

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*Vice Presidents:* J. J. SALT & G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

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VOLUME LV

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## FIXTURES

FEBRUARY, 1960

- 1 COMMITTEE MEETING, 7-0 p.m. Free Church Centre, Liverpool.
- 6 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms), MIDDLEWICH
- 13 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 20 HOLT (Castle Café), GOOSETREY.
- 27 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest).

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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.

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## 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

*New Member elected:* Raymond Alfred Atherton, The Barn, Fleck Lane, Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire. Edwin John Farrington, 34 Forest Road, Heswall, Wirral.

*New Cadets:* Timothy J. Griffiths, 75 Wellington Road, Broughton, near Chester. Martin Gilbody, 95 The Highway, Hawarden, near Chester.

*Changes of Address:* L. J. Walls, Bryn Tirion, 54 Overlea Drive, Hawarden, Flint. J. C. Futter, 1 Ellesmere Avenue, Broughton, Chester. R. H. G. Wright, The Gatehouse, 9 Burkitt Road, Woodbridge, Suffolk. E. Bright, Westland Cot, Little Hadham, Herts. S. T. Carver, 1 Tranby Avenue, Hessle, Hull.

The name of D. Shaw has been deleted under Rule 25. Subject to confirmation later, it is hoped that the Birthday Run will be to Halewood on 19th March and headquarters for the Easter Tour, the Sun at Llansantffraid.

The annual Ladies' Night has been arranged at the Station Hotel, Ledsham on 30th January. An excellent meal is promised at 8/6 and one at a more modest price for Cadets is available. Names to the Secretary immediately please.

### WILLIAM BAILEY

Our friends of the Cheshire Roads Club mourn the death of one of their stalwarts, Bill Bailey, who was almost continually in office from 1922 until 1946 as Hon. Secretary, Editor or President. Later he was a keen worker in less localised spheres, being Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the N.R.R.A., and Treasurer of both the M.D.T.A., and the Manchester District Council of the R.T.T.C. He was also a time-keeper for all the national bodies, both on road and track, and only five days before his death had been one of the timekeepers for the R.T.T.C. Championship Hill Climb. Incidentally, at least one of his watches was formerly used by W. P. Cook and F. D. McCann.

Bill was a member of the Anfield in 1920 and 1921; and although he resigned from the Club early in 1922 had always retained an affection for us and amongst his papers were all the Circulars for his period of membership. He was a guest at the "80th" dinner and timed the inter-club last June.

The President and Percy Williamson attended the funeral.

### CLUB DINNERS

The President has been getting a number of free meals recently by attending Club dinners by invitation. On November 21st he was at the dinner of the South Lancashire R.C., at Hazel Grove and proposed the toast to the Club.

On December 5th he represented the Club at the Bath Road Club dinner, being ably supported by Bob Austin and Stan Wild. The function was held at the National Liberal Club in Whitehall Gardens where the pre-prandial alcohol was consumed under the forbidding eye of the Welsh Wizard, David Lloyd George which gazed down from an enormous painting on the wall. On adjournment to the dining room the even more terrifying countenance of William Ewart Gladstone dominated the proceedings and it was no surprise to find the traditional "joie de vivre" of the Bath Road boys was a little subdued. However, Len Baker attended well to the needs of our members, the speeches were a delight to the ear and a good time was had by all, the President particularly enjoying an evening when he was not called upon to speak.

December 12th saw him the guest of the Manchester Wheelers where he proposed the toast of "The Club and its Prizewinners" in a speech that was mentioned subsequently in three successive issues of "Cycling" so bringing a little publicity to the Club and incidentally to the President himself!

It was particularly noteworthy to find that each of these Clubs has an enthusiastic Junior Section; they all have high hopes for the future as these boys grow into men.

### RACING NOTES

It is open to argument whether John Parr and Allan Littlemore were closing one season or starting another by riding in the Manchester and District '25' a week before Christmas. John just heat 'evens' and Allan just missed doing so.

It is hoped that a list of local 'Opens' and club events will be available shortly. In the meantime those 'rarin' to go might remember the Melling Whellers' '25' on 6th March and the following club dates:—26th March (25), 30th April (25), 28th May(50), 25th June, the date we are suggesting for the inter-club '25' with the "Chesh", 17th July (50), 13th August(50) and 10th September (25).

There is great activity over various proposals for a course for the '100'. All that can be said at present is that Shrewsbury will continue to be headquarters and those wishing to stay at the Lion should book direct and in good time.

C. E. Green presided over a gathering of 112 at a recent T.A., Luncheon organised by local Captain Allan Littlemore. Other Anfielders who enjoyed the fun and hospitality of the West End Café, Goostrey were Percy Williamson and Laurie Pendlebury.

More news is to hand of Charlie Randall who, as recently reported, went into dock early in December. We hear that he was to have his gall bladder removed and asked the cutter-upper to keep it as he wants to make a saddle bag.

The recently published annual report of the Merseyside Youth Hostels Association shows that the total of 108,534 visitors to their 24 hostels in 1958 was a record but goes on to comment that only 24% of hostellers were cyclists against 70% just after the war.

Congratulations to Hubert Buckley who has been appointed Hon. Secretary of the Northern Road Records Association, thus succeeding to a post formerly held for an incredible number of years by his father, that grand old Anfielder, Edwin Buckley.

The Triennial Dinner of the Road Records Association is to be held on Saturday 12th March 1960 at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London W.C.2. While the primary object of the Association is the investigation of claims to records this Triennial Dinner has become one of the greatest and most representative gatherings of cyclists and there are few places able to seat the number wishing to attend; Requests for tickets, accompanied by a remittance for 25/- should be addressed to W. H. Townsend, 100 Betham Road, Greenford, Middlesex.

Stan Wild made a pleasant extension to the Tints week-end by spending the Sunday riding over the Milltir-Cerrig in shorts, ankle socks and shirt (like climbing an Alpine pass and just as hot he says) to Bala for lunch. Then came the crossing of the Bwlch-y-Groes to Dinas Mawddwy and back to the "Sun" for another night. Stan says his tri-coaster brake held him perfectly on the steeper south side of the Bwlch but later his gear packed up and he wonders if this was due to heat generated in the brake band.

"The Winged Arrow" journal of the Speedwell B.C., recently printed an account, by Dick Hulse, of a trip in early November along Hadrian's Wall which concluded with "a convivial evening with Anfielder and North Roder, Norman Turvey." We later heard that Norman is suffering with a slipped disc and is in plaster from neck to B17. Best wishes for a complete and speedy recovery Norman.

During 1960 our North Road C.C., friends will be celebrating the 75th Anniversary of the foundation of the Club in 1885 and their Annual Dinner is to be moved to the end of October near the actual date. They are also planning a completely re-written History (by President H.H. England) and the Memorial '50' is to be run after the end of I.O.M. week when they hope to have a number of foreign amateurs riding. To complete a memorable year the National Championships '24' is to be incorporated in this famous event.

Another History to be completed is that of the Birkenhead North End C.C., which was founded in 1901. Any items of interest including the loan of old copies of "Cycling" will be welcomed by Mr. D. G., Spraggett, 13 Alexandra Drive, West Kirby, Cheshire.

Will officers and committee members note that meetings are arranged for the first Monday of the month at 7-0 p.m., except for May 30th in place of Whit Monday, June 6th and no meeting in August unless one is arranged at a Club run.

*RUNS*

HOLT, 24TH OCTOBER, 1959.

The day began dull, but brightened later, and I found that I was first to arrive at Two Mills with Martin Gilbody, a prospective cadet. A little later, David Bettaney arrived and then Peter Jones. No one knew our destination, and feelings of joy at being able to go straight home with a good excuse, were dispelled by the arrival of Jeff Mills who sealed our fate by informing us.

Just as we prepared to leave, David Bennett and John Farrington arrived but we went on without them. After a wet ride, we arrived to find Dave and John tucking into a meat pie and a cup of tea, having arrived, so they said, half an hour before us.

We enjoyed a very good meal and then Alan Littlemore arrived (obviously training for next season). We set off home afterwards along the Chester-Farndon road, a scene of agony during the 50's, still, if they are mad enough . . .!

We arrived at Chester, and Alan left us. While we rode through Chester, Martin and I left, and went home via Hawarden leaving the bunch to pursue John to the Mills, though it turned out he had stopped in Chester!

Those present were:—Jeff Mills, Guy Pullan, Alan Littlemore, Peter Jones, David Bennett, David Bettaney, Keith Sprason, Martin Gilbody, John Farrington, Benno and brother Timothy, a prospective Cadet.

BIRCH VALE, OCTOBER 24TH, 1959.

My people were very apologetic. This was the worst Saturday afternoon in months (they said) and I was going to get wet. I agreed but put on my cape just the same and emerged into the pouring rain. And, as very often is the case, riding through the elements was nowhere near as bad as gazing at them through the sitting room window. The wind was behind me, too, so all in all my ride to Birch Vale was not too uncomfortable.

The clouds cleared a little at Disley and to my immense satisfaction Lyme Cage was clearly visible on the skyline of Lyme Park. The rain stopped at New Mills, and, after enquiring for the whereabouts of the Sycamore Inn I dropped to Birch Vale station and quickly located it. It was just 5-30 and our new Presider, Rex Austin, was there to greet me, and I was delighted to offer him my sincere congratulations.

We ordered tea for two and as we sat by the fire quaffing a drink the lads arrived. These comprised Alf Howarth (of almost serious mien now that his doom approaches), Alan Gorman, and Laurie Pendlebury. I hope Laurie does not mind being classed with the lads—he rides like one anyway, and as my Publicity Expert (unpaid) I have no desire to offend him.

Tea was an excellent meal. Rex, regrettably, had to tear himself away to attend a C.T.C., lecture in town, but the remainder had a most enjoyable chin-wag among the orts and greasy relics of the tea table. We stayed until after eight o'clock and I have to confess that I talked so much that Alf couldn't get a word in edgeways. I am sure that my sojourn in the south hasn't improved me that much so it all goes to show that Alf *is* on the decline.

A pleasant ride through the storm-swept night (with the rain keeping off nicely) brought a grand day to a close. I enjoyed my re-union with the Anfield very much.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1959.

It was "Operation Minute Book"; You see, the Committee Meeting was to be held at the Travellers' Rest and the Hon. Secretary had to get the Hon. book to meet the Hon. committee and on my honour he tried. The Hon. Secretary telephoned and we mutually agreed to go on two wheels each, or four wheels if the weather was unkind. Please to be reminded that the reasoning behind the aforementioned was predominately the protection of the honourable Book from the possibility of dishonourable weather. True to prediction the Hon. Secretary arrived, with the Book, on time and after a cup of tea we slowly pedalled off to Highwayside. The falability of our judgement reminded the Book that he would much prefer the safety and comfort of the back seat of a four wheeler, to saddle bag security, but, we struggled on to Two Mills for refreshment at a speed commensurate with our fitness. There the three "Hous." agreed we would be late for committee unless we could find some speed, so back to Heswall for the coach.

We picked up Jack Salt who was recovering from a slight malady and clad in warm plus-fours, be-capped and alert as usual he sat with musket on knee, the "look out man" for "the Book must get there" and be preserved from the evils of highwaymen or curio hunters that might be abroad. The driver drove his best, the Hon. Secretary hugged the Book and the look out man chanted the "All Clear". Aye, we made it, safe and sound.

Over tea the secretary sat on the Book, it wasn't required, 'cos the meeting was over. The following were there to testify we were late:—Rex Austin, Jeff Mills, Ken Barker, Dennis Ryan, Guy Pullan, Len Hill, David Bennett, Alan Littlemore, Frank Marriott, Rodney France, Each Orrell, Jack Salt, Laurie Pendlebury and two others (blame Jeff Mills' lousy writing) K. Sprason and M. Gilbody.

DALTON, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1959.

For record purposes only Arthur Birkby and Rigby Band attended this run. It was mutually agreed by all present that the quality more than made up for the lack of numbers.

HOLT, 21ST NOVEMBER, 1959.

With hardly a breath of wind, shafts of sunlight and a temperature in the sixties, this November day was well out of season. Delamere Forest was as attractive as ever in such a setting.

I pedalled merrily on my way, accompanied by my "domestique," to the City of Chester, in order to do some shopping, there were about 5,000 people also shopping at the same time, and as the other 4,998 had gone in motor vehicles, one could easily imagine the resultant congestion. However as the objective of the shopping consisted of large items of FOOD, this eased the pain of this nerve racking experience.

Pedalling alongside the Dee, was quieter via, Aldford and Churton and We eventually arrived at the Castle Café, Holt, spot on 5.30 p.m., to find the tables well nigh cleared of grub by R. Wilson, D. Ryan, J. Mills, Ben Griffiths, J. Parr, J. Farrington, D. Bennett, D. Barker, T. Griffiths, D. Bettaney, K. Sprason and M. Gilbody.

Reg had been in such a hurry to gulp his tea, he had missed his mouth completely and poured the liquid all over his nice new "kecks", meanwhile Benno was frantically searching for 3d. bits to insert into a newly installed (more's the pity) juke box!

Before the party broke up, Len Hill arrived on his "hands and knees" murmuring something about having been lost round Market Drayton! In addition to the above A. L. Littlemore was accompanied by Mrs. L., in order to (1) keep the party in order, and (2) to provide "back wheel" for a tiring husband on the way home, which was mostly through quiet lanes under a starry sky, and provided a fitting conclusion to a pleasant half-day in the fresh air.

HATCHMERE, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1959.

A bright but raw winters' day gave me an excuse for a dilatory approach to the run at Hatchmere. A teasing wind from the south made for steady riding along that uninviting stretch to Saltney. Once in Handbridge though it was a pleasure to stroll along the Groves, the tide at full and the Dee in spate.

There is a cosy café at the far end near the boathouse, a glowing fire and comfortable chairs. So coffee by the jug was ordered and sipped to the efforts of a young man at the piano. No juke box here and so a pleasant half hour was spent.

Further strolling took me along by the ferry and up Dee Hills to Boughton. Len Walls and wife waved excitedly from the shelter of a car, North Wales bound no doubt. Still I kept afoot, gazing in all the windows.

Found a delightful little green overlooking the meadows, seats for the aged and weary. Then once more a wheel at the Peacock.

Over the canal to Christleton and down to the Packhorse Bridges. The air was clear and the view across the Gowy meadows was allowed

to soak in till mounting once more I pedalled my way to the Nantwich road. Crossing over into the bye-ways again to join the Manchester road east of Tarvin and then to Ashton Hayes.

A half-hour's halt to watch the efforts of the local youth with the leather sphere brought its humorous lost ball in the duck pond, with one of the village imps suspended head down, by his heels, to recover it, the village beauties adding to the charm of the scene.

The ride through the forest in low gear, not a hair out of place found me ordering an early tea. Joined by Guy and Harry Duck we soon polished it off and awaited the horde, ready for gossip without the worry of keeping one eye on the fodder.

A fine turn out of all ages enlivened the meal hour and when the parting came it was a goodly company that kept pace back to the Wirral.

Len, Peter and I of course called for a whistle wetting at the Yacht and so another enjoyable run ended.

Those who answered the roll call were:—R. J. Austin, J. J. Salt, R. Wilson, J. Mills, F. Perkins, J. Farrington, P. Jones, H. Duck, E. G. Pullan, R. France, J. France, L. Bennett, K. Sprason, D. Bennett, D. Letts, D. Bettaney, D. Skillen, P. Storry, M. Gilbody, G. B. Orrell, B. Orrell, L. Pendlebury and L. J. Hill.

#### LLANARMON, 12TH DECEMBER, 1959.

A short but tough run on this late autumn afternoon brought me from Wrexham via the Llandegla Moors and Rhyd Talog to the Raven.

Les Bennett and some Cadets were already in possession when I arrived and a few minutes later Reg Wilson and half-a-dozen of the he-men made up the party.

The ride home through the Welsh hills was a delight as I recaptured for a while the joy of riding a trike in country where one can get an endless variety of fine views of the Cheshire plain.

Those present were:—Reg Wilson, Jeff Mills, Peter Jones, Ray Atherton, Rodney France, John Farrington, David Bennett, David Bettaney, Keith Sprason, Martin Gilbody, John Chapman, Pat O'Leary, Les Bennett and Keith Selkirk.

#### PRESTBURY, DECEMBER 19TH, 1959.

The President and his wife arrived at the White House for the penultimate club run of the year in good time; but when at 5-40 no other members had arrived the outlook was black. However, a tricycle, steered with tremendous aplomb by Rigby Band, then hove into sight, and tea was taken; and later the arrival of Laurie Pendlebury brought the total to three.

It was disappointing that so many of the usual attenders at this traditional Christmas "get together" were unable to attend; one hopes that another pleasant Club custom is not to be allowed to lapse.

# ANFIELD



# CIRCULAR

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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*Vice Presidents:* J. J. SALT & G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West  
Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

VOLUME LV

FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1960

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## JACK SALT

This issue of the Circular was ready for print when we received the news of the death of Jack Salt on Sunday, 21st February, 1960.

We had included a note regarding his illness with the good news of his discharge from hospital and apparent progress towards recovery but this was not to be.

Jack's career as a cyclist and Anfielder cannot be dealt with adequately in the time available and a full appreciation will appear next month.

In the meantime the thoughts and sympathy of all members and of a much wider circle will be with Elsie and Andrea in their great loss.

## FIXTURES

MARCH, 1960

- 5 LLANARMON (*Raven*). DOODFIELD (*Old Clough Farm*)
- 7 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 12 BANGOR-ON-DEE (*Smithy*). SOMERFORD
- 19 BARTINGTON (*Tall Trees Café*).
- 26 LEDSHAM (*Station Hotel*). BIRTHDAY RUN.

APRIL, 1960

- 2 HIGHWAYSIDE. CLUB "25".
- 4 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 9 LLANARMON (*Raven*). DOODFIELD (*Old Clough Farm*).
- 15/18 EASTER TOUR. (*Sun, Llansantffraid*).
- 16 CHESTER (*Criterion Café, Northgate Street*). SOMERFORD.
- 23 BANGOR-ON-DEE (*Smithy*). GOOSTREY.
- 30 HATTON HEATH. CLUB "25".

## COMMITTEE NOTES

Names to Secretary please for Easter Tour and for Birthday Run at Station Hotel, Ledsham, on 26th March.

*Changes of address:* Frank Chandler, 9 Northeliff Avenue, Scarborough, Yorks. Donald Stewart, 54 Atkinson Road, Sale, Cheshire.

*New Cadet:* John H. Driscoll, 177 Pensby Road, Pensby, Wirral. The name of J. Dickinson has been struck off under Rule 25. Will intending riders in club events (including 10 miles events for Cadets) please note that entry forms must be in the hands of the Captain fourteen days before the event.

Members and Cadets are reminded that subscriptions become due on 1st October and should be paid without delay.

## CORRESPONDENCE

THE EDITOR,  
ANFIELD CIRCULAR.

Sir,

I am interested to read in your January number of Dick Hulse's account in "The Winged Arrow" of his convivial evening with "Anfielder and North Roader, Norman Turvey" in early November, following his trip along Hadrian's Wall.

I would like to congratulate Dick on the apparent extent of *his* conviviality as *I* was flat on my back in Lancaster Royal Infirmary from early October till the 5th November when I was encased, as you say, in plaster from shoulders to B10/2 (not B 17); I returned home and stayed there till the 16th November when I returned, gingerly and by car, to work until the plaster was removed on the 16th December.

My reputation has plenty on its shoulders without being asked to connive at imaginary association with conviviality, especially when Dick is around, so will "The Winged Arrow" and "The North Road Gazette" please copy!

Yours sincerely,  
NORMAN TURVEY

THE EDITOR,  
ANFIELD CIRCULAR

Dear Sir,

I have read with interest and surprise the letter from your correspondent Norman Turvey and am distressed to know that he has been indisposed, a fact which I had been aware of and had written to him late last year to express sympathy.

I am surprised at the extent of Mr. Turvey's conviviality, or is the ever thickening mist of time, which appears to have made him forget the details of the pleasant evening in question, which was the 5th of November, 1956.

Yours faithfully,  
R. HULSE

*We admit to being foxed by the "immediate past tense" of Dick's article in the "Winged Arrow" which made no mention of 1956. We are delighted to publish this letter from him, dated 15th February and approximately two weeks before publication of Norman's! There seems to have been 'conviviality' all round!* ED.

### NORTH ROAD DINNER

Once again it was my privilege to represent the Anfield at the North Road Dinner, which, at its usual venue, the Connaught Rooms, proved to be the most delightful of occasions. H. H. England, the N. R. President, was in the chair and welcomed a wide range of personalities from the world of cycling. The guest of honour was Vice-Admiral John Hughes Hallet, C.B., D.S.O., Member of Parliament for Croydon, who not only revealed that we had in him a real friend in the 'House', but that he was a practical cyclist who liked cycling for its own sake and regarded it as the only form of pleasurable travel now left to us. He clearly revelled in having been admitted to the 'inside' of cycling club life and revealed that he had had no small experience as a resourceful cycle-tourist.

The North Road have some excellent young men coming along and one of them, A. J. King, made a remarkably fine speech in toasting the 'Visitors'. If King is anything to go by (and I think he is) the North Road's future is bright.

C. Smith (East Midlands) was chaired to the table in traditional style, as winner of the "24". After receiving his award he modestly and amusingly commented on his win at third attempt at 39 years of age, emphasising that he needn't be regarded as finished on account of age, citing Stanley Matthews and Archie Moore from sport and Charlie Chaplin, who at 70 had recently become a father, as examples of men who did not allow age to deter them.

Arthur Smith and Eric Fort looked after me very nicely, Charlie Davy sharing Arthur's 'veg' diet, with Dick Hulse not far away. Yes! I was among friends all right. Thank you North Road!

S. W.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

Denis Ryan has staggered us all by joining the Navy and getting himself posted to Torbay. What a pity we are changing the "100" course just when we might have had a couple of submarines looking after Llandrinio Bridge.

Alex Beaton, our member from Dundee, will be on tour including Whit week-end and hopes to be at the Lion and "100" to meet us all.

As reported elsewhere, Frank Chandler has recently moved to Scarborough and we wish him good trundling in his new area.

The proposed new "100" course is ready subject to confirmation and exact measurement. Briefly, the route is as follows:—Start on bye-pass, proceed to Wellington Island (A5) and retrace. Turn left along A458 towards Cressage, retrace and take A49 to Onibury.

Retrace to bye-pass and left to B4386 through Westbury and Worthen to a turn near Cherbury and retrace to finish in lanes near Ford. Members will appreciate that much detailed work still remains to be done and the above is only an indication of the route.

Club run reports are coming in very slowly these days and once again we appeal to writers to "do it now". During a recent check up to black-mark backsliders the Editor found he was among them!

The club was well represented at the North Salop Wheelers' Dinner and Dance by Jack Pitchford (and Mrs. P.) Allan Littlemore (and Mrs. L.) and Ira Thomas who made a good speech in replying to the toast to the Visitors. In a cross-toast to those who had cycled to the function the only responders were Allan and his lady.

On January 3rd, Allan Littlemore was chief guest at the Preston dinner of the V.T.T.A. North Lanes group and spoke for 23 minutes 47 seconds in toasting the Group and its prizewinners. [We understand the promoters had scheduled for a little less. ED.]

By the time these lines appear in print the President and Mrs. Austin will be sporting themselves in Switzerland but will be back in good time for the Birthday Run.

### RUNS

#### HIGHWAYSIDE, 5TH DECEMBER.

This particular run was destined to be very wet. The weather looked unsettled when I started out and having picked up Dave Bettaney, Keith Sprason, and Martin Gilbody at Two Mills, we set out into the wind and fine drizzle. We had a very tough ride with capes on, up the hills, and we all more or less fell off our bikes at the teaplace. Here, we found a delicious meal ready for us, the one bright thing of the day.

After tea, we set out homewards thinking that it might be drier, but no, before reaching Tarporley it absolutely poured and after a few miles, we were so wet that we actually enjoyed it! Fortunately, the rain eased at Chester but it accompanied me home, where I was glad to get off my 'iron' and watch the 'gogglebox' in action, despite the risk of one's optics being rendered rectangular. Altogether a most dismal run. Those who braved the weather to gain attendance points were:—Jeff Mills, K. Sprason, D. Bettaney, D. Bennett, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, J. Salt, L. Hill, G. B. Orrell, A. Littlemore, L. Pendlebury.

The President attended the Bath Road Dinner.

#### HOLT, 19TH DECEMBER.

It was Saturday, December 19th 1959, a wet day. At a quarter past two in the afternoon Keith Sprason and I arrived at the Eureka Café to find co-member B. Berry there before us. After five minutes desultory talk Brian started for Holt alone, it may have been that he was hungry for his tea.

We waited for a while to find out if any other members of the club would be arriving and sure enough they did. There was Jeff Mills followed by David Bennett, David Bettaney and John Farrington.

Sensing that there were to be no others on that rather dull day we began to meander along the road but we were to be joined by yet another intrepid club rider, for, sliding into our vision came the efficient form of Keith Selkirk. Thus happily united we continued on our circuitous route towards Holt.

For myself, I am glad to say that the pace was one which did not demand too much effort as the older and more experienced riders restrained their enthusiasm and speed. I was even able to notice the scenery as we bowled along smoothly through Chester and then on to the Chester-Wrexham road.

The traffic was quiet fortunately but the rain insisted that we caped up and I am almost ashamed to say that mud was splashed around quite evenly, from my almost-unadorned wheels. (In parenthesis I might add that Father Christmas has now taken pity on this poor club member and provided him with a new and spanking pair of Bluemels).

Holt was no surprise to me that day as it was my third visit but none the less enjoyable for all that. We were still fresh enough from our short spin to be tolerant of the weather.

The meal at Holt was Spartan but acceptable, all the more so because of my introduction to new faces, among them being John Fuller, Guy Pullan, Allan Littlemore and Peter Jones.

That afternoon was of particular interest to me because of the chances it gave for a close inspection of some super bikes. I could see that my ideas of what was good and what was not so good, needed revision and perhaps more important, what was superfluous and what was vital . . . two good brakes, for instance and a whole pair of mudguards.

Leaving together, we left Holt in the dark at half past six, returning home through Chester, where we went our separate ways.

HALEWOOD, DECEMBER 26TH, 1959

The morning of Boxing Day on the Dee shore of Wirral was a delight. The sun shimmered on the sea and the sand, and the hills beyond looked very inviting indeed.

In circumstances such as this I—honestly!—considered riding out to Halewood on the bicycle. Then Eddie Morris came on the phone, and suggested that if I happened to be motoring to Halewood, he would be delighted to accompany me. (It is amazing how our old friend comes up for more of my Morris. Last Boxing Day the damned thing broke down).

Well, I said that I would. The battery needed the miles much more than my legs. And we had a pleasant drive. Inside the Derby Arms the atmosphere was pleasant, with (in no particular order) Rex Austin and Bobby; two Bren Orrells; Jeff Mills; Brian Berry;

Peter Jones; Arthur Birkby; Jack Davies and friends; Frank Marriott; John Parr; Guy Pullan; the evergreen Salty; Len Hill; George Parr; Laurie Pendlebury; and Jack Newton, David Bettaney, David Bennett and Keith Sprason completed the party.

Guy Pullan gave the impression that he had called the meeting for all to look at 'is nice new camera. It was a lovely fifty quids' worth, but did it work? No! All the thousand and one gadgets of that beautiful Agfa were at variance when Guy's itching fingers touched the delicate trigger. Talk about frustration! Laurie Pendlebury shot a few. Jack Davies disposed of a good deal of film. But the most wonderful camera was silent.

Bobby Austin had a do at it. Jack Davies offered his comments and even his flash gun, but still the wretched thing would not work. And all the time Guy's face went redder and redder. I am sure that he was thinking about the fifty pounds which had gone so very apparently—down the drain.

Then, just when our patience could hold out no longer, and we were ready to leave, our demeanour was disturbed by a last flash and a click of a shutter. So it did function after all. Guy was delighted. It had made his day.

One by one we drifted downstairs and to the wide open spaces. Some to cycle, and some to make an easier, although less delightful, way home. The trouble is that when you use petrol there is so very little to write about. That is why E.G.P. has today had enough publicity to last him for years.

#### TWO MILLS, 2ND JANUARY, 1960

Very tentative arrangements had been made for a show of colour transparencies at this run but at the eleventh hour the prime mover found himself with a very long week-end free and went cycling; a most commendable decision.

The Editor had promised to transport all the impedimenta, and daughter Marian, to the scene and even if projector and screen were now unnecessary there is no putting daughters off and petrol assistance it had to be so that there is no scope whatever for a lyrical description of cycling in Wirral on a bright January afternoon.

At the café a goodly number had mustered and feeding was already in progress. John Parr rolled in and nearly got the writing-up job on the strength of having ridden over ten miles; then we saw the burly form of John Leece who came in fighting fit after riding all the way from Willaston. He didn't get the job either; you can't expect a bloke to ride four miles and have to write as well.

Len Hill won the jack-pot by arriving an hour late after a gruelling six miles on his own; actually he had brought the wrong map out so had a reasonable excuse.

Captain Wilson, Jeff Mills, Brian Berry and Benno made the attendance of members up to eight and Cadets David Bennett,

David Barker, David Bettaney, Martin Gilbody, Keith Sprason and Timothy Griffiths brought the attendance up to fourteen.

HOLT, 16TH JANUARY, 1960

On this clear, dry and possibly frosty day, I decided to waft the cobwebs from my (t)rusty tricycle and give it some fresh air; as some time had elapsed since I trundled in triplicate, confidence was therefore at a low ebb, the 'Mrs.' insisted on accompanying me, in case I fell off or did anything daft.

However it was a pleasant afternoon, and after passing through the Forest, and Ashton, we came to Tarvin, where a local juvenile pointing in my direction called out "Look Daddy, that man must be a cripple" . . . ! Proceeding through the lanes, with a very dignified expression on my face, we came to Aldford and here picked up Les Bennett and a young friend, and eventually we came to the narrow bridge across the river and the uphill slog to the café.

At the venue well nigh pandemonium was rampant, as all the cadets were milling around a recently installed eye catching, colourfully illuminated, 'get rich quick' contrivance, the object of same being to place certain little balls, into certain tweeny holes, in order to win an immediate fortune. This of course never happened, it only being a pious hope of the gambler. This commercial contraption I presume is to keep the 'Juke Box' company on the other side of the room?

When sanity was restored, and everyone seated behind plates of grub, the following were in evidence:—E. G. Pullan, J. H. Mills, L. Bennett, D. Bettaney, J. Farrington, R. France, K. Sprason, D. Bennett, A. L. Littlemore, and a young prospective, J. Driscoll. Before the meal was completed, a sweaty, heavy breathing, heavily clothed, steaming 'athlete' fell through the doorway, in the form of John Parr, now in 'serious training' and he also had come on a tricycle! The return journey was calm and windless, with traffic free lanes providing a fitting conclusion to a brief sojourn along the valley of the Dee.

GOOSTREY, 23RD JANUARY, 1960

It was a frightfully wet afternoon, as I decided to support the 'alternative'; pedalling into the southerly breeze encumbered with albeit a brand new cape was not easy. On arriving at Mrs. Bates' Café, at Goostrey, I discovered that the Manchester Wheelers were also in attendance.

The 'inter-club' tea between the two (well known?) clubs, was a pleasant, chatty affair, amidst the 'gobfulls' of bread, jam, meat, salad, cake, chutney, salad cream, scones, (not in any particular order) with plenty of amusing reminiscences. The four members were, G. B. Orrell, L. Pendlebury, A. L. Littlemore and J. Newton, although the latter sported the 'Wheelers' badge in addition. In spite of being on two clubs' runs, he only paid for one tea!

CHESTER, 23RD JANUARY, 1960

This was about as dirty and dismal an afternoon as could be imagined but with the tea-place only fifteen miles away there was no excuse.

With cape, leggings and cap a start was made through Clatterbridge and the well known road to Two Mills. Splashing along through the incessant rain was really quite pleasant and a few miles of lanes around Picton and Mollington were added for good measure.

The scurrying crowds in Chester were not enjoying it but at least the elements kept them off the carriageway and Watergate Street was reached without sinking a single pedestrian.

In the Crypt café John France was trying to hold his own among a batch of hungry cadets; he reported Jeff Mills and John Farrington on their way but getting some miles in someplace.

Peter Jones joined the Editor at table and told of his departure in October to Worcester where he is to have another year in College studying rural subjects. We shall miss his cheery presence but then, the holidays will total about twenty-six weeks!

Paul Storry, Rodney France, David Skillen, David Bettaney, Martin Gilbody and Keith Sprason and John Driscoll, a prospective cadet made up the younger element until we were joined by David Bennett and Alan Waring.

After creeping out of the Crypt by the same door through which we had crept in we found Len Hill shivering in the cold and saying hard things about cafés which close at six o'clock. He was despatched in haste to Two Mills to ensure a 'cuppa' being available for us after a six mile grind along the Top Road. A very pleasant trip notwithstanding the miserable conditions.

42 BICKERTON AVENUE,  
BEBINGTON, WIRRAL, CHESHIRE.

K. W. BARKER,  
*Editor*

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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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*Vice Presidents:* J. J. SALT & G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

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VOLUME LV

APRIL—MAY, 1960

NUMBER 636

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## FIXTURES

APRIL, 1960

25 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL

MAY, 1960

7 LLANARMON (*Raven*). CHINLEY (*Oaklands Cafè*)

14 HATCHMERE (*Forest Cafè*)

15 PARBOLD. LUNCH, 1-30 p.m.

21 BANGOR (*Smithy*). SOMERFORD

28 HUNTINGTON. CLUB "50".

30 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL

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### COMMITTEE NOTES

*Change of address:* C. Randall, 4a Heol Hendre, Thornhill Road, Cardiff.

*Membership List:* The names of W. C. Smart and D. W. Thorold have been struck off under Rule 25.

### IN MEMORIAM : JOHN JAMES SALT

Sometimes in this life of ours things hit hard. And this occasion, the passing from our midst of the one and only Salty, is one of them. Even now we cannot bring ourselves to believe it, and of a truth Jack's beloved Chester high road will never seem the same to us again.

The last occasion "J. J." attended a club run was Boxing Day, and we remember reporting the run and writing of him as "evergreen Salty." It could not be contemplated then that within two months we should be penning these tragic lines. A day or so later Jack wrote and told us that he had to rest for a month. He spent five weeks in Clatterbridge Hospital, and those who went to see him marvelled at the contentment. Salty seemed to spend his days sitting up in bed, planning wonderful trips for the future. On returning home early in February all seemed set for a gentle recovery, with a prospect that he would be a wheel again in the summer. But it was not to be.

After a severe setback Jack passed away on the morning of Sunday, February 21st, and the funeral service was held at Heswall Parish Church on Wednesday, February 24th. Those Anfielders present to pay their last respects were: John Leece, Jimmy Long, Frank Perkins, Ken Barker, Frank Marriott, Arthur Williams, Don Birchall, George Connor, Bert Lloyd, Arthur Birkby, Reg. Wilson, John France, Peter Rock, Ted Byron, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Len Hill, Syd del Banco, Jeff Mills and Len Walls. Many other Merseyside clubs were also well represented.

Salty had been an Anfielder for almost thirty years. He joined the Club in 1931 with his reputation as a crack rider already earned and with Bren Orrell and Jack Pitchford made up a team which gave the Club its greatest decade for forty years.

A fine rider at all distances, Jack excelled at that most testing trial, the "hundred"; in the 'Grosvenor' event, dominated for years by Bren Orrell, Jack was in the winning Anfield teams in 1931, '32 and '34 and was second fastest in 1933. A win in our own Whitsuntide event eluded him but he did some of his best rides on those undulating Shropshire roads, being placed in 1933 and 1934 and contributing to the Anfielder's six successive team wins in 1932/37.

A win in the historic Brooklands circuit race in 1933 led to Jack's selection for the English team in the World's Championship and in the first five years (1930-'34) of the Best All Rounder Competition he gained one of the coveted places in the first twelve.

It was, however, in the classic Bath Road "100" that Salty put the seal on his greatness; second in 1933, fourth and a member of the second team in 1931, third in 1936, these rides tend to be forgotten because of the memories of that wonderful morning in August, 1932 when J. J. Salt flashed through the excited throng in Pangbourne Lane to record fastest time of the day (and year) in 4.35.53, the first Anfielder and the first Northerner to take the Bath Road Cup in the 42 years of its history. Jack Pitchford (5th) and Bren Orrell (12th) made up the fastest team also with an aggregate time only seconds 30 over fourteen hours, a new competition record.

Both the National and Northern Road Records Associations have hallmarked his achievements. The Liverpool to London record fell to him in 1931 and the Edinburgh-Liverpool a year later. In 1936, with Peter Rock, he captured the Northern "50" and "100" miles records and in 1937 he broke the single bicycle records over the same distances.

Jack's all-night trips between London and Wirral during early war years exemplified his enthusiasm. He was working at Hayes for a period, and on free week-ends, he would leave work on a Friday afternoon, have a meal, and then ride across England to be in Heswall for an early breakfast on the Saturday, Sunday lunchtime, and Jack would be on the high road again, with a scheduled run to his distant lodgings for midnight. Almost 200 miles each way through a blacked-out, blitzed and signpostless land.

He was a Vice-President of whom any club would be proud and we were not alone in recognising his worth for he was also President of the West Cheshire Time Trials Cycling Association; Jack got a tremendous amount out of this cycling game but he was always ready to put as much back.

Memories crowd in of great times together; of highlights when a sporting crowd acclaimed a worthy winner and of those more personal occasions when our wheels sped through well-loved Cheshire lanes or to distant parts of these Islands which, he knew so well. It is such memories as these which will remain with us. Great rider though he certainly was he was first and foremost an enthusiastic clubman who loved to wander in quiet places. Read again his reports of Easter and Autumn Tints' tours for there are the records of his delight in riding by the sparkling Vyrnwy or catching a glimpse of the Afon Tanat and pressing towards the windy uplands above Llanfyllin. Even those who never knew the man would find in every line a record of

"delight in simple things  
And mirth which has no bitter springs"

As we mourn the passing of a grand companion and a distinguished officer of the Club our thoughts turn to those who were nearest to him. To Elsie and Andrea we offer the deepest sympathy of all who knew him and who can share only in part the sorrow which has come to them.

F. E. M.

*NEWS IN BRIEF*

In addition to undertaking the compilation of an up-to-date history of the North Road C.C., H. H. England has taken over the blue-pencilling of the N.R. Gazette from which we noted the following fixture for 12/13 March 1960:—Meet 6-30 a.m. Potters Bar. Lunch, Evesham, Tea, Tenbury Wells. Supper/Sleep. Church Stretton, which all adds up to quite a training week-end.

We hear that Ira Thomas had an accident at work resulting in an injured foot having to be encased in plaster for six weeks. We hope he will soon be fit again.

Jeff Mills has acquired a new "Quinn" which was the centre of an admiring throng at Llanarmon recently; the proud owner couldn't get near his bag to find a cap to pass round.

Dave Marsh, Britain's only world amateur road champion, who won the event promoted by the Anfield in 1922 died towards the end of February, aged 66 years

Cadet David Barker has been awarded an Open Exhibition in Classics at Pembroke College, Oxford. He will go into residence in October, 1961 but we hope to get Keith Selkirk back by then, in exchange.

April 26th is the first of the Tuesday evening meets of some of our Manchester members at the Harris Stadium. Alan Gorman is there each week and the President frequently joins him. Before these lines are in print the Wirral Wednesdays at Eureka Café will be in full swing and we hope the numbers will grow. A midweek char and chat can be a real tonic especially if some of those unable to get out much on Saturdays can come along.

Dave Brown is reported to have suffered acute saddle soreness on reaching Doodfield recently. It is best part of three miles from his home.

Eddie Goodall recently got a long term of hard labour on taking over the largest garden ever attached to a "semi".

Walter Thorpe has found a new interest in cycling since a valve from his car engine dropped into the works.

Since buying his son a new lightweight, Russ Barker has been dropped more often than ever he was when out with the A.B.C. Sounds as if another loose valve might do some good.

Among the great gathering of cyclists attending Jack Salt's funeral were representatives of the British Cycling Federation, W.C.T.T.C.A., Birkenhead N.E.C.C., Bebington C.C., East Liverpool Wheelers, and Liverpool Century R.C. We also noted Harry Pullan, Ken Rolls and Stan Barker.

Reports of alternative fixtures have not been arriving with customary regularity. Come on Manchester!

The welcome return of the Forest Café, Hatchmere, to our fixture list (14th May) may surprise members who heard or read of the embargo on cyclists. Notwithstanding a card "regretting inability to cater" some months ago we are now assured that the Anfield will be

welcomed. Those attending runs at this pleasant and popular venue would greatly help by ordering their requirements on arrival and so spread the load on a depleted staff.

June will be quite a busy month with the "100" week-end (have you got a job yet?) followed by the Photograph Run on the 11th and the Inter-Club "25" with the "Chesh" on the 25th.

Will Committee members note two departures from our usual "first Monday" sequence of meetings. Meetings have been arranged for 25th April and 30th May.

The Guardian recently published a short obituary notice of the death at the age of 87 of Herbert Henry Frost. He was an engineer by profession and in his younger days had been a keen cross-country runner and cyclist, having ridden a penny-farthing from Stanforth to London in two days.

Later he is said to have acquired the first cushion-tyred machine, the only bicycle ever to be taken into the House of Lords; this was in connection with a tyre patent dispute. The statement that he drove the second car into Wales in 1900 "in the Red Flag days" is inaccurate as the Red Flag Regulations were in fact, repealed in 1896.

#### RACING NOTES

The first club event, a "25" on the Highwayside course received a rather poor entry of four. On a hard, windy afternoon John Parr returned to timekeeper Jimmy Long in 1.9.40. Jeff Mills seemed to enjoy his first speed event and had enough left at the end to agree to write up the run (unless he had too little left to argue). Next morning on the Wirral, Brian Berry clocked 1.9.50. A week later Brian clocked 1.9.45 in a West Cheshire event after a 2½ minutes late start. John Parr, riding in a T.A. "25" clocked 1.13.45 to take 3rd fastest and 1st handicap awards. Allan Littlemore recorded 1.25.19 in the same event which was won by two riders who tied in 1.12.3.

The next club event, also a "25", is on 30th April, based on Hatton Heath where catering arrangements are now quite good.

A week later comes the Whit week-end with the "100" on 6th June. Arrangements are well in hand on a course as outlined last month. Will all members who can possibly get out to help please contact Eric Reeves, 29 The Giunel, Port Sunlight, as soon as possible.

#### CYCLING MANUAL

A twenty-fourth edition of the popular Cycling Manual by H. H. England has just been published by Temple Press Ltd., price 5/- from all booksellers.

This complete book of cycling has been fully revised and brought up to date. Profusely illustrated, it covers every phase of the game and concludes with a series of appendices including railway charges, world champions, Best All Rounder competition winners, R.R.A., W.R.R.A. and R.T.T.C. competition records.

Even the most experienced cyclist will find within its covers much of interest while to the beginner it will prove a mine of information at a very modest price. We commend it to the attention of our numerous cadets who will find it a most interesting and useful addition to their bookshelves.

### RUNS

#### *LADIES NIGHT, LEDSHAM, JANUARY 30*

After many years of wandering around Wirral in search of a house that would provide warmth and good food for our annual January fixture for the ladies, we have found a home. And more than the treasured central heating, we had charm of furnishings, and flowers. Our Ladies Night never has had a better show, and, in consequence, never has it been more enjoyable. It was superb.

The afternoon was wet. The present writer looked at his bicycle, then at the drenching rain, and for the shame of it he backed the jalopy from its garage, and reached Ledsham warm and dry. Some did arrive on bicycles: E. G. Pullan, Brian Berry, Jeff Mills, and a friend from Heswall. But the majority had their better-halves with them, and so came by car, or 'bus.

Quite a happy party jostled around the tank, pleasantly passing the time before the meal. How nice it was to see Johnny Williams and Harry Pearson, complete with their respective spouses, enjoy themselves so much in reminiscing about old times. The one redeeming feature of getting older is the abundant storehouse of memories that one has acquired.

Our own Rex and Mrs. Austin, Hubert and Mrs. Buckley, Alan and Mrs. Gorman, Reg and Mrs. Wilson, Len and Mrs. Hill, Les and Mrs. Bennett, John and Mrs. France, Alfred Howarth and Anne (all the way from Rotherham) Elsie Salt, alone, of necessity, with Jack just about ending his hospital term in bed. Jack Davies with his sister and brother-in-law. The solitaires were Harry Duck, Frank Marriott, George Parr and Peter Jones. Cadets present were David Bennett, Keith Sprason and David Bettany. Lastly, but by no means least, a welcome visitor in the form of George Welfare, an Anfielder of old.

We enjoyed a most delightful meal, and made ourselves even funnier to look at with the aid of paper hats that were pulled from some outside crackers provided by our hostess. Then, the tables cleared, we journeyed with Rex Austin along the valley of the Inn to the cold but lovely heights of the Gross Glockner, and then to the Dolomites before reaching Switzerland again.

Harry Duck permitted us to see the most expensive picture he surely has ever taken. A seagull in full flight against an azure sky. Most modestly he assured us it wasn't a fast shutter. Harry "panned" it and took no less than 17 shots in the hope of some success with one. A delightful picture indeed.

To complete a most delightful evening, George Welfare took us down Memory Lane. He showed some black and white slides specially made for the occasion from old negatives. The Old Gent (W. P. C.) and Frank Chandler riding down the old Coach Road to the Ystwyth Valley as we once knew it, a rough and rollicking road. Cyril Selkirk (complete with skull cap) on that old Rudge. Jimmy Long, (his face a picture of rare misery) mending a puncture. We missed Jimmy and Lois very much, but for that brief instant our old friend was with us again.

So to the end. And in contrast to other Ladies Nights, there was the utmost reluctance exhibited to leave for home. It was difficult to stop yarnning. We can only hope that we might visit the Station Hotel at Ledsham again.

#### HOLT, 20TH FEBRUARY, 1960

The B.B.C's noon weather forecast stated that on the afternoon of the 20th we would have rainy periods. Due to the usual inaccuracy of the Corporation's broadcast we were able to cycle to Holt in the maximum amount of comfort, or should it be the minimum amount of discomfort?

Brian Berry and I chose a route to Holt that would take us through Eaton Park where we encountered quite large patches of sheltered snow which necessitated dismounting from our machines. The small amount of walking probably did us good and we were able to look about at our beautiful surroundings.

On arrival at Holt café (Casino) we ate a substantial meal that was accompanied by 'rook' from one corner of the room, and cries of anguish as the gambling section of the club lost threepenny pieces in a pin table machine, from the other corner. The turn out at the café was good—quite likely due to the presence of J. H. Mills, L. J. Walls, P. Jones, R. Atherton, P. O'Leary, B. Berry, D. Barker, J. Farrington, E. G. Pullan, J. L. Bennett, D. Bennett, D. Bettaney, K. Sprason, M. Gilbody, J. Driscoll, A. Waring, L. Coulson, R. Hooper, J. France, P. Storry, A. Littlemore, R. Wilson, K. W. Barker, J. Vickers, M. Jones, D. Stacey and J. Parr.

#### HIGHWAYSIDE, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1960

Here is a club run that was not a cycle run for me, as today I was motorised, but at least it made me determined to get the bicycle out again. Reg heard me say that and asked me to repeat it, and I can tell him that I have got some miles in since then and am not deterred.

On the way out I met a pack of hounds returning from a hunt. They were accompanied by several horesewomen and horsemen who carried vicious whips, of the ringmaster type, which made me glad I had the protection of a car.

I trust Alf and anyone else of similar views, when next they meet the hunt while cycling will not become demonstrative until they are sure that there are no whips in sight. Or we can be sure who would have the last word, Tally Oo . . . ooh!

Today the ride from Nantwich to Highwayside proved much more pleasant than I had experienced on several previous occasions, all done by gentle pressure on one pedal.

On reaching Highwayside I was very pleased to see such a large number of cadets who were already there with Guy Pullan and Pat O'Leary. We were soon joined by Brian Berry, Reg Wilson looking very calm, cool and collected although he seemed to have got Jeff Mills rather warm.

The other members and cadets who made the party up to fifteen for tea were, G. B. Orrell, J. Parr, D. Brown, A. Waring, J. Chapman, T. Griffiths, R. France, D. Bettaney, K. Sprason and R. Hawkins.

After tea Les Bennett and seven more boys arrived, having had their tea at the Grotto. This additional part impressed me still further with regards the fine job that is being done in getting young blood into the club.

#### LLANARMON, 5TH MARCH, 1960

On this mild afternoon I made haste to Queensferry to find that Les Bennett and John Farrington with cadets or prospective cadets R. Huckle, J. Whelan, D. Stacey, M. Jones and J. Vickers were all waiting and eager to be *en route* for the hills. Our way took us past Hawarden Castle and then meandered across level countryside via Duddleston to Pulford where we entered the Chester to Wrexham main road. Literally pressing onward and upward from Wrexham we alternately walked and rode through Coed Poeth to the heights.

Near Bwlchgwyn we paused and, breathing the fresh upland air, took in the landscape spreading from beneath our feet to Hope Mountain whose summit now appeared to be level with our halting place. Then, with wind and muscle slightly restored, we were able to enjoy an undulating moorland ride. Here rush and heather sloped up, south and west, to hills that looked stark in the pale light of a February late-afternoon. This section was a gentle prelude to the wild downhill run into the Vale for our club rendezvous at Llanarmon where we, the last to arrive, brought up the roll to thirty-one cyclists. K. Barker, Captain Wilson, J. France and Jeff Mills were outside the Raven to greet us. Also present were Messrs. Walls, Jones, Berry, Storry, Hooper, Bettaney, Sprason, Gilbody, Coulson, Parr, Futter, Griffiths, R. France, A. Waring, H. Hawkins, D. Bennett and J. Driscoll.

Enough of the moonlight filtered through the sky's veil of mist to light the homeward run via Mold. Tired North Wirral cadets reached Heswall with a good mileage to their credit and they can certainly look upon this ride as a fitting preparation for their Easter tour in the Pennines.

# ANFIELD



# CIRCULAR

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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*Vice President:* G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West  
Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

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VOLUME LV

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NUMBER 637

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## FIXTURES

JUNE, 1960

- 4-6 SHREWSBURY. Open "100" Week-end. (H.Q., Lion Hotel).
- 11 HATCHMERE (Forest Café). Photograph Run.
- 18 LLANARMON (Raven). QUORNFORD (Eagle and Child).
- 25 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest). Inter-Club "25".

JULY, 1960

- 2 WHITEWELL (Holly Cottage).
  - 4 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool.
  - 9 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
  - 16 HUNTINGTON. Club "50".
  - 23 TARPORLEY (Park Café). Mersey Roads Club "24".
  - 30 HOLT (Castle Café). SOMERFORD.
- Tours: Bath Road "100" and alternative (see Guy Pullan).

*Change of address:*—A. Gorman, 6 Cornwall Close, High Lane,  
Stockport, Cheshire.

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## NEWS IN BRIEF

Anfielders have recently scored two "firsts"—John Parr, riding in the T.A. North West Region Open "50" on 8th May, returned fastest time of 2.24.13, and Allan Littlemore, with a score of 97%, won the local heat of the British Cycle Tourist Competition.

A new venue for Manchester members is the Eagle and Child at Quornford, about two miles from Allgreave on the left of the road to Quornford and Flash. It is about eight *very hard* miles from Macclesfield and no longer licensed!

The Forest Café, Hatchmere, is the venue for the Photograph Run on 11th June, and we are hoping for a really good attendance.

The "100" is almost upon us and Eric Reeves has got everything neatly sewn up and ready. Lunch on the Sunday is being arranged at the Old Brick Guest House, Bishop's Castle.

An alternative tour for those unable to get to the Bath Road "100" is contemplated and members interested should have a word with Guy Pullan.

By the time this issue is out, Arthur Birkby will be on tour in Bonnie Scotland, and Jeff Mills will have returned from the same area fighting fit for his first bash at a "50".

The Historic Churches Preservation Trust have recently made a grant of £1,000 to St. Oswald's Church, Malpas, which is well worth a visit. Dating mainly from the fourteenth century, it is noted for its fine timber ceiling and the vaulting of its tower and treasury.

Some years ago we appealed for copies of any suitable photographs to be added to the Club set, and from time to time we get a batch from Fred Churchill. Other photographers please note! Now there is a suggestion that a Club set of colour transparencies might be gathered together.

For the Inter-Club "25" on 25th June with the Cheshire Road Club the Highwayside course will be used: Dressing accommodation and buffet refreshments will be available, but it may be that some members could ease the pressure by taking tea in Tarporley.

A.R.M. ("Blob") Harbour, well-known as a Bath Road Club rider before he emigrated, has been appointed manager and coach to the South African cycling team for the Olympic Games.

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SOME NOTES ON THE ANFIELD "100"'s OF 1901 AND 1903

The North Road Club, since its formation in 1885, had been friendly with the Anfield B.C., and some of the latter's members who had migrated to the London area joined the North Road Club also, an outstanding example being the late Lt. Col. G. P. Mills.

It was only natural, therefore, that the most important and first Open "100" of the year should attract North Road Club members.

The last but one of the paced events was won in 1898 by the late Freddie Goodwin, N.R.C., in 5 h. 1 m. 31 s.

In 1900 the event became unpaced, the first three being won by members of the N.R.C., and the fifth, sixth and eighth by one N.R.C. member—Frank Wingrave—who, I am happy to say, though 'sugary about the knees' is still 'sitting on his perch'.

In the fourth race an N.R.C. member who had won the second contest nearly did it again, being beaten by a member of the Bath Road Club by thirty-eight seconds.

I seem to recollect that the 'Southerns' thoroughly enjoyed these persistent and (for a time) successful attacks on their Northern rivals.

In 1901 the day was fine but windy, and the race a close one. The backmarkers were R. L. L. Knipe, Anfield B.C., R. N. Cary, Bath Road Club, W. H. Nutt and R. S. Cobley, North Road Club, all on scratch, with J. H. Banks of Congleton on one minute. The first three failed to finish, the next two were inside the then N.R.R.A. hundred-miles record, as was a dark horse—W. Osborne—on twenty minutes. He had been training in the Lake District and won the handicap by a street. Fastest times were:—

	h.	m.	secs.
1. Cobley	5	25	0
2. Banks	5	26	42
3. Osborne	5	27	35
4. Oppenheimer	5	30	24

a good and close race. According to records of those days the winning time was a competition record and the first time 5.30 had been beaten in a race.

That was over half-a-century ago and modern times make these early ones look silly but it *was* fun and such hard work that at least fourteen days was necessary to recover.

Three weeks earlier the winner had been the first rider to beat 'evens' for fifty miles and so was thought to have a good chance. As it was his first "100" he was coached by two experienced N.R. members—R. J. Ilsley and J. M. James (now racing in Elysium). They advised about 2.45 for the first fifty and then to let fly.

Cobley told me that he knew he hadn't much in the way of brains and had to face an intermediate exam. for his profession. He had won four "50"'s in increasingly fast times but failure in the exam. would mean no racing for twelve months; he, therefore, stopped, and for about the first time in his irresponsible life really *worked*. He was rewarded by 'fastest time' in the exam. event with prize money substantially to assist in acquiring a *real racing bicycle* for 1901 events.

He did not race in 1902, but in 1903, though under coaches for his 'final', was persuaded by the N.R.C. committee to 'have another go'. Being without training he 'caught a packet' and was deservedly beaten by thirty-eight seconds by the winner—the late

LT. COL. E. J. Amooore ('Monkey') of the Bath Road Club, who later became the first rider to beat one of Harry Green's records (Portsmouth and back).

As a result of a smash his father stopped his racing (children obeyed their parents in those days!) Amooore became such a magnificent rifle shot that among many splendid performances he won the King's Prize at Bisley, the Olympic Games competition and captained the British team in shooting matches against (then) Empire countries. Cobley kept in touch with him till he recently died.

What happy days those were! The bicycle brought us boys health, character and a knowledge of men and places unknown to us. Through it we made new friends and found a new freedom. We lived in the Golden Age of Cycling and (until the arrival of the motor car) were *Kings of the Road*.

#### 'NOSTALGIA'

*Had the writer of the above notes confessed to some terrible crime, such as pinching the wind out of a rival's solid tyres, we would have respected his anonymity. As his "offence" was nothing more serious than winning our "100" in 1901, and running second in 1903, we feel free to disclose that "Nostalgia" is none other than R. Seymour Cobley, who received such an ovation at our Eightieth Anniversary Dinner, and who is exactly the same age as the Anfield.*

ED.

#### MORE ECHOES FROM THE PAST

Two years ago, as a result of one of our advertisements in the *C.T.C. Gazette*, Frank Marriott had a long and interesting letter from one J. Bradley, of Hebden Bridge, who was enquiring about his friend Wilf. Taylor. They had met when Bradley was in a military hospital in York, in 1917, through our own "Wayfarer", who was then in hospital in Hull, after being wounded in France. Shortly after Taylor came to Liverpool and joined the Anfield, but kept in touch with his friend for many years as evidenced by the following extracts from Mr. Bradley's letter:—

"I remember that at Whitsun, 1920, I stayed the night with Wilf. at Liverpool and we made our way via Llandegla and Llangollen to Shrewsbury to see our first Anfield "100". I kept this up for the next ten years, usually camping behind Hadnall Church. In 1920 I joined the Todmorden C.C. and Yorkshire Road Club and rode in your "100" in 1923 but packed up after about forty miles. I gave up racing after 1925 to concentrate on cycle camping and started lecturing in 1927 and was known all over the North as "Jay Bee".

After spending the night of 31/12/20 with Wilf. we caught the 7-0 a.m. boat to Birkenhead on 1st January, 1921, and went to W. P. Cook's for breakfast before setting off via Queensferry for the Crown Inn at Llandegla for lunch—Tierney was already there. After lunch

we ran down to Chester and on to Frodsham for a cup of tea, where Captain Kettle joined us. We then crossed on the Transporter and so to the Derby Arms at Halewood, and I remember that the place was packed. One chap, I think his name was Hubert Roscoe (*sic*) but I am not sure now, weighed about eighteen stone, but in his younger days had won the "24". I attended one more of your Club runs, at the Red Lion, Tarvin, in January, 1925, after which we spent the night at Chirk.

Until July, 1955, I kept up cycle touring but an operation resulted in a ruptured stomach and I do not know if I shall be able to ride again.

In the 1920's when I was so full of enthusiasm I used to write poems and songs about cycling and camping. One of these was about your "100" and I enclose a copy which may interest you".

*THE ANFIELD "100"*

The day has come so bring forth the steed  
 And away from the towns let us ride,  
 You'll not go wrong if you follow my lead  
 This glorious Whitsuntide.  
 We have four full days in which to roam  
 Oh! Golden hours unnumbered,  
 And the sun shines bright as we pedal from home  
 For we're going to the Anfield "100".  
 All day long we gently ride  
 Through Cheshire green and Shropshire brown,  
 And in the evening we arrive  
 At quaint old Shrewsbury town.  
 The place is full with cyclists all smiles  
 Discussing the men they fancied,  
 For they have all ridden miles and miles  
 To see the Anfield "100".  
 We are early astir, and go up the road  
 To see the speedmen start,  
 We give them a cheer when the timekeeper says 'go'  
 For they have all a valiant heart.  
 But the hills are steep and the roads are bad  
 So the fact is not to be wondered,  
 That some good men pack up my lad  
 In the gruelling Anfield "100".  
 There's a whirr of wheels and a cloud of dust  
 And a thunderous roar goes out,  
 'Tis 'Andy' Wilson finishing first  
 Making history, no wonder we shout,  
 As we homeward wend our way  
 At many things you will have wondered,  
 But when Whitsun comes again you'll say  
 I'm going to the Anfield "100".

"JAY BEE"

(The late Andy Wilson won the event in 1923-4-5, his last win (in 4.55.31) being the first unpaced Anfield "100" inside five hours. Ed.)

### RUNS

BANGOR-ON-DEE, 12TH MARCH, 1960.

It all happened in Bollendorf a few days ago. A few of us who were on the Luxembourg side of the River Sur thought we would pay a visit to the German port of Bollendorf, on the other bank of the river. The German countryside on the northern bank looks exactly the same as that on the Luxembourg side, but there you are. Mind you, one must draw the line somewhere, as the pavement artist said to the irritating constable. And if we did not have borders we might have to go much further than London to get our C.B.E.'s and things. I mean, just imagine having the Cup Final in Peking. Obviously we must have borders to keep things within reasonable travelling distance. But I digress.

Well, naturally, we had to cross a bridge to get over the river, not being *poissons* or *oiseaux*.

As expected, the man at the Luxembourg end was very nice. He just waved and made a strange but cheerful sound through the mouthful of bread he was masticating. "But the Germans are so efficient", as everybody says. Sure enough, he wanted to see our passports. He looked at the photo in mine, but recovered. He grabbed me by the arm. I began to shudder. "Me P.o.w. Vin the var in England", he roared, "Ich sprech Englisch ver gut. Vere go gehen?" We said we were going to drink Quesch (the drink of the region, a highly inflammatory gin). To our amazement he left the bridge and came with us!

As we entered one of the village's three cafés we were greeted by an old man. Like the guard, he shouted when he spoke. "Französisch?" he asked, pointing an accusing finger. "No, not French", I said, "English". "Ah, Englisch!" he bellowed. "Schr gut, gut ole Tommy!" With many exclamations of "Good old Tommy" and repeated handshakes, he told us how he had fought against us in the 1914/18 war, and he showed us his artificial right leg, and the scar on his chest. Apparently this made us all friends!

As I fumbled in my wallet for some money (they accept Luxembourg notes on both sides of the Sur), a piece of paper fell out. "Bangor-on-dee, 12th March, 1960", it read: "J. Mills, B. Berry, P. Jones, F. Griffiths, A. Littlemore, P. O'Leary, J. Farrington, D. Bennett, D. Bettaney, R. France, I. C. Sprason, M. Gilbody".

"Was ist dass?" asked the guard inquisitively, as he picked it up. I explained that it was a record of a cycle club run on a rather windy afternoon to a tea rendezvous, how we had eaten, talked a little, and then sped home through the dark lanes and roads. The old soldier was uninterested. He snorted, threw back his head and bellowed, "Acht Squelsch, Frau Brinkmeyer. Good ole Tommy!"

BARTINGTON, 19TH MARCH, 1960.

As I had cycled to Crewe and back on a "cycle stuff" shopping spree earlier in the day, I suppose my mileage qualified me for writing this run. The said "run" officially started on 5-05 p.m., on this breezy, but dry, day, when I left home, and at 5-10 and 35 seconds p.m. I drew up at the Tall Trees Café, ninety-nine-hundredths of a mile away.

The usual outside chatter was taking place, looking at each others' bicycles, comparing how easy or how hard the ride had been, dependent upon wind at front or rear, then a move was made for the tables. When all had arrived and were seated, there was quite a crowd, made up of: R. J. Austin, Bobby Austin, G. B. Orrell, J. Mills, L. Pendlebury, R. Wilson (with skid-lid in the "alert" position), L. Hill, A. Littlemore, J. Farrington, D. Bettany, K. Sprason, L. Bennett, M. Gilbody, D. Bennett, and a friend, Mr. A. Dorricott.

The talk ranged from "How to go fast" to "Why you go slow", and also a few opinions of the many Butlin walkers, who had recently slogged this way, on their "walk" to fame and fortune(?)

Len and the Captain called in at my place on their way home, which was another excuse for more tea, cake, and chatter; altogether a pleasant outing, albeit a short one for the scribe.

LEDSHAM, 26TH MARCH, 1960. BIRTHDAY RUN.

The eighty-first anniversary of the founding of the Anfield in March, 1879, was celebrated by a total attendance of forty members, cadets and a prospective member. Not all were accommodated at the Station Hotel, where our hosts put on a fine meal in pleasant surroundings.

Others had tea at nearby Two Mills, and one or two, with other commitments in the afternoon, came out for the slide show.

The President was supported by V. P. Orrell, Captain Wilson, Sec. Marriott and veterans Eddie Morris and John Leece. Arthur Birkby was, as ever, open to receive subscriptions for last year, this year or any year still to come.

Then in no particular order we noted Jeff Mills, Peter Jones, Len Hill, George Taylor, Harold Catling, Eric Reeves, Percy Williamson, Hubert Buckley, George Parr, John France, Keith Selkirk, Laurie Pendlebury, Guy Pullan, Len Walls, Bren junior, Brian Berry, John Farrington, Ken Barker, Ben Griffiths and Les Bennett, together with prospective member A. Dorricott, and cadets France, Storry, Skillen, Bennett, Bettaney, Driscoll, Hooper, Gilbody, Sprason, Griffiths and Barker.

After a suitable interval for clearing the tables the projector and screen were set up for Rex Austin to take us on a colour trip to Switzerland with a fine set of slides and an interesting and entertaining commentary. A few shots of club scenes nearer home rounded off a grand evening and all too soon we were out under a star-lit sky to ride in the eighty-second year of our grand old Club.

## SATURDAY.

On the second day of Easter my true love said to me, "Take me out and show me some more beautiful countryside—for again the day is bright and the sun will shine on my sparkling paint, and reflect from my flashing chrome to the headlong streams". So I was loaded thereon and we cycled about the valleys. And the wind whistling amongst the wheels sang this song:—

"The valleys ring with mirth and joy,  
 Among the hills the echoes play  
 A never, never ending song,  
 To welcome in the Anfield,  
 Fred Churchill chatters with delight,  
 The steadfast 'Fielders and their young,  
 Have left their beds and the pub  
 And they go ambling East and West,  
 In search of their own grub,  
 Or, through the glittering vapours dart,  
 Through very wantonness of heart."

Of course only Fred Churchill and Len Hill could hear such music, for only they had time to stand and stare (wot a relief) and dwell on the better things of cycling, to stop and take a walk off the beaten track (no saddle soreness or Easter knees here). So went we, up the Tanat Valley in warm sunshine to see the infant Afon Tanat gracefully hurl itself down, with misty sprays, from the hilltop to the valley bed, to water the lush meadows and make the mud that marks the shoes of the seeker of the remote.

The whole party paid a visit to Pennant Melangell's twelfth-century church, we saw the medieval shrine, which was so brilliantly excavated from many parts of the building and re-assembled by the Royal Commission of Ancient Monuments. We had "elevenses" at Llanfyllin and lunch at Llangynog, and some went hurtling, and some went walking, but F.C. and L.H. returned to Llangynog for late afternoon tea and in the tranquility of a cloudless sky, which presented perfect visibility, we climbed the hill towards home, to seek the views of a grand evening in Spring. A memorable ride, perhaps worth being a little late for dinner.

## EASTER SUNDAY.

I had better confess at the outset to having only a very vague idea of the territory covered on this tour; with so many efficient navigators in the party (not always in agreement!) the role of "daft laddie" was very pleasant, if reprehensible!

Chirbury was the target for lunch; Arthur and Guy started early, but the backsliders, after enjoying a leisurely breakfast, sauntered into the glorious morning sunshine an hour or two later. The occasion was enlivened by a demonstration of Len's improved method of gear control, this involves grasping a handful of cable whenever a gear change is required. Len seemed surprised and grieved when he

suddenly found that only top gear was left; most of the "innards" were apparently strewn over our route. "Elevenes" in Welshpool nearly became "Oneses" through seeking for a café which is no longer there. At Chirbury the party was greeted by Rex and Mrs. Austin; the liquid refreshment provided was both timely and welcome, for by now it was quite hot. After the usual excellent lunch came the ordeal by camera, then the energetic ones wanted to press on, Len and I, however, elected to remain on the grass by the old lych gate. As the poet said, "We are in such a hurry to be doing . . .". Our decision was soon rewarded by the appearance of Captain and Mrs. Wilson on a scooter, who treated us each to an ice-cream. Len was persuaded to try a pillion ride but I don't think he enjoyed it—perhaps the gear change was too conventional! We eventually caught up with the main party at Four Crosses and were surprised to find them stuffing themselves with sandwiches and cakes, although we were only about an hour from dinner! It was a novel experience at an Anfield party to see dinner plates being taken away with food on them.

Just in case the chronicler of Saturday's run "forgets", it had better be recorded that on this day Len and the writer were over half-an-hour late for dinner. The reason according to Len was that owing to large-scale earth movements, what should have been a downhill run home of four miles had actually become an uphill grind of about twenty! Never trust an expert!

#### EASTER MONDAY.

*The appointed scribe for the last day of the tour has not yet done his stuff, so look out for another long exciting instalment next month.* ED.

#### CHESTER, 16TH APRIL, 1960.

What a glorious weekend was turned on for this first holiday of the year, and how we who pattered through quiet Cheshire lanes envied the Easter tourists at Llansantffraid.

The Editor and David took the high road to Chester, and after negotiating the busy streets turned with relief on to the familiar road for Aldford, but the promised "cuppa" at Huntington did not materialise as the doors of the pavilion were closed.

At the camp sports ground we watched for a time a miscellaneous gang of soldiers playing a game of rugby. The ball certainly had pointed ends and the goal-posts looked like television aerials, but here the resemblance to anything seen at Twickenham ended; but it was a pleasant interlude in the sun before turning into Eaton Park for a quiet stroll over the Iron Bridge.

Eccleston was sleepy in the afternoon warmth and all too soon we were back in Chester with a call to make on Percy Carter for some bits and pieces. Here we were joined by David Bennet who reported that a number of members had already fed and departed, although it was but little after 5 p.m.

Although the Criterion Café put on a good meal at a reasonable price, Chester is no place for a club tea on Easter Saturday; those present at the second sitting were spread about over four tables with no chance of the usual chinwag.

Allan Littlemore was taking a spell off from plastering a wall, and with Martin Gilbody and the Editorial contingent, made up a table for four. John France, Peter Budd, David Bettaney, David Skillen, Keith Sprason and Robin Hooper were also out and we were glad to have prospective cadets David Birchall and Joe Dodd with us again. This list may not be complete and others present should mention it to Jeff Mills for record purposes.

SOMERFORD, 16TH APRIL, 1960.

The "seven year itch" must have bitten Walter Thorpe. After having been married for that number of years, he has apparently decided to attend the club run more frequently than of yore. I have never heard of the A.B.C. being cited in a divorce court as yet, and I must say if *I* were looking for a co-respondent . . . well, never mind!

Alan Gorman, in the throes of house purchase, managed to snatch a day off too, so 9-30 saw the three of us set out from New Mills for an absolutely gorgeous day in *real* country—Derbyshire. The roads were comparatively quiet, and no synthetic form of presentation—Technivistoramasuperdiperscope or anything you like, could ever recapture the magic of the views we saw or the air we breathed or the silence we felt. (*With Alf around we would like to hear Alan and Walter's comments on the silence.* Ed.).

At six o'clock we arrived at Somerford to join the others for tea. As we rode in we peered through the glass to see whom we could see. Our hearts sank; our worst fears were substantiated:

Hubert Buckley! (No food left and corny cracks).

Harry Duck!! (Photographs and corny cracks).

Stan Wild!!!(Cor!)

However, others were there to dilute this dreadful brew, and a good time was had by all. Dave Brown has taken up dancing, and says that he has shed a few stones. Not that you would notice the difference, with his massive proportions. He had brought with him Bill Nunn, who, as a "friend" is as yet immune from invective (you wait, man). Bren, senior, was there too, his infectious benevolence spreading itself over us all as usual. Even Stan and Hubert were polite to each other once or twice.

However, the happiest of times must come to an end, and we made our various ways home. Alan, Walter and I accepted Dave Brown's offer of a cup of tea at Hazelgrove, then we departed to run the gauntlet of the "drunkard's maelstrom" up High Lane. Anyway, we made it.

Those present were: G. B. Orrell, H. G. Buckley, S. Wild, A. Gorman, W. Thorpe, D. Brown, H. Duck, A. Howarth and friend W. Nunn.

BANGOR-ON-DEE, 23RD APRIL, 1960.

On this warm and cloudless afternoon we could not have bettered our chosen route; an approach to Aldford through Eaton Hall's estate where high trees showed that the delayed Spring was at last well under way. Then followed a stretch of the Chester to Farndon and Holt 'B' road, which, beyond the Dee crossing at Farndon, leads on in four or five miles of turns over a plain whose scattered farmsteads lie among the spaced-out elms. And so onto the main road and to the smithy at Bangor-on-Dee where the turnout numbered eighteen: Alan and Mrs. Littlemore, Reg. and Mrs. Wilson, Guy Pullan, Les Bennett, David Bennett, John Farrington, Ray Atherton, David Bettaney, Dennis Baker, Joe Dodd, Keith Sprason, John Whelan, Robin Hooper, Jonathan Vickers, David Birchall and Martin Gilbody.

There is no juke-box at the Smithy. Those who would fill the air with music can try the anvil which stands outside. Alan Littlemore suggested the code "J" in future C.T.C. handbooks as a guide to connoisseurs of the canned beat.

Mine hostess attended excellently to hungry wheelers' needs, and after tea Guy left for weekend touring in Shropshire, while Alan led the way through Worthenbury and Shocklach in a run and conditions that were near perfection. These minor roads leading through broad acres east of the Dee and curving back to the river at Farndon gave, eastwards, views of the Peckforton Hills, and in the west, dimly seen as blue outlines, that other part of "Anfieldland", the uplands of Flint and East Denbighshire. This was the background to a picture of white blossoming plum, pear, damson and blackthorn, and a fine drift of green in the hedgerows that left the rider unwilling to speed on his homeward way.

PARBOLD, 15TH MAY, 1960.

Spring had firmly established itself and even the Lancashire lanes looked seductive in their fresh green array. May blossom and wild flowers were almost everywhere.

This dimer venue on a Sunday has much to commend it as it is very pleasant to be able to reach home in time for tea and relax with a pipe before bed.

We had arranged a meeting place at the Red Lion, Newborough. George Parr and Alcock were already there. Then from the back of the milling throng at the bar I discerned Frank Perkins' weatherbeaten countenance from whom we gathered that Churchill had had the temerity to gatecrash into the "Holy of Holies" specially reserved for motorists—so the landlord informed us!!

Mrs. Barnes had the usual sumptuous repast ready (or almost so!) and we lounged on the lawn for some time listening to George Alcock recounting how hard he had to work—to keep out of the way of the foreman, which he did quite successfully, reclining on the top of a "compressor" fast asleep!

Once again the weather did not live up to its reputation for inclemency for the sun shone continuously and we were wafted gently almost all the way home by a balmy breeze astern.

Those present were: Churchill, Perkins, George Parr, Alcock and Birkby.

#### GOOSETREY, 23RD APRIL, 1960

This lovely April afternoon I decided to join the Manchester men at Goosetrey. Along the "25" course between "The Little Man" and the turn the trike left the road and landed upside-down on the grass verge, but nothing daunted I managed to reach Mrs. Bates' on schedule to find the President and company sitting on the wall enjoying the sunshine.

The meal was excellent with conversation ranging from cameras to interesting biological data and Percy Williamson officiating very ably at the tea-pot.

Those present were: Rex Austin, Bren Orrell, senior, Harry Duck, Percy, David Brown and friend, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Newton and Pat O'Leary, who met Allan Littlemore and Marian in the lanes and who put him on the right road for Farndon.

#### EASTER TOUR, SUN HOTEL, LLANSANTFFRAID, GOOD FRIDAY.

As Percy Williamson had to cancel his booking I was left as the sole representative of the Manchester section on the tour. So instead of a leisurely amble across Cheshire and Shropshire with him I did a solo bash to Newcastle-under-Lyme before turning westwards into the wind for the Welsh border. On new and almost forgotten roads through Market Drayton and Hodnet I spent a pleasant afternoon getting thirstier and thirstier, seeing only petrol stations or closed pubs. In a state of near-dehydration I arrived at a cross-roads near Baschurch at the same instant as Frank Perkins, Bert Preston and Len Hill.

It was agreed to make for the Brown House Café at Shotterton, where we got a satisfying afternoon tea. A stop to repair Frank's front tyre made a break on the last few miles to Llansantffraid where we found Arthur Birkby, Guy Pullan, Fred Churchill and Jeff Mills already installed.

Our select party of eight now complete, we sat down to an excellent dinner, followed by a pleasant evening in the lounge. The not-too-serious conversation was assisted by the good ale of the Sun Inn, and enlivened by Fred Churchill's presentation to Len Hill of a novel hot water bottle in the form of a plastic bikini girl, not quite life-size but at least the shape was there. Who would have expected home comforts on a club tour—even if they were plastic?

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR



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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*VicePresident:* G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

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## FIXTURES

AUGUST, 1960

- 6 LLANARMON (Raven). QUORNFORD (Eagle & Child).
- 13 HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Café). CLUB "50".
- 20 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 27 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy). GOOSTREY.

### *Applications for membership:*

Joseph Dodd, 13 Oakdene Road, Birkenhead.

Proposed by A. E. Preston. Seconded by K. W. Barker.

David Royle, 46 Exmouth Street, Birkenhead.

Proposed by J. H. Mills. Seconded by A. E. Preston.

David Birchall, 25 Woodchurch Road, Birkenhead, has been accepted as a Cadet.

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## NEWS IN BRIEF

"Blimey, wot a brick!" These opening words in a brief note from Norman Turvey are all too true for he was pointing out our 'clanger' regarding the first unpaced Anfield "100" inside five hours in the footnote to the poem by "Jay Bee". H. H. Gayler of the 'Poly' won the 1914 event in 4.59.8; we salute the memory of a great rider (killed in the 1914-18 war) and apologise for this bit of muddled history.

Brian Morris, Mid Shrop. Wheelers, who ran third in the "100", won the W.C.T.T.C.A. "50" in 2.6.55 a week later. Two weeks after winning our event Len Logan won the Manchester Wheelers' "100" in 4.13.54 from Moon (Melling) 4.17.38.

Riding home after our "100" with Guy Pullan and a couple of other Mersey Roaders, our old friend Johnny Williams crashed near Harmer Hill, receiving a nasty cut head and other injuries—we hope he is now fully recovered.

Percy Williamson has had to give up the Manchester vice-captaincy and Laurie Pendlebury has been appointed in his place.

Two letters read at the last Committee meeting will be of interest: Eric Bolton, writing from Kitchener, Ontario, sent greetings to all Anfielders, and particularly any of 1924 or earlier vintage who knew him. Then we heard from Ray Booty, winner of our 1959 "100", that he would be unable to ride this year and asking if his prize for the 1959 event could be a tankard with an Anfield badge. How nice to find someone who considers a place in our "100" calls for something more durable than a pair of tubulars!

Mark Haslam and Stan Wild represented the Club at the R.R.A. Triennial Dinner held in the Connaught Rooms, London, way back in March.

Our famous neighbours, the East Liverpool Wheelers, will celebrate their seventieth birthday this year, as will the Northern Roads Records Association.

Apologies to run-writers whose literary efforts have been cut to ribbons in order to conserve space for the "100" report.

### R U N S

HATTON HEATH, 30TH APRIL, 1960. CLUB "25"

A bright, breezy day with fairly heavy traffic on the Whitchurch Road course. John Parr was fastest in the "25" and David Bennett won the Cadets' "10". Quite a good turnout of members who found the catering arrangements quite satisfactory. Results:—

	<i>25 m.</i>	<i>H'cap</i>	<i>H'cap time</i>
1. J. Parr .....	1.6.10	scr.	1.6.10
2. B. Berry .....	1. 7. 0	3	1. 4. 0
3. J. F. Mills .....	1.14.46	7	1. 7.45
4. A. Littlemore .....	1.20. 0	11	1. 9. 0
			(Trike)
5. J. Farrington .....	1.26.12	4½	1.21.42
			(punctured)
D. Ryan D.N.F. ....			

CADETS (10 miles):—D. Bennett, 27.22. D. Bettaney, 28.40. J. Dodd, 29.33. R. France, 29.35. K. Sprason, 30.50. J. Chapman, 31.45. M. Gilbody, 32.12.

## LLANARMON, 7TH MAY, 1960

Five at least made a real ride of it. Ray A'berton, Les and David Bennett, John Chapman and John Farrington made for Dodleston and Holt before lurching at Ruabon and pushing on over the Conquering Hero to the heights above Llanarmon. Others out included Benno, Brian Berry, Peter Jones, Pat. O'Leary, David Bettaney, Bert Preston, Joe Dodd, David Birchall, Paul Storry, David Stacey, John Whelan, David Letts, David Barker, Len Walls and Jonathon Vickers.

## HATCHMERE, 14TH MAY, 1960

The forest was at its best on this lovely spring day and there was an excellent turnout at the Forest Café. Peter Jones and Brian Berry were racing in the Goostrey area on the morrow and their sprints caused some astonished stares from passing motorists who evidently found bicycles with three front wheels a bit too much for them.

Jeff Mills was training in Scotland, so the appended list is by no means infallible. Peter, who was considered to have suitable experience in marking registers, was detailed to record the attendances, but admits to doing this from memory after most of those present had gone! Anyway the following appear on his list:—Rex and Bob Austin, Bren Senior, Reg Wilson, Percy, Laurie, Len Hill, Brian Berry, Les and David Bennett, John France, John Farrington, David Barker, Wilf Orrell, Paul Storry, Pat O'Leary, Allan Littlemore, David Bettaney and Peter Jones.

## BANGOR-ON-DEE, 21ST MAY, 1960

Splashes of vivid colour from banks of rhododendrons and azaleas showed up here and there against the varied greens of the trees in Eaton Park as Reg Wilson, Bert Preston, Ken Barker and a bunch of Cadets made their way towards Aldford. Shocklach and Worthenbury dozed in the hot sun as we passed through, and soon we pulled up at the Smithy to find a mass of bicycles parked where once patient cart-horses awaited their turn for new shoes.

In the spacious dining-room we found Peter Jones, John Farrington, Allan Littlemore and Marion, Les Bennett and more Cadets with their feet already under the table. Pat O'Leary, ravenous after a six mile run from Wrexham, strode in and announced that the trike which had recently ditched him was up for sale.

After ten we were joined for a few minutes by Len Hill, who was out with some historical society looking for ruins. One look at Reg and he was satisfied that the quest was over!

In addition to the members mentioned there were:—Cadets Martin Gilbody, Keith Sprason, David Bennett, David Bettaney, Rodney France, John Chapman, Dennis Baker, Paul Storry, Robert Huckle, and prospective Cadets Jonathan Vickers and Graham Trevor.

The homeward run was varied by a look at Holt and Farndon, and on the top road before Two Mills we were joined by David Barker (after an afternoon's cricket) before the traditional stroll up the Lych rounded off another run.

#### WHIT WEEKEND AND OPEN "100"

The Saturday which started the 1960 Whit holiday was surely one of the hottest days for many moons. Chester was crowded with pedestrians and motor traffic, but on the road for Huntington and Aldford peace reigned and the distant views were clouded with a summer heat haze which gave promise of another glorious few days for the annual Anfield festival.

The Editor, with David as pacemaker, sped through Churton in pursuit of the motorised section of the family, who reported Len Hill and Frank Marriott being led halfway round Cheshire by Jeff Mills before halting for a well-earned lunch at Whitewell.

Just through Bangor a party of Liverpool 'Centurions' were discovered busy repairing their fifth puncture and after pleasantries had been exchanged we pressed on, becoming hotter and drier as Overton and St. Martin's were left behind. In a state of complete dehydration we found a temporary haven in the Station Café at busy Gobowen where innumerable cups of tea went down without touching the sides.

At Llynclwyd our 'Century' friends had collected another puncture and we wondered what the score would be when they reached their lodgings at Welshpool. Vistas of lovely Montgomeryshire opened up as we dropped down to Llanymynech and Four Crosses where the ever hospitable "Street House" was to be our resting place for the next few nights.

Fifteen miles away Shrewsbury was preparing for its annual invasion as riders, officials and club lads and lassies converged on the fine old Shropshire town for the Anfield and T.A. "Hundreds".

The Lion Hotel was again headquarters for the weekend, although by no means all of those out were staying there. Guy Pullan parked himself in a caravan at Wellington in order to be right on the job for the first check on Monday morning, while Jimmy Long, with Mrs. Jimmy, had found a nice piece of pub between Church Stretton and Onibury.

Quite a few members and Cadets rode down through Sunday night. One of these enthusiasts, Joe Dodd, contributes a note on a marathon wait for lunch at Loppington on the ride home.

Len Barker (of Beauchamp, Westaway & Barker Inc.) writes of the jaunt to Bishop's Castle for lunch on the Sunday and we are indebted to Timekeeper Stan Wild for his usual informative notes on the race.

The new finish for the "100" was quiet and free of traffic and, in the glorious sunshine of Whit Monday, provided a pleasant setting for the customary reunions. Apart from the riders we had with us a great gathering of club folk and in the throng we noted the three Bath Roaders mentioned above, Arthur Smith and Frank Armond, of the North Road C.C., Arthur Wood and Syd Parker (Chesh.), Cliff Baxter, George Pearson, Editor of *Cycling*, Johnny Williams, and many others.

Of "Ours" we have Rex and Bob Austin, Frank Marriott, Jimmy Long, Reg Wilson, Ira, Mark Haslam, Ned Haynes, Bob Poole, Bren Senior, George Taylor, Alf Howarth, Pitchy, Russ Barker and Andrew, Harry Austin, John Parr, Alan Gorman, Hugh Fletcher, Ken and David Barker, Percy, Laurie, Eric Reeves, Stan Wild, Jeff Mills, Len Hill, Arthur Birkby, Len Walls, Dave Brown, Brian Berry, Guy, Walter Thorpe, Peter Jones, David Bettaney, Robin Hooper, Keith Sprason, Harry Duck, Joe Dodd and Allan Littlemore. Apologies to any who may have been missed in the scramble.

#### SUNDAY, 5TH JUNE, 1960

It was nearing midnight and the hard core of the gathering at the Lion were in full session, when an alarming rumour got around that the President and Course Marshal were in the hands of the police for assault and battery.

Naturally we discounted such preposterous tales for was not Rex now a model of virtue as befits the holder of the presidential chair, and as for Reg, was not his wife present? As all married men know, the eagle eye of a spouse has the most sobering effect known to mankind.

But the rumours persisted and got worse; Rex fighting police and citizens of Shrewsbury, Reg aiding and abetting, and in turn being assaulted by the Shrewburyites. At this last turn of news Mrs. Wilson upped from her chair, shot across the lounge like a bat out of Hades exclaiming "How dare they assault my husband—that's my privilege". At long last Rex and Reg came in, the former calling "I've done it! I've done it!!" "Done what?" enquired the chorus, "Dialled 999 and called the police".

Apparently Rex and Reg had gone out for a breather and fallen in with two citizens who had been celebrating long and somewhat unwisely. The two had immediately greeted Rex and Reg as if they were blood brothers and on being rather cold shouldered had taken umbrage and tried to start a fight. Blows were struck, Rex slipped away to call the police, Reg stood back and the scrap continued between the locals until the police arrived and general fighting was resumed. However all ended well; the citizens were marched to the cells and peace was restored.

Later that morning a crowd gathered in the lounge at the Lion and heard that lunch had been booked for 2 p.m. at Bishop's Castle. Just before leaving the Britannia Jack Westaway remarked "What a lovely day—no coat or cape required" and so clad, he set off. Requiring something in which to carry some tools I decided to wrap them in my cape.

It was hot, very hot and sticky and at 11-30 a.m. we were at Minsterley, parched, arid and very dry with opening time some thirty minutes away.

We looked round the little party to find someone with the aplomb of a man of the world who could convey to the landlord that his day had arrived to rescue a crowd of suffering wayfarers. Len Hill was chosen and in next to no time figures appeared in the bar and life-savers were being downed with appreciation. Official opening time came at last, but we were reminded that lunch was at 2 p.m. and Bishop's Castle still some miles away.

Off we went, but, alas, the sky had clouded over, storm clouds rolled over the distant hills and Jack Westaway wondered where the lovely day had gone to. Sure enough, four miles from Bishop's Castle the heavens opened and really torrential rain fell on us. We all had capes except the luckless Jack and no shelter was to be had.

At the Old Brick Guest House tales were told of cars stopped by the blinding rain and cyclists plodding on in capes and sou'westers. Concern was felt for Jack sans cape and at last he arrived, very very wet, irate and bedraggled. By this time the party was at lunch and he, too wet to enter the dining-room, removed the majority of his clothing, wrung them out and waited for the sun which by now was beginning to shine again.

After lunch, which Jack took in the garden, the usual photographs were taken of the party, which included Ken and Mrs. Barker, David and Marian, Len Hill, Frank Marriott, Jack Westaway, Len Baker, Rex and Mrs. Austin, Bobby and his wife, Jimmy and Mrs. Long, Len and Mrs. Walls, Jack Beauchamp and his wife, Eric Reeves, Stan Wild, Jeff Mills, Reg and Mrs. Wilson and Laurie Pendlebury, twenty-four all told. For me these informal gatherings year after year are definitely among the season's highlights.

When all was over we discussed the route back and when Jack and I set off the sun shone, a bird trilled high in the sky and the cool green grasses waved gently in the breeze. At last that mystic communion with nature was nigh, but on mentioning this to Jack brought the terse injunction to get moving—going to rain soon! And so it proved. Four miles from Shrewsbury the heavens opened again and for the second time Jack got very very wet, irate and bedraggled. Straight on we went to the Britannia's yard and the wet one stalked upstairs for a bath and change of clothing.

After changing we sat in the lounge and as I scanned the Sunday paper the following Shakespearian quotation caught my eye:

"Why did'st thou promise such a beauteous day  
and make me travel forth without my cloak  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way"

Strictly speaking only the first two lines were quoted, but on looking up the sonnet the third line seemed equally apt. I showed the quote to Jack who laughed somewhat wryly, but his normal good humour was speedily restored.

L.M.B.

#### *AFTER THE "HUNDRED"*

Leaving Shrewsbury at about 12-20 with Jeff Mills, Brian Berry and Keith Sprason we bowled merrily through the lanes to the Dickin Arms, Loppington, where we ordered lunch. Shortly we were joined by Len Hill, Frank Marriott, Peter Jones, David Bettaney and Robin Hooper and all lay on the grass to await the meal. Soon the Cadets were fast asleep, a relaxation denied to me, for on my right 'Boozer' Berry was noisily slooping ale, and on the other side Peter shook the earth with gigantic snores.

It was four o'clock when our "lunch" was ready and poor old Jeff who suggested the place came in for a lot of nasty cracks during the three hours' wait.

Continuing, we made our way through Hammer to Threapwood, Churton and Aldford where we turned into Eaton Park and so to Chester and our separate ways with yet another "100" weekend over.

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#### *THE SIXTY-FIRST ANFIELD "HUNDRED"*

*6th June, 1960*

It was bright, dry and cool, but far from cold, as officials and early starters commenced to gather some two miles west of Shrewsbury for the start of another Anfield "100", the sixty-first of the series which stretches back to 1889 when P. C. Wilson, Catford C.C., won the first (paced) event in 7 hours, 11 minutes.

Eric Reeves, whose spare time for weeks past had been spent arranging the details, was there to see that Timekeeper Stan Wild was right on the appointed spot. The always efficient Jack Beauchamp, President of the Bath Road Club, sorted out riders and put the right man on the grid at the right moment with unfailing regularity from the time John Parr led off at one minute past five until Warrington's A. Boden, number '100' on the card, was sent on his way at 6-40 a.m. precisely.

There was the merest drift of breeze from the S.W. but this freshened as time went on and made the eleven miles from Caphorne Island (eighty miles) to Worthen really tough. From this last turn to the finish was a real flyer for those who had anything left and gears into the hundreds were used with good effect by those anxious to get it over quickly.

Short of Wellington, with nearly thirteen miles covered, the riders were turned and checked by Guy Pullan who reported no trouble with traffic at this early hour. First to turn was No. 1, our own John Parr, who retained his lead on the road until near the fifty miles check which he passed in 2.21.27.

When the riders had returned to Weeping Cross they had covered twenty-one miles and here Alf Howarth took a check and turned them on to the road for Cressage where Len Hill had charge of an Anfield party checking and turning the riders and handing up the first drinks.

Interest centred on scratchman Logan (No. 60), past-winner Morris (No. 30) and the other shortmarkers until No. 82, Corden of the Birkenhead N.E.C.C. flashed through right up among the leaders.

Back at Weeping Cross with thirty-four miles done, Morris went through with seven earlier starters now behind him. Logan had then collected ten scalps and Corden six. Then came the long leg down to Bren Orrell at Onibury, with drinks arranged by the Mersey Roads Club at forty-eight miles and the halfway check to follow.

It was 7-22 a.m. when the first man, Lea of the Warrington R.C., No. 5 on the card, went through a quarter-of-a-minute ahead on the road on John Parr. At this half distance Logan clocked 2.7.33, Morris 2.10.10, then Corden with 2.10.45, and Gaskell, Warrington R.C., who had taken 2.10.55. Ken Pickford, a former winner, was well up among the leaders here, with 2.12.20, but later found the pace too hot and retired.

On the way back from Onibury the Mersey Roaders waited to hand out another drink at sixty-four miles and they were now joined by Walter Thorpe and other Anfielders with solid rations.

On the by-pass traffic was thick and heavy but not moving very fast, so that most riders had little difficulty in filtering into the stream at Meole Brace and covering the mile-and-a-half to Ken Barker at Cophorne Island. The turn on to the Chirbury road gave relief from the roar of heavy traffic, but the next eleven miles to Worthen were really tough pushing into the rising wind.

A mile or so down this leg a large contingent of Birkenhead North Enders, under Bill Hewitt, had another drink ready. Great was their jubilation when their own man Corden blazed through well down on Logan but right among the leading contenders for a place and, with less than twenty miles to do, still going like a train.

Before reaching Eric Musthill and his party of East Liverpool Wheelers at Worthen riders had passed Harry Austin at the Ford Lane end who was waiting to turn them into the finishing stretch on their return. Arthur Birkby, just home from a holiday in Scotland, kept them on the right road at a doubtful fork towards Westbury. And so all was set for the final sprints past the timekeeper, but before we see how things are going there we must mention the busy morning put in by a group of Mid-Shropshire Wheelers who had done a grand job guiding the riders through the many islands on the by-pass. Their job had started a few minutes after the first man was sent off and was not completed until the last straggler had cleared Coptthorne Island (with eighty miles covered) at about 10.30 a.m.

In contrast with the last few years, the new finish was quiet and free of traffic. There is good visibility and wide verges accommodated the large gallery easily, giving Allan Gorman a comparatively easy job in keeping the road clear for the finishers.

Stan Wild, Mark Haslam, Eric Reeves and Peter Jones had a comfortable billet in Mark's nice new 'Triumph Herald'. In an adjacent lane the results board (drawn by Ernie Davies) was manned by Jeff Mills, and telephonic, if not diplomatic, relations between Jeff and the timekeeping staff had been established through the good offices of Mr. Mitchell, a Shrewsbury radio engineer.

From 9.30 a.m. all eyes were on the finishing straight awaiting the first man home, traditionally No. 10 on the card, and sure enough, B. Doolan, Merseyside Wheelers, obliged at 9.37.37, to record 4.27.37, fourth fastest ride of the morning as it later transpired. Next home was young Dennis O'Connell, Cheshire R.C. with a grand ride of 4.34.4, which was to bring him third handicap award while hardly out of his novitiate.

Third to finish was No. 15, J. Atkinson, Warrington R.C., and his 4.27.39 was fifth fastest of the day.

Next came Archer from the North Worcester R.C., 4.30.50 (sixth) and Pearson, Manchester Y.M.C.A., whose 4.34.52 and twenty-two minutes bonus from Frank Slemen gave him second handicap. Brian Morris, thirtieth to start and ninth to finish came in with 4.27.33 which ultimately gave him third place, and he was followed by famous twenty-four hours' man D. H. White of Swindon, who clocked 4.39.10.

From ten o'clock all present were wondering when Logan would appear and whether Ken Joy's event record was to be broken. It surely was, but only by twenty-four seconds, when Jim Logan, Mercury R.C. added his name to the list of winners with a fine ride of 4 hours, 15 minutes, 33 seconds, which also led the Mercury to first place in the team section.

At this point all the awards had been settled except for second fastest and another thirty-two minutes had to elapse before R. Corden, Birkenhead N.E.C.C. came in at 10.47.31 to snatch the second place

and, with eighteen minutes' deduction, take first handicap award also.

Even then the race could not be regarded as won or lost until the remaining fast man clocked in but as No. 90, Alan Blackman arrived with 4.38.58 and then last man off Boden (4.38.35) after having gear cable trouble there only remained the stragglers before the sixty-first Anfield "100" became history.

From 116 entries 100 were selected, ninety-four started, and of these seventy-seven completed the course, seventy-one of them inside five hours.

Once again the Club have to thank Eric Reeves for shouldering the main responsibility for the organisation and he would be the first to acknowledge our debt to friends of the Bath Road Club, Mid Shropshire Wheelers, Mersey Roads Club, Birkenhead North End C.C. and East Liverpool Wheelers, and also to our good friend Mr. Mitchell of Shrewsbury for the telephone at the finish.

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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.

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#### 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, 23 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.

# ANFIELD



# CIRCULAR

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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*Vice President:* G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

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VOLUME LV

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NUMBER 639

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## FIXTURES

### SEPTEMBER, 1960

- 3 LLANARMON (Raven). BIRCH VALE (Sycamore Inn).
- 5 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 10 HALTON HEATH—CLUB "25".
- 17 HATCHMERE (Woodfield Café).
- 24 HIGHWAYSIDE (Traveller's Rest).

### OCTOBER, 1960

- 1 LLANARMON (Raven). GOOSTREY.
- 8 AUTUMN "TINTS" TOUR (Sun, Llansantffraid). HOLT (Castle Café). SOMERFORD.
- 15 BARTINGTON (Tall Trees Café).
- 22 HIGHWAYSIDE (Traveller's Rest).
- 29 LLANARMON (Raven). GOOSTREY.

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*Membership:*

Joseph Dodd, 13 Oakdene Road, Birkenhead.

David Royle, 46 Exmouth Street, Birkenhead.

David Bennett, 32 Church Street, Connah's Quay, Flintshire, have been elected to Junior Membership.

Andrew Russell Barker, 10 High Elms Road, Halebarns, Cheshire, has been accepted as a Cadet.

The resignation of Alan Bretherick has been accepted with regret.

*Change of address:* A. Howarth, 26 Holly's House Road, Ravenfield, near Rotherham, Yorks.

*NEWS IN BRIEF*

After the "100" Stan Wild joined up with Arthur Wood, Cheshire R.C. and timekeeper for the Trike "100" on the Sunday, and made for Chirbury for lunch. Here they met Harry Austin and family. Later Stan made for Llangwrig and on to Rhayader for the night. Next day the route was through Talgarth, Abergavenney and Monmouth for a night at Ross before taking train home from Gloucester. This was a final training spin before a tour of Norway, starting on 18th June.

Bath Roaders Baker and Westaway also went off on tour from our "100" pushing into the wind as far as Carmarthen then turning for a sleigh ride home. With assistance of a strong sou'wester they covered no less than 49 miles one day!

Arthur Birkby has also been on tour with brother Carl; they also got into Carmarthenshire and speak very highly of a couple of hostels they found.

Out for the Birkenhead N.E.C.C. Mountain Trial Bert Preston and Len Hill were stationed at Llandegla cross roads.

In the T.A. North-West Region "12" John Parr pushed his barrow 215.64 miles. Winner G. Tait did 223.87 miles.

We were glad to have a line from Everbright recently, and he sends greetings to all the clan.

Keith Selkirk is back in circulation after coming down from Oxford with an Honours degree and a fine set of colour slides of many of the colleges.

Alan Gorman is searching for a CIRCULAR for May, 1949. Can anyone help?

8th July. To Len and Shirley Walls, a son (Adrian John). Congratulations and best wishes.

While in Chester on the way home from Whitewell Les Bennett collided with the back of a car which cut-in sharply and then stopped dead. Neither Les nor his bicycle were improved by the encounter, but we hope all will sort out satisfactorily.

Glancing over the "100" report we noted a very serious omission; no mention of Hubert Buckley who was on the card as Judge and

Referee but unfortunately had an accident a few days before the event and had to miss the weekend. We hope he is now fit and well again. Better luck next year, Hubert.

There has been great activity recently over the 'End to End' record route. David Duffield has regained the trike record with 2 days, 10 hours, 58 mins, a 69 mins. improvement on Alf Crimes' ride. Then the tandem record fell to J. A. Bailey (Nelson Wheelers) and J. Forrest (North Lancs. R.C.) with a 2 days, 4 hours, 49 mins. ride which beat the previous record by 3 hours, 48 mins. Finally Rutland C.C.'s Ron Conkham who has done some fine rides in our "100" attacked Randall's bicycle record, but packed after riding 494 miles in 27½ hours when a strong wind blew up from the north and put paid to any hopes of a record ride.

Mr. Shuttleworth of the Forest Café, Hatchmere died during July. We understand that the café is to close, and future runs will be to the Woodfield Café.

The Annual General Meeting has been fixed for Staunday, 5th November, details of venue later.

In the July/August issue of *The Tourist*, journal of the Bristol D.A., C.T.C. Arthur Smith, North Road C.C. and president of the D.A. writes an entertaining account of the final of the B.C.T.C. and after describing "the very tumbled country between Missenden and Tring", says: "Here Allan Littlemore, Anfield B.C., regional secretary Tricycle Association, etc., asked me to get him an entry form for the North Road "24"; 'It would be easier than this!'"

The same Allan, after doing 1.16.11 on two wheels in the Inter-Club "25" with the 'Chesh.' pushed his barrow round the Janus R.C. course next morning in 1.18.25 to take the fourth handicap in the event and special trike handicap. In a "Vets 25" in July he improved on recent bicycle performances to 1.12.45 and came fourth on handicap.

On the Liverpool boat one morning recently we had a brief encounter with Les Bennett, John France and John Farrington, who were taking a likely looking bunch of lads, including one or two of our Cadets, on a Youth Hostel tour in Scotland.

Other tourists include Len Hill and Frank Perkins who met quite by accident near Balmoral; Jeff Mills who is shortly off again, but undecided between Scotland and the Sunny South, and David Barker who is in no doubt, for he leaves shortly for the Yorkshire Dales and Hadrian's Wall.

Rex Austin is flying to Rome and the Olympic Games immediately after the Club "50" on 13th August.

Jimmy Long has recently retired from Birkenhead Corporation's Treasury and we wish him, and Mrs. Jimmy, a long and happy spell of leisure. No doubt we can find him a few jobs at the A.G.M. to keep him out of mischief.

## R U N S

HUNTINGTON, CLUB "50". 28TH MAY, 1960

A glorious afternoon, perhaps a trifle warm for racing, attracted a good turnout of thirty-six members and Cadets, not to mention a few wives, daughters and other blood relations.

In the senior event over fifty miles, there were only four starters, three of whom completed the course—Eight Cadets came under starter's orders for the ten mile blind to Farndon and back and recorded the following times:—

D. Bennett, 26.15; J. Chapman, 27.27; D. Bettaney, 28.17; R. France, 28.57; J. Whelan, 29.8; K. Sprason, 29.50; R. Hooper, 30.30; M. Gilbody, 32.52.

With John Parr pushing three wheels a hurried consultation was necessary to re-arrange the handicap. Peter Jones celebrated his promotion to the scratch mark by packing after a lap, leaving Brian Berry, off 2 mins., to make fastest time in 2.20.11, and also take the handicap award. John Parr (5 mins.) recorded 2.30.53 and Jeff Mills (12 mins.) 2.34.15.

Those out, in addition to the riders mentioned, were: Rex Austin Ken Barker, Guy, Les Bennett, John France, Reg Wilson, John Farrington, Benno, Russ Barker, Bren Senior and Junior, Allan Littlemore, Laurie, Len Hill, Jimmy Long, Eric Reeves, John Futter, Dan Jones, Joe Dodd, Paul Storry, David Skillen, David Letts, J. Driscoll and Dave Birchall.

HATCHMERE, 11TH JUNE, 1960. PHOTOGRAPH RUN

Hatchmere, always a popular venue, the Photograph Run and a lovely sunny afternoon combined to draw a fine turnout of twenty-two members, thirteen Cadets and, if we look far enough into the future, a couple of miniature prospectives—youngest of the France family, to be found in the bottom right hand corner of our picture.

President Rex Austin was killing two birds with the one stone, for he took the opportunity of ensuring a good lunch when calling again at the Forest Café next day during the Manchester Vets "100 in 12". Bren Orrell had brought out brother Wilf and we were glad to see Bob Poole again.

John Leece, still turning a nimble pedal after fifteen years' retirement from banking, had ridden from Willaston and Rigby Band had put in quite a few miles from Bury. Cyril Selkirk had to dash off before the cameras came out, as did John Parr, who was racing next morning.

One of these years we will find ourselves with lashings of cameras and not a black and white film among them; this year only Rex was so equipped and he had brought Mrs. Rex to twiddle the knobs. The result will be found in this issue, and for those able to put names to faces, the tally in addition to those already named was:—



HATCHMERE, 11th JUNE, 1960

© Anfield Bicycle Club

Len Hill, Guy, Ken Barker, Reg, Len Walls, Harry Duck, Les Bennett, John France, Frank Perkins, George Taylor, John Farrington, Laurie, Russ Barker and Allan, Allan Littlemore, David Bennett, David Bettaney, Keith Sprason, Martin Gilbody, John Whelan, Joe Dodd, John Chapman, David Birchall, Paul Storry, Graham Trevor, Robin Harper and P. Catherall.

LLANARMON, 18TH JUNE, 1960

I don't know why Jeff Mills asked me to write this run up as I went in the car. Maybe he thought I had the most strength left, the truth is I'd had a shopping expedition to Chester in the morning and consequently was fagged out.

It was really a case of killing two birds with one stone, give my wife and family a trip out, and get a run in at the same time.

When we arrived at 'The Raven' the lads were all inside, sampling a good meal at a very reasonable price.

The trouble was that as soon as we appeared everyone else decided to go home—perhaps they didn't appreciate the smell of petrol and exhaust fumes. I happened to notice that Les Bennett looked as though his bike had fallen to pieces, maybe he had only lost a 'fiver'. I don't know.

Peter Jones was all alone in the corner, so we took pity on him and admitted him to our happy group where he had to keep rescuing his cup of tea from a certain *young* lady.

I'm afraid I don't know much about the routes and mileages of the others, but they were all there.

In no particular order, they were: J. H. Mills, B. Berry, D. Birchall, D. Royle, G. Trevor, E. G. Pullan, J. L. Bennett, J. Farrington, J. Vickers, W. Stacey, M. Gilbody, J. Thompson, J. P. Jones, J. R. Griffiths and T. Griffiths.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 25TH JUNE, 1960. INTER-CLUB "25"

This annual fixture with the Cheshire Road Club usually attracts a good attendance and on a blistering hot afternoon this June, twenty-one members and fifteen Cadets turned out to 'do battle' with our friendly rivals, or sit in whatever shade could be found and watch the athletes suffer.

There were one or two scathing remarks regarding the suggestion of drinks in a mere "25", but it was noticeable that not one of the eighteen riders scorned the proffered refreshment at the halfway mark.

The medals came to the Anfield through John Parr, Brian Berry and Jeff Mills, but the 'Chesh' had the consolation of providing fastest time, previously always an Anfield prerogative.

In addition to the riders named in the table below, we had out on the course:—Rex Austin, John Futter, Russel Barker, John

France, Les Bennett, Reg Wilson, Jimmy, Ken Barker, Percy, Dave Brown, Guy, Den Jones, Laurie, Albert Preston and a fine bunch of Cadets, a few of whom gained some useful experience in handing up drinks and sponges.

	Name	Club	H'cap	25 mile times	
				Actual	H'cap
1.	D. J. O'Connell	C.R.C.	1.00	1. 5.33	1. 4.33
2.	J. E. Conway	C.R.C.	Scr.	1. 6. 2	1. 6. 2
3.	T. Flanagan	C.R.C.	2.30	1. 6.21	1. 3.51
4.	K. Jones	C.R.C.	2.30	1. 8.11	1. 5.41
5.	R. Grainger	C.R.C.	2.30	1. 8.20	1. 5.50
6.	B. Berry	A.B.C.	2.45	1. 8.36	1. 5.51
7.	D. E. Norris	C.R.C.	1.00	1. 9.20	1. 8.20
8.	J. P. Jones	A.B.C.	1.50	1. 9.23	1. 7.33
9.	J. Parr (Tri.)	A.B.C.	10.30	1.11.23	1. 0.53
10.	W. Ball	C.R.C.	5.45	1.11.56	1. 6.11
11.	T. J. Nolan	C.R.C.	8.15	1.13.11	1. 4.56
12.	I. P. Smith	C.R.C.	8.30	1.13.25	1. 4.55
13.	A. L. Pettener	C.R.C.	9.00	1.14.53	1. 5.53
14.	A. L. Littlemore	A.B.C.	10.30	1.16.33	1. 6. 3
15.	J. H. Mills	A.B.C.	11.0	1.16.55	1. 5.55
—	J. Dodd	A.B.C.	6.00	D.N.F.	—
—	W. Pomfrett	C.R.C.	P.T.	1.12.55	—
—	J. Farrington	A.B.C.	P.T.	1.13.13	—

#### TEAMS (Handicap)

1. Anfield B.C.		2. Cheshire R.C.	
J. Parr	1. 0.53	T. Flanagan	1. 3.51
B. Berry	1. 5.51	D. J. O'Connell	1. 4.33
J. H. Mills	1. 5.55	I. P. Smith	1. 4.55
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	3.12.39		3.13.19
	<hr/>		<hr/>

WHITEWELL, 2ND JULY, 1960.

With the afternoon being extremely hot all the members of the party cast off any unwanted clothing before we started.

The ride to Chester was easily accomplished, but the task of getting through the lines of traffic in the town centre was a different matter.

Our exit was made through Eaton Park, where the party had a grand view of the picturesque country all around. On leaving the estate we entered the quaint old village of Aldford.

From here we made our way along the meandering lanes, through Threapwood, until we arrived at Hanmer, where a tour of the ancient church was made.

A number of miles down the road we found Whitewell where we ate a welcome tea. Those present were:— C. Selkirk and Mrs. Selkirk, J. L. Bennett, Peter Jones, Keith Selkirk, John Farrington, David Bennett, David Letts, Michael Leicester, John Chapman, Keith Sprason, Martin Gilbody, David Skillier, Wallace Rees, Robin Hooper and Graham Trevor.

HATCHMERE, 9TH JULY, 1960.

A warm and somewhat sultry breeze gently wafted us towards Two Mills along the Chester High Road.

Four of us commenced the journey, but, 'gathering where we had not straved', produced several others, so that by the time we arrived at 'Eureka', we were a goodly company.

After a rest, and the usual refreshment, which were both badly needed by me, we split into two parties, one taking the route over the Pack Horse bridges, and the other through the lanes, past Capenhurst, Mollington, Chorlton, Dunham on the very steep and long hill, and the undulations of the Forest Road, arriving at the official tea stop ahead of all competitors.

Although we were early, past experience prompted us to place our order as soon as we arrived, and, we had no sooner sat down when the rest of the party appeared, aided and encouraged by Fred Churchill Jeff Mills and John Farrington.

After a lengthy wait for service, and an even longer time spent on demolishing the proceeds, we eventually got down to the pleasant business of discussing this and that.

Amongst the items served up for comment was the possibility of siting all gears as a built-in unit of the bottom bracket (attention T.I. Ltd.) this situation offered more scope than the present set-up, as the gears could be more robust, have oil-bath conditions, and shaft drive to the rear wheel, the present exposed position lending itself more easily to accidental knocks. The exorbitant cost was dismissed with the light-hearted assumption that 'we've never had it so good'.

Six-thirty saw us making preparations for home, and after giving the correct password, the gates were unlocked, and we were allowed to proceed on our way, this time *down* from Dunham-on-the-Hill, through Chester, and so on to the 'Eureka', the only excitement being the sight of three fire engines and a police car chasing each other from Chester to the Gibbet Mill, where a fire in an incubator had already been put out by the farmer.

The 'Eureka', being open, and several worthy stalwarts already entrenched, we stopped for a quick cuppa, before continuing our pilgrimage to the Clegg. Home was reached in good time for the youngsters to enjoy the Saturday evening T.V. 'Film Show', altogether a very enjoyable run.

Those taking part (there may have been others):—Jeff Mills, Fred Churchill, Laurie Pendlebury, Ken Barker, David Barker, J. France, P. Storey, R. Hooper, J. Driscoll, J. Vickers, D. Bettaney, K. Sprason, M. Gilbody, D. Bennett, J. Farrington, Guy Pullan, A. Littlemore, P. Williamson, J. Chapman, D. Birchall and J. Dodd.

#### HUNTINGTON, 16TH JULY, 1960, CLUB "50".

Accompanied by my batman, Dave Birchall, I set out for Huntington in a steady drizzle, but after five minutes' riding we were able to decap. As we were late, we did not stop at the Eureka Café (is this a record?) but pedalled merrily on to Chester. Here, judging by the traffic, Grace Kelly was getting re-married to Sammy Davies jr. We ran the nerve-racking gauntlet of bad-tempered motorists and arrived at the tea place. If you want to know whether you were there or not, you had better ask Jeff Mills 'cos he didn't give me the list. After tea I was given the privilege of seeing Pete Jones' new cape with the daringly low cut neckline. Without doubt, he must have collected no end of wolf whistles on his way home! I set off home with Jeff Mills, Dave Letts, John Chapman and my faithful old batman. The rain, having kindly kept off for the Club "50", started again, and capes were donned once more but the rain could not damp our spirits.

Twenty-nine members and Cadets were out riding in the "50" or "10" or helping round the course. Although details are not yet to hand we can congratulate Keith Selkirk on returning fastest time of 2.16.55, with John Parr less than two minutes slower. Jeff Mills and Allan Littlemore completed the field with rides just outside "evens".

#### TARPORLEY AND MERSEY ROADS CLUB "24", 23/24 JULY, 1960.

It has long been our custom to arrange tea at a point convenient for the start and early miles of this only Northern "24", and also to include the race on our fixture list so that any help given to our Mersey Road Club friends counts as a run attendance.

Only four members, Reg Wilson, Percy Williamson, Laurie Pendlebury and Pat O'Leary took tea at Tarporley, but there were a good number out with official jobs on the "24" course.

Guy Pullan was at Edgebolton, Allan Littlemore at the 'Little Man' and later on the finishing circuit, Stan Bradley and Harold Catling looked after Clive Green, Ira Thomas did the same for Battlefield Corner, and Ken and David Barker did duty at Two Mills and Ledsham Station during the night.

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*Vice President:* G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West  
Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

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VOLUME LV

SEPTEMBER, 1960

NUMBER 640

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## FIXTURES

NOVEMBER, 1960

- 5 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest) Tea 5-00 p.m.
- ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
- 7 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 12 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy)—GOOSTREY.
- 13 DALTON (Mrs. Barnes) Lunch 12-30 p.m.
- 19 DELAMERE (Woodfield Café).
- 26 LLANARMON (Raven)—SOMERFORD.
- 28 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday the 5th November, 1960, at the Travellers' Rest, Highwayside after tea, which has been arranged for 5-0 p.m.

Members having any matters for inclusion on the agenda should inform the Honorary Secretary not later than Saturday, 15th October, 1960.

*Change of address:* T. Sherman, 18 Manston Drive, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

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## 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.

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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.

## NEWS IN BRIEF

While spending a few days hostelling at Arnside, Rigby Band met Norman Turvey and spent an evening (This one *was* convivial) with him at a certain Albion Hotel. Norman is still in a strait jacket but manages to keep cheerful and get around. He sends greetings to all the clan. Rigby was also involved in quite a chance meeting in the Trough of Bowland with David Barker who was on tour towards Hadrian's Wall and met Keith Selkirk at Once Brewed Hostel a few days later.

Keith is one of our fast pack who has recently left us to take up a teaching appointment at Bedford; John Parr has taken up a job at Reading—handy enough for the Bath Road "100" but too far from Anfield land. To fill our cup of sorrow Peter Jones has moved off to Worcester for a year to take a special course at College there but we hope to see him during vacations.

While on holiday at Scarborough the Editor and David had an opportunity of looking up Frank Chandler who was found fit and well and making good use of the golf course just over the road from his new home.

Also holidaying up north was Alan Gorman, who sent a card from attractive Portpatrick in Wigtownshire.

The North Road C.C. Gazette records the deaths of two of their old timers in J. Cecil (Mouldy) Paget, aged 89 years and a member for sixty years, also C. Jay Cole, a member for fifty years and a former Honorary Secretary of the Club and one time editor of their Gazette.

Two Sunday lunch fixtures have been arranged:—at Holly Cottage, Whitewell, on the Sunday of the Tints week-end and a Sunday run on 13th November with lunch (12-30 p.m.) at Dalton.

At a recent Committee meeting it was agreed that a letter of congratulations be sent to Joan Kershaw, Liverpool Eagle Road Club, on her beating of the women's (amateur) Liverpool to London, record with a fine ride of 9 hrs. 55 mins. 42 secs., despite an adverse W.S.W. wind.

A donation of £25, from club funds and individual donations, has been sent to the West Cheshire T.T.C.A. towards the Jack Salt Memorial Trophy.

Reg Randall, holder of the End to End bicycle record and a popular guest at our eightieth anniversary dinner, recently broke the R.R.A. 1,000 miles record by six hours with a fine ride of 2 days 10 hours 19 minutes, an average speed of slightly better than 17 m.p.h.

The final closure of the Forest Cafe, Hatchmere, was a real blow for it has long been one of our most popular venues for joint runs. This makes it the more disquieting when a nearby alternative is so severely criticised as is the case in a run report elsewhere in this issue. A number of members who have been to the Woodfield Café have found it at any rate adequate and would not fully subscribe to the

criticisms expressed. Further visits had already been arranged in September and November and we can only hope that members will give this venue a trial and let a member of the Committee know their wishes. This raises once again the urgent need for new venues if the fixture list is to be properly varied and suggestions are always welcomed by the Committee.

We hear that Jack Davies is in Ward 7, the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, at the time of going to press. Jack had previously been in Clatterbridge Hospital but this news had not reached anyone able to visit him. We hope he will soon be on the mend.

As will be noted elsewhere, Tommy Sherman has deserted Liverpool for the more equable climate of Manchester and although the Royal Marines take up most of his spare time he hopes to be at the A.G.M.

The current issue of the Cheshire R.C. News records the death in his sixtieth year, of Fred Hancock, a fine rider and most likeable clubman of the twenties and early thirties. He was primarily a distance rider and held a number of N.R.R.A. records. His last record ride was in October, 1932, when he broke Charlie Randall's N.R.R.A. 24 hours record of 388½ miles with a fine ride in very bad conditions, of 398 miles.

## RUNS

TARPORLEY AND MERSEY ROADS CLUB "24", 23/24 JULY, 1960

—(continued from August issue).

Rex Austin was one of the circuit timekeepers and the only job listed officially as 'Anfield B.C.' was the check and drinks at Nant Hall, Prestatyn. Usually under the direction of Len Hill who was in Scotland on tour, but who had left the job in good hands, this was ably carried out by Jeff Mills, Peter Jones, Brian Berry, John Farrington, Joe Dodd, David Bennett, David Bettaney, Rodney France and David Letts.

The promotion was well up to the usual high Mersey Roads standard and the event was won by K. Usher (Crouch Hill C.C.) with 455 miles. Second was J. T. Sanders (North Wores. C.C.) 451 miles and third, H. T. Brissenden (Mid Shropshire Whlrs.) 448½ miles. Team medals went to the Solihull trio, whose second counter was veteran Stan Bray who covered 397 miles on a trike.

As always this event gives an opportunity for meeting old friends at all sorts of queer times and places and among those we were glad to bump into around Two Mills during the night were Gilbert Sutcliffe, Harry Pearson, Alex Smith (a past winner), Johnny Williams (always a winner) Ossie Dover and Jack Spackman.

HOLT, 30TH JULY, 1960.

CADETS: 8. MEMBERS: 1.

This is not the score in a local football Derby, but the attendance tally at Holt on a sunny afternoon which heralded the August Bank Holiday weekend. But the picture is not as black as it appears for other members were on their way south to the Bath Road "100" tour; no doubt some Mancunians would be at Somerford and a few members were on tour in Scotland or other parts of these islands.

Ken Barker, sole representative of the 'sere and yellow' had a pleasant run through Eaton Park to Aldford, turned into the lanes at Churton to wander round Coddington and eventually to Shooklach before reaching Farndon and the crossing of the Dee.

At the Castle Café a batch of Cadets had finished tea and were busy trying to win a fortune on a machine which seemed to have the last word every time. At least this form of amusement was preferable to feeding the juke box which mercifully stood silent in its corner.

Cadets Bennett, Bettaney, Rees, Storry, Vickers, Hooper, Cleaver and Skillen eventually decided on a move towards the open road and disappeared rapidly, leaving the Editor to finish tea and retrace through quiet Eccleston and busy Chester where the lane to Saughall was chosen to provide a few traffic-free miles before Two Mills and Willaston marked the near end of yet another run.

#### TOUR TO BATH ROAD CLUB "100"

Eight members journeyed south for the annual pilgrimage to the Bath Road "100"; one of them, Albert Preston, "the Anfield man" managed to sneak into the "Cycling" report of the event which was won by Brian Wiltcher, Zeus R.C., in 4. 1. 17, a fine ride which seems likely to help him towards top place in the Best All Rounder Competition.

The Anfield party consisted of President Rex Austin, Bob Austin, Bren Orrell Senior, Jimmy Long, Percy Williamson, Stan Wild, Jeff Mills and Bert Preston and although no written report of the weekend has been received, verbal reports indicate that the usual enjoyable meeting with Bath Road and other clubmen took place.

The race was, of course, a dramatic event with Wiltcher looking very like breaking the four hours barrier until the far from ideal conditions took their toll and he finished a gallant effort, just one-and-quarter minutes outside the magic 25 m.p.h. standard and this on a course by no means as fast as that on which Booty set up competition record in the Bath Road event.

HUNTINGTON, 13TH AUGUST, 1960. CLUB "50".

Rain, which had necessitated a cape on the ride out to Huntington, ceased in time for the "50" and Cadets "10" to be run off in sunny conditions. There was a good turn-out of members and Cadets and Rex Austin sent off five starters on the fifty mile tour of Cheshire, two of whom fell by the wayside.

Six Cadets came under starter's orders after the seniors had gone through Huntington for the first time, David Letts and David Bennett finishing equal first in 26 mins. 35 seconds, followed by John Chapman 27. 30, David Bettaney 28. 51, Keith Sprason 29. 32 and Martin Gilbody 31. 03.

John Parr had gear trouble and was forced to retire near Churton and Jeff Mills, unfit through having had to spend good cycling time on house negotiations, called it a day after completing one lap. This left Peter Jones and Brian Berry to scrap it out for fastest time and gang up to keep Allan Littlemore from snatching the handicap prize.

Allan, with 23 minutes bonus in his pocket, pounded round the course in 2. 31. 16 to take the handicap prize with a comfortable margin of three minutes. Peter Jones returned to Rex in 2. 16. 59 to beat Brian by seventeen seconds for first place.

Spread around the course, in addition to those already mentioned were Laurie Pendlebury, Bob Poole, Len Hill, Bren Senior, Jimmy Long, Guy, Ken and David Barker, John Farrington, Dave Brown, Pat O'Leary and Albert Preston, the last-named suffering a lovely blow-out in his rear tyre while returning through Chester and having to complete the journey by rattler.

WOODFIELD CAFE, HATCHMERE, 20TH AUGUST, 1960

The only pleasing aspect of today's run, was the assembled company.

The venue was dark and cheerless, one suspects it is much in demand for various troglodyte functions. True, it was a dull afternoon, but surely a little artificial light would not have bankrupted the management?

The service could not fairly be described as slow—it was static! The portions were in the tradition of the old "chestnut":—"And how did you find the steak sir?" "Oh! I just moved a pea and there it was!"

If all this sounds churlish, at least I cannot be accused of biting the hand that fed me; starving though I was, the said "mitt" was too grubby for my taste.

Despite all these handicaps, spirits were high, and conversation flourished, but the topics were too varied for mention here.

After the "fast" four of us retired for a pleasant evening at the local inn, Jinnah regaled us with selected snippets of his amorous adventures on the "Left Bank" of the Wirral. When we were eventually thrown out, it was to discover that it was a dirty night; Len and Jinnah thought it was quite a joke (they were car-borne), but for Harry and the writer the ride home was rather unpleasant.

Roll call as follows:—D. Bennett, J. L. Bennett, D. Bettaney, J. Chapman, F. Churchill, H. Clayworth, J. Farrington, L. J. Hill, A. Littlemore, J. H. Mills, L. Pendlebury, E. G. Pullan, G. Shimmin, D. Skillen, A. Williams.

#### BANGOR-ON-DEE, 27TH AUGUST, 1960

After having attracted Joe Dodd to his cycle, we wandered through the wet lanes of pleasant Wirral, out to the Mills once more. The sky was clearing after a showery start.

With a little persuasion, John Chapman agreed to ride with Joe and David Birchall, and so, through Queensferry and up to Hawarden, which appeared deserted after the queue from Shotwick Dip to the Queensferry roundabout.

At Dodleston we suspected the weather of trying to dampen our spirits, as inky black clouds were curling themselves over the flat Cheshire countryside. Our suspicions were corrected and three yellow humps with heads protruding were seen to be moving in a southerly direction to Cross Lanes and over the bridge at Bangor to the Smithy, where, upon entering, Jeff Mills, Alan Littlemore and John Farrington were found busily devouring their meal. We three seated ourselves and also hungrily devoured our meals, to be disturbed only by David Bettaney, David Bennett, Martin Gilbody, Keith Selkirk and Wallace Rees.

Our homeward route took us through rain-saturated Worthenbury and Shocklach, where it started to clear up. Through Eaton Park, we dawdled slowly, and with lights on we arrived home, Joe Dodd having had two punctures in the process.

#### LLANARMON, 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1960

It was raining. My feet were wet. My cranks were loose. David Birchall, Peter Jones, and Paul Storry had foolishly omitted to bring their sledgehammers with them to rectify the fault. Why am I plagued with such unprepared cycling companions?

Fortunately, a good hot meal awaited at the Raven and Reg Wilson showed us some jolly fine colour transparencies of seagulls and Monte Carlo harbour. I was honoured to meet a Mr. Littlemore, Britain's main Olympic hope for the five thousand meters, and I also heard that Keith Selkirk was carrying on from Llanarmon to meet his girl-friend, Betsy Coed.

The rain had cleared when we finally gave up trying to drag Peter from the bar and instead dragged ourselves out into a lovely evening.

The route home took us over a delightfully lonely track and even the grind home from Mold along the traffic-infested roads between the Welsh capital and Birkenhead failed to extinguish the glow of comradeship lit at the tea-place.

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# ANFIELD



# CIRCULAR

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

*President:* R. J. AUSTIN

*Vice President:* G. B. ORRELL

*Captain:* R. WILSON

*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West  
Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473

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## FIXTURES

DECEMBER, 1960

- 3 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest).
- 10 HOLT (Castle Café)—SOMERFORD.
- 17 DELAMERE (Woodfield Café)—Dalton.
- 24 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café)—GOOSTREY
- 27 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) Lunch 1-30 p.m.
- 31 CHESTER (Chanticleer Café, Bridge St. Row).  
DOODFIELD (Old Clough Farm) Lunch 1-15 p.m.

JANUARY, 1961.

- 2 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 7 TARPORLEY (Crown Hotel).
- 14 HOLT (Castle Café)—GOOSTREY.
- 21 DELAMERE (Woodfield Café).

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### COMMITTEE NOTES

*Application for Membership:* David William Barker, 42 Bickerton Avenue, Bebington. Proposed by K. W. Barker, seconded by E. G. Pullan.

The resignation of C. R. Rowson has been accepted with regret. W. E. McWhinnie has been struck off under Rule 25. George Parr has transferred to Honorary Membership.

*Change of address:* Sqd. Leader R. R. Austin, 25 Victoria Road, Sleaford, Lincs.

### TREASURY NOTES

The financial year of the Club ended on 30th September with a number of subscriptions still unpaid. Will those members concerned please dip down as soon as possible and let the Treasurer have a remittance.

Subscriptions for 1960/61 became due on 1st October and early payment will be appreciated so that the affairs of the Club can be carried on without financial difficulties arising.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

A note in "Cycling" (19.10.60.) shows that Keith Selkirk is active in his new area for he took second prize in the C.T.C. North Metropolitan D.A. Annual Map Reading Contest held over a course with eleven check points and a minimum distance of 29½ miles.

New members and Cadets may like a reminder that copies of the Club history "The Black Anfielders" are available, price 10/6d. from the Secretary and would make excellent Christmas presents.

Stan Wild saw Snowden recently and reports that he is fit and well, keeps in touch with Club affairs through the Circular (of which he is, of course, a past editor) and sends greetings to all.

We hear that Jack Davies is still in hospital but sitting up and taking notice and would be glad to see any members able to look him up.

Cyril Neale, President of the Wessex Road Club, has been living for a short spell in our area under most unfortunate circumstances. While on tour with him in North Wales Mrs. Neale sustained serious head injuries in a road accident and was moved to Walton Hospital. It was necessary for Cyril to be on the spot during the anxious time his wife was on the danger list and Guy Pullan and the Editor were able to meet him. Fortunately Mrs. Neale has made good progress and they are now back in Wessex.

The "100" next Whitsuntide may seem a long way off yet but it is probably not too soon to think about booking at the Lion, Shrewsbury, if you wish to stay at headquarters. For some years we have been unable to get a block booking and members are again advised to make their own arrangements direct and in good time.

Belated, though none the less sincere, congratulations and good wishes to Alf and Anne Howarth who were married way back in July, although the news only reached the editorial staff three months later.

Arthur Smith, well known to many Anfielders as a North Roder, C.T.C. Councillor and President of the C.T.C., Bristol D.A. and a regular at Shrewsbury for the "100" each Whitsuntide, has been awarded the Widmann Memorial Plaque which is presented annually to the greatest cycling personality in the West Country.

#### *NORTH ROAD C.C. DINNER*

The President, Stan Wild and Norman Turvey were amongst the 143 visitors who were privileged to attend the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Dinner of the North Road Cycling Club, held in the plush surroundings of the Connaught Rooms in London on October 29th. A great gathering of over 200 was there to support the North Road President, H. H. England, and included no less than fifteen former winners of their "24" and thirteen of the Memorial "50". There can seldom have been so representative an assembly of racing men and officials, present and past, all looking the picture of health and fitness and a wonderful advertisement for our chosen sport. We were especially delighted to meet again, after a lapse of many years, Horace Pryor, who won the Tricycle Trophy as an Anfielder in 1920 with a ride of 354½ miles in the North Road "24" of that year.

Speeches were few, and plenty of opportunity was provided for conversation with old friends. Jack Holdsworth, 24 hour star of the twenties, proposed the toast to the Club and young Geoff Edwards, Secretary of the North Road, gave a spirited reply. Harry England proposed the toast to the Visitors, mentioning in particular the presence of representatives of ten Clubs older than the North Road and also of the three other Clubs promoting events at 24 hours. He took the opportunity to pay an especially graceful compliment to our own Club and to your President. Will Townsend, Chairman of the R.T.T.C., etc., etc., replied in polished style and a memorable evening ended with an enormous circle of Clubmen joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne." Truly it was a night to remember.

#### *NORTHERN ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION DINNER*

The Seventieth Anniversary of the formation of the Northern Road Records Association was celebrated at a Dinner held in Manchester on October 15th. Our good friend Tommy Barlow, President of the Association, occupied the Chair, and amongst the seventy or so present were Anfielders Hubert Buckley (Secretary of the Association), Percy Williamson and Alan Gorman (Committee members), Jim Cranshaw and our own President, who proposed the toast to "Record Breakers of the Past and Present." Other speakers were Ed Green, Ron MacQueen, Harold Durrans, Ron Coukham, Frank Slemen and Peter Barlow.

*EAST LIVERPOOL WHEELERS' DINNER*

Our President was a guest at a very happy Dinner held in Chester on October 22nd, to celebrate the Seventieth Anniversary of our good friends the East Liverpool Wheelers, Albert Preston and Guy Pullan being also in attendance. Eric Mustill, the President of the Club, was a jovial Chairman and a magnificent gathering of his clubmates was there to support him. Rex proposed the toast to "The Tradition of Cycling", which gave him an opportunity to express some forthright views on the future of the sport.

The other speakers were H. H. England, President of the North Road C.C., Frank Slemen and Ken Bowden of "Cycling."

*RUNS*

LLANARMON, AUGUST 6TH, 1960

Although appearing (if it does) in a late edition, the above date should be set on record, in that I actually cycled on a two-wheeled bicycle all the 66 miles to and from Llanarmon, on a beautiful summer's day, in spite of tempting petroleum assistance. After dodging the holiday traffic in Chester, by nipping down Dee Lane and skirting the gay riverside, I hammered up the Saltney "flats" and eventually came to the mountain stages, with still no apparent diminution in my rate of progress.

At the cafe at Penyfford, I stopped for a "cuppa" and enjoyed a pleasant chat with that well-known long distance Mancunian Les Heald, who was week-ending at Dolgelly. I escorted Les to Rhydtalog where I turned for the pleasing switchback miles to the A.B.C. rendezvous.

After all the rude remarks had been expeditiously dealt with and large portions of food appropriated I observed the attendance as follows:—J. Mills, K. Selkirk, F. Perkins, J. Farrington, E. G. Pullan, R. Hooper, D. Bennett, K. Sprason, J. Vickers, W. Rees, R. Wilson, and A. L. Littlemore.

Mrs. Littlemore and Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Byron attended as welcome visitors, in a car, but this made no difference to the "Writer upper" who was determined to cycle home under his own steam because supreme athletic fitness (Cor!) is never obtained by sitting in a motor car. Altogether a pleasant day into the Welsh mountains with pleasing company at the "Raven."

[Apparently supreme athletic fitness is not achieved by riding a bicycle either as the "writer-upper" was too shattered to put pen to paper for six weeks. ED.]

## HATTON HEATH, 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1960. CLUB "25"

The Whitchurch road was fairly thick with traffic as riders and officials gathered near the start of the last club event of the season. Even more annoying than the stream of cars heading towards Whitchurch was the stiff wind blowing from that town which made the first leg out to the turn near Tushingham a tough ride for the five reporting to Jimmy Long who held the watch.

David Barker was looking after Broxton Island as the riders went through to be turned by Reg Wilson for the wind-assisted dash back to the finish.

At the turn, Keith Selkirk had a lead of one minute and twenty seconds over Peter Jones, who pulled back half a minute of this deficit in the second half. The handicap prize went to Allan Littlemore whose 1.13.29. was a fine veteran effort.

	Turn			Finish			H'cap	H'cap Time		
	M	S	H	M	S		MINS	H	M	S
1 K. Selkirk	36	33	1	7	36		Scr.	1	7	36
2 J. P. Jones	37	53	1	8	26		2½	1	5	56
3 A. L. Littlemore	40	30	1	13	29		9	1	4	29
4 D. Bennett	40	53	1	16	51		4½	1	12	21
5 J. Dodd	43	00	1	26	32		4½	1	22	2

Panic reigned at the cafe when the proprietor put up the shutters before most of the party were inside. It appears that a special overnight catering job for a motor rally necessitated a "breather" for the staff who had to come on duty again at 10-30 p.m. Diplomatic relations were established and eventually all were fed, except for Laurie Pendlebury who was nearly late enough for the midnight sitting after a long and tough ride from Manchester.

In addition to those riders and others already mentioned, members out on the course were:—Cyril Selkirk, John Farrington, Guy Pullan, Les Bennett, Ken Barker, Ray Atherton and Len Hill together with a bunch of nearly a dozen cadets.

## HATCHMERE, 17TH SEPTEMBER, 1960

Usually when setting out on a club run, I thrust myself as fast as possible through the turmoil of the New Chester Road so that the quietness of the lanes may be achieved the sooner. Today, however, I praffled gently along the twists and turns of the Old Chester Road in comparative solitude, over the dam at Spital, turned sharply around Bromborough's restored ancient cross, picked my way along the bridle-path and choosing a gap in the traffic crossed over New Chester Road to regain quietness in the shade of Eastham Church and the lane route by Hooton Park. Meditating on the approaching fate of the site of the Stanley's old home which, like nearby Pool Hall,

is to be obliterated by a vast modern factory, I allowed myself to venture deep into Ellesmere Port only to be brought to a standstill by a carnival procession. Some smart work in the back-streets set me free through Whitby after which the lane behind Backford Hall brought me to Chorlton and the dip and rise of the valley which ages ago carried the Mersey to join the Dee in a joint estuary between Wirral and Wales.

An impromptu detour along the newly-widened lane from Bridge Trafford to Elton confirmed my impression of a possible variation to time trial courses with the outlet governed merely by a "Slow" sign. The stiff climb to Dunham-on-the-Hill, with the fast, shaking descent afterwards, put me on to the Anfield's popular approach to Hatchmere and sure enough on the hill by Manley Quarry the silence was rent with heavy breathing and the swish of tyres urged onwards and upwards by lusty youth and there flashed past a covey of flying Anfielders with barely a moment to answer my greetings and encouragement. My solitude, however, was at an end for Joe Dodd, and his batman named David Birchall, hopped off their machines and joined me in a saunter to the top and the rest of the way passed quietly with conversation which included general agreement that for cycling to retain its interest indefinitely, routes should be chosen adventurously, spontaneously and always with variation. The new cafe at Hatchmere on this, our second visit, dealt with us much better than on the first occasion and we on our part used a more helpful system of ordering which cut out the previous delays. We have to be understanding and patient with caterers starting a new venture who are inexperienced in handling a large club muster. Our very existence depends on the intelligent use we make of the very few caterers left in our area. Anybody who finds us a new port of call does the Club a service more important than he realises.

Perhaps because of the shorter evenings, all of us got away unusually early, most returning by the switchback through the forest to Manley and Chester, Joe and David were exceptions and it was presumed that following the conclusions previously arrived at, they were being adventurous, spontaneous and variable somewhere else. I parted from John France at Mickle Trafford after an interesting discussion on steam model making during which it was revealed that he is collecting parts for a proposed steam driven bicycle. There followed the usual pleasant run through the lanes to Stoak and Stanney and on the way due appreciation was given to the very successful refurbishing of Picton Hall and its gardens, and sympathy no less due was given to the farmers whose corn stooks were sprouting green in the fields for want of fine weather to gather them in.

Names for the record are:—D. Bennett, D. Bettany, K. Sprason, W. Rees, M. Gilbody, D. Skillen, P. Hendon, R. Wilson, L. Pendlebury, J. France, R. France, W. Driscoll, P. Storry, J. Dodd, D. Birchall, E. G. Pullan.

## AUTUMNAL TINTS WEEKEND, OCTOBER 8/9TH, 1960

The weather conditions were wet and windy as I stopped outside the Bridgewater Arms at Harmer Hill at 3.30 on Saturday afternoon. Just in time for afternoon tea and in I went to participate in a delightful meal. I drained the teapot dry but just could'nt clear the table. Then a pleasant smoke in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire whilst I listened to the broadcast of the England-Ireland soccer match from Belfast. You know, I could'nt have arranged things better if I'd tried!

Conditions were still bad as I made my way through Myddle, Basechurch, Ruyton of the Eleven Towns (lovely name) and Knockin. In the last-named village the Bradford Arms, that excellent week-ending venue of pre-war days, appears to be getting a new coat of paint and may well be returning to the catering fold. It seems wrong that such an hotel as this should be used solely as a beer-house.

Six o'clock found me entering the front door of the Sun at Llantsantffraid. Inside I found a small gathering of the elite and quickly I was drinking the health of the Presider. Then an eminently satisfying dinner, after which we adjourned to the lounge. Here the cry was one armchair apiece all round and so comfortably ensconced did we become that midnight came without effort. We talked on every subject under the sun and whenever conversation waned Rex would ask me to have another and the all-talking wonder would carry on.

Breakfast was another delightful session and all too reluctantly we packed our bags and bade our hostess goodbye after a most comfortable weekend. The Sun is a family inn of a type which is getting scarcer every year. It behoves all members to bear in mind and make the most of their opportunities whilst they last. One day this pub will change hands and another excellent week-ending venue will have vanished into thin air.

Several of the party made for Whitewell to join other members for lunch. Personally, I made for Bangor-on-Dee to meet my friends in the Cheshire Roads. Needless to say I had a very wet passage, but I enjoyed the whole of the weekend immensely. It was grand to be back in Anfieldland.

Those present at the Sun were:—Rex the Presider, Ray Atherton, Arthur Birkby, Len Hill, Fred Churchill, Bert Preston, Jeff Mills, Percy Williamson and Stan Wild.

## BARTINGTON, OCTOBER 15TH

Why, oh why, must I write up the run, when I am but a mile from the venue? Although it was a wonderful autumn-like day, with little wind and a touch of sunshine, after wickling the household paintbrush at the same time envying my clubmates, who had a reasonable distance to cover before reaching the meal stop, I spent a considerable

amount of time and patience, putting to rights, a bicycle which had had the unfortunate experience of being manhandled by a hefty cycle mechanic, in a masterly endeavour to eradicate the effects of corrosion between an alloy stem and a steel fork column—which had been “left well alone” for just over four years!

Arising from this experience, I say to all my good cycling friends, take warning, I recommend to you to take out your seat pillars and handlebar stems fairly frequently and grease the contacting surfaces, for if you don't there will be eventually a “day of reckoning” and your swear word vocabulary will be considerably enlarged.

The above mechanical data is in lieu of fairy stories relative to riding through leafy lanes and wooded glens etc., etc.

On reaching the Tall Trees Cafe, I entered the portals to find Bren, Guy and Laurie, already eating and talking, whilst David Bennett appeared to be in charge of a whole crowd of cadets in the far corner. On a nearby table I discovered my wife and two cycling friends, already “digging in”, so I dutifully sat at this table, especially as my tea was already poured out. Before the eating had stopped, John Farrington and Jeff Mills arrived in good order, to complete the score. Not very many but no doubt a goodly number were attending the N.R.R.A. dinner at the same time, in Manchester.

LLANARMON, OCTOBER 29TH, 1960

The weather was good as David Bennett, John Farrington and I set out for Two Mills, meeting Jonathon Vickers and David Stacey already on their way up to the Raven.

At the Mills we met David Bettaney, John Whelan and Jeff Mills the latter joining up with John Farrington to follow a route known only to themselves. The remainder of us went through Hawarden and David Bennett left us at Penyfford to make his lone way via Tryddyn.

The velocity of our travel was shattering to say the least of it because one of our number was a “fit-nit” and very soon I found it imperative to get off and sit down.

Eventually we arrived at the Raven to find that we were not expected but as usual we were most hospitably received, those present being the members already mentioned together with Robin Hooper and Wallace Rees.

# ANFIELD



# CIRCULAR

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

*President: R. J. AUSTIN*

*Vice Presidents: G. B. ORRELL, F. PERKINS*

*Captain: R. WILSON*

*Hon. Secretary: F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire. Hoylake 7473*

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## FIXTURES

JANUARY, 1961

28 HOLT (Castle Café). GOOSTREY.

FEBRUARY, 1961

4 HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Café). WOODFIELD (Old Clough Farm).

6 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.

11 UPTON (Ladies' Night). SOMERFORD.

18 BIRCH HILL.

19 DALTON (Prescott's Farm).

25 NANNERCH (Rising Sun). SOMERFORD.

MARCH, 1961

4 HIGHWAYSIDE.

6 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.

11 LLANARMON (Raven). DOODFIELD (Old Clough Farm).

18 HUNTINGTON Club "25".

25 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms). BIRTHDAY RUN.

27 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.

30/April 2 EASTER TOUR (Sun Hotel, Llansantffraid). Alternatives:

HOLT (Castle Café). SOMERFORD.

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## 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.

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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.

### MEMBERSHIP

*Membership.* David Nigel Letts, 9 Loomsway, Irby, Wirral, and John Chapman, "Farend", Barker Lane, Greasby, Wirral, have been elected to Junior Membership from Cadet Scheme.

*Application for Membership.* Derek James Byron, 64 Cumber Lane, Whiston, Prescot, Lancs., proposed by L. Pendlebury, seconded by A. Gorman. We welcome David R. P. McIntosh, 86 Wepre Park, Connal's Quay, near Chester, as a Cadet.

*Handicap Championship for Cadets.* The Committee has accepted in principle that a ten-mile event for the benefit of the Cadets should be run in conjunction with every other Club event of twenty-five or fifty miles. It is not proposed to offer prizes for each individual "10", but a Cadet Championship, based on handicap times, will be arranged to cover the series.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

As will be seen in the report of the Annual General Meeting, our new Vice-President is Frank Perkins. Frank joined the Club in 1922 and did some excellent rides in the days of tights, alpaca jackets and black bicycles. His attendance score is in the neighbourhood of 650, a very fine record for a man plagued by shift work and who has to work on most Saturdays.

A keen tourist, Frank looks forward to his annual trips around these islands, to attending Club runs when free. He is a regular at Two Mills on those Wednesday evenings that duty hasn't called him elsewhere.

Although for years resident in Bexhill, Stan Wild is still an ardent *Guardian* fan and it was he who sent us a cutting notifying the death on 9th November of our old Life Member William Renwick Oppenheimer in his eighty-fourth year. He had lived for very many years in Sussex and would be known to only a few of our oldest members but in his younger days he was a first-class rider and finished fourth fastest in our Open "100" of 1901 described so vividly by the winner R. S. Cobley, North Road C.C., in our June, 1960 issue.

Congratulations to the Austin brigade on the safe arrival of a bonny daughter for Bob and his wife which of course puts the President and Mrs. Rex into the grandparent's class.

The President presented the awards at the annual prize presentation of the Liverpool Time Trials Association. Supporting Rex were Guy Pullan and Bert Preston. Every trophy available was taken away by Melling Wheelers who provided the individual champion in George Moon.

Bert Preston had another night out on the occasion of the Birkenhead N.E. C.C. dinner.

The Birthday Run is fixed for 25th March at the Derby Arms, Halewood.

Frank Marriott is taking names for the Easter Tour based on Llansantffraidd. Those unable to join the tour may be interested to know that lunch on Easter Sunday has been arranged at the Tontine Inn, Melverley, near Oswestry.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

*5th November, 1960*

For the first time for very many years the Anfield A.G.M. was not held at Halewood, who found it impossible to accommodate us on a suitable date.

Having picked what turned out to be the filthiest possible afternoon we settled on Highwayside as the venue and a right good choice it proved to be.

Mr. Johnson and his aides did us well and the attendance of twenty-seven members and six Cadets was as good as anyone could expect on such a day.

It was a great delight to find Norman Turvey in the company; residence in Kendal makes it impossible for him to be among us as often as he, or we, would like.

Jimmy Cranshaw was another making an all too rare appearance and very glad we were to see him.

President Rex took the Chair and round the room we noted in no particular order:—Bren Orrell, Les Bennett, Len Hill, John France, John Farrington, Allan Gorman, Laurie Pendlebury, David Bennett, Ira Thomas, Harry Duck, Allan Littlemore, Hubert Buckley, Guy Pullan, Alf Howarth, Russ Barker, Eric Reeves, Arthur Birkby, Frank Marriott, Reg Wilson, Ken Barker, Jeff Mills, Ben Griffiths, Len Walls and John Futter, together with Cadets Rodney France, David Barker, David Bettaney, Wallace Rees, David Skillen and Paul Storry.

Opening the meeting the President had a special word of welcome for Norman Turvey, Jim Cranshaw and Ira Thomas who had ridden solo from Shrewsbury.

The meeting then stood in silent tribute to the memory of Jack Salt who had passed from our midst since the last meeting.

After Minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed the secretary gave his report on the year ended 30th September, 1960, apologising first of all for the late date of the meeting, which was occasioned by a number of Club and Association functions at which we had to be adequately represented. These included the

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary celebrations of the North Road C.C. and the Seventieth of the Liverpool Wheelers and the Northern Road Records Association.

Membership stood at nine Life, eighty-seven Full, and twenty-four Honorary Members, together with twenty-six Cadets. Laurie Pendlebury (forty-nine attendances) and David Bettaney (forty-eight) topped the attendance list.

The Racing Secretary's report showed a full programme of Club events with fair support.

In open events John Parr had kept the flag flying with some excellent rides on bicycle and tricycle.

Fastest time by a Cadet in the ten mile events was 26 mins. 35 secs. recorded by David Letts.

An excess of expenditure over normal income had been almost exactly balanced by £11 income from the HISTORY said Treasurer Arthur Birkby while the members present were trying to fathom the mysteries of the printed accounts. As they had been audited and found correct by Jimmy Long and Eddie Morris most of us felt inclined to leave well alone and pass on to something we could understand.

After a full and lively discussion racing events were left to the Committee as were Club tours for 1961.

With Bren Orrell temporarily occupying the Chair Rex Austin was unanimously re-elected President and after thanking the members for their renewed confidence in him, he proceeded to the election of the remaining officers and Committee which resulted as follows:—

<i>Vice Presidents:</i>	G. B. ORRELL and FRANK PERKINS
<i>Captain:</i>	REG. WILSON
<i>Vice Captains:</i>	L. PENDLEBURY and J. FARRINGTON
<i>Hon. Secretary:</i>	F. E. MARRIOTT
<i>Racing Secretaries for Open "100":</i>	J. F. MILLS and I. A. THOMAS
<i>Hon. Treasurer:</i>	A. E. C. BIRKBY
<i>Editor of "Circular":</i>	K. W. BARKER
<i>Committee members in addition to the Officers:</i>	
B. BERRY, L. J. HILL, E. G. PULLAN, A. E. PRESTON, L. BENNETT, A. L. LITTLEMORE.	

After many years' service as an Auditor Eddie Morris had asked to be relieved. The best thanks of the Club were accorded to him and to Jimmy Long for the excellent service they had given in past years. Jimmy was re-elected for a further year and John France was appointed to assist him.

Before the meeting closed those present sent good wishes to Jack Davies in hospital in Liverpool and the best thanks of the Club were accorded to Ossie Dover of the Liverpool Century R.C. for his efforts in disposing of numerous copies of our HISTORY.

As befits a good President Rex Austin invited members to join him in another part of the Traveller's Rest; others moved over to the heap of bicycles awaiting their owners, but stood well clear while Ira stoked up the pressure in his acetylene lamp before starting on his long lone ride back to Shrewsbury.

Here and there along the route home bonfires and fireworks blazed and banged in memory of Guy Fawkes.

Fortunately the rain had ceased and most of those who had braved the afternoon deluge would get a dry ride home. Altogether a very pleasant outing with the comfortable feeling that the necessary chores had been distributed into safe hands for another year.

### THE "CIRCULAR"

Perhaps it may seem churlish on the part of the Editor to open another year in this highly lucrative post with a moan, but a CIRCULAR just cannot be produced if members will not co-operate.

This issue contains everything sent to the Editor since late October and it is now becoming difficult to scrape enough together for a bi-monthly issue.

Come on Anfielders!

### R U N S

DALTON, 13TH NOVEMBER, 1960

On arriving at Prescott's Farm we discovered that Mrs. Barnes did not now cater for lunches on Sunday. However the Anfield stock must be pretty high because an excellent meal was soon forthcoming for the four members attending, namely, Frank Perkins, Rigby Bond, Arthur Birkby and Guy Pullan.

Despite the prevalence of Dalton weather, raining on arrival and departure, the meal and the company made ample compensation for any discomfort suffered.

DALTON, 13TH NOVEMBER, 1960. (SUNDAY)

Sunday morning dawned bright and crisp, it could well have been early Spring, surely this wasn't Dalton weather!

Anxious to try out two new light H.P.'s on the side wheels of the trike I hoped the conditions would be kind to me for once in a while.

It was easy work out through Thornton, the wind seemed to urge me gently from the rear whichever direction I faced. The tiny lane with its numerous left and right hand turns was a sheer delight, the tyres cornering with a satisfying "swish"; on through Sefton with its awkward swing left, over the hump-backed bridge at Maghull, noting with satisfaction the barely perceptible lift of the off-side wheel as I took the badly cambered right hand bend. The "Halt" sign brought me to a stop without the necessity for reaching to the ground.

Overtaking vehicles gave me the freedom of the road, passing with yards to spare, fearful that the decrepit old chap might fall off at any minute!

What a thrill the old barrow gave me this day, but as the Beacon came nearer I cast several anxious glances over my shoulder at the gathering clouds and rapidly rising wind. Hope there's a couple of lads from my direction to tuck in behind on the way back, I thought.

Arriving at Stormy Corner I made an ill-fated decision to try to find a new way, and although there is no road marked on the "One Inch" I felt certain that something rideable, or even walkable, existed. As it turned out "something" did exist, but it was certainly not rideable, and today, barely walkable.

Pointing to an innocent looking lane, an elderly local informed me that I could get across, but, casting a dubious glance at my treasured and hitherto bright machine, doubted whether I could take "that"! However, he said it was worth trying.

I had now gone too far to retreat and soon came to a large farm which boasted of the description as a "Hall". A fair damsel stood at the door and answered my query as to the existence of a right of way with an enigmatic smile and pointed through a gate. Full of apprehension at the discouraging sight but stung into activity by the expression of mixed sympathy and amusement on her face I leaped nimbly on to the saddle and plunged forward. "Plunged" is the word! The sea of mud which met me had been churned into a gluey mess the consistency of brown rice pudding. It sucked at my wheels, jammed the brake, and even covered the pedals. Luckily there was only half-a-mile to cover so, with no alternative, I had to walk, but it played havoc with my shoes and temper.

A short climb and a thrilling descent brought me to the rendezvous and how welcome it looked with the yard devoid of visitors. Yes, I could have lunch although Mrs. Barnes has temporarily ceased mid-day catering.

A leisurely smoke, a few adjustments to my ill-treated trike and up rode Frank Perkins and Guy. Rigby joined us as we waded into a satisfying meal with coffee to follow and we sat in front of the fire yarning until nearly 3 p.m., lulled by the heat of the room and the pattering of the rain on the windows.

The return journey was wet, very wet, to start with, but by the time we had reached Lathom off came our capes, the wind suddenly veered to the East and everything seemed cheerful again. Frank left us at the 'Hen & Chickens' leaving Guy and the writer to lead a merry scamper with a tail wind for the remainder of the journey. Meanwhile Rigby was courageously scaling the foothills of the Pennines *en route* for Bury and his family.

## DELAMERE, DECEMBER 17TH, 1960

One of the most difficult things to do is to describe a car ride when one should have been on a bicycle. I had an excuse, for my forks were still twisted after an untimely meeting with a motor-cycle one morning. Len, though, was kind, for although he had a machine available, he agreed to take me by car. So we set off to arrive at the venue in good time, but we were not the first.

Guy Pullan and Peter Jones were already in front of the fire, and we joined them until the tasty meal was ready. Then the youngsters eventually tramped in, too warm to sit around the fire, but with splendid appetites. Presider Rex Austin followed, to be chased, after a suitable interval, by Bren Orrell (Snr.), Allen Littlemore and his good lady and friend, and lastly, but by no means least, Laurie Pendlebury. And we were so delighted to see him that we once again forgot to mention to him that his most assiduous purpose in attending Club runs had earned him an Attendance Prize.

Those present in addition to those already mentioned, were:— David Bennett, John Farrington, Peter Catherall (prospective), David Bettaney, J. Vickers, Len Hill, Frank Marriott, David Barker, and M. Heath (another prospective). So ended a splendid afternoon.

## 75TH BATH ROAD DINNER, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1960

There was a rare warmth about the National Liberal Club on the occasion of the B.R. 75th Annual Dinner in its 74th year. Jack Beauchamp was geniality personified as from the Chair he extended a hearty welcome to all. Binham later explained that the hiatus of seventy-five dinners in seventy-four years was due to the simple fact that one year they had two! Bin also announced that in the B.R. "100" next year (their seventy-fifth) there will be a special prize for anyone beating competition record.

Brian Wiltcher (Zeuss R.C.), B.B.A.R. and B.R. "100", winner in 1960, was the guest-of-honour, and was loudly cheered when the 10th B.R. Cup was presented to him by the President.

Len Baker toasted the Visitors, of whom Lt. Commander L. G. Walker proved to be another of those quiet well-to-do people who still extract a great deal of pleasure from cycling. Rex Coley (Ragged Staff) also replied and although he claims sixty years it is evident that he is as ardent a cyclist as ever.

Personally, I enjoyed a long chat with Maurice Draisey and a few words with Frank Southall, Bill Frankum and Alec Glass, I had to sing for my supper and how I sang! I described the B.R.C. as the bohemians of the cycling world and am still not sure whether or not they liked it!

A really great occasion.

S.W.

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