obvious at this stage that it was an extremely fit man's day, and that many of the riders would not produce their times on paper. It was windy, with a lot too much South in it, and roads were wet after the night's rain. Riders were meeting trouble right from the start; Girvan, of Liverpool, punctured on the starting line, many punctured once or twice in the first fifty miles. Others got through and as you read in the press Gibbons won with a grand ride of 4.12.43 to Willmott's 4.12.50. So reversing last year's result when Willmott won by 27 seconds.

The field dealt with, we were at liberty to return to the finish and, in my case, breakfast. Then after greeting many old acquaintances, one of the charms of this August week-end, eleven o'clock found us getting together for our return trip. Len, Bill, Ernie and myself of Ours (Ben had to return by car, owing to tyre trouble) with Bob Young, Dawson and Paddy Wood, of Birkenhead, making up the party. It was a brilliant sunny morning with a strong tail wind and the miles rolled rapidly behind us before a halt was made some three miles North of Oxford for lunch. Then came the end of the glorious part of the week-end; 1.45 found us threatened with rain and 2 p.m. found us like drowned rats. The heavens opened and so they stayed as we swam Northwards through Banbury, Warwick, Kenilworth and Stonebridge. Roads were inches deep in water with bow waves from cars as big as those from Mersey ferry boats on a stormy day. Birmingham seemed to have escaped the deluge, and as far as Cannock we only left our capes on to dry, it being hardly worth halting. Tea, late but welcome, was taken here and I decided that my port of call for the night would be the Barley Mow at Newport. Out into the rain once more. Ernie and Len ploughed on for home, but I had another day, and so I bade them farewell and hoped they would get home safely. A hot bath and bed, then my last day found me awakening to a cold windy aspect. Not a day for mile-eating so into Shropshire and over the old hundred roads, joining the course at Edmond and so over the "Alps" to Crudgington, then the short cut, found by Norman Hay to High Ercall and coffee at Shawbury. Down through the rock cutting to Prees for lunch and home for tea, after a grand week-end of solitude, wind and water, interspersed with spells of sunshine and good company. Give me more of them.

SALTY.

White Lion, Holt, 1st September, 1951

Having attended the same educational establishment as myself, the Editor considers it possible that I can arrange words into phrases and that, my friends, is why he stopped at Two Mills. This subtle form of flattery has resulted in my annual pilgrimage being attended by penance. But let me say—as indeed, I did say to Tommy Mandall, Jimmy Long, Jack Davies and Don Stewart—that the savage edge of adversity no longer tinges my life in the Eastern wilds. Missionaries are no longer eaten on the wolds and English money is eagerly changed in Beverley. This latter observation is unfortunately true in both metropolis and muckheap . . . or are they synonymous?

This run really commenced on the previous Saturday—when, after nearly ninety miles from a dawn start, I met Jack Salt and Don Stewart at Buxton for lunch. The chat was good—and by the subtle craft of encouraging the boys to give me all the news, the pace was kept comfortable until we reached the “Cat”, where Salty bought some very expensive beer; I think they charge “heightage” or something. And so to Flaxmoss—where it was very pleasant to renew friendships and make one or two new ones.

During the week, I rammed the miles in—but managed to fit in a couple of “natters” with Eric Reeves and Frank Marriott. How pleasant this reminiscing can be! So—to Saturday again—and a quick whisk up to Heswall for a last chat with Salty before the morrow’s departure.

The “Five” mentioned in the first paragraph constituted the entire assembly at Holt. H’m. There was an alternative run at Middlewich (which Jack Davies nearly attended); two races on the morrow (one of which Don Stewart had hoped to grace with a “100” performance) . . . and my own presence on a run is somewhat rare these days. H’m. By a process of elimination, it looks as if Tommy and Jimmy might have been there “in tandem”. However—the august Chancellor (Sir James Long) affected a delicate financial transaction which went some way to compensate the hostelry for their preparations. Still—holidays—other runs—races—I’ve no doubt the Club’s activities were pretty widespread that particular week-end.

Don and I parted in Rock Ferry—he to check, on the morrow, in the “100” he had hoped to ride; I—to prepare for the eastward run. And on the morrow, Eric Reeves and I parted at Mottram at 2.45 p.m. I’m afraid he would have the sticky end of the wind because “Boreos” swung round with the sun—and I’ve never had an easier ride over Woodhead. Tea at Doncaster—and then the flat, fast, uninteresting road via Thorne “the Bridge”, Howden—and so to Hessele.

There are many I didn’t see on this trip—but God and the aircraft industry willing, I’ll be over for the A.G.M.—so to Peter, Alan, Russ, Alf, George, Ginner, Ted . . . do your best to be out. The “renaissance” is on! Look at the standard our younger lads are aiming at—and watch their progress; be as active as you can—let’s hear no more about “going to the dogs” and a bit more about “going to the run”! Best of luck, lads!

SID CARVER.

Middlewich, 1st September, 1951

At Stockport the weather was of doubtful qualities and before clearing Handforth I had encountered three deluges. Time was passing and it was a case of press on regardless, and although I would have liked to have made a detour from the main road, the time lost in sheltering made it impossible.

Spite the conditions it was pleasant riding and the weather must have repented, for Holmes Chapel was reached with the cape tucked away. Though I arrived at the "Woodlands" a little before 5-30, I was not first, and soon other members arrived and tea was ordered.

The Manchester section was honoured by the arrival from Liverpool of Len Hill and G. Parr : were they doing us proud or was it that George wanted to show us his trike ?

After a very good tea during which Len Hill was dared to finish off the cream cakes, the conversation ranged from garden fences to traffic conditions in Paris and Cairo with a mention of a tandem 100.

Prompt at 6-53 Alf Howarth and Walter Thorpe arrived and expected to get tea. Pity was extended to them and they were allowed to sit at the table whilst the youngest member was elected to collect the dues and there was jubilation from Orrell sen., a free tea at last for Orrell jun. was collecting. It was not confirmed if Bren made it.

Members attending the run were H. Green, G. B. Orrell, E. Goodall, P. Williamson, S. N. Bradley, W. Orrell, G. Parr, L. Hill, R. Barker, F. Churchill, A. Gorman, B. Orrell, A. Howarth, W. Thorpe.

Returning to Stockport in the company of Bert and Percy I just made it as the weather changed its mind, and down came the rain.

Tarvin, 15th September, 1951. Club "50"

In the last Club "50" of the year there were but six starters and five finishers ; everyone appeared to be assisting at somebody else's nuptials or getting called up, but what was lacking in quantity was more than made up in quality.

John Futter showed us that his recent 2.8 was no fluke, for he romped home in 2.10.0, exactly five minutes faster than second man Ben Griffiths. So that members will be kidded into thinking that his watch has got three fingers, Jimmy has added some seconds to the rest of the times which are set out below.

The Broughton lads had a real ding-dong battle ; a check at Bickley showed John leading Ben by 30 seconds but at the same point coming back from the turn the positions had been reversed and Ben had 45 seconds in hand.

It later transpired that John had been off the course near Ridley Green and lost something over a minute, but he pulled all this back in the second half and ultimately finished five minutes faster.

Walter Thorpe improved 7 minutes to clock 2.17.45 and take first handicap and Eddie Goodall, riding his first "50" did an excellent ride only 4½ minutes outside "evens".

Salty, who had ridden to Broughton and back home from work in the morning before pedalling to the start, found it heavy going and desisted at Bickley coming back ; D.N.F. is an unusual result against Jack's name.

Results were as follows :—

	H'cap mins.	Bickley	25 mls.	40 mls.	50 mls.
J. Futter	owe 2	48.30	1.4.0	1.43.15	2.10.0
R. Griffiths	4	49.0	1.2.15	1.45.0	2.15.0
W. Thorpe	8½	50.0	1.4.0	1.47.15	2.17.45
A. Howarth	1	52.15	1.6.0	1.49.0	2.17.50
E. Goodall	16	59.30	1.15.0	2.3.0	2.34.30

Members out and about other than competitors were Jimmy Long (timing), Don Stewart and Bren Junr. (drinks), George Parr (turn), Bren Senr. and Ira at Whitchurch Island and Bert Green, Harold Kettle, Sammy, Tommy, Ken Barker and Peter Stevie.

Don Stewart has been pulling his tummy muscles about at work and was warned off racing for the rest of the season.

Highwayside, 22nd September, 1951

Having failed to persuade Alf to forego his weekly hammering of poor Eddie and to come with me instead, I had to ride out alone. It was a beautiful afternoon and I had a brisk run to the venue by way of Middlewich, Winsford and Wettonhall. My arrival coincided with that of a coach party and I rather expected a long wait for a meal, however, they did not interfere with our enjoyment whilst they were present and did not stay long. I did hear something though about a stout female of the species who wished to wager money that she could ride the President's tricycle.

The Anfielders present happened to split into two parties at the table, the mature, serious type to the one end and the young high spirited ones to the other. Sitting as I did about the middle I had the pleasure of listening to the conversation of both camps and discovered that week-end racing is not sufficient for the Broughton Brigade who also have mid-week attempts to beat the clock.

There was a fair turnout of members, comprising the President, the Treasurer, Williamson, Davies, Churchill, Parr, Birkby, Futter, Howarth, Goodall, Griffiths, Stewart, Gorman, young Orrell, Bren Orrell, Mandall, Wild and Peter Stephenson : after learning that young Bren's machine was not making noises like a Chinese music-box any more we allowed him to accompany us on the understanding that he did his share at the front. He did that well enough, for we were back in Manchester before 8-30.

STOP PRESS

Club "25"—29th September, 1951.

John Futter 1.2.27 ; A. Gorman 1.4.12 ; R. Griffiths 1.4.47.

Full results and report next month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



NOVEMBER - 1951

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 1951

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov., 1951

3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Wildboardclough, (Stanley Arms)
10	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	
12	Committee Meeting, 3	Whitechapel, Liverpool
17	Kirkby (Cottage Café)	Middlewich (Woodlands)
24	Woodbank (Yacht)	Somerford (Sunnyside Café)

Dec.

1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses)
8	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	
10	Committee Meeting, 3	Whitechapel, Liverpool
15	Kirkby (Cottage Café)	Middlewich (Woodlands)
22	Parkgate (Deeside Café)	Prestbury (White House Café)
26	Halewood (Derby Arms)—Lunch,	1-30 p.m.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Club Tours for 1952 have been arranged as follows :—

Easter. Glynceiriog (Glyn Valley Hotel).

Whit. Open "100". H.Q., Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.

August Bank Holiday. Bath Road "100".

Autumnal Tints Tour. Glynceiriog. Glyn Valley Hotel.

Birthday Run, Halewood (Derby Arms).

Change of Address. E. Davies, 132 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral.

Resignation. The resignation of Mr. A. Turnor has been accepted with regret.

Appointment of Delegates. The undermentioned were appointed delegates :—

R.R.A. : P. C. Beardwood, E. L. Killip.

N.R.R.A. : A. Gorman, A. Howarth, S. Wild.

R.T.T.C. Liverpool Council : E. Davies, D. Stewart.

W.C.T.T.C.A. : J. J. Salt, J. Futter.

Timekeepers : R. J. Austin, S. Wild.

Handicapping and Course : J. J. Salt, J. E. Reeves, E. Davies, D. Stewart, J. Futter.

Committee :

Open "100" : J. E. Reeves, A. Gorman, J. J. Salt, S. Wild, J. Pitchford,

Committee : I. A. Thomas.

W. G. CONNOR.

Hon. Secretary.

IN MEMORIAM

1914 — 1918

E. A. Bently	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."*

OBITUARY

HAROLD WILLIAM POWELL

It is with the deepest regret that we record the passing of Harold Powell on the 28th October, 1951, at the age of 74 years.

Harold was in middle life when he joined the Club in 1924, but he soon proved an enthusiastic clubman and although circumstances prevented regular appearances during the last few years his interest was keen and remained so to the last.

A record of run attendances totalling over six hundred speaks volumes for the keenness of a man who was nearing fifty when he became an Anfielder and it was a happy choice when the members assembled for the Annual General Meeting in January, 1927, appointed Harold Powell as Honorary Secretary.

For twenty years Harold served the Club in this capacity, twenty years of selfless service characterised by a quiet efficiency on which we were glad to rely.

After the war Harold asked to be relieved only because he felt that the Club would be better served in the immediate post war period by a younger and more active man; we were reluctant to let him go and it was most fitting that, when the Club celebrated its seventieth birthday in March, 1949, his name was added to the list of Life Members along with a short but select band of those whose membership reached back beyond the present century.

The Anfield is sparing in its bestowal of this honour of Life Membership and rightly so, but it was a unanimous and popular decision that such service and good fellowship as we associated with the name of Harold Powell should be so recognised. His passing leaves a gap in our ranks which cannot be filled.

To Mrs. Powell and her daughter we would express the deep sympathy of all our members and assure them that their loss is shared by many

friends who have valued the comradeship of Harold down the years and will remember with gratitude his ready willingness to serve.

* * * * *

Geoff. Lockett will be but a name to many younger members, for service in the Chester City Police necessarily makes his appearances among us all too rare. Others will know him as a fine rider and grand clubmate, and all will be shocked to learn of the great loss he has sustained in the passing of his wife.

We know that we express the feelings of a great number of his friends in the Club when we say that our deep sympathy and thoughts are with him at this time.

AFFILIATION TO THE NATIONAL CYCLISTS' UNION

"To be or not to be—that is the question", and a very thorny question it proved when debated at the A.G.M.

The old split with the N.C.U. is perhaps best forgotten, for it resulted largely from the Union bowing to what then appeared to the majority of cyclists as the inevitable abandonment of road sport in view of police interference: the introduction of the time trial code, however, subsequently proved that sport on the public highways could operate successfully and the action of the Anfield and a very small number of other clubs who stuck to their guns has been more than vindicated.

Although the Anfield is traditionally a road club, there is a strong desire among our younger racing men to compete on the track and in massed start events *on closed circuits* with a view to improving their performances in time trials; this is a perfectly legitimate wish, but to ride in such events as Anfielders means affiliation by the Club to the N.C.U. as the controlling body.

For years the administration of the Union has failed to inspire any confidence that wise and farsighted counsels will prevail. The handling of the situation arising out of the massed start "split" can only be described as inept and it was known that, on the day following our A.G.M. the Union was to consider a proposal to countenance and promote a "*limited number of massed start events on public roads*".

The majority of members present at Halewood felt that for a Club of our standing to affiliate at this time could be taken as supporting N.C.U. policy and would weaken our position as a loyal and unshakeable adherent of the R.T.T.C. and the time trial code. It was, however, with considerable regret that many voted against the proposal to affiliate which arose from a perfectly reasonable desire for a more varied training programme.

There is, of course, no reflection on the supporters of the motion, whose loyal support of the R.T.T.C. is beyond all question, but doubts as to the outcome of the N.C.U. meeting the following day made it inopportune to agree to affiliation at the A.G.M.

A further opportunity to raise the matter is open and the situation will be clarified by the early months of 1952; the suggestion that a special

General Meeting be held at Halewood in March has been put forward and from the point of view of attendance this should prove a suitable occasion ; whether or not it would be good to introduce a topic on which there may be a sharp cleavage of opinion into our annual celebration is a matter for further thought.

ODDS AND ENDS

News is to hand of two old members whom we have not seen for many moons : Rigby looked up D. C. Kinghorn whilst holidaying in the I.O.M. and found him fit and well. He wishes to be remembered to all A.B.C. friends. News of George Newall is not so good, for he has recently had a spell in hospital and we wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Young Bren arrived at Halewood for the A.G.M. as full of stitches as a flock mattress. It seems he has not yet mastered the art of staying on a bicycle and will no doubt be receiving practical tuition from the Old Man of Wintergreen Villa and possibly a correspondence course from a bicycling academy up Wigan way.

Norman Turvey is nearing the end of his marathon and Jimmy Long tells us that promises of financial support still come in, but rather slowly. One old member sent a generous contribution for a copy of Norman's *magnus opus* with an instruction that the balance be used so that Junior Members could have copies half-price—an original and kindly thought.

Robbie is evidently in rude health again and we were delighted to have our first Christmas greetings from "Himself". It was in the form of the cover of our October (December) issue endorsed "*Tempus fugit!* and wishing you a happy Christmas"—Thanks, Robbie !

Our printer wishes to tender apologies for this mix up in covers which are prepared in January for a year's issues ; last month the wrong batch was taken from stock, made up and posted in the absence of Stevie, who usually checks over each issue.

RUNS

Taryn, 29th September, 1951. Club "25"

There was a good turn-out of members for this last run of the Club year and times recorded in the "25" were excellent.

Jimmy Long was timing and sent nine riders away towards Whitchurch with enough wind to make a gear in the eighties feel like a sixty-two—but this straight out and home course can be hard on the return under such conditions and John Futter's winning ride of 1 hr., 2 min., 27 secs. was a sterling effort on a far from easy day.

Alan Gorman came home second fastest in 1.4.12, beating Ben Griffiths by 35 secs., the latter's handicap having been chopped by 45 secs. before the start owing to an improvement in his time the previous Sunday.

Young Bren, riding in his first event, showed that the name of Orrell is not to be forgotten, for he clocked 1.8.52 and finished nearly as fast as Bren Senior (who was on a stink bike with sidecar).

Results are as follows :—

	Turn	Finish	H'cap	H'cap	
	M S	25 mls.	M. S.	Time	
J. Futter	34.10	1.2.27	0.45	1.1.42	Fastest
A. Gorman	34.55	1.4.12	1.30	1.2.42	
R. Griffiths	35.50	1.4.47	0.45	1.4.2	
W. Thorpe	37.10	1.7.7	3.00	1.4.7	
B. Orrell	38.10	1.8.52	6.15	1.2.37	1st Handicap
J. J. Salt	38.15	1.9.50	5.30	1.4.20	
A. Howarth	36.15	1.11.32	2.00	1.9.32	Punctured
L. J. Walls	39.25	1.11.38	6.30	1.5.8	
E. Goodall	39.15	1.18.33	9.15	1.9.18	

In addition to riders listed above there were fifteen members out and about : Bert Green, Harold Kettle, Jimmy, Parr and Davies, Russ Barker, Frank Palmer, the Editor, Marriott, Len Hill, Don Stewart, Percy Williamson, Stan Wild, Bren and Tommy and the majority made their way to Tarvin for the usual good meal. Here Len Hill was found busy selling swindle tickets for various equipment, including a vintage bicycle and a Lucas chip-shop ; Bert Green assured us that this latter was an excellent lamp, he having ridden many miles behind it in the gay nineties.

And so closed the Club year for a few Anfielders with good company on familiar roads of Wirral. If the others fared no worse it was a fitting finish to a good year.

All good things come to an end and soon the party started to break up ; a select Wirral contingent consisting of V.P. Mandall, the Treasurer, the Editor and Committee-man Palmer wended their way through devious lanes to Sutton, where Frank was given three soldiers' farewells and directed towards the Ferry, whilst the others sought more byeways meandering in the general direction of Heswall and the Sych.

Somerford, 6th October, 1951

This was a grand afternoon, and to make the most of it I was away to an early start after lunch and soon threading among the mass of traffic feeling its way through Cheadle's narrow main street. Five miles of this main road is enough and I turn away for Dean Row and the Macclesfield road.

I know Prestbury will be full of motor cars, but even to ride through the old village is satisfying, then slowly out and up the hill paying grateful tribute to Sturmev Archer as I click in the lowest gear. The top is gained and as a reward for achievement the hills are revealed standing sentinel to Treacle Town nestling at their feet. The old market town is busy with its Saturday shopping, but I am soon through and out on the Leek road, gulping in as much mountain air as possible, for I must soon turn my back to the high ground and come again to the flat country.

The old wooden bridge across the canal clatters as I turn for Fools Nook and Gawsworth to strike a favourite lane from Warren to Marton ; this is the Cheshire of farms and woods and quiet lanes. Across the main

road at Marton to pick up again the peaceful countryside ; then Newport and a left turn, a swoop down to the Dane, a walk up Radnor Bank and the objective is gained.

The very name of Somerford suggests a cosy tea in the comfort of Saturday afternoon when comparatively few cyclists are about and all the advantages of a small demand are apparent. A grand tea place which deserves to be preserved and its goodness and generosity appreciated but not strained.

Members present were the Presider, Orrells (senior and junior), Churchill, Howarth, Thorpe and friend, Gorman, Goodall, Wild, H. Buckley and Williamson. After the usual pleasant hour following the meal, we moved away in ones and twos into the gathering darkness. The party of three with which I was riding were overtaken by a youth who asked if he might join us and then announced he was making for Leeds.

We had to admit reluctantly that we were on our way home from just a short afternoon ride, but to show we had on occasions been outside our immediate area we advised a route and parted ways at Chelford, wishing him a good journey.

Annual General Meeting, Halewood, 13th October, 1951

"The Editor's compliments, and congratulations on being chosen to write the run report." So ran the note scribbled on the back of one of Len Hill's swindle tickets, a missive that passed furtively from hand to hand around the tables on Saturday last. I did hope that it couldn't have been meant for me, but there, hidden in a forgotten corner, appeared my name and initials. Compliments indeed !! Congratulations !!! The eternal cheek !

An attendance of more than forty graced the laden tables of the Derby Arms, and we must give special mention to Sid Carver, who had ridden over from Hull to be with us on the occasion of the annual deliberations. It is an enthusiasm rare indeed that can crowd 300 hilly miles into two very hectic days. And Norman Turvey, too : Norman's love and enthusiasm for our Anfield is unexcelled, and our new member for Westmorland came down from Kendal for the meeting.

The food disposed of, and even Salty satisfied (how that bloke can still eat !) we drifted into one of the outer apartments, and under the chairmanship of our ever-green President, the business of the evening commenced. George Connor again regaled us with the story of the year, a tale that told of increasing membership—one ! Don Stewart ably confirmed our impressions of greater activity and splendid performances in the time-trialling world, and this report of our sporting activities brought forth from Turvey, who was attending his first A.G.M. in more than twenty years, a plea that our active youngsters would remain in the ranks even when their competitive days were just a delightful picture in the mirage of memory.

Then Jimmy Long came forward with his tale of the dibs, and to express a personal opinion we think he didn't do quite the right thing when he

indicated complacency about the cash. To talk about the finances being "all right" when only a very unexpected legacy enabled us to come out on the right side, is just asking folk to keep their hands in their pockets, when a few shillings from those fairly well blessed would enable us to keep from dibbing too much into the other fund. Len Hill noted his pleasure at the report, but he just couldn't see the cost of Jimmy's new bicycle figuring in the cash column. The reply was worthy of Longfellow himself: "The art and science of accountancy!"

Yet the liveliest part of the meeting came with the proposition to affiliate with the N.C.U. This note on the agenda came from the Committee who had heard of the need of the younger fellows to indulge in track competitive work, and also in some of the massed-start enclosed circuit events which are so essential in these days of extreme competition to the rider who wishes to make the top grade. The N.C.U., no matter how badly it is presumed to conduct its affairs, holds the key to these events, and without the necessary affiliation our keen and enthusiastic youngsters have to sit and watch.

The discussion came in spirited fashion, from those who wished to see the proposal turned down, and from those equally determined to see it through. Yet we must say that not enough folk aired their opinions. The item was negatived, and those in favour of the motion have the alternative of a special General Meeting to consider the matter at the Birthday Run in March next. The only real alternative our speedmen have to this is to join another club second claim for the purpose of affiliating with the N.C.U., and who wants to see that?

The abolition of the attendance prizes, also a motion from the Committee, did not receive any support, but Officers and Committee are no longer barred from these awards.

The "staff" remains as last year, and the Committee is almost identical except that Messrs. Kettle and Rigby Band replace Peter Rock and Eric Reeves. Jack Seed (still hale and hearty, we are delighted to say) replaces Frank Chandler as Auditor with Eddie Morris.

The later proceedings of the meeting were enlivened with a raffle of bicycles and lamps, etc. (we nearly said cabbages and kings), and then the worthy winners put some of the stuff up to auction. We had some fun, and the Club has an extra fiver in the kitty. And so came to an end a memorable day.

Those present in no particular order, were: Harold Kettle, Ken Barker, Jimmy Long, Reg Wilson, Bill Jackson, the Orrells (all three of them!), George Connor, Alan Gorman, Sid Carver, Jack Seed, Arthur Birkby, Churchill, Laurie Pendlebury, Harry Austin, Alfred Howarth, Eddie Goodall, Donald Stewart, Walter Thorpe and friend, Jack Davies, Percy Williamson, George Parr, Frank Palmer, Bert Green, Tommy Mandall, Rigby Band, Tommy Sherman, Albert Preston, Russ Barker, Alan Bretherick, Vic Lambert, Len Hill, Frank Perkins, Norman Turvey, Salty, Frank Marriott, Stevie (George), John Futter, Ben Griffiths, Len Walls, Eddie Morris and Cyril Selkirk.

Glynceiriog, 20/21 October, 1951

Usually a Tints week-end means away on the Friday night for a long ride on the Saturday, but this year no one seemed energetic enough for some hard riding. This was probably due to the fact that Salty was missing his first Tints week-end for a number of years. Ben, Len and John did get as far as Oswestry for lunch, Llanrhaiadr and over the tops back to Glyn for eight-thirty.

My own route lay via Two Mills, Hawarden and Llandegla cross roads, where left turn down the Horseshoe into Llangollen for a pot of tea and a cake. I left Llangollen's main street and climbed a narrow twisting lane which eventually reached the Allt-y-Bady road. My walk was not yet finished as I had to foot slog down the severe gradient into Glyn.

I was first to arrive, then came Jack Davies, closely followed by a heavy rainstorm, and during the rest of the evening, wet cape clad figures kept appearing on the threshold of the hotel.

At nine o'clock dinner was served, and Ben Griffiths entered the dining room sporting a new fashion in shirts, which to close observers appeared to be a pyjama jacket.

The rest of the evening was spent in separate rooms by two groups. In the smaller room we presume the conversation was of a fairly lofty tone, but in the lounge topics never reached a high level but judging by the hearty guffaws it was obvious that everyone enjoyed themselves. It was well turned two in the morning when the last of the party crept up the stairs to bed, with the thought of an extra hour in bed, because summer time ended this week-end.

Nine o'clock breakfast on Sunday morning with everyone looking relatively fresh considering the late night, except the Captain, whose eyes appeared as if they were ringed with red ribbon.

The early morning sunshine soon disappeared and the usual Tints photo was not forthcoming, due to rain. So in the company of Franks Marriott and Palmer we made our way down the Glyn valley to Chirk in capes, leaving the more energetic group discussing a proposed visit to Llanrhaiadr and the falls.

Our trio reached Gresford, where a halt was made to stoke up and here Arthur Birkby joined us, having left Rigby to ride home non-stop.

Capes were still the order of the day until we reached Birkenhead, when ironically enough the rain stopped as we rode the setted streets to home.

Present were : H. Green, T. Mandall, J. Long, F. Marriott, A. Birkby, R. Band, R. Griffiths, J. Futter, L. Walls, W. Jackson, J. Davies, D. Stewart, P. Williamson, S. Wild, Rex Austin, L. Hill, F. Palmer, A. Gorman and friend Fletcher.

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.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



DECEMBER - 1951

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLVII

December 1951

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FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec., 1951

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------------------------|
| 1 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 8 | Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |
| 10 | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 15 | Kirkby (Cottage Café) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |
| 22 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 26 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | |
| 29 | Woodbank (Yacht) | Somerford (Sunnyside Café) |

Jan., 1952

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------------------------|
| 5 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 12 | Lymm (Spread Eagle) | |
| 14 | Committee Meeting, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool | |
| 19 | Parkgate (Deeside Café) | Middlewich (Woodlands) |
| | Ladies' Invitation Run | |

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; Under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, 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

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport.

The late H. W. Powell. The President referred to the loss the Club had sustained by the death of H. W. Powell, paying tribute to his untiring service to the Club during the 19½ years he held the office of Hon. General Secretary. A resolution expressing the deepest sympathy of the Club with his relatives was passed.

Application for Membership. David Henry Brown, 12 Buxton Road, Hazel Grove, near Stockport, Cheshire, proposed by W. Thorpe and seconded by A. Howarth.

Boxing Day Run. The Boxing Day run has been fixed for Halewood (Derby Arms). Lunch at 1-30 p.m. Will those members intending to be present please send me their names as soon as possible please. It is hoped to have a good turn-out at this fixture, buses pass the door and an excellent meal is guaranteed.

Ladies' Invitation Run. It has been proposed that the Parkgate fixture, be held as usual and it is hoped to arrange it for January 19th. Entertainment is being arranged so please make a note of the date.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

SEASONABLE GREETINGS

We would extend to all our readers most cordial good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE LATE J. BURDEN BARNES

Another link with the early days of cycling has been severed by the passing of J. Burden Barnes ("Barney"), President of the Bath Road Club. "Barney" joined the B.R.C. in 1894 and was appointed Hon. Secretary in 1896, serving in this capacity until 1910. In 1912 he was elected President and held this office until his death in mid November. He was in his 90th year.

THE TRUANT

All the world loves a truant. Or does it? On the last Saturday in May, and the first in June, I played truant. Regarding the first of these escapades all the wild horses will not drag the tale from me, nor lift the gentle veil that I have drawn across the entire proceedings. Yet I will admit to starting

out for Utkinton, and also confess to the mending of three punctures for a youngster at midnight on the fringe of the Eastham bypass.

Yet I can, and will, tell the tale of a jaunt in Wales on the wonderful first week-end in June. Just after nine a rattler left Birkenhead and dropped me at Colwyn Bay soon after eleven, where Stanley Wild was awaiting my coming. Then followed in a gentle wind the ever wonderful ride along the Conway Valley, a halt in Llanrwst for yet another glimpse of the bridge, and lunch in Bettws-y-coed. A poorish lunch in a small establishment for 2/9 provided the only disappointment of the week-end.

Back to the Waterloo Bridge and a gentle drift along that most delightful of valleys, the Lledr. Tea and cakes soon after three in Dolwyddelan, a glimpse of the lonely rampart of a castle so high on its hill, a right turn to pass Roman Bridge Station, and so into the mountains. The trip in mind was a return visit to the "Ancient Trackway" that provides an alluring way on so many maps from the Lledr Valley to Nant Gwynant.

The old track really starts from the ancient fortress in the valley, and careers under the walls of the rampart before dropping into the lane reached so easily from Roman Bridge. We thought to save half-an-hour or so by idling along the lane to the tiny farm where the old road springs off into the hills.

"You cannot take bicycles over there !" A farmer proffered his advice ; he thought we were crazy, but when I told him that I had been before and intended to cross again I am sure he was positive of it !

The old way drifts gently over the hills in the form of a hollow road, and in dry weather makes for excellent travel, although of course it is not rideable. We came to the spot where the power pylons keep a course straight ahead, leaving the ancient track to dip down to a stream and swing away to the west. The ford was dry, although I have vivid recollections of wading through two feet of raging water in this same spot five years ago.

Stan was thrilled with the prospects of Moel Siabod keeping a fatherly eye on us as we made slow progress to the first summit. I was much more thrilled with the prospect of Snowdon and her minions standing so grandly beyond the fair vale of Gwynant. Yr Aran, just like a Matterhorn in miniature, stood out of the misty distance straight ahead.

On my first journey across this pass without a name the trip between the two summits was a marshy business where for more than an hour I squelched through dark water more than ankle deep. Our resolve this time was to make an endeavour to keep to the path which, as a narrow embankment, makes a dry way across most of the morass.

Yet we did make one mistake. There is a gate at the summit and a fence. The correct route is to pass through the gate, and keep the fence on the left. We didn't, and travelled across the mountain with the palings on our right. The river could be spanned quite easily, and higher up we found

some stepping stones in the line of the old road. From this ancient ford onwards we found the embankment quite handy, for it travelled through a marsh many inches deep in water and mud. We walked along it, and carried the bicycles some of the way before reaching dry land again. The path took us above a copse of stunted trees and past the ruins of an old cottage before coming to the last crest, the brink of the hills above Nant Gwynant.

Here surely is the view superb. Y Wyddfa in all her glory standing against the evening sky ; Lliwedd, Yr Aran, Moel Hebog and a host of others all contributed their mead of grandeur to the scene. Down in the valley Llyn Gwynant mirrored the golden light of a splendid evening, yet the adventure of the day was still to come. Traversing the last steep slopes of the pass to the Vale of Gwynant was, last time, a nightmare on a wooded, boulder-strewn hillside, and we were making this second trip to find the proper path down. As a great curving staircase perhaps a mile long we found it, and in the next instalment we shall tell this interesting story.

ODDS AND ENDS

The Treasurer has had a letter from Eric Bolton, who has been resident in Canada for some years. He wishes to be remembered to all Anfielders, mentioning particularly the Orrells and Harold Kettle.

If you can keep Wednesday evening the 19th December free and struggle to the Cottage Café at Kirkby, you will find some black (some white and some khaki) Anfielders gathered there for the Christmas "do" of the Lancashire Week-nighters. Assemble at 7-30 (dress optional—but strongly advised in this climate) for 8-0 p.m. and please send a card to Arthur Birkby for catering purposes.

An article in a contemporary weekly entitled "Who invented the Bicycle?" was eagerly seized upon by Jimmy and Tommy, who would also like to get hold of the blighter : Jimmy has even taken some work home on recent week-ends as an excuse for not turning out on runs.

A new supplement to the Handbook is being prepared and any changes of address which have not been notified to George Connor should be sent to him as soon as possible.

RUNS

The Navigation Hotel, Buxworth, October 20th, 1951

After a morning at work I met David Brown, a prospective member, at 2-30, and we made our way towards Derbyshire. Having decided that it was an ideal afternoon for a few miles of rat-holing we turned off the road at Coombs Reservoir and climbed the path to the top of Castle Naze.

Resting for a few minutes at the top of the Black Hills we looked back to the lake and watched the coloured sails of the yachts racing down its length.

Mounting our bicycles again we dropped into Dove Holes and then went by road to Sparrowpit. From there one of the steepest and slippiest paths down which I have ever ridden took us to Wash, Chinley and the Navigation Hotel.

Going in we found that only one member had arrived although it was already after half-past five ; he was counting his coppers with a most worried expression on his face. It was our Alfred, and apparently he had ordered for half-a-dozen. The two Brens rolled up, bringing the total to five and we sat down to a really good meal.

It is a pity that we cannot visit this house more often since they always make us very comfortable and provide a roaring fire which is itself a pleasant luxury on a cold night. After tea we sat round and talked for quite a while before setting out for home ; for myself it was only a few miles, which is quite a pleasant change. Just before I reached home it began to rain and I expect that it was quite a wet ride for the Brens before they finally reached Goostrey.

Those present were Alf. Howarth, the two Brens, David Brown (prospective) and Walter Thorpe.

Halewood, 3rd November, 1951

It rained most of this Saturday morning and I thought it a good opportunity to test my new cape. I knew the Anfield would be at Halewood so I set off to join them, meeting Jack Davies *en route*. We were first to arrive, closely followed by Bert Green and Laurie Pendlebury from Manchester. We sat and chatted till there were sufficient of us to go upstairs for the usual excellent meal, when Stevie kindly saw to it that I was served with most portions.

It was very pleasant for me to meet the Anfielders most of whom have known me since I started cycling. I rode home with the Broughton Wheelers, together with one of those rare specimens, an Anfielder who lives in Anfield (I only know of three), and Jimmy Long. This known 24 hour man glides along very easily and he half wheeled me to Queens Drive ; I noticed Ben Griffiths was holding on to his saddle bag occasionally. The handicapper should take note and remember Jimmy next racing season. I had hoped to see Rigby but I did enjoy seeing Green and Pendlebury, Mandall, Swift, Davies, Futter, Griffiths, Parr, Long, Williams, Stevie, Palmer, Hill and Morris.

The rain kept off so I didn't try my new cape after all but it was a good excuse for going to Halewood and I hope to be able to attend another Anfield run before long.

JOHNNIE WILLIAMS (M.R.C.)

Wildboarclough, 3rd November, 1951

It was some considerable time since I had been up to the Stanley Arms and so on November the 3rd I decided it was high time to repair the omission.

A late start from Congleton made it necessary to go by the main road but even then my arrival was delayed until nearly 6 o'clock and I found seven members and one friend already having tea.

It was grand to meet Harold Catling and George Taylor again after so many moons ; the rest of the party consisted of two Orrells (father and son), Eddie Goodall, Walter Thorpe, Alf Howarth, David Brown, a prospective member, and Hubert Buckley.

After tea the conversation was bright and varied, ranging over such topics as Alf's specification for a new "iron" for Eddie to a thesis concerning the impossibility of a century commencing on a Sunday. No final and definite conclusions had been agreed upon before it was time once more to wend our ways homeward through the night.

Middlewich (Woodlands), 17th November, 1951

I was glad to be attending one of my very infrequent runs and thinking rather absently about the old practice of asking such as me to write up the run, when it happened. I should have known better than to be so slow after hearing the Sub-Captain making suggestions in my neighbourhood and I was too woolly to realise I had been warned ; however, here goes. I remember seeing our President, Bert, also Messrs. Buckleys (2), Orrells (2), Wild, Pendlebury, Gorman, Howarth, Williamson and others making sixteen in all.

I gathered from the conversation that the wind had not been too easy for most of us on the way out and hopes were expressed for a little bit of something astern on the return journey.

The eggs, chips and greens help to fill up the hungry ones and started tongues telling of other feeds of yesteryears.

The party broke up early I thought, so our contingent followed suit but we did not go straight home, as we really ought to have done but made one or two calls to keep each other company on the way. I for one felt warm within and without when I finally arrived home to make my first report of the run to sympathetic ears in front of my own fireside and realised the good times I'd missed and to make my resolutions to repair that loss at every possible opportunity.

Cheerio Anfield and good luck !

Woodbank, 24th November, 1951

Although the writer set out from Anfield in only slight rain, he arrived at the "Yacht" thoroughly convinced that the monsoon had broken. Inside this haven for the weary, he found Frank Marriott, Ernie Davies, John Futter and friend, Arthur Birkby and a stranger by the name of Walls grouped around the stove. Len it appears, is courtin' and has not yet mastered the problem of what to do with the girl friend on Saturday night.

Suddenly the door crashed open and the wild man of Broughton (known to all and sundry as Ben) stood majestically on the threshold. Peter Rock pushed him in and was himself shoved in by Don Stewart, who demanded tea. Finally Captain Hill, Tommy Mandall, Jack Davis and George Parr marched into the room, seized the nearest table and waylaid the waitress as she came in laden with food.

"Where was Jimmy Long?" Many interesting and highly amusing hypotheses were advanced to explain the absence of the mighty atom, and the one which finally acquired the most support was that he had been drowned by the rain and gone with the wind. Apart from some despicable libels against the Hon. Treasurer, the after-tea topics were of the highest order, consisting of discussions on the "Googal", explosives and the fact that Don Stewart is due for National Service in August.

However, all good things must end and so, shortly after 7-30 p.m. the party began to break up. Arthur Birkby went first to be followed by Ernie, Peter, Don, Len and the two Franks. The last mentioned were soon dropped and together rode slowly to Prenton, where big Frank said good-night, leaving his namesake to wend his way over the setts of Liverpool to Anfield and home.

Somerford, 24th November, 1951

What a day! Walter and I endured eight hours of incessant rain, but enjoyed it in an aesthetic sense. We lunched at Edale, then made a circuit of Bradwell Dale, Tideswell, Miller's Dale and Buxton. We crawled up the "Cat" (definition: "crawl"—a stroke for propelling oneself through water) and stopped half-way up to eat some sandwiches. We looked down on to the friendly lights of Buxton twinkling up out of the "FUG", then looked up to the black, wet murk ahead of us—Hound of the Baskervilles and Wuthering Heights had nothing on this.

Just near Congleton Walter ran into a puddle; rims, feet and hubs disappeared; some little time later he came surging out again like some aquatic Phoenix reincarnated from a watery grave.

We arrived at the Sunnyside (ha! ha!) café just ahead of Bert who, believe it or not, had taken a wrong turning! During tea we were regaled by a slanging/eating match between Stan Wild and Hubert Buckley, the result being a draw, Stan scoring three corny cracks and two slices of

bread to Hubert's four snappy-catch answers and half a teacake. I had a rough time, what with Laurie refusing to write the run up (you wait, Pendlebury !) and Percy demanding to know what is wrong with the ride to Halewood. I cannot here do full justice to my answers.

We emerged into the rain again and set off on our various ways ; I noticed that young Bren—whose illustrious father hides away more medals than we will ever hope to see (all "opens" too)—rode down Radnor Bank in a most subdued manner.

When I arrived home I was full of an inward glow of satisfaction, knowing that no day in the future could ever provide such appalling conditions. (Famous last words).

Those present were H. Green, H. Buckley, G. B. Orrell and son, S. Wild, L. Pendlebury, P. Williamson, W. Thorpe and A. Howarth.

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