

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI

JANUARY 1956

NUMBER 595

FIXTURES

FEBRUARY

- 4 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) MIDDLEWICH (Heathcotes,
Sandbach Road)
- 11 TARVIN (George and Dragon)
- 13 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool
- 18 GREAT BUDWORTH (Smithy Cottage)
- 19 (Sun.) DALTON (Prescott's Farm, Lees Lane) Lunch 1-0 p.m.
- 25 WILLASTON (Green Lantern) SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
- The BIRTHDAY RUN is on 17th March at Halewood.
The EASTER TOUR (Fri. 30th March - Mon. 2nd April) is to the
Wynnstay Hotel, Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant. The secretary has
booked for eight persons and would like names as soon as possible
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All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby, branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Resignation from Captaincy. The resignation of A. Gorman has been accepted with regret. E. G. Pullan has been appointed Captain.

Change of Address. L. J. Walls, "Heywood", Arfryn, Llandudno, N. Wales.

C. R. Rowson, 47 Sheldon Road, Deysbrook Estate, Liverpool, 12.

IN MEMORIAM
FRED HAROLD SWIFT

As briefly reported in a recent CIRCULAR, Fred Swift died early in May, at the age of seventy-five, whilst on a visit to his daughter at Newcastle.

A keen cyclist in earlier days, he had ridden from Liverpool to London in the days when atrocious road surfaces made such a ride a real achievement. His life-long career in journalism no doubt interfered with other activities and whilst he joined the Club in 1921, we did not see a lot of him although he delighted to come to Halewood and had attended our Birthday Run only two months before his death.

Fred joined the old *Liverpool Courier and Express* over sixty years ago and remained until 1923 when he became editor of the *Bootle Times*. He returned to the *Express* about 1937, retiring in 1947, but then specialised in Assize and County Court work for the *Liverpool Post and Echo*.

Prior to World War I he was associated with Tierney as special correspondent for the *Daily Mirror*.

Whilst fire-watching during the blitz of 1941 he lost an eye when an incendiary bomb burst, burning his clothing and nearly causing the loss of both eyes. The shock of this affected his subsequent health. Had he lived until the 20th December last, Fred and Mrs. Swift would have celebrated their Golden Wedding.

To Mrs. Swift, his daughter Eileen and sons, Russell and Dudley, we would offer the sincere sympathy of our members in their loss.
W.C.T.

GEORGE STEPHENSON

The death of George Stephenson at the comparatively early age of sixty-four has robbed the Club of a most popular member of some forty-five years' standing.

"Stevie" as he was affectionately known, joined in April, 1911, and the keenness with which he entered into the life of the Club is evidenced by the fact that he was elected to the Committee in January, 1912, appointed a Vice-Captain in June of that year and Captain in 1914.

He was not outstanding at racing but rode for the fun of it, yet his name appears on several occasions on the "100" card and he covered 183½ miles in the "12" of 1913, no-mean performance on the roads of those days.

From 1916 to 1920 he served in the Devonshire Yeomanry, reaching the rank of lieutenant, and service life in no way diminished that puckish good humour with which we will always associate him. A letter from him mentioned in a First War CIRCULAR records that life had brightened considerably with the acquisition of two arm-chairs and a barrel of beer.

It was 1933 before he again took office with a seat on the committee and in 1938 he was elected a vice-president, a position he held for ten years, when he resigned from office owing to declining health. He was also editor of the CIRCULAR for four of the difficult years of World War II.

During the period of intense activity in the Club at racing and record breaking in the 'thirties it was Stevie's great joy to pack his car with "bodies and bikes" and set off for the B.R. "100" or the start of some record attempt and many racing men remember with gratitude the unstinted help he gave.

Ill-health during the last few years have kept him from getting out as often as he, and we, would have liked but we looked forward to seeing him on his all too rare appearances at Halewood.

To Mrs. Stephenson, Harold and Peter we would offer the deepest sympathy of the Club, which was represented at the funeral by the president and Messrs. Salt, Birkby, Morris, Seed, Marriott, Connor, Chandler, Long and Barker.

THOMAS ROLAND HINDE

Tom Hinde became an Anfielder in 1923, and whilst business prevented his attendance at the ordinary Saturday runs, he was always keen to lend a hand, when possible, at the long distance events and many of the once popular "All Night Rides" attracted him. On one memorable occasion, in company with "The Maggott", he rode to, and stormed, the Roman Steps within 24 hours.

When the CIRCULAR of December, 1929, announced the formation of the Willaston Tea Tasters it said, "among the most prominent members are Jim Long, Tom Hinde and Jonas".

Sundays saw him, week by week, hail, rain or snow, usually with a couple of friends, bound for a quiet farmstead near Rhyd Talog, always referred to as "The Farm"; so methodical and punctual was he that, at Queen's Ferry, the toll-bar keeper at the bridge would have his ticket ready and a news vendor in the village his paper ready folded.

A keen tourist and an exceptionally strong hill-climber he was devoted to a low fixed gear which he twiddled with that easy ankle action of the old school to the dismay of would-be hangers-on.

A short period of inactivity following his marriage gave place to renewed Sunday riding with his wife as tandem partner and many were the corpses of those who could not stay the pace.

Failing health gradually restricted his cycling, although he retained his interest to the end.

Generous and of a retiring disposition he was little known to many Anfielders, but he will be sadly missed by those who shared his friendship and in extending deep sympathy to his wife we would assure her how highly we valued his comradeship.

At the funeral at Landican on 12th December, the Club was represented by Messrs. Chandler, Long and Marriott. A.E.C.B.

LADIES' NIGHT

The Annual Ladies' Night has been arranged for the 28th January, at the Green Lantern, Willaston, when Len Walls will put on a show of colour transparencies taken whilst touring Switzerland and the Italian Lakes. The Green Lantern is a new venue and accommodation is limited to thirty-five and it is, therefore, *essential to book at once*. Alf Howarth is taking names for this run and there is no guarantee that anyone arriving unexpectedly will obtain a meal.

THE BIRTHDAY RUN

Saturday, the 24th March, has been fixed for our Annual Birthday Run which will be held, as usual, at the Derby Arms, Halewood.

This annual "get-together" provides a fine opportunity to meet old friends again and the date should be booked now. After the meal there will be a lantern show, details of which will be given in a later issue.

THE EASTER TOUR

Accommodation for this first tour of the year has been booked at the Wynnstay Hotel, Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant. Llanrhaidr, near the head of the Tanat Valley, is set amid some of the most lovely touring country and is within reach of rough stuff sufficient to delight the most rabid enthusiast. Alf Howard is now open to receive names of those intending to join in the tour.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Early in December the Mersey Roads Club held a reunion of members and friends at the Cross Keys Hotel, Liverpool, when Guy Pullan, Cyril Rowson, Frank Marriott and Bert Preston of "Ours" were present.

At the Hull Thursday Road Club Dinner, Sid Carver proposed the toast of "The Club".

Elsie Salt presented the prizes at the annual dinner of the West Cheshire T.T.C.A. and Guy Pullan, who is a C.T.C. councillor, was chief guest and presented the prizes at the dinner of the Altrincham and Sale Section, C.T.C.

Alan Gorman has found that it will not be possible for him to give the necessary time to his duties as Captain of the Club and his resignation was accepted with regret at the last meeting of the committee, of which he will, however, remain a member. The choice of Guy Pullan to succeed him was quite unanimous and we are fortunate to have a man of Guy's keenness and experience willing to take on the captaincy.

Bert Lloyd, until recently Deputy Chief Constable of Southport, has retired from the Force and taken up a business appointment in Manchester which we hope will afford him more opportunities of getting out to see us again.

Wilf Taylor was present at Tom Hinde's funeral and sent greetings to all Anfielders.

Apologies to those whose contributions have been "cut" in an effort to get a quart into a pint pot.

R U N S

SUTTON WEAVER, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1955

This run did not promise too well. The secretary wrote to Jimmy Long saying that the café at Sutton Weaver had been sold and was not likely to cater for us, and that the matter would have to be sorted out on the spot. Jimmy in the Austin intercepted Guy Pullan who made a bee-line for Frodsham to arrange a stand-by booking at one of his haunts, collecting Arthur Birkby on the way. The negotiations at Frodsham were interrupted by the re-appearance of Jimmy, still on liaison work, who reported that Sutton Weaver had, in fact, agreed to supply not more than five hot meals, the agreement having been made with some unknown Anfielders who had called earlier and departed on a run round. A quick return to Sutton Weaver solved the mystery. The secretary had had the foresight to write also to the president! That worthy, with the guile and wisdom of many years' experience of caterers and their ways, stormed across the Cheshire countryside, followed by a protesting Percy Williamson, to arrive at 4 o'clock and beard the caterer in his café. The rest was easy, those Anfielders who arrived after the first five would have to be content with beans or cheese on toast.

From then on the run proceeded as usual. Frank Chandler was soon in mischief by putting the cat on the piano where it knocked over a flower vase. Only the stern reminder of sub-captain Percy that he was not at home prevented him placing pussy among the tea-things on the table! Bren Orrell was accompanied by young Bren who was on fourteen days' leave before starting an R.A.F. course at Weston-super-Mare. Photographs of his Swiss tour were shown by Fred Churchill, they certainly did not merit the disappointment he expressed in them. The talk was, as usual, varied and interesting and during it the president became gently caustic on the vapourings of the Sunday press; Fred was heard to say that club-runs were his only chance of civilised conversation.

Of course Frank was the first to leave and the others followed at intervals. The final bunch to depart was halted in a rolling start by Percy being told that his rear-lamp was not lit. When he did get it alight he was told that it was too strong and dazzled everybody! The last comments I heard from him was that that he was going to

stop at home in future. Jack Newton has not yet been mentioned but he completed the party of ten members.

DALTON, 19TH NOVEMBER, 1955

The fog of the previous day had lifted, for November the weather was good, and the road slipped quickly beneath my wheels as I rode along quiet lanes through Rufford, Mawdesley, Croston and Shaw Green to Euxton. It had been my plan to go round the Rivington area but along the Chorley Road I ran into fog and decided to take a side lane to Leyland via Worden Hall.

More lanes and I was back in Mawdesley, then up the gentle slopes of Parbold Hill with a stop for coffee and to watch the sun set. The whirlwind descent to Newburgh was followed by the climb to Prescotts Farm, where I expected to be the first arrival, but found Frank Chandler and Guy Pullan already installed.

We were soon joined by Alf Howarth and Arthur Birkby, the latter rejoicing at having found a pump left on his previous visit. Half-way through tea the party was made up to six by the arrival of Rigby Band who had underestimated the distance from Ormskirk to Dalton.

During the meal Alf tried to explain why he was sure he could beat Coppi's Hour Record on lead rims and whilst Guy assured him that there were numerous good arguments against them, for the moment he couldn't think of one.

Following a further session on the age old "fixed" versus "free" question the party broke up with the following members making for home:—Rigby Band, Arthur Birkby, Frank Chandler, Guy Pullan, Alf Howarth and Brian Wright.

HALEWOOD, 3RD DECEMBER, 1955

One o'clock on a fine Saturday afternoon found me bowling along the two mile straight as I had been detained at work just that little too long to wish to seek out Cheshire miles. Finding my favourite riverside café closed for the winter I retired to the 'Talbot' for a comfortable and well-fed hour.

This old Chester hostelry, for long a favourite of ours, is to be recommended I assure you.

Lunch over it was a lively wind-assisted three miles to Stamford Bridge before I turned into the lanes, through slumbering Great Barrow with its wide views of the great Cheshire Plain and Wirral, whilst Mossley Hill's Tower in the far north-west reminded me that I had still some miles to travel.

Dunham Hill found me on the broad highway again and I soon reached Helsby, where the usual ten minutes for a smoke and study of form at the local soccer match finally decided me against mile-eating this windy afternoon. A pot of tea in Frodsham was followed by a doddle up Rock Savage and the fast run down into Runcorn

in time to fall on to the waiting 'Transporter and so to Halewood. A quiet gossip with Frank, pending the arrival of the lads, when we all sat back and gazed and marvelled at the Prodigal Anfield Shield. A veritable work of art, and what a story it told us.

And so to the upper room to feast and gossip, the Presider, ever seeking knowledge was met, alas, by naught but ribald mirth and shafts of wit from friend Alf.

The party soon began to disrupt ; Frank Chandler to make his way as known only unto himself, Frank Perkins and I to plod our way into the gnawing 'wester, the Presider chortling at the thoughts of nimbly praffling along, wind up his fluter. Rigby after talking of mileages and threatening to race next season, made his way into the wastes of Lancashire. Alf and Brian were heard to argue who was to do the biggest bit, in their bit and bit return to Southport's salubrious shore ; George and Jack just left, whilst Arthur, Jimmy and Len, time of no import to them, remained behind to add to the profits of Sarah's evening.

A round dozen all told. Bert Green, Jimmy Long, Arthur Birkby, Jack Salt, Frank Chandler, Rigby Bond, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, George Parr, Jack Davies, Brian Wright and Alf Howarth spent the evening at Halewood.

NORLEY, 10TH DECEMBER, 1955

What a day ! On leaving Manchester attired in cape and leggings I was surprised to find the gale so strong that my speed was reduced to a mere crawl and had I not been on a 'barrow' it would have been almost impossible to balance.

Three-and-a-half miles later, at Stretford, the rain ceased, and I was glad to shed the cape and progress improved slightly to Lymm but even so it was after 4.0 p.m., some three-quarters of an hour down on my usual schedule.

After a cup of tea near the "Tall Trees", Lower Whitley, I arrived at Woodfield Café, Norley, (which incidentally is at Hatchmere) after climbing a number of signposts and feeling more than ready for the good, but rather expensive meal.

NORLEY, 10TH DECEMBER, 1955

There were eight members around the tea table at the Woodfield Café today and if weather conditions outside were somewhat depressing inside the café was a cheerful glow of good company and anticipation of satisfying an appetite which comes with a winter's agfternoon spent out-of-doors. The afternoon, though fine, was very overcast, and much of the journey, even before tea, was ridden in a deep blackness which blanketed the countryside even to the very edge of the light of our lamps.

Jack Newton, last to arrive, expressed difficulty in believing that "Norley" is a good indication of the 'Woodfield's' situation for one making his first visit. Jack had scoured the district from Norley village, cursed dynamo lighting and climbed signposts in an endeavour to find the tea shop, and only by determination worthy of any Anfielder finally discovered a tricycle and so found sanctuary and a welcome cup of tea. Others present were:—Green, Long, Pullan, Chandler, Hill, Howarth and Williamson.

Drizzling rain, chilled by a northerly wind fell persistently during the evening whilst we, caped and capped, steadily pursued our way along the familiar highway and in due course came to our firesides which seemed all the brighter and more comfortable in our happily tired and fresh air saturated state.

KIRKBY, 17TH DECEMBER, 1955

Gayton, Brimstage, Bromborough, Birkenhead, Tunnel, Liverpool (no maps or compass), then the landmark of Walton Gaol corrected the speeding cyclists seeking the merry party at Kirkby; (a car heater can be recommended (*advert.*)). The welcome at Cottage Café is grand and although our secretary had ordered, the staff had forgotten but no matter for the private room was available and a menu arrived with apologies. There were in residence George Parr, Frank Perkins, Arthur Birkby and Fred Churchill when Jimmy Long and Len Hill arrived, and accordingly the semi-circle around the fire was widened in "dot and dash" fashion, as there wandered in to cheers of delight the Crusaders from afar, Knight Chandler, Knight Band, Knight Pullan and Knight (really the only true gallant, for he was later to attend a ball) Howarth. It took a car, a brake, some bicycles and a few tricycles to produce this merry throng and the Christmas spirit delightfully prevailed as we awaited food.

Frank Chandler chanted through the long and varied menu, but we all ordered a mixed grill except Frank, who plumped for ham and eggs. Long and strong silence, punctuated with grunts, belches and rumbles thence came our way, with occasionally a healthy clanging of false teeth. Strength regained, the ten then reformed the semi-circle, to talk and laugh; if only I could remember all those Christmas stories, jokes and Howarthianisms! but enlightened and entertained I was by them all.

The C.T.C. Social section was in the next room, a party of three, and the secretary, Ossie Dover, the Cyclists' Taylor (*ad.*) popped in to wish us all a Merry Christmas. We missed George Connor, but guessed "Domestics" prevailed and were sorry Frank Marriott had not made it as intended. It was nearly 10 o'clock before we finally broke up but definitely it was a grand re-union.

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Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

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FIXTURES

MARCH

- 3 TARVIN (George and Dragon)
10 CHARNOCK RICHARD (Bungalow Café) ASTBURY (Egerton Hotel)
12 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Tarleton Street
17 FIRST CLUB "25". H.Q. Hatton Heath Garage
18 DALTON (Prescott's Farm, Lees Lane). Lunch 1-0 p.m.
24 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) Birthday Run
March 30th - April 2nd. EASTER TOUR. Wynnstay Hotel, Llanrhaiadr
Alternatives on 31st March: KIRKBY (Cottage Café)
SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
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SUBSCRIPTIONS

The response to the appeal for the prompt payment of outstanding subscriptions has been most disappointing.

A few dependables have already jumped to it and no doubt a number of those classed as "outstanding but good" are just procrastinating or awaiting pay day. Whatever the reason the hon. money-bags would sleep more tranquilly if those concerned would kindly take the hint and *do it now*.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of address: W. G. Connor, 9 Pilkington Road, Southport.
 J. C. Futter, 37 Greenbank Road, Hoole, Chester.
 W. H. Lloyd, 38 Lulworth Road, Birkdale, Southport.
 H. Wilson, The White Bungalow, 123 Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury,
 Manchester, 20.

THE BIRTHDAY RUN

The seventy-seventh anniversary of the founding of the "Anfield" in March, 1879 will be celebrated on the 24th March at the Derby Arms, Halewood.

Since the inception of the Birthday Run we have had a fine series of real Anfield gatherings with ample opportunity to chin over old times.

Not the least enjoyable feature has been the fine lantern show which usually rounds off the evening and those who remember George Taylor's grand colour slides of Arran a year or two ago will need no pressing to come again this year when they hear that George is to put on another show.

Please let Alf Howarth know that you will be present; it will help him considerably in the task of estimating numbers requiring a meal.

RACING NOTES

Provisional dates for club events have been arranged as follows:—
 17th March (25); 14th April (25); 5th May (50); 9th June (50); 7th July (25); 1st September (50) and 15th September (25).

The Open "100" is, of course, on Whit Monday (21st May) and Eric Reeves will soon be looking for volunteers to cover the many and various jobs around the course.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The first CIRCULAR was issued in March, 1906 and next month we hope to publish something special in celebration of completing fifty years' publication. Members will help considerably if contributions are bright, brief and punctual.

A trip to the Bath Road "100" in August has been a habit with numerous Anfielders down the years and for many of them this meant a stay under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Farmer at Theale. It was with great regret that we learned of the death of this grand old cyclists' hostess on Christmas Eve at the age of 88.

Donald McCann has been ill since before Christmas and although on the mend he was not well enough to get to Willaston at the end

of January. We hope he will soon be fit again and expect to see him out at the Birthday Run if not before.

Eddie Goodall has not been out a great deal recently and we hear that he is now engaged to be married. Congratulations Eddie!

A card from Rigby Band gives the location of the Bungalow Café, Charnock Richard as "left side of Wigan - Preston road, about a quarter mile north of Charnock Richard church and approx. six miles from Wigan". This new venue is mentioned in a run report in this issue and is the scene of the meet on the 10th March.

The write-up of the Christmas Eve run to Willaston was entrusted (with true Anfield "hospitality") to Keith Selkirk now a sergeant at the Army Education Centre, Long Marston, Warwickshire.

The perennial discussion on suitable headquarters and courses for club events cropped-up again at a recent committee, and the desirability of using the heavily traffic infested Whitchurch road was under fire. At the moment there appears to be no alternative, but should any change be made from the Hatton Heath headquarters a note will appear in these pages.

The secretary and editor have been tidying up their records and any member whose CIRCULAR is incorrectly addressed would help by informing the editor.

R U N S

GOOSTREY, 17TH DECEMBER, 1955

Club runs are rare luxuries to me these days and are usually enjoyed and remembered as such; today was no exception for from setting out for Wilmslow to meet Alan and Eddie at Morley Green until leaving Hubert in Macclesfield I enjoyed every minute.

A large white barn owl held my attention for at least five minutes at Morley Green while I was waiting for the rest of the party. It slowly coursed the hedges of the surrounding fields looking for its supper (or should it be breakfast?) and was within about 10 yards before it saw me.

From here a lane route brought us to Goostrey where, in the small back room, the party, which consisted of the president, Percy, Hubert, Bren, Alan, Eddie and Walter Thorpe soon disposed of a good cyclists' tea (with plenty of bread and jam to finish off and remove any danger of the knock on the ride home). Seated around the fire afterwards the conversation ranged over many subjects before we finally made a move for home. Bert's coloured description of the Old Mancunians' Dinner, which he had attended the night before was probably the highlight of the evening but, if you have not already heard about it, ask Hubert about his meeting with the Volkswagon on the Macclesfield - Knutsford road and if he tries to tell you that it wasn't the same suit then don't believe him.

WILLASTON, 24TH DECEMBER, 1955

Christmas Eve was cold, but fine, and it was with pleasure that we set off for the "Green Lantern", for at last the Christmas shopping was over. Three-quarters of an hour's quiet dawdling through the lanes brought us to Willaston, where we found a couple of peculiar-looking four-wheeled bikes equipped with motors and four seats, not to mention other things such as heaters. These were apparently the proud brain-children of Messrs. Ginner Williams and Jimmy Long. After some trouble, a quorum was obtained, and we sat down to some excellent boiled ham (not to mention the other things), which we attacked in the traditional Anfield manner while we argued the suitability of the café for the ladies' run. After tea we discussed the difficulties of a certain member (who shall be nameless), in obtaining for his own use certain pieces of timber for which, he claimed, his firm had no further use. Having had explained to him the illegality, impossibility and impracticability of obtaining the said timber, the erring member was still moaning his inability to "win" it when we decided it was time to go. So, once more we descended upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of Wirral, several of us, no doubt, to dress up as Father Christmas, and the remainder . . . Well, who knows?

Those present were Messrs. Hill, Williams, Long, Wright, Selkirk and sons, Griffiths, Perkins, Pullan, Howarth and Leece.

PRESTBURY, 24TH DECEMBER, 1955

Walter had a good excuse. So had I. Hubert Buckley and Rex Austin could also plead justification for being petrol propelled, but the fact remains that only Bert Green, the oldest member present, made the journey under his own steam as is proper for a member of the Anfield. One man on a tricycle and sixteen others the lazy way; degeneration and all that. The full muster was (guests first) Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Cranshaw, Mrs. Gorman, Mrs. Thorpe, the Misses A. and J. Cranshaw, Miss B. Owen and Mrs. King. Of Anfielders there were Green, Buckley, Austin and Thorpe aforesaid and Cranshaw, Goodall and Gorman.

The White House, our usual pre-Christmas venue did us well in the matter of food and comfort, and we lingered awhile before crossing the road to the Legh Arms (which goes by the name of the 'Black Boy' and if you want to know why, ask Buckley). Anecdotes, reminiscences and pleasant conversation made the time fly and we found ourselves too soon on the road home, but not before we had given a thought to absent friends Stan Wild and Alf Howarth who

have transferred their abodes to more salubrious climes and those others who no doubt found domestic ties too much for them on the holiday eve.

HALEWOOD, BOXING DAY, 1955

A fine sunny morning provided a pleasant run with the wind as far as Runcorn. While crossing the railway bridge, having missed the Transporter, and being in no mood to wait, a sudden heavy storm quickly changed the scene.

However storms were soon forgotten on arrival at the Derby Arms. The sight of Jack Newton full of pep after facing a head-wind from Manchester and the prospect of good food and good company restored my feelings of 'good-will towards man'.

The food was not disappointing, but the company, while of the best, was not very plentiful, for a turn-out of fifteen is not up to the usual Anfield 'Boxing Day' standards.

No time was wasted in getting round the table, and we all felt better for the well earned meal, and passed a pleasant afternoon, chatting of many things.

Making a reluctant move for home, Guy Pullan took charge, and we went hill-climbing through Liverpool.

Later, riding alone towards Chester, I reflected on another enjoyable run. May all future Boxing Day runs prove as satisfactory.

Those present were:—the president, Alf Howarth, Brian Wright, Len Hill, Jack Newton, Guy Pullan, Jack Davies and friend, Stan Bradley, Bren Orrell senior, George Parr, Percy Williamson, Eddie Morris, Ben Griffiths and Jimmy Long.

DALTON, 13ST DECEMBER, 1955

Sunshine and cloudless skies; What a change from the usual Dalton weather! It was, however, merely a flash in the pan, for as I hurried up the hill past the nursery outside Ormskirk aided by the rising wind I felt a few ominous spots of rain. Pity to get wet with only five miles to go, so I rode the hill beyond Stormy Corner and struggled somewhat breathlessly to Dalton church. Down came the rain and I was forced to climb inside my cape with but a mile to go. Little satisfaction was to be gained by the thought that others would probably become wetter, so I drifted cautiously down Dungeon Lane in the gathering gloom, the cold rain splashing spitefully against my face.

As I entered the warm, well-lit room, Guy was in animated conversation with our old friend Johnny Williams whom we were all delighted to welcome. One by one they came—Frank Chandler, on trike and looking younger and fitter than ever.

The Blue Chariot disgorging its immaculate contents in the shapes of Frank Perkins and Marriott, and of course the proud smiling owner Jimmy; yes, he actually smiles these days now that he has discarded his iron. They complained about the weather, having apparently encountered some heavy rain on the way—how uncomfortable it must have been for them!

Fears were at one time expressed that motorists might outnumber cyclists when Bryan, Alf Howarth and Rigby breezed in looking very wet and bedraggled.

The steak and kidney pie with trimmings soon removed the stains of travel. Between mouthfulls of food Rigby reported having dined excellently at a transport café in Charnock Richard—what gourmards these cyclists are! Strategic positions were occupied before the fire and many old memories were exchanged with the Mersey Roader who was certainly on form and enjoying himself. During a discussion on something or other Guy Pullan astounded the company by stating that he "did occasionally get tired" (even on the fast club machine Guy?).

Chandler was the first to break away and it was later reported that he was on the 9 p.m. boat with Guy, he, Frank, having obtained a little liquid refreshment at the "Carter's Arms", Kirkby en route.

The hon. sec. did not have a date on this occasion and presumably went back with Bryan and Rigby, who is conveniently placed in Ormskirk, Johnny trundled off on his own shortly followed by the captain and writer, leaving the remainder still arguing.

Jack Davies should have been on the run but owing to reading his CIRCULAR upsidedown turned up at the Derby Arms, Halewood. Realizing his mistake he slipped in for a couple of bottles to drown his sorrow!

This venue boasts of no great mileage but the welcome is sure, the food excellent and, for the Liverpoolians, possesses a good number of attractive routes. Ten is not a bad number for a split run, but there are many more within easy access who would be certain of a great welcome and a pleasant evening.

Those present were:—Marriott, Pullan, Chandler, Howarth, Wright, Perkins, Band, Long, Birkby and friend Williams.

SOMERFORD, 31ST DECEMBER, 1955

MIDDLEWICH, 7TH JANUARY, 1956

Bert Green, Bren senior and Alan Gorman made up the attendance of three at both of these alternative fixtures which passed off successfully yet without incident worthy of particular note.

Heathcotes, the new Middlewich venue proved satisfactory and will no doubt be the scene of larger gatherings in days to come.

HALEWOOD, 7TH JANUARY, 1956

Never volunteer! I have never before fully realised the wisdom of this traditional pass-word of the Army's proletariat, until I actually offered to write the run up . . .

Anyway, I called for Bryan Wright and arrived at his house during a commentary on a football match (real football, not Rugby) in which Manchester United were playing some tin-pot club called Bristol Rovers in a Cup tie. On hearing that United were losing 3-0 we had no desire to remain longer, and set out at once for Halewood.

Owing to some miscalculation we arrived on time and sat around the fire for a while with the others, discussing this and that, mostly that, until driven upstairs by the pangs of hunger.

After the usual excellent meal Jimmy once more told us of the horrors of cycling and Jack Davies related true accounts of bricklaying in certain areas where the work is all kicked down the next day by the little kiddywinkies, whose ego, at all costs, must not be suppressed. Len Hill brought up the question of whether the balls in ball bearings should be referred to as "balls", "ball-bearings" or "ball-bearing balls". The level of this discussion soon descended and we were once more listening to some improper stories by Salty, during the course of which Guy Pullan looked rather disgusted but laughed like mad. Being of a quiet, retiring and modest disposition myself I did not join in this vulgar talk, but was quite content to sit back and listen to all the wit that was floating about.

Afterwards we dispersed very gradually; Frank Chandler, as usual, was the first to leave, and Arthur Birkby, also as usual, was "rarin' to go", but Bryan and I stayed right to the end, just in case we missed anything.

The ride home was without incident, except that it was rather hard, and near home we ran into a shower (nobody you know).

Those present were:—J. Long, J. J. Salt, F. Chandler, A. E. C. Birkby, L. J. Hill, J. J. Davies, E. G. Pullan, B. Wright and A. Howarth.

THE COTTAGE CAFE, KIRKBY, 14TH JANUARY, 1956

Rigby Band with family and Jack Davies were already installed when I arrived with a friend. Then came Arthur Birkby quickly followed by Jimmy Long, Len Hill and Frank Chandler, the latter three being mechanised in some form or other.

We were soon shown into our usual private room and attacked the excellent meal with great gusto. On completion of the latter

it was obvious that we had all the necessary ingredients for a very hilarious session. After the usual preliminary insults had been exchanged Jimmy gave us a sneak preview of his forthcoming series of articles shortly to appear in "The Bebington Bugle" entitled "Leasowe with the Lid Off" or "Jimmy Tells All". After this he went on to develop his proposals for a new form of society—the greatest thing since "Das Kapital". Apparently one requirement is the instant liquidation of all dogs; upon hearing this heresy the dog of the house, who until then had taken no part in the debate, got up, gave Jimmy a reproachful look and slowly walked away.

Len Hill revealed a startling depth of biological erudition, (I use the word "depth" advisedly) all delivered with that disarming urbanity of his, "The art which conceals art". The rest of us added our modest quota and it was nearly 10 o'clock before the party broke up, having stoked up with tea during an interval.

It really is surprising that this venue does not receive more support from Merseysiders, the food is good, prices are reasonable, we have a room to ourselves and finally it is easily accessible by most forms of transport.

LOWER WHITLEY, JANUARY 21ST, 1956

For a number of weeks, Saturday's weather had given little encouragement to faint hearts to get out on the road; this was the worst of the series. In the afternoon the rain descended so heavily as to encourage one to hope that it couldn't keep it up for long and so to postpone the start. But the start could not be postponed indefinitely and so Percy, who had already got very damp, and I barged off in the steady downpour, with the wind anything but favourable. It was a case of steady pushing into the wind in soaked capes and we'd had about enough when we reached the Tall Trees, soaked through, to find only Guy Pullan, also very wet, to greet us. A satisfactory meal and a rest revived us all and we resumed the pig-skin, and started for home, still in the rain. The wind had increased in force, and somewhat changed its direction. For the Manchester pair, apart from a few miles with the wind on the side, when it was all one could do to keep upright even on three wheels, the going was very easy. But for poor Guy, who had expected to make Chester and home without trouble, the change of direction in the wind was tragic. As he could make no headway, he had to turn tail and run for Warrington and Home Rails. His hat and spectacles were blown off, but fortunately retrieved and attached to his face by cellotape at first opportunity. Train to Liverpool in quick time and then at the Pierhead, blown off the machine. But he did get home, still in one piece.

THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MARCH - 1906

JUBILEE NUMBER

MARCH - 1956

FIFTY YEARS OF ANFIELD NEWS

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI

MARCH 1956

NUMBER 597

APRIL

FIXTURES

- 7 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
- 8 FARNDON (Rowley Hill Café, Kingsmarsh). Lunch 1-0 p.m.
- 9 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool
- 14 SECOND CLUB "25". H.Q. Hatton Heath
- 15 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café). Tea 5-0 p.m.
- 21 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café)
- 22 DALTON (Prescott's Farm). Lunch 1-0 p.m.
- 28 FARNDON (Rowley Hill Café, Kingsmarsh)
SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
- 29 UTKINTON (Smithy Cottage). Tea 5-0 p.m.

N.B. Sunday fixtures on the 15th and 29th April are for tea at 5-0 p.m.

All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby, branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address : D. Stewart, 29 Laurel Grove, Roby, near Liverpool.

The Annual General Meeting of the C.T.C. is to be held in Liverpool on the 28th April and attendance will count as a run.

THE BIRTHDAY RUN

Halewood will see another big Anfield re-union on the 24th March, when we celebrate the seventy-seventh birthday of the Club. After tea we are to have another show of colour slides by George Taylor. If you can possibly make it send a P.C. right away to Alf Howarth to assist him in estimating the number requiring meals.

THE CLUB HISTORY

The long awaited history is to be published very shortly at one guinea, and full particulars of how copies may be obtained will be made known as soon as possible.

THE ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION

Stan Wild attended the A.G.M. of the R.R.A. on the 17th February (as a "Chesh" delegate) and chatted with G. H. S. and H. H. England, both of whom spoke of happy times spent at Shrewsbury during our "100" week-ends.

The main item of business was the institution of a new one-way record route from London to Cardiff.

G. H. S., Townsend and Martindale were re-elected president, secretary and treasurer respectively and with no controversial matter under discussion, the meeting was a happy gathering of (in the main) veteran club-men, many well-known to us, including Jack Rossiter, Almond of the N.R., Jenner, Gordon, Glass and Charlie Davey, who will be seventy this year.

CONGRATULATIONS

We would offer congratulations to Len Killip who was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire in the New Years' Honours List and attended an investiture at Buckingham Palace at the end of February.

THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR

1906 - 1956

It was in March, 1906 that the first CIRCULAR (reproduced on our centre pages) saw the light of day as a two page leaflet produced by the hon. secretary, H. W. Keizer.

In January, 1907 the first editor, S. J. Lancaster, was appointed but ill-health compelled him to resign a few months later when E. A. Bentley took over until his removal to Southampton in October, 1909. Joint editors were now appointed in F. S. McCann and R. A. Fulton, but after a few months 'Mac' was in sole charge until his removal to London in May, 1911 and he was followed for a year by C. H. Turner, then by S. J. Buck for two years.

The early part of the first World War was a trying time and editorial duties were spread over Lionel Coben, Stevie, C. H. Turner again and another few months for Donald McCann in addition to his onerous duties as secretary.

In January, 1916 the CIRCULAR settled down, in the able hands of A. T. Simpson, to the longest reign of any editor the journal has had. For ten years A. T. S. maintained a standard that has been a challenge to his successors down the years and it was a great blow to the Club when he went abroad early in 1926, leaving Norman Turvey, the then hon. secretary to bring out a couple of issues before handing over the good work to W. E. Taylor for a year.

The April, 1927 issue was the first under the editor-ship of J. A. Telford, then we had E. Nevitt during 1929 to be followed for nearly four years by Syd Jonas who mixed literary ability with doughty pedalling of a tricycle over numerous "24 hours" and record routes.

In January, 1934 Ernest Snowden was appointed and his tenure was brought to a close by a business trip to Canada and Frank Chandler became our editor in September, 1935.

After Arthur Simpson's ten years, Frank Marriott claims second place with two "stints" totalling almost nine years. The first, from January, 1938 until his removal to Norfolk on war service in 1942, being separated from his second period by almost four years, during which the late George Stephenson gave yeoman service under the difficult war conditions then obtaining.

It was in October, 1950 that Frank decided to cry "Enough" and at the A.G.M., without warning but with malice aforethought, he gently slid the stump of blue pencil to the present incumbent.

Limitations of space forbid a description of the changes in style and format which have come about in the fifty years since March, 1906, but successive editors have attempted and, we hope, succeeded in keeping the membership informed and entertained. In this task they have received splendid assistance and support from the great, and anonymous, army of members who have supplied run reports and items of news for inclusion in the five hundred and ninety-seven numbers which have so far been issued.

This Jubilee number brings greetings to all our readers; Anfielders, members of kindred clubs and, particularly, to those who in the past have guided our journal along the path. Long may it continue to live up to the aim expressed in its original introduction "to give the general body of members an idea of the doings of the inner circle, together with items of general interest".

ECHOES FROM PAST MARCH NUMBERS

MARCH, 1916. "It has been decided to despatch at intervals of about a month, a parcel to each of our members on active service. The parcels will contain either tobacco or cigarettes, trench candles, chocolate and matches;"

New addresses included those of Bombdr. W. E. Cotter, (at Bettisfield Park), Driver J. A. Grimshaw and 2nd Lieut. D. C. Kinghorn, A.S.C. Frozen Meat Supplies, Port Said.

ANFIELD · BICYCLE · CLUB.

FORMED 1879.

FIXTURES for MARCH, 1906

	Light-up at
March 3—Aldford (Grosvenor Arms).....	6-54 p.m.
„ 10—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7- 7 „
„ 13—Committee Meeting at Laurence's Hotel, 7-30 p.m.	
„ 17—Northop (Red Lion).....	7-19 „
Week-end Run to Denbigh (Bull Hotel)	
„ 24—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....	7-32 „
„ 31—Sandiway (Blue Cap).....	7-45 „

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

70, FALKLAND ROAD,

EGREMONT, CHESHIRE.

Introductory.

A word of explanation is necessary. At the Committee Meeting in January, it was thought advisable to give the general body of members an idea of the doings of the inner circle, together with items of general interest. This leaflet is the result. The Hon. Sec. will be glad to receive communications, however small, for publication.

A. G. M. Notes.

The institution of the post of Hon. Racing Sec. seemed to meet with the approval of all present. It goes without saying that Knipe, the man chosen, is fully qualified for that important position.

The Chairman proposed, and it was carried unanimously:—"That a hearty vote of thanks be accorded to Mr. W. R. Toft, on his retirement from the captaincy, for his eminent and long continued services to the Club."

Committee Meetings will take place during the second week in each month, on Tuesday evenings, instead of Monday, as formerly.

Committee Notes.

NEW MEMBERS (active):—Mr. L. G. Fletcher (Jan. 16th), Mr. J. H. Williams (Feb. 13th).

RESIGNATIONS (active):—Messrs. Hurst, Handley, Knowles, Rushton, Barnaby, Bird, Baynes, Gunton and Jenkins (Jan. 16th); Franckel (Feb. 13).

Mr. Spence resigns from Honorary; Mr. F. Keizer's name is transferred from the Active to the Honorary List.

R. R. A. Delegates.

Mr. H. Fraser and the Hon. Sec.: The Hon. Sec. was instructed to write Mr. Fraser and thank him most heartily for his attendances and valuable reports during 1905 (Jan. 16th).

N. R. R. A. Delegates.

Mr. N. M. Higham and the Hon. Sec. were elected for 1906 (Jan. 16).

The Committee have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Del Strother will again present a Special Prize, to be awarded to the best placed member in the "100." Prizewinners barred (Jan. 16th).

Handicapping Committee.

Messrs. Cook, Knipe, Poole and Worth (Feb. 13th).

Course Committee.

Messrs. Cook, Knipe, F. Roskell and Worth (Feb. 13th).

Alteration in Prize Rule No. 14.

" Motor pacing or following is entirely barred " (Jan. 16th).

Alteration in Rule No. 9.

" Place-to-place Rides " now reads " Place-to-place Record Rides " (Jan. 16th).

:: RUNS. ::

Hunt's Cross, Jan. 6th.

Very excellent attendance of thirty-six members and friends. The musical programme went rather better than usual, due perhaps to extra good talent. Mr. Carl Keizer's gramophone was much appreciated.

Hinderton, Jan. 27th.

The fine weather tempted out twenty-five members and two friends. The sunset from the " Top road " was very grand. One party, after tea, went on to week-end at Chester; another made for Mold, to do the " Horse-shoe " to Llangollen, on Sunday.

Sankey, Feb. 10th.

Afternoon unsettled, strong S.W. wind with showers. Manchester contingent well to the fore: " Pa " & Norman Higham, Marchanton, " F.H." (in want of a tandem partner for record work), Butler, Turner, Hellier, (contemplating a new trike), and Buckley. Tea was a little late, due to a faulty timesheet of the landlady's. Several came *via* Chester; Bright, of the North Road, being amongst the party.

Chester, Feb. 17th.

Good muster of twenty-nine. Where was the Wirral member who complained that the February fixtures were off his map? The Manchester men didn't find it too far.

Notes.

The Prize Fund, a most deserving charity, is to be continued.

The " 24 " in August, will be unpaced. Standards for all types of machines will be found in the Handbook for 1906.

Suggestions for runs from Shrewsbury, on April 14, 15 and 16, will be welcomed.

Hubert Roskell is on his way home from Coscapa.

Anyone wishing to subscribe to the " North Road Gazette " (an excellent little publication), 5/- per annum, can obtain a form from H. W. Keizer.

Speed machines are now making their appearance. One seen at Hinderton was very classy indeed: it was enamelled dove-colour, was shod with Constrictors, and had gold-lined glass mudguards.

Foster has been on the sick list.

Important.

Please note—Annual Subscriptions for 1906 are now due, and it is requested that early payment be made to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. M. Owen, 40, Karslake Road, Liverpool, or at any branch of the North and South Wales Bank, to the credit of Anfield B.C. at Kirkdale Branch.

H. W. KEIZER, *Hon. Sec.*

At this time the rear light controversy raged and the following is the last verse of a song composed by the Mullah and rendered by him at a Hunt's Cross run (12.2.16)

"When the nations at war lay down arms,
And sweet Peace comes amongst us once more,
When the Germans are tired and the Kaiser is fired,
And our brave boys can join us on tour ;
Then some details which trouble us now,
But pain Cook more than any man Jack,
Will vanish away and we'll all shout hooray,
'Cause we shan't need a lamp at the back".

MARCH, 1926. Pride of place in this issue goes to the unknown member who reported the Halewood run (6.2.26) as four writers of the day would have done it. The following are extracts under his headings :

"As Robbie would write it (Gothic style) :

On the penultimate (all but two) Saturday of February I pressed on the left pedal, the road slid behind me, and I was away on the Great Gay Road that leads to Ireland (via Halewood).

As Arthur Simpson would write it (Norman style) :

Voila! The deep bosomed clouds piled their serried ranks on high and the gentle dew from heaven cascaded vertically downward. Not for this ego the mighty muscular exertion involved in accomplishing the journey to the delightful inn per bicyclette. *Je nuit se pas !!*

As F. H. Keenan would write it (Renaissance style) :

Halewood, content now to bask in its obscurity, throve and flourished mightily in the days of the Venator Abilis. There was brewed ALE of a potency that, in its present form, NONE but the hardy flight of ANFIELD dare partake.

As Cook would write it (Early English style) :

The attendance at this fixture was quite good, though, but for the counter-attractions of social evenings, birthdays and wireless sets it could have been very much better. Some of the young fellows these days are not the men they used to be, or their predecessors were".

MARCH, 1936. Under "Racing Notes" we read that training spins will be held on every Saturday in April and that two Inter-Club week-ends have been arranged, for March 14th with the Speedwell and joining the North Roaders at Meriden on the 28th. For the former, supper, bed and breakfast at the Elephant and Castle, Shawbury cost 6s. 6d. !

"Two of our members were selected to speak at the C.T.C. Dinner in Bradford and we have received a report from each of them :

(1) Percy Brazendale writes "With my innate modesty (advert.) I cannot say much as to my own little effort, but there is no doubt that Robbie made the second best speech of the evening—"

(2) W. M. Robinson writes "It would be invidious to speak of my own small part in the affair, but I would like to congratulate Brazendale on his speech which was easily the second-best of the evening—"

MARCH, 1946. After the fixtures which included the "Dolphin" (Mold) and Sandiway's "Blue Cap", this issue announced the booking of accommodation at Llanrwst for Easter, congratulated F. H. Koenan and W. Orrell on their election to life membership, noted a letter from Hubert Buckley in Singapore and then plunged straight into run reports. Conversation at Prestbury had ranged over bromide developers, fast T.T. courses and free-wheels for trikes. At Halewood, "Sid Del Banco" and Ted Byron completed the party for the time being" whilst at Goosetrey "Don Shaw was busy washing his hands at the rear (maybe there is a shortage of soap at Bramhall)"

Members approaching Tarvin (16.2.46) via Stamford Bridge "rumbled over the (new) Bailey bridge so obligingly provided by the Pioneer Corps".

Under the heading "Walker Barn" (23.2.46) we note that "Our return to the "Setter Dog" after a period of nearly three years was an unqualified success".

The last three pages were given over to "Operation Endrick" wherein Peter Rock described a tour with Eric Reeves.

R U N S

WILLASTON, 28TH JANUARY, 1956

The "Green Lantern" proved a popular choice for the annual Ladies' Night, if numbers are any guide; thirty-one members and friends sat down to tea and four more joined us for the excellent lantern show which followed.

It was a real family affair for Bert Green welcomed Russ and Mrs. Barker and son, Jack and Mrs. Seed, George and Mrs. Parr, Jack Salt, Elsie, Andrea and friend, Len and Mrs. Hill and daughter and the editor with chief assisatant and two sub-editors. Jimmy Long brought Mrs. Mandall and her daughter whom we were delighted to see again and it was a pleasure to have Margery Kettle with us once more.

Len Walls brought a friend who entertained us between tea and the lantern show with songs, and the party was completed with Jack Davies, Alan Gorman, Ben Griffiths, Brian Wright, Alf Howarth and Arthur Williams until we were joined later in the evening by Frank and Mildred Marriott and Ernie and Joan Davies.

We were sorry to learn that neither Donald McCann nor Frank Chandler was fit enough to come, for we had looked forward to having them and their wives with us again.

The buzz of conversation died away as the lights were dimmed for Len Walls to put on a really first-class colour show of continental touring photographs taken last year in Austria, Switzerland and Italy and then Frank Marriott brought us back to these islands (and sunny skies ! !) with some fine shots of Derbyshire and the Tissington Well Dressing before taking us on a picture tour of North Wales and our county of Cheshire.

The signal for departure was given by Alan Gorman who seemed quite unperturbed by the prospect of three hours' hard riding before him; in twos and threes we lesser mortals made our homeward ways by bus, bicycle or car, well satisfied with a most enjoyable gathering of the clan Anfield.

TARVIN, 11TH FEBRUARY, 1956

A cold grey February morning found me pedalling slowly up the Warren and along the Alyn Vale to resume acquaintance with the "Dolphin" at Mold where years ago we regularly foregathered. The welcome on this occasion was no less than of yore and I resumed my journey well fortified to face the chilly Nor'-easter.

Steadily I made my way past Pont Blyddyn's idyllic cricket ground and Caergwle's shattered ruins until the roar of football fans on Wrexham's Racecourse greeted me before slipping down to the Dee Valley to join up with a fellow wheeler hailing from Stretton.

At Holt our ways parted, he making off for the final miles home whilst I sought a cup of tea before dropping down to the bridge over a Dee steely grey and full on this wintry afternoon.

And so to Aldford and the climb to Saughton, admiring in passing the massive stone hounds guarding the gateway to the Hall; then Stapleford and Tarvin in good time to find the president, captain, treasurer and the boys.

Ten sat down in the upper room to an excellent meal and to chat over old times, and hear from Frank that the HISTORY is well on the way to publication, Bert expressing regret that some of the best anecdotes of our long story had to be left out !

Those present at what, to me, was one of the best runs for a long time were the president, Arthur Birkby, Frank Chandler, Guy Pullan, Bren Orrell, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Frank Marriott, Salty and Denis Jones (prospective member).

(A number of run reports are unavoidably held over until next month, Ed)

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI

APRIL 1956

NUMBER 598

FIXTURES

MAY

- 5 FIRST CLUB "50". H.Q. Hatton Heath.
- 6 LLANRHAIDR, near Denbigh (King's Head). Lunch 1-0 p.m.
- 12 GREAT BUDWORTH. (Smithy Cottage).
- 13 CHURCH STRETTON (meet Market Square, Chester, 9-30 a.m.).
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING. Free Church Centre, Liverpool.
- 19-21 OPEN "100" WEEK-END. H.Q. Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.
- 26 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm).
- 27 SOMERFORD (Sunmyside Café). Lunch 1-0 p.m.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for membership :—

William Harry Clayworth, 10 Grasmere Avenue, St. Helens.
Proposed by A. Howarth, seconded by A. E. C. Birkby.

Robert Dennis Jones, 60 Warren Drive, Broughton, Chester.
Proposed by J. C. Futter, seconded by J. E. B. Jones.

Donald Williams, 77 Warren Drive, Broughton, Chester. Proposed
by J. C. Futter, seconded by J. E. B. Jones.

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IN MEMORIAM

LOUIS OPPENHEIMER

We much regret to have to report the death of one of our oldest members—Louis Oppenheimer, who died on April 1st; had he lived another week he would have reached his eighty-sixth birthday.

He joined the Club in 1901 and for many years took part in all its activities. Unfortunately in the early "20's" he allowed himself to be persuaded that road conditions had become such that cycling for pleasure had become impossible and abandoned it. In 1945 he tried to come back—had a machine built to his own specifications and came out on runs. The attempt was a failure; his sight and hearing were defective and his stamina generally such that any sustained physical effort was impossible. But his interest in the Club, and in cycling generally, never flagged; the president, who kept in touch with him regularly, always found him well posted with what was going on. Outside cycling, his interests were literature and art, and after he retired from business in 1917 he devoted his time to them, moving largely in literary, artistic and amateur dramatic circles in Manchester. He was a highly valued member of the "Unnamed Society", the premier amateur dramatic society in Manchester, and at one time appeared frequently in their productions. He wrote a play, in blank verse, which they produced. He read widely and seemed to remember all he read, in fiction, science, philosophy and current affairs, and was a mine of information on many subjects. Part of the Club history has been written by him. He also took what opportunities he had of trout fishing. His wife and daughter, an only child, to both of whom he was greatly attached, died within a year of each other many years ago, and thereafter he was a lonely man.

The president and Percy Williamson represented the Club at the funeral.

THE OPEN "100"

Whit Monday, the 21st May, will see the promotion of the fifty-seventh Anfield "100". Eric Reeves has been busy for some weeks preparing for a first-class promotion but he is hampered by an unbecoming modesty on the part of many members who have not volunteered for a job.

If you have not already been in touch with Eric will you let him know right away what you can offer? His address is 29, The Ginnel, Port Sunlight, Wirral.

"THE HISTORY"

The "Club History" has become such a byword for so long that some members may have despaired of ever seeing it, but, as

stated briefly in these pages last month, it will be ready in May, and we sincerely hope that every member will buy one. The price has been fixed at £1. 1. 0 plus a little extra for postage, and can be obtained from Messrs. T. Stephenson & Sons Ltd., Market Place, Prescott, Lancs. This is not an economic figure unless we can dispose of a considerable number to outsiders, and if any member would care to subscribe towards the costs of the "History" the committee, we know, will be very grateful.

The "History" comes to you under the imaginative title of *THE BLACK ANFIELDERS*, an illustrated volume of more than 160 pages. Peter Stephenson has designed an attractive dust jacket, and the book is a *MUST* for every Anfielder's bookshelf. The "History" is the result of a great deal of unremitting labour on the part of Louis Oppenheimer (whose regrettable passing is announced as we write these lines), Stan Wild, Eric Reeves, Ken Barker and Frank Marriott. We have also been fortunate in being able to reprint three articles from *Bicycling News*, a fine newspaper of the nineties, a contribution to *The Manchester Guardian* in 1908, and the thrilling story from *Cycling* of Salty's Bath Road "100" win in 1932. These writings from other days are particularly interesting.

One of the articles from *Bicycling News* describes the second Anfield "100" in 1891, and it is written by a very capable journalist "COTTONOPOLITAN". Reporting the "100" was a day's work then. Our unknown friend seemed to make a week-end of it, for he arrived at Rainhill (the H.Q. of those days) on the Sunday night, and although the event started at 8-30 a.m. he was not able to get away before 7-0 in the evening!

"The inn where we stayed was known locally as the "Danneries" and beds were at a premium, a few men being compelled to take their repose on tables and chairs, a trifle harder than eiderdowns, though not, perhaps, less acceptable under the circumstances. The morning had opened with cold winds and a bedding of snow, followed by rain, which boded ill for the success of the morrow's race, an event that had furnished the chief topic of conversation among Lancashire and Cheshire riders for weeks past. Fortunately, however, a drying wind set in, and when Monday morning came the outlook presented a more cheery appearance, the roads for the most part being hard and dry . . ."

This reprint is included in the first chapter on the Anfield "100". Another of these *Bicycling News* contributions is a fine article from the pen of our own J. D. Siddeley, who later became Lord Kenilworth. Entitled: "FIVE DAYS WITH LAWRENCE FLETCHER: *A Tale of the 1,000 miles Record.*" the article gives a splendid pen picture of all the trials and tribulations that contrived to make life so very difficult for both the record breaker and his organiser. Siddeley

starts his tale at Exeter, although Fletcher commenced his ride from Land's End, and we are taken, by train and bicycle, through good weather and bad until Lawrence Fletcher achieved the 1,000 with seven as make-weight.

Here is one extract :

"Inverness was my next resting place, and here I put in a pleasant night, prowling the hotel, round the streets, anywhere to keep going. No Fletcher, but plenty of rain, and a nasty night . . . I turned in, leaving Saunders to send wires to various places. After a good breakfast a search party of Saunders and Kerr was organised, and they returned in very dismal and dirty triumph at 1.40 p.m. with Fletcher and the others. Then we heard things. Nine miles in three hours. Five-and-a-half miles in one-and-a-half hours. Road practically non-existent. *Walking without shoes, as it was thought better to carry them rather than leave them in the road.*

The italics are ours, and Fletcher did get the record. One thousand miles in 4 days, 23 hours, 30 minutes.

The third and the last contribution from the *Bicycling News* which we have included is an article entitled : "LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS : *From End to End with G. P. Mills*". The writer is again anonymous, with not even a *nom-de-plume* to keep us guessing, but when in the midst of all the hurry of a record ride he can stop and tell us :

" . . . Hodnet was next passed, and then Witchurch, while yet the many girls of the place were wrapt in their virginal slumbers . . . "

we can only admire the man and his imagination.

This was the epic occasion when, four miles from the end, Mills lay down and slept for six hours, and nothing could be done to rouse him.

The chapter we are pleased to reprint from the issue of *The Manchester Guardian* dated September 23rd, 1908, gives us a splendid account of a Northern "12" and "24" record attempt by E. Buckley :

" . . . Mr. Buckley's ride was a highly meritorious one. Not only did he break both records—he covered 199 miles in 12 hours, and finished with 347½ to his credit—but for eighteen or nineteen hours he rode under conditions that may without exaggerating be described as downright villainous . . . The roads were so wet that two pairs of mudguards had to be requisitioned . . . "

The history of the Club has not been dealt with in chronological order. It is felt that the Anfield has lived too long for its story to be told year by year. Accordingly, then, we have dealt with it in chapter form, and we do hope that this manner of presentation will be

found pleasing. The first chapter is "EARLY YEARS", from the pen of Louis Oppenheimer who was almost a contemporary of those great days. The last is "THE ANFIELD TODAY", by Ken Barker, and in the intervening pages we have contrived to tell the Anfield Story as fully as we can. Yet it is almost certain that something has been missed, and to those who find omissions we can only offer our regrets, and say that we have done our best.

We commend THE BLACK ANFIELDERS to you, F.E.M.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Stan Wild and Mark Haslam are again on the panel of R.R.A. Timekeepers for 1956.

Wednesday evenings at Kirkby and Tuesday evenings at Two Mills provides good excuses for weeknight runs and the "regulars" hope to have more members joining them.

It is hoped to find a quieter and generally more suitable venue in the Wirral before long.

Book Saturday, the 23rd June, for a run to Sparstow as this has been fixed for the Photo. Run and the committee are looking for a bumper attendance.

W. C. Tierney was out at the Birthday Run in good heart after his recent illness. We missed Zam Buck and Donald McCann and hope they are keeping fit. Frank Chandler celebrated his own as well as the Club's birthday on that day and after George Taylor had finished his talk on Orkney and Shetland the Compleat Tourist was "rarin'" to head his trike northwards.

R U N S

A DAY IN THE DALES

The old jalopy dropped four Anfield men in Ingleton before 10-30 and losing no time we mounted and wheeled out of the town and on to the road to Hawes. It was a glorious Sunday morning, mild and sunny; peace reigned here on the threshold of the Dales and life seemed very good. Our laboured breathing punctuated by the scrunch of Walter's third wheel as it slipped under pressure were the only sounds to break the quiet of that moorland road. With Whernside on the left and Ingleborough on the right, by Ribbleshead and Gearstones and alongside Guyle Beck, which is the infant Ribble, we climbed to Newby Head. The inn here is 1,420 feet above sea level and was once a regular house of call for cattle drovers from Scotland. And so into the North Riding. Stopping only to take a photograph down Widdale, Walter flung his tricycle into the descent.

With about a sixteenth-of-an-inch clearance between his heels and axle he gave everybody except himself anxious moments as he flew round bends and corners with joyful abandon. From Hawes we carried on through Bainbridge to Askrigg for dinner, and what a dinner my friends. Roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, greens and potatoes, second helpings, pudding, second helpings, home-made cakes and tea. How much each? Three shillings! It's a fact. Having done the hilliest part of the route Alf now put on his free-wheel and away we went past the end of the Buttertubs Pass to Hardraw and the Moorcock Inn. Time, and the wind, now pressing, by common consent we ignored the loveley road to Kirkby Stephen and made straight for Sedbergh where we halted awhile to admire the church before heading towards Dent and the "George & Dragon" beloved of wheelmen. My age must be beginning to tell, for while the other three were agreed that it was an easy five miles, to me it seemed at least seven. After a high tea that would have satisfied a giant we emerged into the blackest of nights. Fortunately I knew the route and as it turned out we met not one vehicle of any description on the ten or twelve miles over Deepdale Head and down to Thornton in Lonsdale. It was a long steep walk to the top which is close on 1,500 feet high and the odd pin points of light in the valley we had left served only to enhance the darkness and loneliness of our surroundings. Over the top at last we began the descent through cloud, Walter as usual leading the way, the 'H' formed by his wheels and axle illumined by the glow of his rear lamp suggesting his destination if he wasn't more careful. It was something of a relief to see the lights of Ingleton and quickly we stowed the machines for the homeward journey. As enjoyable a day's cycling as I can remember. When do we go again?

A.G.

GREAT BUDWORTH, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1956

It was cold, of course, but dry and bracing—just one of those winter days when lighting-up time is getting toward 6-0 p.m. and one begins subconsciously to think about the spring programme, and Shropshire lanes and Welsh hills. And I pedalled off through Lymm and by the lanes past the aerodrome to Appleton Church and the Cat and Lion and down the Tarporley road to Lower Whitley, trying to raise a gallop so that I could sweat off a pestilent cold that had gripped me. But all in vain—it was just a slog to keep going. After a cup of tea, I resumed my way to Great Budworth, in the lanes again, and arrived on time to find Alf Howarth, Percy Williamson, Guy Pullan, Fred Churchill and friend and Jack Newton already there, and the old proprietor, who, we had been told, was leaving.

still in occupation. The usual satisfactory meal was served, and we passed a pleasant hour chatting of all kinds of things, until it was time to make for home. For myself, my efforts to speed in the afternoon had brought their penalty, and I found the going hard. But I reached home, albeit on all fours.

SOMERFORD, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1956

Only three out ! And on such a fine bracing afternoon ! Certainly it wasn't a day for lounging—you had to keep going and quite a lot of clothing was desirable, but what can you expect?—it's still winter. Percy and the president made their way through Alderley, along the main road to Congleton and on to Astbury to fix up for the run there. Unfortunately they had to hang about for quite a long time before they could get anyone in the inn to disclose themselves, but finally did the necessary. Their short ride thence to Somerford by the lanes, which they found just as good as the high road, so far as absence of snow and ice was concerned, was rather on the chilly side. Bren Orrell, Sr., was waiting for them, and the hot meal they had soon warmed them up (By the way, the heating arrangements at this house have been much improved, in fact, 100%). We parted early, Bren to go home via Holmes Chapel, the other two through Lower Withington and Chelford. The ride home was pure joy—not a cloud in the sky, a full moon overhead, and a pattern of stars, visibility as good as in daylight, the stately old houses sharply defined above the snow covered grasslands, good smooth road, the wind, what there was of it, helping, very little traffic—it was glorious to get 'em round as fast as they would go, the body well warmed up by the exercise, the face tingling by contact with the frosty air, no sound but the swishing of the tyres on the road. On such a night as this, far better to be on the road, than crouching over a fire, or gazing at a screen.

WILLASTON, 25TH FEBRUARY, 1956

As I arrived at the Green Lantern café Ken Barker was just leaving after an early tea. Judging by the mount he was using and the piece of metal and glass in lieu of a head lamp, I suspect he was trying to get away without being seen. Before he could effect an escape Jimmy Long and Len Hill arrived and while we were piling on the insults John Leece rolled up to add his comments.

However as February is not the time of year to linger out-of-doors we repaired to the café as John Leece feared he might get a dose of hunger knock if he waited much longer. Anyway he did ride, even if it is less than a mile from his house.

The party was completed by Frank Perkins, Arthur Birkby, Rigby Band and Ben Griffiths, the latter using a spot of leave to get a club run in.

CLUB "25", 17TH MARCH, 1950

It is a surprising thing to me that almost any Manchester cyclist will tell you that he does the ride to Chester in two hours. As far as I can recollect I've never done it yet in that time and today two hours' from home found me in the vicinity of Egg Bridge and I just missed the riders at the start of the "25". The spring weather made a ride up the course more attractive than hanging about at H.Q., so I went as far as Handley to see the boys in action. Salty seemed to be riding with less effort and more power than of late. I hope he has a good season. Alf Howarth too, was happy. The two private time-trialists were shaping well and Brian Wright was again unfortunate to encounter mechanical trouble. It's easier mended than physical trouble, Brian. Watching the field pass I marked the absence of Bryan Jones. Subsequent enquiry revealed that he had been seen in the early afternoon wearing his best suit and heading towards Chester! Not back to the fleshpots again Bryan? Not at the start of a season you could make memorable?

The times announced by our friend Jimmy Long struck me as being rather slow for the day. Not, let me be very quick to say, that I could do better. It is just that Futter's standard has been higher in recent years and Howarth too is usually faster in his first event, or so it seems to me. In addition to the riders whose names are to follow, members out were Green, C. B. Orrell, Birkby, Pullan, Gorman, Williamson, Griffiths, Chandler, Long and Hill. Mrs. Orrell, Mrs. Futter and Mrs. Hinds came to look on at the proceedings and I hope they enjoyed the afternoon. The race result was as follows:

1. J. C. FUTTER	(Scr.)	1. 7. 25. Fastest.
2. A. HOWARTH	(1 $\frac{1}{4}$)	1. 8. 22.
3. J. J. SALT	(8 $\frac{1}{2}$)	1. 14. 11. 1st H'cap.
4. B. WRIGHT		D.N.F.
D. JONES	(P.T.)	1. 8. 27.
D. WILLIAMS	(P.T.)	1. 12. 8.

We drifted off in one's and two's after our beans on toast and factory cakes. I was one of the one's and it was such a pleasant evening I made a detour via Wettenhall and Church Minshull before arriving home, pretty well fagged out.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI

MAY 1956

NUMBER 599

FIXTURES

JUNE

- 2 DALTON (Prescott's Farm) MACCLESFIELD F.T. (Stanley Arms)
- 3 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café). Lunch 1-0 p.m.
- 9 2ND CLUB "50". H.Q., Hatton Heath
- 11 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool
- 16 TARVIN (George and Dragon)
- 17 DALTON (Prescott's Farm). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.
- 23 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café). PHOTOGRAPH RUN
- 30 GREAT BUDWORTH (Smithy Cottage)
N.B. With a view to securing good attendances, Sunday runs
in June have been limited to two, on the 3rd at Spurstow and at
Dalton on the 17th.

All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby, branch.

THE PHOTOGRAPH RUN

Last year, owing to very short notice, the Photograph Run drew only a small attendance and a second attempt later in the year fared no better.

Rather than publish an unrepresentative group no photograph appeared in the CIRCULAR, but we are hoping for a really good turnout on the 23rd June at Holmwood Café, Spurstow.

This venue is set in some delightful country and the run provides a splendid opportunity for a big summer gathering of the clan.

Book the date, 23rd June, now, and if coming by car please try to fill the spare seats with some of our old timers.

NEWS IN BRIEF

It is so many years since "penny-farthings" were common in the Wirral that Len Hill and Ken Barker rubbed their eyes before overtaking one on the Top Road near Mollington's "Wheatsheaf" when returning from Farndon. Both are familiar with the long lines of pink elephants so often met towards the end of a Club run but "Old Ordinaries" are so extra-ordinary.

"MAN SHOT ON ALLOTMENT. BRUTAL ATTACK ON BLACK ANFIELDER" might well have been the headlines in the *Bebington Bugle* recently for Jack Seed was shot in the face by an airgun whilst working on his plot the other day. After the doctor had removed a pellet from his face (too near an eye to be comfortable) Jack was none the worse for his unwelcome adventure.

"City of the Bears" was the headline over an article on a day in the Swiss capital by Cyril Rowson in the April C.T.C. *Gazette*.

A. E. ("Jenny") Walters, great long distance rider of the nineties, died on the 12th February, aged 84 years.

Bert Green is again President of the N.R.R.A. and Hubert Buckley is a member of the Committee.

Congratulations and best wishes to Peter and Elsie Stephenson on the birth of a son.

Thanks to numerous members and friends who sent good wishes on the occasion of the CIRCULAR's Jubilee.

The Eureka Café, near Two Mills, which closed down on the death of the proprietress, has been rebuilt and opened by her daughter. Nicely appointed and spotlessly clean, it could provide the answer to the quest for a more peaceful meeting place on Tuesday evenings.

Eric Reeves reports a good response to his appeal for help in running the "100", but there will be plenty to do for any members able to get down for the event and who have not yet been allocated a job.

In a recent article in *Cycling* the editor discusses the problem of company riding in time-trials which he considers may have arisen as a result of massed start racing.

This is a timely note on a most unsporting way of participating in a game noted for the general observance of the spirit as well as the letter of the law. With numbers in almost universal use in "Opens" it should be quite easy for marshals to take note of those apparently not riding "entirely alone and unaccompanied" and if reported in the same company over any considerable distance the offenders should be disqualified.

Stan Wild journeyed to Manchester at Easter and attended the Somerford run. His next trip north will be to time our "100" at Whitsuntide.

R U N S

HALEWOOD, MARCH 24TH, 1956. BIRTHDAY RUN

Thirty-one members, two prospective members and a friend made up the party of thirty-four gathered to celebrate the seventy-seventh birthday of the Club.

As befits a good President, Bert Green rode to the meet in time to welcome a good cross-section of the membership including W. C. Tierney, Eddie Morris, Jack Seed and Frank Chandler, with forty or more years' membership. Bren Orrell, Frank Perkins, Jimmy Long and Hubert Buckley, with over thirty, and Frank Marriott, Rigby Band and Arthur Birkby, whose election dates back over twenty-five years. Then, in no particular order, we saw Brian Wright, Guy Pullan, Jack Newton, Ken Barker, Don Stewart, John Futter, Fred Churchill, George Parr, Jack Davies, Peter Stevie, Bert Preston, Arthur Williams, Len Hill with friend, Bill Boothroyd, and "prospectives" Dennis Jones and Harry Clayworth.

In addition to the President, Manchester sent Alan Gorman, Eddie Goodall, Percy Williamson, George Taylor and Harold Catling. Last, but not least, Secretary Alf Howarth came from Southport to find his estimate of numbers nicely balanced by the thirty-four who sat down to an excellent "Derby Arms" meal.

After tea willing hands cleared the decks in readiness for another fine show of colour slides and a talk by George Taylor with Harold Catling performing ably at the projector. This year we flew to little known Orkney and Shetland and browsed with George through the history and peculiar beauty of these remote isles. Far too soon we were back at Halewood with Bert Green voicing the sincere thanks of all to George and Harold for a first rate and fitting climax to another grand re-union.

EASTER TOUR 1956. LLANRHAIDR-YN-MOCHNANT

GOOD FRIDAY

Jack Salt made an early start—he rode out to Llanymynech on Thursday evening, and on Friday had one of those “rough-stuff” rides in which his heart delighteth—wonderful to relate, he arrived at the Wynnstay Arms, Llanrhaidry-yn-Mochmant, in time for dinner! Ben Griffiths went round by Corwen, on that wonderful machine of his—saddle adaptable to each movement of the body, handle-bar equally adaptable, chain swinging (he changes gear as the pioneers of derailleur gears did—by getting off and lifting the chain from one sprocket to another), sporting tyres, (anything may happen at any time), etc.; how he manages to arrive anywhere is anyone’s guess. Arthur Birkby had started early and gone along to see his brother near Lake Vyrwy. Guy Pullan bought Home Rails part way, found all the hills he could climb, had tea at Llangedwyn, and as he had some time to spare, climbed a few of them again, just out of pure *joie de vivre*; what a glutton for work! Fred Churchill had an uneventful ride. Percy Williamson and the President had a sleigh ride from Manchester—a strong wind behind, and no rain. After tea, before reaching Knockin, they met Jimmy Long and Jack Davies, per A.30. All nine sat down together for a satisfactory meal, which dispatched, they settled down in the smoke-room for a chin-wag until bedtime.

SATURDAY

Arthur Birkby played the fairy godmother this morning by bringing Ben Griffiths and myself a cup of tea in bed, very welcome after the coldest night that I can remember. After breakfast Guy Pullan, “Salty”, Arthur, Ben and I set off in brilliant sunshine up the steepest hill in sight, thus running true to Anfield form—ever upwards, the more “Ardua” the merrier. Ben’s steed presented several novel features not the least of which was the series of “carbuncles” in the tyre sidewalls, nevertheless, I was the first casualty, with a broken gear cable, which enabled me to walk the hills with a clear conscience. “Elevenses” were kindly provided by Arthur’s brother Carl and family at their delightful cottage near Penybont. Lunch at Llanfair Caereinion was the next objective, by now Ben was pumping his tyre so frequently that it was decided to attempt a repair to what resembled a piece of old Brussel’s lace. This must have been effective, for Ben, Salty and Guy soon left us well in the rear. A mile or so from L.L.C., Arthur and I remarked on the strange mirage which made it appear that Salty and Ben were pushing a car uphill, on approaching we found they were pushing a car uphill, an inspiring object lesson in “turning the other cheek”. (I thought they were barmy).

After an excellent lunch at the "Wynnstay Arms" (LI. C.) Salty superintended the replacement of my erring cable, we then sallied forth (still uphill!) On arrival at Llanfyllin we found only one café open, and that was rather reluctant. Arthur said the smell of it reminded him of a zoo, but whether this was a point in its favour, he did not make clear. Llanrhaidr must have risen several thousand feet during our absence as we were still climbing when we reached the hotel this evening.

I cannot report on the motorized gentlemen as they were decently reticent about their day's doings. After a cold but pleasant session at the bar I retired to the bedroom to find Arthur's bed resplendent with two carpets in lieu of eiderdown. I hastily "bagged" the remaining rug, leaving Ben with the choice of lino or wallpaper. Guy's bedroom contained the airing cupboard, and it was whispered that he kept warm and cosy all night by donning some of the exotic attire reposing therein.

EASTER SUNDAY

King Sol had done us proud for two whole days; could it last?

Sunday morning dawned, bright and sunny. Truly we were blessed with delightful weather this Easter of '56 in gracious Tanatside. Breakfast over and a lunch rendezvous arranged at Llanfair Caereinion we dispersed on our devious ways. Ben, Fred and I along Tanat water to Llanyblodwell, a charming little hamlet, newly painted, gleaming bright on this day of days. Afoot we went up and over the steep escarpment to Llansantfraid and by Vyrnwy to Four Crosses. A quick gallop along the main road to Cerddleen and into the bye ways to Guilsfield for elevenses.

What a grand road from there to Llanfair. Certainly one has to work for one's delights, but we agreed it well worth while.

The Wynnstay putting on an excellent lunch we felt in the humour for more mile eating in the afternoon. Guy and Arthur having joined us for lunch we tried to increase the cycling party but alas we were still only three. Guy replacing Fred after due consideration of the miles ahead.

Banatside was perfect, the sun pouring down almost summerlike, as we revved with the wind and perspired till reaching the final racing miles down toward Hallwyd. Our Ben excelled himself this day claiming to know a short route to the Bwlch-y-Groes; we took it, and how we toiled. We certainly cut out Dinas-Mawddwy but we toiled far harder than on the pass itself. The Bwlch-y-Groes was like a main highway with quite heavy traffic. A halt half-way for an apple and orange shared before the final plod to the summit and then down the Cwm Eunant to Vrynwy. *En route* we found one misguided motorist attempting the route but we warned him and his discretion told. So that with considerable manhandling we turned him about

and sent him on his way. It was a dry trip, the falls of the Eunant were mere trickles and so to Vyrnwy, a Mediterranean blue but very low. We sought tea by the lake but no luck. So on to Hirnant to spend a pleasant half-hour over tea with Carl Birkby at Hen Dafan, his abode; I warn you fellow Anfielders, don't miss it for a warm welcome awaits you. Then on into the evening shadows, Guy making the most of his start, Ben concerned lest we youngsters be left at the post, so it was one mad gallop back to Llanrhaidr. An enjoyable meal in goodly company increased in numbers by the arrival of Arthur Williams, Albert Preston and Len Hill. Needless to say the bar received good support and we retired to bed satiated with sunshine, good company, food and everything a cyclist desires.

EASTER MONDAY

Farewell to the hospitable Wynnstay Arms came in typical Easter Monday fashion. The captain and the treasurer worked hard to prevent members absconding without paying. The camera experts lured members into the garden to be assembled in club groups; farewells and maps became inextricably mixed; nobody knew who was meeting who at the tentative lunch at Glyn Ceiriog, but finally at an unconceivably late hour a few of us found ourselves at last on the road. Perhaps it would be truer to say that we were on a very delightful lane that very early on signified a firm intention of reaching for the sky and a nice warm blue sky it was too. Having at last achieved a gradient which mortals less gifted than Salty could ride up (this strike into the mountains was another proof of his elephantine memory for bygone rides), the lane twisted, turned, rose and fell in pleasant flirtation with the skittish River Iwrch accompanying it. Benign in the warm sun the great hills opened a way for the little stream and its attendant by-way upon which our small lone group of Anfielders gloried in the changing scenes of this hidden valley. But sterner things lay ahead, turning right at a signpost to Llanarmon D.C. a track lifted to the sky-line, requiring some purposeful foot-slogging until a gate let us out onto the direct Llanrhaidr-Llanarmon D.C. road at the 1374 ft. level. Thereafter the free-wheelers retired from cycling and the solitary fixed-wheeler became too busy even to wish that he had. A welcome drink at the West Arms, into which fell a furtive tear for the departed glories of the inn, gave sparkle and energy for an every-man-for-himself gallop down the Ceiriog valley to Glyn where the motoring members were joined in a tasty little lunch at our old friend, the Glyn Valley Hotel. Thereafter the ways parted for most of us; a few managed tea at the farm near Farndon despite a crush of motorists, beguiled out by the marvellous Easter sunshine, putting the service to severe strain. Thus finished a splendid Easter club week-end which will long be remembered with pleasure.

SOMERFORD, MARCH 31ST, 1956

The sun shone forth nobly as I progressed along the Wilmslow road in pleasant anticipation of attending my first Anfield club-run in six months. I climbed the "Wizard" from Alderley and at the top paused for a cup of tea at the café there. Here I encountered an old Cheshire Roads friend and a pleasant chat ensued. Eventually I broke away to turn right for Birtles at the old black and white stable bearing a greyhound in its artistic magpie work.

This area is certainly one of the choicest parts of East Cheshire and it was with some delight that I crossed the brook which years ago was a thrilling water-splash before emerging at Redesmere. After climbing Siddington Bank and obtaining a welcome glimpse of the old church at Marton I quickly reached Somerford where I found Hubert's huge frame (human) almost bulging the café walls from the inside.

It was grand to meet him again and even better to join him in a cup of tea whilst the food was being prepared. Alan Gorman and Eddie Goodall joined us in a most tasty meal of bacon and eggs. The conversational session which followed was long and interesting, until, with some reluctance, we had to hit the darkened lanes for home. Hubert left us at Alderley whilst the remainder continued together until the final parting of ways near Gatley.

As a matter of interest it is worth noting that on this lovely Easter Saturday Manchester recorded $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours of sunshine, whilst Bexhill, on the sunny Sussex coast, had none at all.

Those present were H. G. Buckley, E. Goodall, A. Gorman and S. Wild.

UTKINTON, APRIL 7TH, 1956

There appeared to be no justifiable excuse to stay at home on this Saturday—no decent music on the radio, sun shining brilliantly, besides my wife's menacing "You're going to the run of course!" made it imperative that I became mobile—besides, could I not see in imagination the tables of the Smithy loaded with good food and surrounded by hordes of happy cyclists—the smiling comely faces of my fellow members bidding me welcome! (What about those unpaid subs?)

I reached Two Mills by 4 p.m. and enjoyed a quick cup of tea. No one turned up so I pushed off, travelling via Mollington, Backford, Christleton and over the ever beautiful pack-horse bridges, past the "Headless Woman", who has now lost the arm which had hitherto carried the head!

The last two miles up-hill put the edge on my appetite and I was pleased to find Jack Newton already seated in front of the fire.

Frank Chandler followed but when 6 p.m. approached the non-appearance of our President caused us some anxious speculations. Some headway had been made into the meal when he and Percy swept in a stately manner into the Smithy yard, having been delayed by a very persistent head wind.

The conversation ranged over many topics—Percy and Bert making our mouths water by tales of the laden tables of catering houses of the past, then, as often happens in highly intellectual conversations, the topic turned to rural architecture and "country seats" of various shapes and sizes! The President boasting of a unique specimen of very unusual design which he once encountered. But more may be learned by the curious of this fascinating subject in an American book titled *The Specialist*.

Rigby had been touring around Congleton on his barrow putting in some useful miles. My entirely selfless suggestion that he should put in a few more by accompanying me to Birkenhead were received without enthusiasm. Runcorn, Kirkby and solitude were apparently good enough for him!

Chandler, the mighty thruster, had been tearing around Kinnerton on his bicycle during the early part of the day where, fortified by a pound of biscuits and a pint, this massive automation descended on Utkinton via Kings Marsh. We were informed by the somewhat surprised and indignant owner that his trike had sighed and collapsed with the fracture of a couple of rather important stays!

The return journey commenced at 7 p.m. was surprisingly fast and easy, the wind appeared to have dropped a little and I was able to catch the 9 p.m. boat, thus bringing to an end another enjoyable run.

Those present were Green, Williamson, Band, Chandler, Newton and Birkby.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI

JUNE 1956

NUMBER 600

FIXTURES

JULY

- 7 THIRD CLUB "25". H.Q., Hatton Heath.
- 8 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café). Lunch 1-0 p.m.
- 9 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool.
- 14 HATCHMERE (Lakeside Café).
- 21 TARVIN (George & Dragon).
- 28 GT. BUDWORTH (Smithy Cottage).
- 29 DALTON (Prescott's Farm). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.

AUGUST

- 4-6 TOUR TO BATH ROAD "100".
- 4 KIRKBY (Cottage Café). SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café).
- TUESDAY EVENINGS (Two Mills). WEDNESDAY EVENINGS (Cottage Café, Kirkby).

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Members elected:—William Harry Clayworth, 10 Grasmere Avenue, St. Helens, Lancs., has been elected to Full Membership, Robert Dennis Jones, 60 Warren Drive, Broughton, Chester, and Donald Williams, 77 Warren Drive, Broughton, Chester, have been elected to Junior (Full) membership.

Application for Membership:—Peter Edward Robinson, 9 Barnwood Road, Huyton, Laucs. Proposed by A. Howarth, seconded by A. E. C. Birkby.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE EDITOR,
ANFIELD CIRCULAR.
DEAR SIR,

22nd May 1956.

In view of the alarming incidence of direct hits by Cupid's darts on Merseyside do you not agree that the "ANFIELD" should become a "Lonely Hearts Club" proper? The columns of the CIRCULAR could then be devoted to advice to the love-lorn.

Yours truly,

"DISGUSTED".

EDITOR'S NOTE:—

This is a matter for the A.G.M. and "DISGUSTED" should table a motion for the agenda (Rule 10).

With some twenty years' experience of Anfield "advice to the love-lorn" the present Editor considers it probable that the blue-pencilling duties might prove too onerous for him to continue in office on a part time basis.

"THE BLACK ANFIELDERS"

The history of the Anfield, long awaited and the result of much work on the part of Frank Marriott and others, was out just before Whitsuntide and was much in evidence at Shrewsbury and around the course.

Many members will already have their copies and those who have not yet bought one are urged to do so without delay. They may be obtained from T. Stephenson & Sons, Ltd., Prescott, price one guinea.

As it will be necessary to dispose of a considerable number to non-members if a heavy financial loss is to be avoided, members will help by making the publication as widely known as possible.

THE PHOTOGRAPH RUN

We are hoping for a really representative gathering at Spurstow on Saturday, the 23rd June, when the Club photograph will be taken. Members coming out by car are again urged to look up some of our veteran members and bring them along. Holmwood Café is a pleasant venue set in some of Cheshire's best country, so roll up and make this fixture a real summer rally.

RACING NOTES

Help is urgently needed with our job in connection with the W.C.T.T.C.A. "12" on July 1st, when the Anfield is responsible for a stretch of course including the "Peacock" (Chester), Aldford, Churton, Farndon and Broxton. Helpers will be needed from approximately 8-30 a.m. and any members able to assist should contact Jack Salt or John Futter without delay.

A.B.C. rides in West Cheshire events:—

"25" 8th April		"30" 22nd April	
J. C. Futter	1- 6-29	J. C. Futter	1-17-20
A. Howarth	1- 8- 6	A. Howarth	1-20-39
B. Wright	1-13-17	B. Wright	1-26-45
J. J. Salt	1-15-33	J. J. Salt	1-29- 0

Fastest time in both events was made by V. Denson (Chester R.C.) with 1-1-42 and 1-13-28.

Liverpool Olympic 2nd Class "25"—Dennis Jones, 1-9-58.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Life Member and famous racing man of the 'nineties', J. A. Bennett, who won our '100' in 1891, '92 and '94, has been ill for some time and confined to bed. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Alan Gorman missed the '100' owing to Whit week-end falling in the middle of his holiday in Shetland.

Dave Brown has been taking driving lessons and we hear that, after fighting a losing battle for some years, Hugh Fletcher has given in to his better-half and bought a car.

News that Rex Austin was contemplating a ride in the 10th Triennial Veterans' Ride (C.T.C.) on June 10th is confirmed by Cyril Rowson, who is riding in this 100 miles event and found R.J.'s name on the starter's list.

As noted elsewhere in this issue, Jimmy Long and Guy Pullan are engaged to be married and whilst wishing both of them many years of health and happiness in double harness may we also hope that the reins will not be held too tight for them to get out frequently to see us.

The Sunday run to Church Stretton in mid May was attended by Salty, John Futter and Don Williams, who had a grand ride notwithstanding a rather tough wind. Lunch was taken at Leebotwood. A week earlier Len Walls had journeyed to Llanrhadr in the Vale of Clwyd but failed to find any other Anfielders.

Week-night meets continue at Two Mills (Tuesday) and Kirkby (Wednesday) and there is plenty of room at both places for re-inforcements.

RUNS

HALTON HEATH, 14TH APRIL 1956. CLUB "25"

With a time of 1.5.2, John Futter was fastest and also took the handicap award. Alf Howarth, 1.9.5, Jack Salt 1.12.50, and Donald Williams 1.20.2, completed the finishing list. Brian Wright, D.N.F., Ben Griffiths, D.N.F., and D.N.W.U.R. (Did Not Write Up Run); Black Mark, Griffiths!

Others out on the course were the President, Jimmy Long (Time-keeper) and Mrs. Hinde, Bren (senior) (check at turn) and Mrs. Orrell, Guy Pullan, Frank Chandler and Ken Barker and family.

SPURSTOW, 21ST APRIL 1956

Can it be that thirty odd miles each way is too much for the present-day Anfielder on a mild and sunny afternoon? How else explain why only eight made the journey to this pleasant South Cheshire café? Chandler, Gorman, Green, Newton, Orrell, Perkins, Pullan and Williamson enjoyed a meal and chat. We speculated on the reason for the small attendance and enjoyed Bert's never failing fund of

humorous reminiscence. I made up a quartet for the homeward journey and we made a respectable pace as far as the Windmill Inn at Tabley, whereupon my three companions disappeared inside leaving me the final twelve or so miles to cover time trial fashion.

FARNDON, 28TH APRIL 1956

Hedgerows and fields bordering familiar Wirral lanes were at their best in new spring green; a favourable wind made for easy progress to the ancient City of Chester but crowded streets offered no attraction when the alternative was a pleasant dawdle along the Dee to Farnndon.

The way through Aldford and Churton offered wide vistas of Welsh hills, the Crook of Dee and the Peckforton uplands with Beeston's mighty crag rising sharply from the plain.

Rowley Hill Café looked attractive in the sunshine and a friendly farm dog wagged approvingly as I sat in the garden to smoke and await further arrivals.

The Editor was soon joined by John Futter and Mary, Ben Griffiths and Donald Williams, speculation regarding further attenders, in view of the C.T.C. meeting in Liverpool, was cut short by the arrival of Len Hill, who completed the party of six at tea.

The two Broughton lads made off for Farnndon and the direct route home, while John and Mary provided shelter and gentle pace as far as Chester for the two old crocks who later managed to raise sufficient gallop to be in time to see the shutters put up at Two Mills. Disappointment was shortlived however, for a rebuilt and friendly Eureka Café nearby provided tea and biscuits to put the finishing touch to a very pleasant run.

And yet the tale is not complete, for the finishing touch had been provided three miles back along the Top Road where Len and Ken passed a "penny-farthing" and rider moving at the rate of knots. More water, you say? But both those worthies are prepared to swear to it, hand on heart.

SOMERFORD, 28TH APRIL 1956

The last Saturday of April was fine with a strong helping wind for the Manchester section making towards Sunnyside Café. The President and writer followed a quiet lane route via Peover Heath, Goostrey and Sweetenham and made such good time that a few minutes after five o'clock we were walking up Radnor Bank with the tea venue in sight.

We were not the first however, for as we breasted the hill the bulky figure of Stan Bradley could be seen on the road ahead. Whilst exchanging greetings Dave Brown arrived and a little later Alan Gorman and his son Anthony joined us to complete the party.

Somerford is a pleasant place to linger on Saturday afternoons in contrast to its crowded state on Sundays, and the tea was the usual enjoyable meal with the opportunity to give our news and expound our views.

Dave spoke of "getting fit" for Whitsuntide and certainly looked as though he could afford to lose a pound or two accumulated during the off season.

Stan Bradley has done it again. No saddle spring is safe when he gets aloft and gives a mighty lunge on the pedal. An ominous crack and another perch went back to the makers.

We left for the homeward run together and, except for Stan, made a Club run of it as far as Mobberley, where we parted ways with the President.

The highlight of the day was that we were almost home in good daylight thanks to British Summer-time and the genius who introduced it. He has given many golden hours of sunshine to cyclists, and there will be no prize for the first to send a postcard saying who it was who first thought of advancing the clock during the Spring and Summer.

GREAT BUDWORTH, 12TH MAY 1956

One advantage of living in the industrial part of Lancashire is the pleasure one derives in getting away from it, and this Saturday brought it home more forcibly than ever before to Fred Churchill and myself as we made our way through the atmosphere of Widnes to that monument of British engineering, the Transporter Bridge. Crossing it, we climbed out of the valley with one thought—where was the fresh air?

Round the bend within a quarter mile we were in a different land. Having exchanged a grin of contentment, we sniffed hard and pressed on through Cheshire's leafy lanes on a beam wind.

At five p.m. with time in hand, we dropped off the bicycles and walked up the hill to Great Budworth village. Passing one who evidently "belonged" we were caught up in a conversation, and before reaching the crest of the hill we had all the disadvantages of Budworth's living standards, even to the rent the poor blighter had to pay; Fred was almost dipping down to help him out. However, reaching the top of the hill, the native mounted his steed, his parting shot being, "I wouldn't live anywhere else though"; this, after such a tirade, left us speechless and gaping. Mounting the bicycles with a muttered "It takes all kinds to make a world" from Fred, we ambled up to Smithy Cottage, to meet the early arrivals. Five-forty-five p.m. brought us to the tea table to which we did full justice, and after a mixed conversation which varied from the local flora and fauna to

the gullibility of the public on television aerials and their uses, we pedalled away into the evening sunset across Stretton Airfield, then through Warrington town and home to bed.

Those present were Bert Green, Guy Pullan, Stan Bradley, Wilf Orrell, Bren Orrell, Jack Newton, Percy Williamson, Fred Churchill and Harry Clayworth.

WHIT WEEK-END, 19/21 MAY 1956—SHREWSBURY AND THE "100"

After such a glorious Easter it seemed too much to hope for a repeat performance at Whitsuntide, yet, notwithstanding threats of rain for the Monday, blue skies prevailed throughout the week-end and the sun shone benignly on all except Fred Churchill, Jack Davies, Bert Preston and other happy bachelors to whom the news that Jimmy Long and Guy Pullan are deserting their ranks to join the Benedicts meant dark shadows on the path.

Anfielders were dotted about Shrewsbury and the surrounding countryside in readiness for Monday's big event. A small but select band foregathered for Sunday lunch at the Stokesay Castle Hotel, Craven Arms, where Bert Green presided over the party which included Jack and Mrs. Beauchamp (Bath Road), Percy and Mrs. Williamson, George and Mrs. Parr, Jimmy Long and Mrs. Hinde, Guy Pullan, Arthur Birkby, Len Walls, Peter Rock, Dave Brown, Bert Preston and Len Hill. Stan Wild, up from his exile in Bexhill-on-Sea, to time the '100' and wanting to climb some hills, made for Clun via the Hope Valley.

Among visiting clubmen (other than riders) seen at the Lion or on the course were Frank Slemen, who handicapped the riders, Ed. Green, Johnny Williams, Cliff Baxter, Arthur Wood and Bill Cuthbert (C.R.C.) and Alex Smith (Huddersfield R.C.).

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANFIELD "100"

Monday dawned bright but intensely cold with signs of frost appearing as a slight dampness on the roof tops. There was little wind and conditions pointed to a fast morning but probably the majority of riders were affected by the cold during the early miles for times generally did not come up to expectations.

Stan Wild, watch in hand, was supported by Bert Green, Eric Reeves, Ira Thomas, Jack Pitchford, Ned Haynes and Hubert Buckley, who pushed off all ninety-seven starters leaving a patch of road looking as if a carhorse had been stamping there. Bren Senior and Junior were also there ready to marshal the second half of the course.

A number of riders allowed insufficient time for their numbers to be fixed without losing valuable seconds although a warning was given on the card.

No. 1 was a non-starter and at 5-02 a.m. No. 2, J. Harris (Warrington R.C.) was pushed off on the first leg south to Salty and Don Stewart at Onibury (21½ m.) where he was first arrival, closely followed by No. 5 (Quilty, Saxon R.C.).

Times over this stretch averaged just inside the hour but it is too early here to forecast the pattern of the race and we pass on to the half-way point where Rex Austin, with Bob, is waiting to take 50 mile times. On the way up, Alf Howarth, Peter Rock, Walter Thorpe, Dave Brown and Peter Stevie will be found with the first drinks near the "Lazy Trout", a fine array of milk churns and fire-buckets providing storage for the precious liquid, then Norman Heath is on duty at Meole Brace, the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers are watching the islands and at Shelton Oak (47 m.) the Birkenhead North End C.C. are again manning the second drinks station.

There was a minor sensation at 50 miles when W. Baxter, Nelson Wheelers (an 18 minutes man) stormed through fastest in 2.9.1. It later transpired that he had been caught after five miles by his minute man, Faulkner, and a terrific scrap had ensued until the Mercury man had punctured at 45 miles.

Second fastest was G. J. Kay (Lancs. R.C.) with 2.11.19, then Bunting (Liverpool Unity), 2.11.21, Faulkner, 2.11.24 (with a tyre change), J. K. Lawton, Chester R.C., 2.11.29, our own John Futter, 2.11.57, H. Whitehouse, Manchester Wheelers, 2.12.1, and Ken Pickford, scratchman and fancied winner, eighth with 2.12.6.

Alan Blackman, long distance star of the North Road and Geoff Baker (Mersey Roads Club) were up and going well enough to finish fourth and second respectively after lying tenth and eleventh at the halfway mark whilst Doug Middleton (West Pennine R.C.), Denson (Chester R.C.) and Moon (Melling Wheelers) fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth at 50 miles finished seventh, sixth and fifth respectively. Pollitt (Mercury R.C.) thirteenth here, finished thirteenth also but this is evidently not his unlucky number for his ride was good enough to complete an excellent Mercury R.C. team and take a medal.

At Rowton, Len Hill and Bert Preston sent the riders on to George Parr and Jack Davies at Alberbury, Jimmy Long at Llandrimio Bridge and Ken Barker and family at the fork before the Maerdy turn, ably manned by Rigby Band and Arthur Williams.

The usual efficient band of Mersey Roaders looked after drinks (both ways) at Four Crosses and Guy Pullan waited with Frank Marriott at Llyncllys to turn the field up the Tanat valley, passing Arthur Birkby and brother Carl at Llanyblodwel before coming to the top turn (Llanrhaidr, 73½ m.) with check, drinks, sponges, and all modern conveniences dispensed by Eric Musthill and others of the East Liverpool Wheelers.

The check here showed Pickford holding a slender lead over Faulkner with Bunting, Denson, Whitehouse, Baker and Blackman still showing plenty of fight and with just over twenty-seven miles to go the final placings were by no means settled.

With conditions apparently so favourable the first man home was expected a shade earlier than usual; in fact he was somewhat later and it was 9.47.3 when No. 10, P. Beswick (Manchester Victoria Wheelers) crossed the line to clock 4.37.3. Only three seconds behind was No. 5 (Quilty, Saxon R.C.), clocking 4.42.6, then came Denson, No. 20 on the card to finish a fine ride in 4.31.11, a 15 secs. late start in no way affecting his sixth place in the finishing list.

Next to arrive was No. 13, L. Turner, Spartan R.C., whose 4.39.35 gave him second handicap award with 25 minutes assistance from Frank Slemen.

G. Moon, Melling Wheelers, romped home with 4.30.3 to be chased up Montford Lane to the finish by No. 37, G. A. Baker, Mersey Roads Club, whose 4.27.20 ultimately proved too good for all but Pickford and provided the major sensation of the event.

Interest now centred on Ken Price, twenty-four hours record holder, No. 40 on the card, but he seemed below his best and finished with 4.41.12 barely two minutes before scratchman Pickford stormed up the lane to record 4.23.53 for fastest time of the day. Several good men were still to come including Faulkner and Blackman, whose 4.28.17 and 4.29.34 eventually gave them third and fourth places. Faulkner's ride also sealing the fate of the first team medals.

With the last of the eighty-five finishers across the line, eighty of them inside five hours, there remained but the final checking to be done. The full result sheet is attached and at the top is a name which has appeared near the premier position so often that it is fitting that K. Pickford, Mercury R.C., should at last emerge winner of an Anfield "100".

Thirty-seven members were out and in addition to those already mentioned H. S. Barratt, Ben Griffiths and Reg Wilson were assisting at the finish.

We can congratulate Eric Reeves on a fine piece of organisation and would thank the Birkenhead North End C.C., Mersey Roads Club, Mid Shropshire Wheelers and East Liverpool Wheelers for their assistance.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

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Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI

JULY 1956

NUMBER 601

FIXTURES

AUGUST

4-6 TOUR. BATH ROAD "100"

4 KIRKBY (Cottage Café). SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café).

11 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café).

18 TARVIN (George and Dragon).

19 DALTON (Prescott's Farm). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.

25 LOWER WHITLEY (Tall Trees Café).

Tuesday evenings — TWO MILLS.

Wednesday evenings—"Waggoners' Arms", Downholland, Ormskirk
Road.

*Will Liverpool members note the new venue for Wednesday evening
meets?*

PARDON ME

But your Red Slip is showing! We don't want this to happen but eighteen members have had reminders that their subscriptions are overdue and the next step involves a report by the Treasurer to the Committee and then Red Slips.

All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby, branch.

"100" AFTERTHOUGHTS

The L.T.T.C.A. "100" a week after "Ours" was won by G. Moon, Melling Wheelers, in 4.21.24 following a Whitsun ride of 4.30.3 for 5th place. Bunting and Kennedy, Liverpool Unity, were second and third after taking second team medals in our event. G. A. Baker, Mersey Roads Club, second to Pickford, was seventh with a ride some eight minutes slower than his Whit Monday effort. Pickford won the Cheshire R.C. and Dukinfield Fifties on successive weekends prior to Whit and the Mercury R.C. collected first team prizes on each occasion.

We omitted to acknowledge very full notes from Stan Wild and snippets from Len Hill and others which made the "100" report possible. Jimmy Long collected No. 94, who had crashed with four miles to go and took him (and bicycle) to Shrewsbury.

Our roving eye reports that on the Tuesday evening following the "100" Peter Stevie couldn't resist having a go. After hacking the cobwebs off his iron he had Elsie to push him off up the road, and in next to no time had covered ten yards. The first hill (1 in 210) was a bit of a set-back but he persisted to the crest and swept down the other side to start a scrap with a lad cutting the grass outside his house. Peter was definitely gaining on him when he packed in, turned the mower round, and retreated in the opposite direction. After covering every bit of 500 yards Peter managed a nifty turn in the road and tore it up to get home before lighting up time. Apart from some saddle soreness and sundry aches and pains there have been no ill effects of a permanent nature and he expects to be driving again in time for next year's "100".

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

Cycling gave over half-a-page (21.6.56) to a fine review by "G.H.S." who concluded, "much more might be said about this enthralling book" and gave full details of price, publisher, etc.

Thank you "G.H.S." and *Cycling*.

The *Manchester Guardian* has shown much interest, and will publish a review, with illustrations if space permits.

C.T.C. VETERANS' TRIENNIAL "100"

When the ninth Triennial Veterans "100" was organised by the C.T.C. in 1953 I would dearly have liked to have ridden that century over the glorious Surrey lanes, but not being able to find a companion for the journey to and from London, where the ride started, I had to give up the idea, although I had the grey hair qualifications to take part in it. This year, however, the ride was run separately for the north and south of Britain, so on Sunday, June 10th I caught the

first train from Liverpool Central to Manchester and duly signed the starting sheet on the plinth of a monument in Albert Square. Altogether there were fifty-two entrants, necessitating three separate groups. The first group wore a gold ribbon and consisted of eighteen riders, whose ages ranged from 78 to 57 years, although the leader and deputy leader were much younger. The second group, the Light Blues, amongst which I was to be found, started ten minutes after the "Golds" had got away. There were seventeen riders in this group, ages 56 to 52, and ten minutes after us came another group of seven teen, the "Reds", which, before the day was out we called "The-Boys", for they were those who had just passed the half-century. I know that the C.T.C. officials had been hoping that some high dignitary of Manchester would see us off, but we all got away on our hundred mile jaunt without any fanfare, except the whirr of a television camera and the click of shutters. First of all, I must tell you that the leader of the whole ride was Cliff Andrews, of Bournemouth, Chairman of the C.T.C. Council, with Harry Chapman, of Altrincham, as deputy. Bill Oakley, of *Cycling*, was doing his stuff in the Southern section, around the byways of the Home Counties, with our dear friend G. H. Stancer plodding along steadily on his "barrow". What an epitome of C.T.C. keenness, when a 78 year old president takes to the road for a century run, and furthermore accomplishes it within the specified time! Amongst the "Light Blues" I located Claxton-Smith, from Stockton-on-Tees, an enthusiastic Alpine tourist who, before the war, had climbed many French and Swiss passes with "Hodites". Then there was A. Chapman, a well-known Nottingham enthusiast, and F. Goodwin, of Huddersfield, who despite his 54 years, is a rough-stuff adherent, with almost boundless energy. Amongst "The Boys" were Ossie Dover and Stan Barker of Liverpool "Forty-Plus" Section, and in the "Golds" J. Tarrant, of Waterloo, 70 years young, and not unlike F. J. Urry in appearance. The oldest participant was W. Crossley, of Leeds, 78 years of age who, on a roadster bicycle, got through quite comfortably.

From Manchester the route lay through Timperley and Ashley and alongside Tatton Park to Knutsford for "elevenses", then to Overton Hill, Frodsham, for lunch by way of Plumbley, Great Budworth, Acton Bridge and Crowton. After an hour's welcome break we were on the road to Mouldsworth, Kelsall, Huxley and Beeston Castle, then came the long trek to Goostrey by Eaton, Oulton Park, Middlewich, and the "Three Greyhounds", Rudheath. As expected, Mrs. Bates did us proud, and here C.T.C. Councillors Bob Carmichael-Riddell and Fred Longley and their ladies lent a hand in no uncertain manner to see that we wanted for nothing. And so the last lap to Altrincham was embarked on, but it seemed a long one, for we did a complete tour around the great radio tele-

scope at Jodrell Bank, before making for Altrincham, where we finished our century outside the Town Hall, and where half-an-hour later we "tea-ed" with the Mayor, Councillor E. J. Horley, who presented the certificates to the successful entrants. I fancy all got through bar one and there was one "un-official" rider who did the ride, but who got no certificate. Riding a Dursley-Pedersen, judging by its appearance about fifty years old, he hung on to the various groups all the way round, and although informed that he could not be considered in the ride he continued to the finish. I hope they relented and gave him "a scrap of paper".

C.R.R.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Last year Len Walls missed the best English summer for years while getting wet on the continent. This year he went to Scotland for his fortnight's rain at the same time that Cyril Rowson was sunning himself in the French Alps.

At the C.T.C. A.G.M. in Liverpool Guy Pullan was elected a Trustee of the General Reserve Fund. He has recently had one of his R.R.A. models re-conditioned regardless of expense.

We hear on the best possible authority (Bren Senior) that Bren Junior is to be married early in August.

A note from Sid Carver tells how he rode in the Yorkshire V.T.T.A. "50" on 24th June and recorded 2.26.33; nothing to shout about, he says, even at 44. We beg to differ but agree that it "proves that one of the pitiful exilia still does a bit of cycling". Sid hopes (and so do we) that it may be possible for his name to be on the sheet for the next Club "50".

All this prompted us to dig into the "PENDING" file for a note now some months old, from Norman Turvey who also "still does a bit of cycling". One of the early Saughall Beer-Biters, Norman started a regular series of thirty mile Wednesday evening rides in 1923 and kept them up, usually solo, on his removal to Yorkshire in 1926, then London, and now in Westmorland. With very few "misses" in thirty-three years this is a grand record and must tot up to a fine aggregate of miles and memories.

RUNS

TARVIN, 19TH MAY 1956

The Captain was away in London or somewhere, so the Secretary spoke up loudly, "Who will write the Run?" Ghastly silence prevailed, strong men with iron nerves remained still and mute until the silence hurt, and the ragged nerves of this weak one collapsed and the voice croaked "I will". "Bravo" came the cries and the weak one smugly blushed with pride, made a list of members present, and then promptly forget all about it.

So three weeks later a guilty hand scribbles and a guilty mind tries to recollect "What" and "Why". I know I rode out through the lanes, under a brightness from above, and after the sweetness of the Mollington-Backford maze of lanes, the Stamford Bridge to Tarvin road was noisy and cancerous.

The George and Dragon was the venue and I recollect Frank Chandler buying us beer, and making our mouths water with tales of a recent tour to the Scottish lowlands, the Burns country, and of the greatness of Hadrian's Wall.

I recollect the marriage brokers marrying Guy Pullan and Jimmy Long (no—not to each other). Gazing into the crystal ball I saw and heard the horror of Fred Churchill, when he found the two aforementioned proverbial bachelors were ending their days of freedom, and I remembered the predilection the good Freddy has for a certain crude old English noise, with a strong Lancashire connotation, which he uses as noun, verb and adjective, of course most adjectivally when he hears of good Anfield bachelors giving in.

So the scribe's arm grows tired, and I recollect, so did the knees, on the way home, and at Two Mills the evening cup of tea was taken. "Eureka", I cry, as I remember that was the name of the café; 'twas an enjoyable run if not an enjoyable write-up.

Members present were Messrs. Green, Chandler, Birkby, Newton, Churchill, Clayworth, Howarth, Hill and Wright.

DALTON, 2ND JUNE 1956

Pity the poor Hon. Sec. who ordered tea at Prescott's Farm, presuming that about half-a-dozen would turn up. When he arrived there were already five waiting, then came a series of contraptions, including a couple of "barrows", which disgorged nearly a dozen Anfielders, making sixteen in all. One conveyance seemed to have a foreign registration and bore a coat-of-arms consisting of "a meat pie proper, surmounted by a steep-gabled roof, with television aerial, forming the initial L.H." It turned out to be from Heswall. As first things always come first to the Anfield, our captain was congratulated all round on his proposed matrimonial venture, but although I have his authority to be as rude as I like in this report, seeing I am probably one of Guy's oldest friends, I will not divulge any of the advice so gratuitously given to him. With so many extra mouths to feed, Mrs. Barnes rose nobly to the occasion, and everyone still agrees it is one of our best houses of call. Whilst we were under the ancient roof-trees of Prescott's Farm (and, believe me, they are ancient) Arthur Birkby quietly reminded those members, who have not yet bought "THE BLACK ANFIELDERS", that copies are still available, whilst I really enjoyed a long chat with Frank Chandler, attending his 994th run. I can recall a previous conversation with

Frank about thirty years ago. I wonder if he remembers it. At the time he was Chief Consul for Cheshire and I was C.C. for neighbouring Flintshire, and a quixotic action of mine almost caused a minor crisis within the C.T.C. Frank would not appoint to the C.T.C. list a certain place at Shotwick, where I was then a "blue-eye", so I very conveniently moved the Welsh border from Sealand Marsh to the big dip in the Queensferry road, so that the proposed appointment would come under my jurisdiction. But my wicked plan came to nought. After tea, seeing that we should encounter rather strong winds on the return journey, George Connor, Rigby, Guy, and the writer got away to an early start, choosing Newburgh, Ring o' Bells, and Tower Hill. After seeing Rigby almost to his doorstep, George left for Southport, and I last saw Guy disappearing into the native quarter of Ormskirk. And so, like the poet Gray's ploughman, I was left to "plod my weary homeward way" over Aughton Hill. But lo! At Cunsough road junction there is strange activity, for two bikes and a barrow appeared over the top of the rise, and so I had the company of Frank Chandler, Arthur Birkby and Frank Perkins as far as Fazakerley R.A.F. station, three miles from my home.

Others on this well-attended fixture were Fred Churchill (in a very natty suit), B. Wright, Len Hill, F. Perkins, A. Williams, A. Preston, H. Clayworth, George Parr, Cyril Rowson, and last, but by no means least, our sorely-tried Secretary. Peter Robinson, a prospective member, also shared in the festivities.

WILDBOARCLOUGH, 2ND JUNE 1956

There are many routes by which one may approach the Stanley Arms—the Buxton main road, via Macclesfield Forest Chapel, Langley Reservoir route or Cluelow Cross and the Clough, but whichever direction one prefers all are delightful and lead in good time to the little inn standing in the secluded hollow at the head of Wildboareclough.

If a day can be arranged with a full gale blowing from the west it is an exhilarating experience to leave Macclesfield by the Buxton road and climb to the 1,700 feet summit with little effort. There was no gale today but a moderate favourable wind gave kindly assistance to the turn for the inn. Then the fast drop to "Stanleys", a haven so comparatively easy of access from Manchester and yet so remote.

There were only three of us to represent our section today and the familiar tea room was very quiet.

A short heavy rain storm caught us on the descent but capes were dispensed with at Macclesfield and though the evening was not bright it was pleasant for the remainder of the ride home.

Members present were the President, Eddie Goodall and Percy Williamson.

SECOND CLUB "50". HATTON HEATH, 9TH JUNE 1956

The Birthday Run at Halewood was my last Club run awheel, and questioning my state of fitness I made my way via the Tunnel and Birkenhead towards Chester. The first miles seemed easy enough, but in the vicinity of Hoole Island I found myself pushing hard, and not moving very fast.

Shortly after five o'clock I arrived at Hatton Heath to hear that six riders out of a possible field of ten had started. The number of finishers was unfortunately reduced to four because Den Jones and Reg Wilson went off course at Ridley and eventually arrived in Tarporley.

Whilst the riders were away Bert, Jimmy Long, Arthur Birkby, Guy Pullan, Frank Chandler, Mrs. Wilson and I sat down to tea. We were later joined by Fred Churchill, Harry Clayworth and Len, the barrow boy, Hill.

In "horsey" parlance it was rather a one horse race, John Futter, starting last, caught everyone and finished with fastest and handicap in 2.14.27. The most interesting part of the event was the handicap where John, Don Williams and Alan were covered by six seconds. This was hard luck for Don riding his first "50" and missing the handicap by four seconds. Dave Brown completed the finishers, Bren and Mrs. Orrell, Mary Futter, Alf Howarth and a prospective, who had been round the course, completed a rather good turnout.

I left on my own and made my way through Turvin and Mouldsworth to Frodsham. Lack of miles started to show on the drag up Rocksavage, and my ego sunk to about zero. On the climb a youngster of fourteen caught me, told me I was too high geared (at 69 inches) and was doing very well considering my state of fitness. This increased my ego to plus one, but it immediately sank to minus one when he said that he told his pals who were further behind that he would catch me before the top. I was beginning to think of this youngster as a likely prospective and was just going to pop the question, when he asked me if I would like to join the Ditton British Legion youth section cycling club. That was the last straw and I left him just outside Runcorn to await the arrival of his friends!

The last miles proved uneventful and on arriving home I thought a few more runs might give me some semblance of fitness again.

	H'cap.		
J. Futter	scr.	2.14.27	1st handicap.
A. Gorman	10	2.24.33	
D. Williams	20	2.34.31	
D. Brown	25	2.53.24	
R. Wilson and D. Jones	—D.N.F.		

TARVIN, 16TH JUNE 1956

A dull and cold morning, then came the rain, the gentle kind, which, with the wind somewhere from the East generally means hours and hours of it. So it proved, and caping up I rode off to call for Albert Preston. His sister had a cup of tea waiting, and that, with a pleasant chat, whiled away the next half-hour. Then capes again and on to Two Mills for another "cuppa" and a short rest before making for Mollington and the lanes to Buckford, Upton and Guilden Sutton and so to the main road just short of Stamford Bridge. The next few miles were pretty grim with fast motor traffic forcing us down to the verge, which was awash.

Seemingly those from Manchester were more fortunate, being able to reach halfway before running into rain.

Alan Gorman, Ben Griffiths and Guy Pullan we found chatting, and along with our two selves, Jack Newton, Bren Orrell, Brian Wright and Alf Howarth brought the number to nine, against an estimated seven or eight. Then the Presider and Percy Williamson and a very late scholar in Len Hill made up twelve, a good attendance considering the weather. A nice tea and conversation about many things soon whiled the next hour or so and eventually the Wirral men, plus our Southport pair, caped up again and got on with it.

Returning by the same route until reaching Backford, we all travelled down to the Capenhurst turn on the main road and here Len, Albert and Perkins said good night, turned into the lane and immediately slowed down. The half wheeling up in front had brought us along at a fair pace and I for one was glad of a respite. Two Mills Café was closed, not unexpectedly on such a wet night and our ride turned into a non-stop effort, your reporter reaching home just as the rain eased and almost stopped.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI

AUGUST 1956

NUMBER 602

FIXTURES

SEPTEMBER

- 1 THIRD CLUB "50". H.Q., Hatton Heath
- 8 DELAMERE. (Four Ways Restaurant, near Abbey Arms)
- 10 COMMITTEE MEETING. Free Church Centre, Liverpool
- 15 FOURTH CLUB "25". H.Q. Holmwood Café, Spurstow
- 16 DALTON. (Prescott's Farm). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.
- 22 TARVIN. (George & Dragon)
- 29 LOWER WHITLEY. (Tall Trees Café).

The A.G.M. (Halewood) and the Autumnal Tints Tour have been fixed for the 20th and 27th October, respectively.

All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby, branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

New member elected:—PETER EDWARD ROBINSON, 9 Barnwood Road, Huyton, Lancs., has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

Applications for membership:—HENRY HILHOUSE DUCK, 137 Darley Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

Proposed by A. Gorman, seconded by W. Thorpe.

JOHN PARR, 140 Warrington Road, Prescott, Lancs.

Proposed by W. Thorpe, seconded by A. Gorman.

HERBERT WOOD, 1 Clarendon Road, Hazelgrove, Cheshire.

Proposed by D. H. Brown, seconded by A. Howarth.

Will members who have claims for runs, or items for the agenda for the A.G.M., please let me have them as soon as possible?

A. HOWARTH,

Hon. Secretary.

CONTROL OF ROAD SPORT

The inclusion of a clause in the new Road Traffic Bill giving the Government powers to regulate both time trials and massed start races was by no means unforeseen. Ever since massed start racing was introduced on to the public roads of this country the threat of control has been present. During the past two-year trial period, during which conditions suggested by the Ministry have been ignored completely it has become increasingly obvious that some action would be taken.

In an editorial article in *Cycling* (5.7.56) it was stated that "The threat we now face in the conduct of both the branches of our road sport is unquestionably the outcome of those who insisted on using the highway without that restraint which increasing traffic and public convenience showed to be necessary in a changing world".

So far the distinction between time trials and massed start events has been publicly recognised and it has been stated on numerous occasions that there is no desire to interfere with the former. Time alone will tell whether or not our old-established game is allowed to continue unchecked. If the R.T.T.C. stands firm for control of time trials and refuses to play about with the other code and if even a few clubs, the Anfield among them, give clear and undivided allegiance to the Council all could still be well. Unless the old-established road clubs give a firm lead anything can happen.

RACING NOTES

Apart from the Club "25", reported elsewhere, the only result to hand is that of the Bootle St. Christopher's C.C. "25" in which John Futter recorded 1.5.17, Alan Gorman 1.6.11 and Alf Howarth (one minute late start) 1.8.37.

The last Club event, a "25" on the 15th September, is to be based on the Holmwood Café, Spurstow and not on Hatton Heath. It is hoped that there will be a good field and a large turn-out of other members to support this end-of-season experiment.

Which will come first, the under-four-hours "100" or the over 480 miles "24". This question which has for years exercised the minds of the pundits, has now been answered by D. H. White, Swindon Wheelers, who covered 484 miles 1,420 yds. in the Catford "24" only a fortnight before R. C. Booty, Ericcson Wheelers clocked 3.58.28 in the Bath Road Club "100" on August Bank Holiday. The measure of these two record rides can be gauged from the fact that White won the Catford event by nineteen miles and Booty beat the next man in a first-class field by eleven and a half minutes. P. E. A. Carter, South Lanes, R.C. recorded his fourth win in the Mersey Roads Club "24" with 461.8 miles. Fourth was Alf Crimes on a "barrow" with 436.5 miles.

CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Whilst the majority of Anfielders were making the Annual Whitsun pilgrimage to Shrewsbury, I was at Oundle School acting in my military capacity in connection with the O.T.C.

During the week-end I stayed at 'The Crown', the village pub at Elton, which lies between Oundle and Peterborough. The landlord was a Colonel Mills—and the sight of a history of the Catford C.C. caused me to add two and two and—you're right!—his father was the great G. P. Mills of Anfield and cycling fame.

Reminiscences and discourse on being the son of a famous father were most interesting and he offered hospitality to any Anfielders who happened to be in the area.

Perhaps this will be of interest to members—and I feel sure that he would buy a copy of *THE BLACK ANFIELDERS*.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

TOM SHERMAN.

FRANK J. URRY, M.B.E.

The death on the 24th June, of Frank Urry came as a great shock to the cycling community, for although he had not enjoyed good health for some time, the severity of his illness had not been fully realised.

He joined the Midlands C. & A.C. in 1894, at the age of fifteen and entered enthusiastically into all the activities of that great Midland club which he was later to serve as secretary for twenty-one years, and editor of the *Roll Call* for a similar time, the two periods of office overlapping by some five or six years.

He was a great worker for the C.T.C., of which he was an honorary life member and served as president. In 1938 he was awarded the "Bidlake Memorial Prize" and he was also the recipient of the "Sir Alfred Bird Memorial Prize" whilst in the Birthday Honours List of 1952 he was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire.

The Centenary Club, an organisation to bring together leading executives in the cycle industry for the purpose of touring on bicycles was his inspiration.

Frank Urry's daughter is married to Philip Westall, the present editor of the *Roll Call*.

FOR WINTER READING

The Making of the English Landscape, by W. G. Hoskins, is the introductory volume of a series which is planned to cover various counties, describing how the pattern of our countryside fell into place.

The introductory volume is a mine of information and is well worth study by any cyclist who takes an interest in the varied scenes to which his bicycle may introduce him.

Shrewsbury Street Names, by John L. Hobbs, is a book with an instant appeal to Anfielders.

Written by the borough librarian of this ancient town with so many Anfield associations, it traces the origins of Murivance, Mardol, Wyle Cop and many others, to us, quaint sounding street names. An appendix gives an historical note on the Shuts of Shrewsbury, the narrow passages connecting the wider thoroughfares and allowing pedestrians to make so many short cuts.

ADDENDA TO THE "HISTORY"

I quite agree with Frank Marriott that the Club's history should have been written twenty-five years ago, when quite a few of those who had played a prominent part in the early days of "The Anfield" were still with us. It would certainly have been a much easier task and a great deal would have been added to the story. However, better late than never. I think all those who have read *THE BLACK ANFIELDER* (and I hope that includes everybody in the Club) will agree that Frank and his associates have done a first-class job with the material available. There are, however, one or two little items of interest,

particularly of the Club's early days, which have been overlooked. For instance, the late Tommy Mandall told me that the inaugural meeting of the Anfield B.C. in 1879 took place at No. 6 Lower Breck Road, Anfield. The house still stands, as does the Sandon Hotel, Houlding Street, off Oakfield Road, where many of the early committee meetings were held. It is interesting to note that, in those days, the Sandon Hotel was owned by the well-known Liverpool brewer, John Houlding, who was president of the Club in 1882 and 1883.

Although the HISTORY mentions that Lawrence Fletcher was a C.T.C. man, it omits to record that he appears in the list of fourteen names, compiled by Stanley Cotterell, founder of the C.T.C., of "the men who worked hardest in the first and most anxious year of the Club's (B.T.C.) existence." Some great names in cycling history appear on that list, such as Henry Sturmev and E. R. Shipton. Lawrence, who at the time of the formation of the B.T.C. was only seventeen years of age, was the son of a Liverpool shipowner and lived at "The Grange", Edge Lane, a large house, which stood at the corner of Botanic Road until a few years ago, on a site now occupied by the new Territorial Army building. After getting in touch with Cotterell he threw his whole weight into the new touring club, not only obtaining many members on Merseyside, but also assisting in the organisation of the consular system and the building up of the hotel list. A man of considerable literary accomplishments, Fletcher wrote several books, including *Into the Unknown*, a story of romantic adventure, comparable with those of Rider Haggard. Sometime about the turn of the century he moved to the Metropolis, and became head of the Welsbach concern, so well-known in the days of gas lights in the home.

If any member is in possession of any more information regarding Lawrence Fletcher I should be glad of it, for I am hoping to do a write-up on the subject for *The C.T.C. Gazette* at some future date. Particularly would I like a photograph of the man to whom "The Anfield" and the C.T.C. owe so much.

C. R. ROWSON

(To be continued)

NEWS IN BRIEF

Any member interested in some old press cuttings of cycling interest should contact Frank Marriott without delay. At the time of the July Committee Frank was seeking a home for this material and a note has already appeared in *Cycling*. It is not intended that anything of particular Anfield interest shall go out of the Club but there is other material of more general cycling interest for which Frank has no room.

We note from a recent *B.R. News* that in their early days our London friends decided to sell the piano from their club-room, and later offered it as a prize in their club "100". This idea has distinct possibilities and Arthur Birkby will be glad to have any redundant musical instruments in good time before next Whitsuntide. An anonymous friend has already donated three cornets in lieu of team medals and Eric Rieves will be glad to hear from any member (with a refrigerator) willing to keep them in prime condition until after the "100".

The editorial office will be closed from the 11th to the 25th August while the Blue Penciller and family sport themselves in the Lake District. The letter-box will, however, remain open and as numerous run reports are long overdue—here's hoping!

The Manchester Guardian did us proud in their review of *THE BLACK ANFIELDERS* by publishing a lengthy article illustrated with a photograph from the book.

So far, the *Daily Post*, of the city of our birth, has not even noted the publication. In sending the Manchester cutting, "in case we had not seen it," Fred Churchill wondered if perhaps the *Guardian* is banned on Merseyside. If so, both the present editor and his predecessor are regular (and unashamed) law-breakers.

A card from Zermatt reveals that Stan Wild has once more been pass-storming. Writing under the very shadow of the Matterhorn Stan says, "winding-up a wonderful tour under weather conditions which are absolutely perfect" and sends greetings to all Anfielders, some of whom he hoped to see at the Bath Road "100".

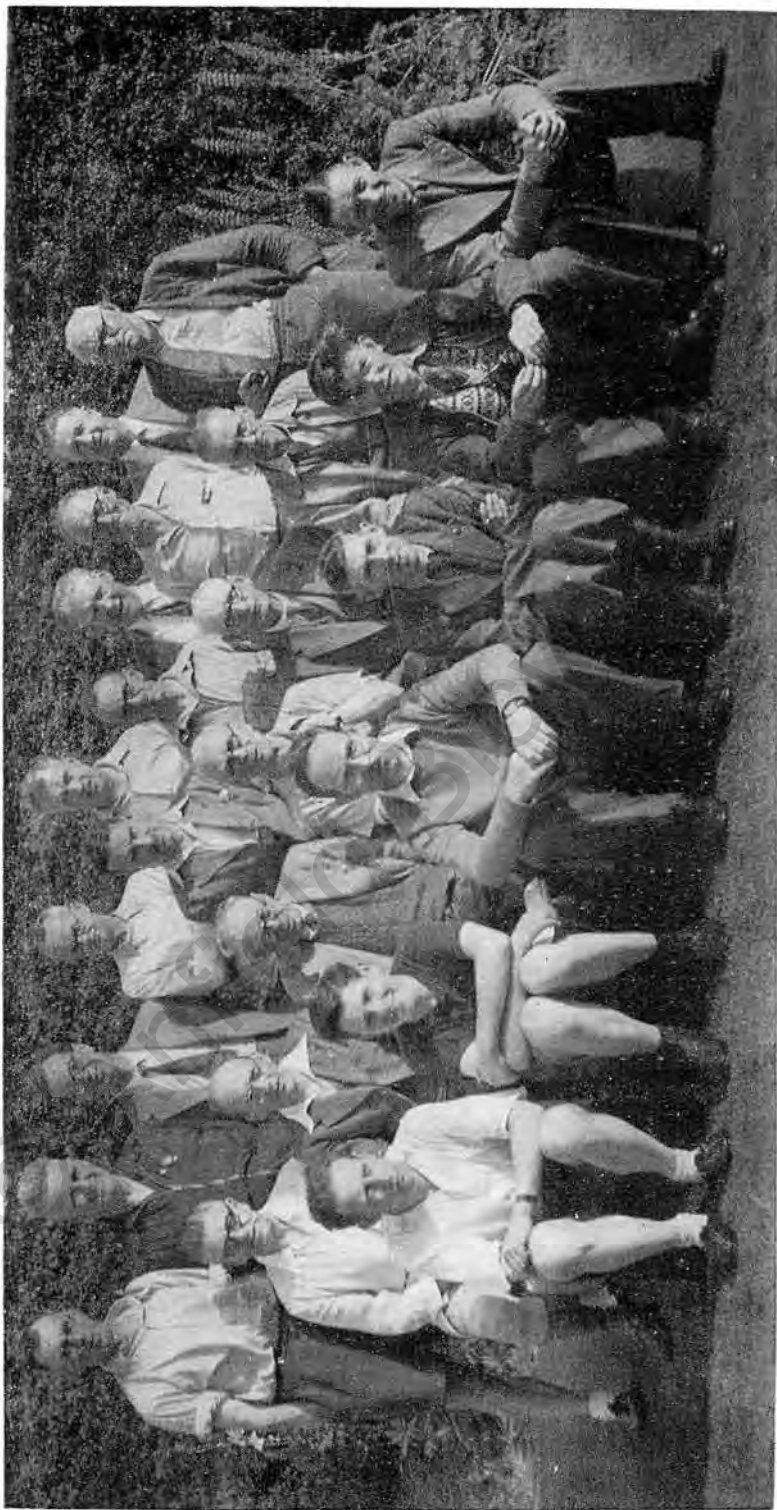
R U N S

SPURSTOW, 23RD JUNE, 1956. PHOTOGRAPH RUN

The sun shone brightly from a clear sky and a gentle breeze wafted Arthur Birkby and the editor along the traffic infested Chester Road until lanes were reached at Piper's Ash.

The Egg Bridge, Hargrave and Huxley route provided quiet riding with all the scents and sounds of a perfect summer day. The wooded slopes of the Peckforton Hills invited exploration while Beeston's ruined castle gazed benignly across the Cheshire Plain and put aside all memories of a turbulent past.

At the gateway to our meeting place, Guy Pullan chatted with Cyril Rowson who had that very morning returned from a continental tour; Salty and Len Walls joined the group just as Reg. Wilson arrived to introduce a prospective member, Spenser Jones.



*Front row (l. to r). R. Wilson, R. S. Jones, H. Catling, J. Newton, L. J. Walls, J. J. Davies.
Centre (l. to r). P. Williamson, J. Long, S. J. Buck, H. Green, W. E. Cotter, G. Parr.
Back row (l. to r). J. J. Salt, C. R. Rowson, G. G. Taylor, E. G. Pullan, L. J. Hill, F. E. Marriott, K. W. Barker, G. B. Orrell,
A. E. C. Birkby, G. Lockett, F. Chandler.
Photo by J. J. Davies*

© Anfield Bicycle Club

Geoff. Lockett arrived next, closely followed by Bert Green and Percy, then Frank Marriott and shortly we had at least one photographer for Jimmy Long brought Jack Davies and all his gear together with Zam Buck and the Mayor of Pulford (the Rt. Hon. W. E. Cotter, A.B.C.).

Frank Chandler had earlier been espied in Farndon but he arrived in good time, beating Bren Orrell Senior by half a wheel and Jack Newton by a couple of lengths or so.

From Manchester way came George Taylor and Harold Catling with a friend and some photographic impedimenta, and as a move was made towards tea, George Parr and Len Hill made the party up to twenty-four.

Holmwood Café rose nobly to the occasion and put on an excellent meal with quick and friendly attention to the demands for replenishment of pot and plate, even consulting Guy before bringing out some fancy cakes "in case the Club was paying". Unfortunately the treasurer was at the same table so another excellent idea came to nought and Affable Arthur must go down in history as an opponent of change and progress.

Shadows were creeping over the lawn as Bert Green shepherded his flock into some semblance of order. Shutters clicked and gradually the party broke up with a miniature club run of nine making for the Wirral. A sign board offering farm cheese for sale brought the group to a halt, and while the gourmets made their purchases the remainder examined with interest the fine old farmhouse with its quaint windows and chimneys.

Christleton saw the parting of the ways, some making for Chester and the rest taking the direct road for the ferry.

Leaving the latter group at Backford, Len Hill and the writer turned once more into familiar lanes through Mollington to rejoin Frank Marriott and Salty at Two Mills for a final cup of tea with another most enjoyable run nearly completed.

THIRD CLUB "25", HATTON HEATH, 7TH JULY, 1956

No report on this run is to hand as we go to press, but the following times were recorded by timekeeper Jimmy Long:—

	<i>H'cap</i>	<i>Actual time</i>	
1 J. C. Futter	scr.	1.1.45	
2 A. Howarth	30½	1.4.27	1st h'cap.
3 A. Gorman	39¼	1.5.14	
4 D. Jones	6	1.8.20	
5 D. Williams	9	1.13.35	
6 J. J. Salt	8½	1.15.24	
7 W. Thorpe	8½	1.16.30	
8 B. Wright	6	D.N.F.	Gear trouble

PRIVATE TRIALS

J. Parr	1.10.27
P. Robinson	1.11.22
M. Smith	1.19.3
H. H. Duck	1.20.43

HATCHMERE, 14TH JULY, 1956

It would have been better if the person who had suggested the run to the Lakeside Café had ascertained before-hand what their charges were, especially in view of the establishments in this trippery place being well-known for their exorbitance. The charge for the tea ran to 7/4d. per head, as against say 4/6d. at other places. The charges were all high, ranging from 3/3d. for a couple of eggs on toast, to 5/9d. for a microscopic portion of TINNED salmon. I estimate the cost per head to the establishment would be in the region of 2/3d. not allowing for a small amount to cover overheads, and that they would make about 200% profit. An appetising prospect for any of our fellows looking for a change of occupation who might set up catering at Hatchmere. They'll find plenty of fools to pay for a fleecing—Once perhaps—but never again, thank you.

Those who were so cruelly rooked were: Green, Pullan, Perkins and Chandler with the tinned salmon and Hill with the poached eggs. One wondered why there was such a poor turn-out, but perhaps it was just as well. The only pleasant piece of the whole day's outing was watching Guy Pullan riding the "aerial flight" in the fog.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR



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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : E. G. PULLAN

Hon. Secretary : A. HOWARTH, "Dalbury," Moss Side, Freshfield,
Liverpool

VOLUME LI.

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1956

NUMBER 603

FIXTURES

OCTOBER

- 6 DELAMERE (Four Ways Restaurant, Chester Road)
- 7 (Sunday). DALTON (Prescott's Farm. Lunch 1-0 p.m.)
- 13 TARVIN (George & Dragon)
- 20 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms). ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
- 21 (Sunday). SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café. Lunch 1-0 p.m.)
- 22 COMMITTEE MEETING. Free Church Centre, Liverpool.
- 27 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café). SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café).
- 27/28 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR. Sun Hotel, Llansantffraid.
- 28 (Sunday). WHITCHURCH (Hughes's. Lunch 1-0 p.m.).

NOVEMBER

- 3 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms).
- 10 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 12 COMMITTEE MEETING. Free Church Centre, Liverpool.
- 17 DALTON (Prescott's Farm). SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café).
- 24 TARVIN (George & Dragon).
- 25 (Sunday). DALTON (Prescott's Farm. Lunch 1-0 p.m.).

All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

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COMMITTEE NOTES

Autumnal Tints Tour: Terms, 18/6 dinner, bed and breakfast. Can I have names as soon as possible, please?

New Members elected: Henry Hillhouse Duck, John Parr and Herbert Wood have been elected to Full Membership.

Application for membership: Edward England, 49 Carr Bridge Road, Woodchurch, Birkenhead. Proposed by E. G. Pullen, seconded by A. Howarth. John Peter Jones, "Sunray", Hillside, Upperdale, Hawarden, Flints. Proposed by A. Howarth, seconded by L. J. Hill.

Changes of Address: J. Long, 2a Laburnum Grove, Irby, Wirral. E. Bright, Girtford, 909, High Road, North Finchley, London, N.12.

A. HOWARTH,
Hon. Secretary.

 THE CIRCULAR

When, in October last, Jimmy Long presented his accounts at the A.G.M. they showed that we were a few coppers up on the year's working. The shock to a sensitive soul like Jimmy might well have proved fatal but he rallied sufficiently to refuse a further term in office and, after nearly a year's convalescence has celebrated his new found freedom from financial worries by getting married.

During a discussion on the cost of the CIRCULAR in committee recently his successor was asked how we were making out this year but Arthur refused to be drawn, a form of torture no one (at the time) had in mind, and we must await his official announcement on the 20th October.

Two things are, however, certain; for years we have overspent up to twenty golden guilders and the CIRCULAR is by far our major item of expenditure.

An opportunity will be given at the A.G.M. for members to discuss their preferences for alternative methods of cutting down expense in this field should it prove necessary or desirable. Broadly speaking the alternatives are (1) a duplicated monthly, (2) four page issues except on a limited number of special occasions, or (3) a bi-monthly issue which would also halve the heavy cost of postages.

Obviously savings can only be made if members are prepared for a lowering of standards in one direction or another. They will assist the officers by coming to the meeting prepared to discuss and express a preference.

ADDENDA TO THE "HISTORY"

(part two)

On April 19th, 1885, there landed from the Inman liner, *City of Chicago* at Liverpool, the great Anglo-American round-the-world tourist, Thomas Stevens. After storing his high bicycle at Lime Street Station he proceeded to London by train, in order to see the late A. J. Wilson ("Faed"), who was looking after many of his arrangements. Eleven days later the global tourist returned to Liverpool to make his official start, and he was now taken in hand by the Anfield B.C. At 4 p.m. May 2nd, 1885, the formal start was made from Edge Hill Church, several hundred people having gathered to wish the rider "God speed". Let me quote Steven's own description of his departure from Merseyside: "Lawrence Fletcher, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, and a number of other Liverpool wheelmen have volunteered to meet and accompany me some distance out of the city A small sea of hats is enthusiastically waved aloft; a ripple of applause escapes from 500 English throats as I mount my glistening bicycle; and with the assistance of a few policemen, 25 Liverpool cyclers who had assembled to accompany me out extricate themselves from the crowd, mount, and fall into line two abreast; and merrily we wheel down Edge Lane and out of Liverpool." In his rather quaint present tense phrasing, Stevens also mentions the fact that Lawrence Fletcher was "soon to undertake the task of beating the tricycle record from John O'Groat's to Land's End." No doubt the party proceeded through Roby Village, down Blacklow Brow to Archway Road, thence through Huyton Village to Prescott Brow, and so on to Warrington, passing on the way the "Ship" at Rainhill, one of the Anfield's earliest houses-of-call. Often when I pass through Warrington I wonder where Stevens and his Anfielders escort stayed the night. Somehow I think it must have been the "Patten Arms", a favourite halt for nineteenth century wheelmen.

I have every reason to believe that amongst those members of our club who accompanied Stevens was D. R. Fell, who in those days lived in Lomond Road, off Edge Lane. It was from this house, which still stands, that Dave set out on his historic Liverpool to London ride. This took place thirty days before Thomas Steven's triumphant departure from Merseyside. The Ordinary Bicycle, on which Dave Fell did his epoch-making ride was on view at the Club's Diamond Jubilee Dinner of 1939, I understand, but was unfortunately destroyed when Bill Twiddle's cycle shop was "blitzed".

There are other little items also worth recording. For instance, the Wigan weekend of the "twenties", when W. P. Cook, "The Mullah", and Frank Chandler went to the top of Rivington Pike, with the late Tom Hughes as guide. But what I recall with the greatest

pleasure were those Easter sing-songs at the "Glan Aber", Bettws-y-coed. We C.T.C.-ites, who stayed at the "Ponty Pair", higher up the road, were invited in on Sunday evenings to hear Mr. Cheminais give his rendering of *The Fire at the Dun Cow*, and George Newall's lovely tenor voice. My wife must be one of the few ladies who was ever present at a "Glan Aber" sing-song, and the box of chocolates passed around was no legend.

C. R. ROWSON.

IN BRIEF

Members unable to join the Tints Tour, but who wish to contact some of the party on the Sunday should make for the popular Hughes' establishment at Whitchurch for 1-0 p.m., where the tourists plan to meet for lunch.

The Forest Café, Hatchmere, venue for the run on 10th November is NOT the place recently visited and the subject of serious complaint. This house has been well "vetted" and we understand that members can make the run with every confidence.

Congratulations and very best wishes to Jimmy Long and Mrs. Hinde, who were married recently and are now living at Irby.

Congratulations also to Frank Chandler on completing 1,000 Anfield runs during July. Our Compleat Tourist joined the Club in 1916 and has given good service in various capacities down the years including a spell as editor of the CIRCULAR.

John Leece, seventy-three in August, has purchased an auto-cycle to get him more rapidly to the golf-course but he shouldn't need petrol assistance to get from Willaston to Two Mills on October 27th.

"Oh Sir, and likewise Fie, Fie! Fancy crediting D. H. White's 484 mile "24" to the Catford Carnival when in fact ridden in that one time home of wanderlust, Wessex!" So writes Arthur Smith in taking us gently but very informatively, to task for the clanger in our last issue. Sorry Arthur, we can only plead guilty.

A note from Fred Churchill says:—

"I regret not being on the 'Photo run', but at that time I was holding the banner high in Yugoslavia. Some of the troubles I encountered with the Commissars of that 'Workers' Paradise' may have been due to my 'Anfield button', perhaps we are on their proscribed list of reactionaries and deviationists. It was with considerable relief that I left Fiume by ship for Venice, even so I had a nasty half-hour in mid-Adriatic when we were stopped by a Yugoslav motor torpedo boat. My bicycle caused some amusement to the customs officers in Venice but the gondoliers flatly refused to carry it, so my subsequent jaunt through the narrow alleys and over the bridges of this beautiful and

friendly city caused much hilarity among its citizens. I suppose it was as incongruous as snow shoes would be in Bermuda. Anyway it was a pleasure to soak in two weeks of glorious sunshine among other things."

RUNS

TARVIN, 21ST JULY, 1956

One event in this run is of such moment that anything else is hardly worth commenting upon. Suffice it to say, therefore, that Arthur Birkby and I had an uneventful ride down to Tarvin to find that everyone had gone to see the start of the Mersey R.C. '24'. We followed them up and stood watching for a while, our feelings a mixture of relief and respect, as the riders set off on their long lonely treks to fight the enemies boredom, fatigue and traffic for the next twenty-four hours. Eventually Jimmy Long, Harold Calling and Stan Bradley peeled off to do various jobs around the course, and the rest of us began to think about tea.

About this time we witnessed the really great event of the day—Frank Chandler passing on his way to his 1,000th run. Yes, lads, —a thousand runs—50 runs a year for twenty years, 25 runs a year for forty years, whichever way you look at it, the imagination boggles at the thought.

Anyway, we followed him down to tea; there were many congratulations and drinks all round, and the toast was—'Frank Chandler!'

In due course the President, Percy Williamson, Frank Chandler, Arthur Birkby, Jack Newton, Dave Brown, John Futter, Ben Griffiths, Alf Howarth and prospective member Bert Wood, sat down to the usual excellent meal, then made their various ways home, after a run which I for one will never forget.

BATH ROAD "100" TOUR. 4TH-6TH AUGUST, 1956

Ray Booty's record breaking ride of 3 hours, 58 minutes, 28 seconds in the 1956 B.R. "100" evidently left speechless those Anfielders who made the annual pilgrimage to this classic event, for no report of their wanderings has come to hand.

Solo attenders were Bert Green, Ned Haynes, Stan Wild (recently home from a continental tour) and Albert Preston. Our two V.P.'s, Bren and Salty, brought their wives (one each) while Jimmy Long and Mrs. Hinde made the party up to ten.

Perhaps Booty's ride also knocked attenders at the alternative fixtures, for no reports are to hand.

SPURSTOW, 11TH AUGUST, 1956

At 7-0 a.m. I was softly awakened by the sound of gently falling rain. At 8-30 a.m. sharp I staggered blearily out of bed and began to prepare for the arrival of Bryan Wright at 9-15 a.m. He arrived on time and at 12 noon prompt we set out to call for Peter Robinson, a mere three hours late. Leaving Peter's the three of us were swept on the wings of the wind through Warrington to Knutsford, where we stopped at a definitely non-U coach-party-type snack bar for a belated lunch.

Afterwards we called at Bren's. There had been a wedding there just nine days previously and young Bren's nice new wife was awaiting her spouse's return on leave. We did not wish to play gooseberry to their tender re-union, and as Bren Senior was ready to come on the run, we pressed on to Spurstow.

Frank Chandler was going just as we arrived, but inside we found seven Anfielders indulging in their usual occupation of eating the house out. Our President had presumably come out with Jack Newton (Anfield badge all a-glisten as per usual) and Alan Gorman with Dave Brown and our prospective veteran hammerer Bert Wood. Guy Pullan had also brought out a prospective member in the person of Ted English.

After tea most of us arranged to be out the next morning to see Ray Booty (3.58.28) have a go at the record in the '12' Championship. Little did we know then how he would have to put a mile on!

The ride home was without incident except that Ted English's ten-speed let him down on a hill, much to the delight of the fixed-wheel types.

Those present were H. Green, G. B. Orrell, F. Chandler, J. Newton, A. Gorman, D. Brown, G. Pullan, B. Wright, P. Robinson, A. Howarth, and prospectives H. Wood and E. England.

TARVIN, 18TH AUGUST, 1956

Certainly the three who attended this fixture could say with truth that they had seen better days, for from the early afternoon until late at night, the rain came down relentlessly and pitilessly. And it was not as the gentle dew from Heaven that it came—it pelted down all the time. The roads were flooded in very many places and the wash from passing cars assaulted unprotected cyclists, so that those who ventured on the roads were so wet that nothing mattered. And that's about all there is to say about this run—one just ploughed along, seeing nothing but the road in front and the lakes thereon. The three gallant—or misguided—it all depends on the point of view—members who met at the George and Dragon were Frank Chandler, the Captain and the President. They enjoyed it—in retrospect.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

1, Moss Side,
Formby,
Liverpool.
22nd September 1956.

Dear Fellow Member,

The Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday, 20th October 1956 at 6-15 p.m. at the Derby Arms, Halewood.

I hope you will make a point of being present.

Yours sincerely,

A. HOWARTH,
Hon. Secretary.

AGENDA :

1. To read and confirm the Minutes of the last A.G.M.
2. To read and confirm the Hon. General Secretary's Report.
3. To read and confirm the Hon. Racing Secretary's Report.
4. To read and confirm the Hon. Treasurer's Report.
5. To elect Officers, Committee and Auditors for the year ending 30th September 1957.
6. To arrange Club Races for 1957.
7. To arrange Club Tours for 1957.
8. To move the election of Life Membership of Frank Chandler and Frank Marriott.
9. To consider alterations to the *Circular*.
10. To consider the following motion, proposed by the Committee:
"That the first three sentences of Rule 25 be deleted and replaced by: 'Annual Subscriptions shall be as follows: Honorary Membership, a minimum of 10/-; Full Membership, over 21, 30/-, under 21, 15/-, payable within one month from the date of election in each case. Additionally an Entrance Fee of 5/- must accompany the form of application for membership.' "
11. To consider any other business.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

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SATURDAY, 25TH AUGUST—LOWER WHITLEY

It was situation normal—RAIN—as I turned into the Tall Trees Café; no Anfielder should arrange to become a parent during this year of swamp and circumstance lest the child be born with web feet. The small attendance gradually materialised and of the "regulars", the Presider, The Treasurer, Howarth, Pullan and Chandler were there. The writer, on one of his rare visits from Hessle, one Bert Wood—a prospective, and Denis Foster—a guest from Hull Thursday Road Club, completed the somewhat disappointing ensemble. An octet is no substitute for the full orchestra.

Bert Wood, Denis and I rode over to Goostrey and on the morrow I rode in the Vets '25'. Personally I left my guards "on" and my wits "off"—and went off course at Yatesbury, eventually finishing in 1.11.27 Bert showed up rather better in a private trial and did 1.10 odd. Denis was too young to ride at 38 and hammered me over the "Cat" instead. A deluge over Taddington and Owl Bar, Doncaster for tea, Guinness and cheese at Gilberdyke—and home at 9.15.

Having said that I would be over to ride in the "50" (as a preliminary to my annual Farnborough Show visit) I was very disappointed on my return to the office to find that chaos and business were both brisk and abounding. Result—dry in the office instead of wet in the "50" and the Show on the Thursday instead of the Monday. Sorry, boys—I was looking forward to it.

HATTON HEATH, 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1956

It was my first Club run for some weeks, the holidays and wet Saturdays were my excuses, so on this particular Saturday, which was warm with some sunshine, I was "bursting" to have a go.

What an institution this "Anfield" business is, to pull one from one's lovely garden and beloved home (with jobs a'plenty) and go and see those sweating, heaving athletes, grand fellows all, and when you're away, you are delighted you have mastered the desire to cycle and leave the "touching up" jobs in the garden until another time. You are again cycling and appreciating the country to the full, meet the rank and file, and to eat, drink and be merry, then wander home tired, and be happy to get there and pleurably gloat on the "touching up" and the jobs the Missus has given you, recline in an armchair and think, there is always another day.

The Club events this year seem to me to have been very successful, not so much the fast times recorded, but the happy, convivial atmosphere around the Hatton Heath café, which is a nice clean place in a pleasant part of Cheshire. You enter the sacred area of the course and meet a succession of people from say mid afternoon (this time it commenced with Reg Wilson and lady going on tour) to saying

'Cheerio' to Alan Gorman at eight o'clock. The first guffaw was noticed when one Len Hill said to one Jim Long: "When 'yr gettin' wed, mate?" back came the reply: "seven days ago". So the good Jimmy, wife and car, were the timekeeping element, and in and around that car were noticed many, the President, the Captain, Chandler, Birkby and son, Selkirk, Duck, and prospectives Messrs. England, Phillips and Wood.

All I gather were there to make sure Jimmy's eye had not dimmed, and the hand was still steady on the trigger (read—knob—stop watch).

We stood around to see the result, viz:—

J. Futter (Scr.)		2.18.6	
A. Gorman	5	2.21.5	(2.16.55)
A. Howarth	4.1/2	2.26.44	(2.22.14)
P. Robinson	22	2.33.57	(2.11.57)
B. Wood		2.35.5	

Brian Wright omitted to lay on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding around the course, so retired with hunger knock and our friend Don Williams claimed that excessive folk dancing had weakened his knees, and he desisted. We were pleased to see the Ridley Green drink squadron friends Peter Fowler, Martin Newby, Bob Armstrong and Peter Jones, taking well earned refreshment at the café, also we were pleased to meet Mrs. Howarth to whom the Anfield owes such a debt, for does she not feed the brute who scribes so well for us. We noticed the Vice-presidents were out, petrol assisted in stewarding the course with their wives, and we noticed a fine healthy lad named Andrew Salt, who might one day be a member.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: D. STEWART

Hon. Secretary: F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West
Kirby, Cheshire

VOLUME LI.

NOVEMBER 1956

NUMBER 604

FIXTURES

DECEMBER

- | | | |
|----|--|------------------------------|
| 1 | HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) | MIDDLEWICH (Woodlands) |
| 8 | HATCHMERE (Forest Café) | |
| 10 | COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool | |
| 15 | DELAMERE (Four Ways Restaurant) | |
| 22 | KIRKBY (Collage Café) | PRESTBURY (White House Café) |
| 26 | DELAMERE (Four Ways Restaurant), Lunch 1-30 p.m. | |
| 29 | TARVIN (George and Dragon) | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

New members elected - Edward England and John Peter Jones have been elected to full membership.

Application for membership - William Thomas Phillips, 3 Norfolk Place, Seaforth, Liverpool, 21. Proposed by A. Howarth, seconded by A. E. C. Birkby.

Change of address - E. L. Killip, Fairlight, 107 Harefield Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 21, 30s.; Under 21, 15s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c, 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby branch.

IN MEMORIAM

1914 — 1918

E. A. Bentley
David Rowatt

G. Poole
Edmund Rowatt

1939 — 1945

B. H. Band

D. L. Ryalls

"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."*

WALTER MACGREGOR ROBINSON

W. M. Robinson, known to many thousands of cyclists down the years by his pen-name "Wayfarer" died at his home in Birmingham on the 17th September, aged 78 years.

He was for forty-five years with the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co., first at head office in Liverpool, then at Birmingham, Northampton, Hull and Salisbury before going to France in World War I where he was severely wounded. After six months in hospital and a period of convalescence he was discharged with a pension and returned to civil employment in Liverpool.

Robbie joined the Anfield in 1916, remaining a member until his death, but he was soon to return to Birmingham and we saw little of him, except on special occasions.

A great believer in work, he spent six years with the I.C.I., four years as Appeals Organizer with the United Nations Association, and a period as part-time book-keeper with a publicity firm after his retirement.

It was as an enthusiastic touring cyclist, writer and lecturer that "Wayfarer" became known to countless cyclists, and few men have done more to spread the real spirit and love of cycling than he.

The first articles from his pen appeared in the *Birkenhead News* in 1897, and he was a regular and most popular contributor to *Cycling* for some twenty years from 1912, whilst for many years his lantern lectures drew packed and enthusiastic audiences.

From 1924 to 1946 he was a C.T.C. councillor, was elected a vice-president in 1945, and was one of the first recipients of the Sir Alfred Bird Memorial Prize.

Not long before his death Robbie described himself to a cycling friend as "a living lie" for his healthy appearance and good spirits had long concealed the fact that he was a very sick man.

To his wife and family we would offer the sincere sympathy of the Club in their loss.

J. A. BENNETT

When J. A. ('Artie') Bennett joined the Anfield in 1888 the Club was but nine years old and his death on 23rd August has broken the longest remaining link with the very early days of our Club. He was elected a life member in 1949.

From the outset it was apparent that he was a powerful rider, well able to hold his own among the giants of those days. Early in the recently published HISTORY we find a line drawing of him in characteristic pose astride an old "Ordinary" whilst a few pages later we read how Bennett won a Club "50" of 1895 in 2.25.15, followed by fellow scratchmen, A. N. Deakin, 2.25.16, W. J. Neason, 2.25.17, and E. Buckley, 2.25.30.

Two hours twenty-five minutes for fifty miles is no mean ride by any standards, but considering the roads of that period and the bicycles of the day we can but marvel at the skill and stamina of the men who fought it out, bit by bit, to finish in such a time with but yards separating them.

The name of J. A. Bennett appeared with great regularity at the top in the fastest company, including three wins (1891-2-4) in our "100" and with a winning ride of 305 miles in the "24" of 1892, after riding into second place the previous year.

In the field of record breaking his name is to be found once in the national list for in 1895, with M. A. Holbein as partner, he broke the R.R.A. twenty-four hour tandem record with a ride of 397½ miles. The N.R.R.A. lists show him as holding records at all distances, from fifty miles to twenty-four hours in 1891 when between mid-May and early September, he took the "fifty" record twice (fastest 2.38.59) the "hundred" three times (down to 5.30.15) with a 167 miles "12" and 289½ miles "24" in July to set the seal on his distance reputation.

For many years we have seen little of him and probably few but our vintage members knew him, but it was a great pleasure to meet him at the Photograph Run at Highwayside in 1951, the last occasion on which he was with us. We would assure his wife and family of the sympathy of all Anfielders in their loss.

THE EDITOR,
THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR.

DEAR SIR,

Since I wrote *Addenda to the History* I recall an incident in the late "twenties" which had some possible connection with the Anfield B.C. and Thomas Stevens' ride around the world on an ordinary bicycle. When the late Percy Brazendale (who, incidentally, was an Anfielder) was collecting a series of lantern slides for his lecture, *The World on Wheels*, he was given a number of very early pictures by the late W. P. Cook. P.B. asked if I could identify some of these, particularly one which showed a group of ordinary-ists outside, apparently, an inn door, with their machines leaning against a wooden railing. Finally, I located the inn in the picture. It was the "Kilton" at Hoo Green, and I have every reason to believe the photograph showed Thomas Stevens and his Anfield escort in 1885. My reason for coming to this conclusion is because one of the riders is wearing the military type cycling helmet of the period, and it was such a piece of headgear that Stevens used throughout his ride. And what is more likely that the Anfielders of those days would consider it a special occasion and worthy of that rare luxury of the "eighties"—a photographic group. Where this historic slide now is I cannot say.

CYRIL R. ROWSON.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The news that Alf Howarth was absent from the A.G.M. through illness was bad enough and all present wished him a speedy recovery. The further news that he is shortly to take up an appointment in Rotherham will be regretted by all, for Alf has been an efficient officer of the Club and a regular attender at our fixtures. We hope that Rotherham will not prove too far from Anfieldland for him to get out to see us often.

Congratulations to Walter Thorpe who has collected first prize in the portrait section of the Hazelgrove Photographic Society's Exhibition for the second year in succession.

The Buckley Legend is exploded! The Impossible has happened! We learn on good authority that a meeting between Russ Barker and Hubert arranged for a certain 'ale-house' in Hale Barns did not take place owing to *Hubert going to the wrong 'pub'*! Will friends please accept this, the only, intimation.

A number of letters expressing appreciation of the writings of "Wayfarer" have recently appeared in *Cycling*, and one of these signed 'M. G. Brazendale' revealed that the writer was the son of our late member, Percy, of that ilk.

It would be grand to see a Brazendale on our membership list once more, for the name has an honoured place in cycling circles far beyond the bounds of Merseyside.

Lunch (1-30 p.m.) on Boxing Day has been arranged at the Four Ways Restaurant, Delamere, and Frank Marriott will be glad to have names please, so that an accurate estimate of numbers can be made.

Guy Pullan has been returned unopposed as C.T.C. councillor for the Cheshire and Derbyshire Division.

A 'Rough-Stuff' event over approximately seven miles has been arranged for Saturday, 24th November, starting at 3-45 p.m. near Stamford Bridge. Tea on that day is at Tarvin. A similar event is mooted for 29th December, if there are sufficient survivors.

The Sun Hotel, Llansantffraid proved so popular with the thirteen members who attended the "Tints Tour" that it is No. 1 choice for Easter, and the secretary is already in touch regarding a booking.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. was held at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood, on Saturday, 20th October, 1956.

Present:—Mr. H. Green in the chair and Messrs. Band, R. Barker, K. W. Barker, Birkby, Buckley, Chandler, Churchill, Connor, Davies, Gorman, Hill, Marriott, Newton, G. B. Orrell, G. Parr, J. Parr, Pullan, Reeves, Rowson, Salt, Stewart, Stephenson, Williamson and Wood. Prospective members England and Phillips also attended.

Officers and committee were elected as follows:—*President*, H. Green. *Vice-president*, G. B. Orrell and J. J. Salt. *Vice-Captains*, H. Wood, B. Wright. *Racing secretary*, D. Stewart. *Open "100" secretary*, J. E. Reeves. *Hon. secretary*, P. Williamson. *Hon. treasurer*, A. E. C. Birkby. *Editor*, K. W. Barker. *Committee*, F. E. Marriott, E. G. Pullan, L. J. Hill, J. R. Band, A. E. Preston and W. G. Connor. The office of captain was left to the committee.

The secretary's report revealed a slight drop in average attendances during the year. The president again topped the attendance list with only one of the fifty-four runs missed.

Thirty-six pounds down on the season was the startling announcement by treasurer Birkby and this gave added point to the revision of subscriptions later accepted by the meeting. Members were, however, not prepared at this stage to cut the CIRCULAR, which takes the major part of our income each year.

The racing secretary's report showed little activity outside club races except for some sterling rides by Alan Gorman in the Veterans' events. A proposal to add ten mile events to the club programme was hotly debated and was rather reluctantly agreed to for two such events only, these to be purely training rides with no prizes.

Tours and club races were left in the hands of the committee.

The highlight of the evening was the election to life membership of Frank Chandler and Frank Marriott, the former having completed 1,000 runs during the year and having served the Club well in many capacities during his forty years' membership. Frank Marriott's election was proposed "for eminent services" in connection with the production of the HISTORY, which also followed many years' distinguished service in other fields.

No definite figures were available to show the number of copies of the BLACK ANFIELDERS sold, but it was evident that many members have not yet taken a copy, and it is hoped that this omission will be rectified at an early date.

Since the meeting, Frank Marriott has offered to take over the secretarial duties from Percy Williamson who had accepted the office with great reluctance, owing to his being resident in Manchester. Don Stewart is to add the duties of captain to those of racing secretary.

R U N S

TARVIN, 22ND SEPTEMBER, 1956

Summer, such as it was, had given place to autumn, the warmth from the sun's rays drawing from the drying hay that delicious scent associated with summer holidays in the country.

It was very pleasant riding quietly through the lanes whilst the motoring fraternity hurtled noisily along the Birkenhead-Chester road. Two large herds of Ayrshires at Stoak were safely negotiated, and I began to settle down to the job of burrowing into a strong, warm, south-easterly wind. The roads were deserted as I wandered through Little Barrow and Barrowmore, emerging from the tangle of lanes half-a-mile from the 'George and Dragon'.

I was early, but Dave Brown, John Parr and Fred Churchill were earlier, the last-named was describing an unusual encounter with a car some few days earlier. It appears that the limousine which was unconsciously giving him a little pace had better brakes than Fred possessed, with the consequence that the front wheel and, strange to say, the back, assumed artistically oval shapes, but quite useless for cycling. That's what you get for trying to get away with a bit of crafty training Fred!

President Bert Green and Percy breasted the hill together and swung gracefully into the inn yard.

Bren, senior, appeared from nowhere in particular, boasting of having hurtled along the whole twenty miles from his home in two hours! But where were the trio, Alf Howarth, Peter Robinson and "prospective" Bill Phillips? They had arranged to meet at 10 a.m. for a tour of the Clwydian Mountains.

As we were summoned for the meal the portly form of the "compleat tourist" arrived mopping his tanned brow and complaining of a head wind—but that did not deceive us because we saw him sneaking out of a Crosville bus, besides his spotless white collar looked too freshly laundered!

I think Frank Perkins enjoys turning up just to tell me that he has some holidays due, to make my mouth water with a prospective tourlet in the Lakes.

The meal was well under way when it was noticed that the door had noiselessly opened and closed without an apparent cause, but Len Hill could not conceal his rapidly developing corporation for ever under the table! Late as usual!

Great interest was shown in Fred's latest batch of enlargements—a hundred or so, depicting the choicest scenes of Switzerland and Italy, when a screeching of brakes, rattling mudguards and loud raucous voices heralded the arrival of the pass-storming trio.

At Nannerch they had tackled the London Bridge crossing of the Clwydian Range—which very quickly climbs to within a few feet of the 1,000 foot contour at the boundary between the counties of Flint and Denbighshire, then just as suddenly drops down to Llangwyfarn—here the trio had turned up the valley through the delightful succession of lanes to Llanbedr and continued through to Pentre Celin, up the Nant-y-Garth over the famous (or infamous!) Horseshoe Pass to Llangollen and Rhuabon, where more lanes led them to Tarvin.

During a rapid session of pedalling, Bill's big feet had wrapped the front mudguard around the wheel, to the detriment of the celluloid attachment, which continued its journey held together by festoons of string.

Then, safe in the sanctuary of the 'George and Dragon', there followed a disgusting exhibition of feeding and drinking, whilst Bert Wood, Percy and I sat in refined isolation on a more comfortable seat.

Even the best of good company must break-up sometime, thus amidst reluctant 'good nights' we drifted off on our respective ways.

The wind had changed slightly to the S.W., but nevertheless Frank Perkins, Peter, Alf, Bill and the writer found the conditions so favourable that a finishing gallery sprint enabled the Liverpool contingent to catch the 9 p.m. boat with three minutes to spare.

HALEWOOD, (A.G.M.), 20TH OCTOBER, 1956

After several months' absence from club runs it was a welcome sight to meet the goodly company already gathered at the Derby Arms on my arrival. After two or three vain attempts, a small party, led by Hubert Buckley, gained access to the bar for the purpose of

whetting their appetites in readiness for Sarah's meal. Even a cold meal at the Derby Arms bears the stamp of Sarah's knowledgeable catering, so that when the tables were cleared we were all in good humour to tackle the business of the evening under the wise guidance of our chairman and president.

I shall assume that the full report of the meeting will appear elsewhere and try to relate a few of the highlights of a long, but far from dull, meeting.

The various reports were passed to the general satisfaction of the members, although some aspects of them give little cause for complacency. One of these was the noticeable absence of many of our younger members and it is hoped that by granting them two extra short distance races at ten miles they will respond by taking a more active part in the running of club affairs. This may be an annual grumble, but the older members who are giving up their time to the club's administration would appreciate some practical assistance from those who receive the benefit of their labours, willingly given as they are.

So to the highlight of the evening: the election of Frank Chandler and Frank Marriott to life membership. The former has for many years worked actively for both the C.T.C. and the Anfield and has yet found time to attend 1,000 club runs. Frank Marriott has held many offices in the Anfield and R.T.T.C. and has crowned these years of meritorious work by producing a history of which any club would be proud. May they both enjoy many years of good companionship and good wheeling!

Finally, it was decided not to make any alterations, on economic grounds, to the CIRCULAR, in the hope that increased subscriptions would hold the club on a sound financial footing. New officers elected were Percy Williamson as hon. general secretary, Don Stewart as hon. racing secretary and Brian Wright and Herbert Wood as sub-captains. The office of captain was left to be filled by the committee.

TWO MILLS, 27TH OCTOBER, 1956

Two members only attended this run, John Leece direct from Wil-laston and John Parr via West Kirby. A good tea and a pleasant chat with a well-known Wirral lady tricyclist passed a pleasant hour or two and was enjoyed by both.

SOMERFORD, 27TH OCTOBER, 1956

It was unfortunate that Stan Wild chose the "Tints" week-end for a trip up north for his only companion at this Somerford alternative was Bren senior. Thirteen members were enjoying the hospitality of the Sun Hotel, Llansantffraid and a report of the tour will appear next month.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: D. STEWART

Hon. Secretary: F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire

VOLUME LII

DECEMBER 1956/JANUARY 1957

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FIXTURES

JANUARY 1957

- | | | |
|----|--|----------------------------|
| 5 | HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) | GOOSTREY (West End Café) |
| 12 | HATCHMERE (Forest Café) | |
| 14 | COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool | |
| 19 | PARKGATE (Deeside Café) | SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café) |
| 26 | DALTON (Prescott's Farm) | ASTBURY (Egerton Arms) |

FEBRUARY

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 | HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) | SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café) |
|---|-----------------------|----------------------------|
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All matter for publication must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and sent to the Editor: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE, so as to reach him not later than the Tuesday before the last Saturday in the month.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 21, 30s.; Under 21, 15s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address. Frank Marriott, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West Kirby.

Applications for Membership. William Thomas Phillips, 3 Norfolk Place, Liverpool, 21. Proposed by Alfred Howarth, seconded by A. E. C. Birkby; Robert Henry Wright, 25 Chartley Avenue, Stanmore, Midds., Proposed by H. Green, seconded by K. W. Barker.

LADIES' INVITATION NIGHT. The run to Parkgate on January 19th will be our annual "do", when the ladies are invited. The menu is ham and tongue and salad with trifle and trappings and the cost will be 6/-. We have promised to give an idea of the numbers, and names, please, will be welcomed. A post card will do, the Secretary has not a telephone as yet.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS. The sale figures to date of our history reveal that more people outside the Club have purchased the book than the Anfielders for whom the book was written! This is complimentary, but there are still fifty Anfielders who are outside the pale, and we would very much like them to take their copies. We are not yet out of the red; publishing books is a very expensive practice these days, but, thanks to those who made a donation to the fund, we would be virtually clear if every Anfielder had one of these volumes on his bookshelf. The Black Anfielders is obtainable from T. Stephenson & Sons Ltd., Printers, Prescot, for 22/- post free.

IN MEMORIAM

SAMUEL J. BUCK

With the death on November 16th of Samuel J. Buck the Club lost one of its longest standing members, for there are but five names on the Roll whose election dates back beyond his.

Zam Buck, as he was affectionately known throughout the Club, joined the Anfield in 1907 and entered enthusiastically into all its activities; whilst not prominent in competition he did a number of good standard rides and was a keen supporter of club-runs and tours.

He was first elected to the Committee in 1910, served as a Sub-Captain in 1912 and as Editor of the CIRCULAR during part of that year and throughout 1913; from then until 1930, his name appears frequently in the list of committee men or as an auditor of the Club accounts.

For some years he had not been in the best of health and although unable to get out frequently his interest in the Club was undiminished and he was usually to be found at Halewood meets—particularly on the occasion of the A.G.M. and Birthday Run. He was last with us at the Photograph Run at Spurstow in June.

At the funeral at Landican on 19th November the Club was represented by the President and Messrs. Chandler, Long and Morris.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Subscriptions, as detailed on front page, are now due and the Treasurer would be helped in his task of making ends meet if members would pay up promptly.

A number of subscriptions are still outstanding from last year and it is hoped that the erring members will fulfill their obligations to the Club immediately.

Congratulations to Don and Agnes Stewart on the safe arrival of a daughter.

Stan Wild has agreed to cart his sundial from Bexhill to Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide in order to time the "100".

Anfielders present at the N.R.R.A. luncheon in Macclesfield on October 21st included Bert Green, Percy, Grimmy, Blotto, Gorman, Frank Edwards and Churchill. The toast to Record Holders—Past and Present—was proposed by Frank Slemen and Ed. Green had come from Lakeland to propose the toast to the Association.

A recent note regarding the Forest Café, Hatchmere, is confirmed by a correspondent who says it was "just the job for a cheerful club tea on a murky November afternoon", and at the last Committee, Bert Green and others waxed lyrical over the food provided.

Details of the annual Parkgate open night will be found in the Secretary's notes. A lantern show of colour photography is being arranged.

The Birthday Run has been fixed for March 2nd at Halewood. Further details later, but please book the date now.

We learn that our late member, J. A. Bennett, was 87 when he died in August. He was born in June 1869, just ten years before the foundation of the Anfield, and this means that he was 21 when, in 1890, he broke the Liverpool—London R.R.A. record and which we omitted to note last month when crediting him with one instead of two National records.

AUTUMN TINTS 1956

On a starlit autumn evening John and I started off on the road to the hills, looking forward to an evening and two days of cycling contentment. We halted at Coed Talon for tea and then crossed the moors to Llandegla in the cold exhilarating night. Corwen, viewed from the heights above, created a feeling of mystery, its lights twinkling in the bill-girt valley through the mists of Dee.

Our next halt was at Cynwyd but, alas, there was no hope of rest for the night and so on to Llandrillo but only a 'phone call from there to the "Bryntirion" at Llanderfel ensured us accommodation for the night. It was a cold ride unmarred by traffic, that took us to our beds, but hot water bottles, bread and cheese, pickles and beer assured a good night's rest. This old resort of wayfarers is well worth remembering if you are in the neighbourhood benighted.

Up betimes to find the Vale of Edernion bathed in brilliant sunshine during a brisk walk before breakfast to sample the frost-laden air and we were out on the road by nine o'clock. The road to Bala was wreathed in mist and we were soon coated with ice, but turning off for the Hirnant soon found us 'neath blue skies and friendly sun.

Now for it 'Sammy'. Third time lucky, we turned up the Cwm Gwyn to essay the crossing of the Berwyns by the Bwlch Gam. On two previous occasions, once with you Sam, we failed ingloriously, the second time, alone, I made Pennant Mehangel. This was to be the day though. Our route of three years ago was quite unrecognisable and our good friend Bartholomew needs must redraw his map of this part of Bala side. An earth road has been regraded from the site of our crossing of the stream to the point where we halted and debated our route over the final mile to the summit. The ground was frost bound so making the going easy, but our trip almost came to a halt, for forestry workers were blasting the way and it was only after much persuasion, telling them of all our past travail and that this was the day of days that we were allowed to proceed.

We were able to see our route ahead as taken previously and just before the final steep pitch we decided to traverse right across the grade. Ploughing our way through deep heather and over pockets of snow, halting for a breather and a look back we were able to admire the newly revealed heights to the west and north. First the Cerenigs wreathed in snow, then frowning Aran Mawddwy until as we reached the ridge, there in all its snowbound glory lay Snowdonia, peak after peak as clear as could be. To the north east lay our old enemy, Moel Sych and Cader Berwyn sparkling white in the morning sun. Our machines grounded, we passed on apace to gaze down into the Vale of Pennant and over to the upper Tanat waters. A well-earned sandwich and with bikes pushed, carried and dragged along the ridge toward Vyrnwy somewhere in the distance, we reached the summit some few feet over the 2,000 mark and gained some idea of our downward route. A sheep track eased our toil for some time but soon we were mid deep in peat gullies and frozen pools. The heavy frost was indeed our friend, for this portion under milder conditions would have been really arduous.

Then the view opened up before us showing our route down toward Vyrnwy. We decided to keep well up on the left hand side of the valley away from the stream, making the descent as gradual as possible, but it was rough and tumble with bicycles bouncing through thick heather and bog; the heavy going seemed never-ending and our only companions, the mountain sheep, raced away even when we were far from them across the valley.

The valley narrowing, we had, perforce, to make our way down to the river side where racing waters provided tinkling music for our ears, till on passing through a gap, there before us lay the scene of an earlier Berwyn epic, the sheep fold at the foot of the path from Llyn Mynydd where 'Sammy' sought the site of the 'Ancient Chapel'.

From here down to Vyrnwy we enjoyed the wonderful feeling of free pedalling along a newly made forest road, muddy and unmetalled but oh! what a joy after our earlier miles of penance. For that is the light in which I hold such escapades. Penance for the year gone by, a fitting out for yet another twelve months of turmoil. What will next autumn bring?

The view as we approached the lake through the avenue of autumn woods was marvellous; we ambled alongside the waters and no lake in the sunny south could have been more enchanting. So up and down to reach our belated lunch stop, Hen Dafarn, in the Little Hirnant. Carl Birkby, wife and daughter, gave us a warm welcome and soon we were partaking of true cyclists' fare of bacon, egg and chips, bread and butter, jam, cake and tea; so we thrive.

The crossing had taken us from about 9-45 to 1-15 at Vyrnwy. We reached "Hen Dafarn" at 1-45, so any who wish to follow in our footsteps, and I am sure I can safely say we are the first to have made it, will need to allow say four hours and have some grub with you. We had the best of conditions, you might not be so lucky.

Now we followed the broad highway over the hills to Llanfyllin and Llansantffraid, where the "Sun" greeted us warmly and as the party gradually got together we prepared for our usual pleasant evening. Ginner and Albert found us more by good luck than good management and the President arrived full of vim. Alf and Brian from Southport were belated, too much shop gazing was their excuse.

Thirteen of us sat down to dinner. This house, I feel, is going to be a favourite rendezvous for us for years to come. And so passed Saturday.

Sunday morning dawned with rain and wet roads; lunch was booked at Whitchurch and the westerly wind helped eight of us down Vyrnwsyde, past our old camp site of pre-war years and so into Shropshire lanes for elevenses at Knockin and scurrying miles through Ruyton-of-the-Eleven-Towns and Baschurch to the meandering lanes by Loppington. The Wem road found us in our first shower of the week-end, and most caped up, but I was having none and so to Whitchurch for lunch, just a little damp but not too bad.

Lunch over, a search was made for a replacement of Bert's broken brake cable; then came the parting of the ways, Bert and Percy, still with a friendly wind abaft, made across Cheshire. Ginner and Albert going westwards via Bangor-on-Dee, whilst we five scurried along the Chester Road. Brian and I scampered away from the others and

reached the foot of Broxton bone dry. We could see what was about to fall on us so we halted, ordered a pot of the best and so awaited the arrival of the unlucky bedraggled ones. What rain! Joined by Guy, we drained our pots and then resumed the journey, rain over; we were in luck. Leaving John in Chester we made our way to Two Mills for tea proper and so home to well-earned rest with one more successful Tints week-end over.

The company included the President, Percy Williamson, Arthur Birkby, Arthur Williams, Albert Preston, Rigby Band, Jack Salt, Len Hill, Guy Pullan, Alf Howarth, Brian Wright, John Futter and Len Walls.

R U N S

HALEWOOD, 3RD NOVEMBER 1956

After an unsuccessful attempt over the phone to persuade Arthur Birkby that the best way of shedding a cold was to get out on the bike into the fresh air and do a brisk ride of about forty miles (to which he replied huskily that he heard that one before and nothing on earth would shift him from his ruddy fireside) I decided that it would have to be a lonesome ride.

As I rode along with a cold clammy nor-wester at my back, brooding rather apprehensively about the ride home, I began to reflect on the things that stop people coming out on Club runs. In Arthur's case, he has just bought a television set; in the case of another hitherto regular attender who shall be nameless, it is marriage. In my own case, movement to the wrong side of the Pennines in the near future is going to make runs with the Anfield just a happy memory. This made me feel more depressed than ever, and I was glad to arrive at Halewood to be cheered up by the sight of the old familiar faces.

The tea seemed to me to be even more excellent than usual, and an added spice was a heated argument over the Suez situation, political leanings being revealed from Mr. Krushchev on one side to Harry Clayworth on the other. This debate was cut short by the arrival of more trifle, and we continued to argue over trifles till it was finished.

We then passed round a few thousand photographs of Fred Churchill's, taken mainly in Yugoslavia, in most of which there were some scantily clad young females whom Fred assured us he hadn't noticed at the time.

Afterwards we retired to the bar and discussed various ways of making easy money and even more various ways of spending it, until about 10-15 when we strode steadily out and made our respective ways home.

Those present were H. Green, P. Williamson, F. Chandler, G. B. Orrell, J. Newton, L. J. Hill, F. Perkins, E. G. Pullan, G. Parr, J. J. Davies, D. Stewart, E. O. Morris, F. Churchill, H. Clayworth, E. England and A. Howarth.

FOREST CAFE, HATCHMERE, 10TH NOVEMBER 1956

Occasional showers had been forecast for this particular Saturday and I started off during one of them, but a break in the sky encouraged me to remain capeless, for which I was rewarded with a little sunshine.

Bill Phillips, as usual, arrived at the rendezvous on time and together we ambled gently along to the crazy Transporter. Work was in progress on the foundations of the new bridge, but it will be a long time before this is in operation.

A cup of tea enabled me to climb the canal bridge without falling off. A pleasant drift down Rock Savage was followed by a rather painful grind out of Frodsham, but the grand view from this ridge road is always worth the effort, though a ground mist blotted out the distance on this occasion.

Hatchmere presented a scene of perfect peace as the sun slowly sank over the hills, casting mysterious shadows over the calm surface of the mere.

Guy was patiently awaiting the first arrivals by the water's edge and together we invaded the Forest Café.

Bren arrived soon after, and a thoughtful hostess provided us with a cup of tea to keep us going. John Parr then appeared, closely followed by Len Hill, whose record of unpunctuality was for once upset by the non arrival of the President and Percy. After some debating as to the cause, tea was served when in came the absentees. Bert endeavoured to explain in an unconvincing manner that his watch had been slow!

The meal was very enjoyable and a very profitable hour was spent endeavouring to make some impression on the spread.

Time will not wait even for Anfielders, and at 7-30 or so we made a move.

The night was clear, but a chilly mist made rapid movement advisable. My two companions, Bill and John Parr saw to this, but I was a bit of a drag on their youthful exuberance. A new chain which I had recently fitted would insist on riding up the sprocket teeth, considerably interfering with my uphill progress, whilst a doubtful bulb in my dynamo gave me anxious moments on the descent—on the flat with a following wind I managed to keep their tail lamps in sight!

No doubt Guy and Len had an enjoyable ride through the lanes to Birkenhead and Heswall, whilst Percy, Bert and Bren headed into the darkness of the Cheshire Plain.

SOMERFORD, 17TH NOVEMBER 1956

It was a typical November afternoon when I left home accompanied by my eldest son. About a mile from Cheadle we were joined by Percy Williamson and proceeded to Wilmslow, where to our amazement we were held up by dozens of cars, due no doubt to the opening of the new shopping centre. How glad I was to be sat astride my barrow. Percy had the misfortune to puncture his front tyre, and having arranged to meet the President in Chelford at 4.0 p.m., he requested me to carry on and keep the appointment, which I duly did, having dropped my son at Alderley to turn round and return home for tea.

The President and I arrived at Somerford about 5.5 p.m. just in time for an early cup of tea. About 5.30 p.m. Alan Gorman and Harry Duck arrived followed by Percy, who had successfully mended his puncture. The conversation at the tea table varied from track racing tactics, the passing of Zam Buck, to the introduction of margarine at the beginning of the century.

A general move was made for home about 7.0 p.m. and the writer arrived there about 9.40 p.m. after a very enjoyable run.

Members present were the President, P. Williamson, A. Gorman, H. Duck and J. Newton.

TARVIN, 24TH NOVEMBER 1956

A rough stuff event was held in conjunction with the Club run to Tarvin on November 24th. Five started near Stamford Bridge, mass start fashion, but after the first rough stretch John Futter and Den Jones were away on their own. Brian Wright retired with a broken mudguard and Don Stewart rode two miles to Alan Gorman for a spanner to adjust a pulled wheel. John Parr completed the entrants. Salty and Bren helped around the course, whilst Frank's Marriott and Perkins officiated at the start. The course was approximately seven miles, half road and half field and path, and no one returned to the finish as clean as he started. John finally dropped Den to go on to win in 32 mins. 27 secs., with Den second in 33, 20, Don Stewart 33, 38 and John Parr 34.6. The interest is there, so perhaps another event can be organised in the new year.

The writer of this account of the rough stuff event was unable to carry on to Tarvin for tea and so far no account of the later proceedings has been received.

On the following day Rigby Band and Fred Churchill were the only attenders at Dalton—the last Sunday run for the time being.