

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 406.

A Happy New Year to All

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
Jan. 6	Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	4-9 p.m.
.. 13	Halewood (Derby Arms) Annual General Meeting Tea at 5-30 p.m.	4-18 ..
.. 15	Committee Meeting 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 20	Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	4-29 ..
.. 27	Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	4-43 ..
Feb. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-57 ..
.. 5	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Jan. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-9 ..
.. 20	Knolls Green	4-29 ..
.. 27	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-43 ..
Feb. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-57 ..

Full Moon 24th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. E. Haynes, Junr., 133 Lamb Lane, Audenshaw, Manchester; Mr. D. C. Kinghorn, Falcons Nest Hotel, Port Erin, Isle of Man; Mr. A. N. Rawlinson, 10 Clifton Avenue, Fallowfield, Manchester 14; Mr. H. V. Rourke, 44 Cambridge Road, Liverpool 21; Mr. J. J. Salt, 68 Hyde Way, Hayes, Middlesex.

TEA AT HALEWOOD ON 13TH JANUARY will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

(Missed out last month.)

A list of twenty-seven names of those who have paid their subscriptions makes a very fine show, but no list was published last month owing to our Treasurer being with "the troops."

The Acting Treasurer has written nice chatty letters to all the malingerers and we hope to have an even larger list next month.

If the letters fail to do the trick the Acting Treasurer will have to ask the Committee to let him use "The Secret Weapon" and force the laggards to disgorge.

The following are thanked for their subscriptions or donations.*

S. H. Bailey.

E. Buckley.*

G. E. Carpenter.

J. O. Cooper, 1939-40.

W. E. L. Cooper.

J. D. Cranshaw.*

S. del Banco.

C. C. Dews.

F. L. Edwards, 1939-40.

N. S. Heath.

T. R. Hinde.

W. J. Jones.

J. Leece.

E. Montag.

G. B. Orrell.

H. Pritchard.

E. J. Reade.

S. T. Threlfall.

W. J. Finn.
J. Fowler.
E. R. Green.
W. G. Glendinning.
E. M. Haslam.

W. T. Threlfall.
J. E. Walker.
A. G. White.
J. H. Williams.

J. S. JONAS,
Acting Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

With a New Year just across the threshold as we write, a New Year that will be an accomplished fact when this is before you, there is a good deal in connection with the *Circular* that we would say. The later months of 1939 saw a considerable falling-off in the number of contributors—blame for which can be laid at the strife that surrounds us—and consequently a certain amount of staleness has crept in. To be quite blunt, there is too much “F.M.” about the *Circular* at present. If we were good journalists, no doubt we could impart that leaven that leads to life in our writings, but we are not. Very kindly, no one has told us of the staleness that seems so obvious sometimes. The present issue should be better, and we accord our particular thanks to the writer of the Tea Tasters’ Treat account, which was unsolicited, and entirely unexpected. Such contributions are the very breath of friendliness and help.

Omissions have of course occurred, notably last month, when the Treasury Notes and the reports of two Manchester runs were left out. For the notes, and one of the Manchester runs, blame must be laid between the Editorial and Printing Departments, and sincere apologies are hereby accorded. The other Manchester run was received too late for inclusion, and here we would remind contributors that if you cannot let the Editor have your writings before the last week-end in the month, please send them to George Stephenson, at 5, Market Place, Prescott, Lancs.

It just happens that the Executive may discover a better Editor for 1940. If they do not, and I retain this very lucrative post, could I please ask for all the help and support you can accord?

FRANK MARRIOTT.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

The list grows greater, for now Sid Jonas writes to tell us that he had joined the R.A.S.C. He is still in the U.K., so we refrain from printing his service address as with others noted below :

DICK RYALLS, R.A.F.
D. TURNOR, R.A.F.
J. S. JONAS, R.A.S.C.
E. BYRON, R.A. (Anti-Aircraft).
T. SHERMAN, King's Liverpool.
T. SAMUEL, Cheshire Yeomanry.

The following are abroad :-

T.74506, Pte. R. BARKER,
B.M.T.S.D., R.A.S.C.,
c/o Army Post Office.

S/57970 Pte J. R. FER,
R.A.S.C. H.Q., 2nd Division,
c/o Army Post Office.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR,
C/W.R. X. 278,
H.M. Trawler "St. Minver,"
c/o G.P.O. London.

2069285 Sapper J. R. BAND	} 1st Cavalry Division, 2nd Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, c/o Army Post Office.
2067653 Sapper W. P. ROCK	
2067781 Sapper J. E. REEVES	

The last mentioned trio left England during the last days of December.

NEWS FROM "THE BOYS."

We were delighted indeed to hear from :

WALTER CONNOR, who, after a month's voyage in a trawler smaller than a Mersey ferry boat, has now reached his base. He says that the first nine days of the trip were terrible, with stormy seas all around. He is not ashamed to say that he was very ill. Now he is in warmer waters, with flying fish flapping on to the decks, to feed the ship's cat! These frosty and snowy days it is nice to think of warm sun and flying fish, isn't it? Walter send his greetings to all.

RALPH FER writes to say that it is a good job he was innured to camping, for he has not slept in a bed since the early days of September, when he was paid the King's Shilling. He is at H.Q., as you can see by the address, and works in an atmosphere of typewriters and duplicators all day. Ralph expects leave in February or early March. We will be glad to see him.

ERIC REEVES was for a time at Rossington Hall, near Bawtry, with Peter Rock and Rigby Band. Eric did not seem to fare too well, with snow storms when he was drilling, and candle light, and other things that did not agree with him. Our trio in the R.E.'s is now on the high seas for duty in a country farther than France, and we hope that when Eric does get there he will be a bit warmer, but no desert marching for Eric's sake. He would make a miniature sand storm at every step!

SPEEDWELL SUPPER.

The Annual Dinner of the Speedwell B.C. this year took the form of a supper (if that isn't Irish!), owing to the conditions arising out of the war. The highly acceptable atmosphere of camaraderie, which characterises all Speedwell functions, was just as evident—and as welcome—as usual. Robinson (himself) seems to have been our only representative on this occasion, and he, sitting next to the President, W. H. Robins (good names to go together, these!), did his best to ornament the top table. In replying to the toast of "The Visitors," our member used the opportunity of paying tribute to the memory of W. F. Ball, to whom (he told the company) he was introduced by W. P. Cook some 35 years ago.

THREE ANFIELDERS ABROAD.

(continued).

Zermatt was new to George and me, and we liked it. Fred had stayed there before. The journey from Visp along the climbing "thal" was by way of a mule track; for many miles along St. Nicholas Valley motor cars are not allowed, and during the later hours we wandered upwards undisturbed by other traffic.

It is strange to be in a village street unhampered by motor cars, and in Zermatt all you hear above the chatter of voices are the clip-clop of mules' hooves, and the harmonious clanging of their bells. We had a lovely lunch, and then asked the pension people whether they had beds for us. They had, in a fine high room with a magnificent view of the Matterhorn—the master mountain. What a splendid sight it was, and we watched the sunlight glistening in the snow in blue and green.

In the hours of afternoon and evening we set forth on the high climb to Schwarzsee Hotel, the first outpost on the way to the summit of the Matterhorn. From high above we watched the smoke curl from the little town deep down in the valley, and the late light gave curious colours to the glaciers that glistened all around. Long shadows had already darkened Zermatt when we returned.

Next day was booked for the Cornergrat, and when Fred told us that we would climb to over 10,000 feet, George and I were not sure whether we would relish such a heavy day or not. Yet on the morrow we were quite fresh again, and were anxious to be away early on the climb.

After an hour of winding in the pines we came on to the open mountain by the Riffelalp, a vast hotel used mostly by winter-sporters. Across the rift in the hills we could see the Schwarzsee Hotel as a tiny square on the other side. In another hour the grass stopped growing, and we walked amid rocks, scree, and snow that was far too bright for our eyes. The Cornergrat summit hotel seemed as a huge fort on a rocky outpost, but the view was great.

Below us flowed a glacier, rifted and smooth, from the rounded summit of Monte Rosa : against the sky the Matterhorn shaped its strange outline, and from its highest point a wisp of cloud flew as a pennant. We did not stay long at that great height, for in the brilliant sun the light was too dazzling, even with dark glasses, and our skins were beginning to burn.

After dinner at the pension we strode through the street for our evening stroll, and passing an inn, we heard lilting music coming through the half-open door. Inside we went to have our beer in glasses that were at least a foot long, and to see the jolliest of men singing and yodelling whilst his two companions fiddled and played. The merry

twinkle in his eye was catching, and soon we were all laughing and singing. For our benefit they gave us Tipperary, and our jolly friend yodelled to that, too. Then, at almost eleven o'clock, some Swiss folk came in, and we all sang "Drink, drink, drink brothers drink, letting your sorrows go by," in whatever language we could, and the air rang with the merriment of that jolly party. We were sorry indeed to return.

Before daylight we saw the Matterhorn again. At three a.m. the glorious light from the full moon flooded our room, and we could not help looking through the window at "our" mountain. In the golden glow that stately shape seemed finer than ever against the blue of the night sky, and it is too much to hope to see the Matterhorn again in such a splendid setting. It was a fine co-incidence that we three should be awake at that time.

Saturday morning, and we were away again. In the descent we saw more of the valley to Visp, and its new looking churches. Very probably their predecessors were demolished in the earthquakes that caused such destruction in the valley in the years of last century.

In the Rhone Valley once more it was hot. Flies were abundant, and we had our light lunch in a roadside hotel in which the blinds were drawn. It was our intention to have an easy day, but the fifty miles down the valley from Visp to Martigny were accomplished before tea, and then our route lay on the ascent of the Great St. Bernard Pass. But our plans were changed very quickly, as routes often are, for it was noticed that we would have the gradients in our favour if our itinerary was reversed. So in the fading light of that evening we started on the ascent of Switzerland's steepest pass—Col de la Forclaz.

I assured the other two that there were at least three hotels before the summit was crested, and that with ordinary progress we should "dock" soon after 9-30. After the steep bends of the lower slopes the road ran through the woods, and after sunset here it was really dark. Glow-worms were as tiny green lights at the roadside.

A light shone: it was outside an inn where we could drink, yet have no bed. Outside again, toiling around the countless bends of the steep pass, George began to get tired—and voice his wonders whether I was really right in my

hotel knowledge of the road. Fred was silent—he was tired, too, our “easy” day had realised eighty miles! In the Alps, too!

It was almost ten p.m. when a bright light shone hopefully ahead. Soon we were popping the question. An hour later we were in bed. With window wide open the room was redolent of the forest and the pines.

(To be concluded).

AT RANDOM.

The newspapers recently announced the death of one, A. A. Simpson, a former Lord Mayor of Adelaide, after whom the Simpson Desert was named. We ourselves have so much respect for our own member of the Great Simpson Family (A.T. of that ilk) that we would never dream of naming anything after him—neither deserts, nor dust-bins, nor deputations, nor dredgers, nor depth charges, nor detonators, nor disinfectants, nor decontamination squads.

Our newspaper informs us that a cyclist recently met with a fatal accident through colliding with a black cat. It is not clear to us why the colour is mentioned, but we understand that the cat was fitted with the usual lights.

Jonas was reported to be very much concerned over the announcement that lubricants were going to cost more. Great was his relief on discovering that oils were involved, and not beer.

It is understood that, owing to the conditions set up by the black-out, the burgling fraternity is having a pretty thin time, it being difficult for the members to know which houses are unoccupied (and can therefore be safely broken into), and which are not. George Newall, as an ornament of the Insurance profession, has a fellow-feeling for all burglars, and intends to see what can be done about a pitiable state of affairs, which reflects on our national economy and prestige. He visualises a whip-round at one or more of the Club teas, and has given the subscription list a fine start with a donation of 2d. Further contributions to date are : Cotter, 3 cheers ; and Robinson, Best Wishes.

Billy Owen, whom Chandler visited at Menai Bridge last week, reports very fit and well and anxiously enquires after "all the lads" to whom he sends New Year Greetings, particularly did he mention Venables, Rowatt and Hubert Roskell.

TOMMY SHERMAN.

Chubby-face called in to see us just before the holidays, and looking fitter than ever. Down in Leicestershire now, in Melton Mowbray, and billeted in an hotel. Seems to be feeding on the pies that make that hunting land so famous. He sends his greetings to everyone.

BATH ROAD CHAMPION IS AN ANFIELDER!

We like it when an Anfielder collars the championship of a club like the Bath Road. Salty has "gone and done it," and mopped up the Southerners on their own ground. We regret that at the moment further details are not available, and a search through the current issue of the *Barf Road News* does not give the information.

A BARF ROADER COMES NORTH.

A tickle on the 'phone the other Saturday introduced to the Editor one Bath Roader, Harvey—sorry, 'Arvey—and a venue was fixed for the morrow. Together they crossed Halkyn Mountain, descended to Star Crossing for a light lunch, and then climbed the Moel Arthur shelf of the Clwydians. Another shelf track—murky and muddy—descended to London Bridge at Llangwyfan, where we climbed again for the descent to Nannerch. The evening and the ride home was a wet one, but we hope our friend enjoyed his day.

RUNS.

Lymm, November 11th, 1939.

Even war has its compensations, and at least one middle-aged member, who has seen far too much of the driving seat and far too little of the saddle during the last few years has done sufficient riding during the last two

months to feel quite young and fit again. As a direct consequence, the run to Lymm was not made by the direct route, but by a circuitous journey by way of Macclesfield, Knutsford and High Legh, culminating in arrival at the Spread Eagle in time to assist the lady of the house in the nightly ritual of the black-out.

I thought that I was the first arrival, but soon Ken Crewe and Wilf Orrell returned from a walk round the district, they having been in Lymm for some time. Ken immediately remembered a small matter of a can of ale, outstanding from the Llanarmon week-end, and this having been liquidated in a satisfactory manner, we became somewhat anxious as to the whereabouts of the Presider. However, soon after six o'clock he arrived, full of the joy of gardening, which had lead him to overlook the growing lateness of the hour, engrossed as he was in the planting of sundry bulbs.

After the consumption of sundry further cans of ale, tea was announced, and in spite of the shortage of the notice of our coming, we enjoyed a most excellent meal, after which Wilf Orrell made a rapid retreat, en route for Twemlow, whilst Ken Crewe departed to an appointment with his better half. The present deponent and the Presider, assisted by several further cans of ale, settled the war, also the future of the cycling game, and after taking farewell of the landlady, departed for home, to find wet roads but a fine night.

So ended another enjoyable day, marred for me by our small numbers. Surely more than four of us can be found to keep the Manchester section in being. Someone MUST keep the old Club going, so what about it?

Knolls Green, November 18th, 1939.

This day being my second Saturday off in two months, I made my way on a fine afternoon towards the Bird-in-Hand.

It seemed ages since I was last out on the winding Cheshire lanes and I thoroughly enjoyed it in spite of the fact that it might start raining.

I arrived at my destination a little after 5 p.m. to find the Presider, Rex Austin and Wilf Orrell arranged round a nice fire in the tank; my arrival must have been a signal for

Bert Green, as he promptly burst forth with those two welcome words "what's yours." While our hostess was preparing our respective teas we enjoyed another one and afterwards made a move to the dining room; we had expected one or two more to turn up but only four sat down to tea. Afterwards conversation drifted on to curious topics until about 7 p.m., when we decided to make a start for home; the promised rain had, by this time, set in for the night and so we were in for a wet ride. Wilf left us a little way up the road as he was making for his usual destination—Twenlow. I accompanied the Presider as far as Sale and then I turned off via Lawton Moor, arriving home about 8-30 p.m. a little damp but nevertheless happy and so for the present I leave you.

Members present :—Bert Green, Rex Austin, Wilf Orrell and myself.

Halewood, December 2nd, 1939.

The tour may be said to have begun at the Landing Stage. Having telephonically and specifically arrived at a common denominator with Chem. as to the trysting place and time, I was naturally not disappointed to find myself on arrival—alone. Shortly afterwards I discerned out of the gathering black-out Chem's nymph-like form. Rightly decoding his frantic signals, we found ourselves in the Halewood 'bus with Ven and Dave Rowatt.

Half-an-hour's journey brought us to the rendezvous to discover Hubert and friend engaged in so disguising their carlights as to diddle the A.R.P. Committee out of their rightful dues—an intricate job engendering intense thirst. My better nature responded to Hubert's mute appeal and delicate diplomacy did the rest—albeit the hour had not yet struck—to our mutual content. Thus so far so good, but Nemesis (whoever that excrescence may be) slunk with sinister mien in the offing.

Out of the blue the bolt fell like a thunderbolt. The icy blast of the rationing wind had already encircled the Commissariat department in its Arctic grip. The doyenne having enquired feverishly regarding the probable number, and been told it was in the neighbourhood of twenty, immediately dropped down dead. Hectic first-aid treatment by our wardens gradually brought her to, but she made a

sorry spectacle as, sobbingly, she gasped that the poor best she could provide only consisted of a turkey, a goose, and a leg of pork. She swore, come what may, however, that she would eke this out with some half-dozen vegetables, plum pudding, mince pies and any other bits and scraps she could conjure up.

What could we do? We accepted the pathetic apology with as good a grace as possible, albeit the cyclists, ravenous horde—viewed the dismal prospect with an ill-concealed chagrin. After all, there is a war on, and perhaps it is just as well that some of its horrors should, even thus early, be brought home to us in their stark nakedness!

The repast (if such spartan rations could be so designated) over, the delightful old country ritual—this time performed by charming young serving maids—again took place when these C.Y.S.M. made their rustic obeisances and blushingly chanted their thanks for our little Noel-ic present—a time-honoured custom which I trust will endure as long as wot the A.B.C. does.

A short sojourn to the tank followed, where Lord Haw-h-sorry! Hawkes and others toppled over each other in praiseworthy efforts to alleviate the poor brewers' deplorable financial stringency. Then a rush for the 7-20 'bus which I successfully missed owing to an important ritual lasting longer than expected. This necessitated our hoofing it to Hunts Cross, which gave Chem his opportunity for Ruminating Rhapsodically on the Delights of Gastronomy. Trudging along he mused at length :

When I was weaned, I quickly gleaned I had a flair incroyable. In foodstuffs choice I would rejoice and find them most enjoyable. My parents dear, I must make clear, for viands rich and rare sought. My keen *palate* I should relate, could cope with all they bought. Reached man's estate (I here must state, I'd passed my adolescence) my appetite I kept alight with aliment'ry essence. The years roll past, I still hold fast to matters gastronomic. I adore fine food, I find it good ; I'm serious, I'm not comic. And here and now I will avow and from it won't be shaken. I make my bow to pig and sow and their attendant bacon. This macon stunt (I will be blunt) I'm to it apathetic. Mutton per se appeals to me, but hybrid, it's synthetic. Roast pork, ah me! spells ecstasy, a fact, decry it I won't. It's crackling

sweet, O! what a treat. Deny it who can—I don't. The goose's scents—to me incense—my navines they distend O! My taste they fan (that's man to man) in gathering crescendo. I find turkey *tres reherkey*; its delights I cannot cite 'um; That goes for game—its just the same, and so ad infinitum. Now one thing more, I must deplore that some of you on tour may through sour grapes say that I am a gourmand. *No! I'm a gourmet.*

We arrived in town in ample time for it (what's it?—Ed.) thus ending a very pleasant day—and so to bed.

Goostrey, December 2nd, 1939.

A goodly muster, our President, H. G. Buckley, E. Buckley, Bob Poole, Jim Carr, R. J. Austin, Wilf Orrell, Farr and Cranshaw, apologies to anyone present not recorded, regretful absentee, Ned Haynes, due to a fall whilst at work and a well-known visitor after tea—Roy Bamford.

Mrs. Knowles, as hospitable as ever, produced the usual standard solid meal on the rather higher than standard table.

Discussions many and varied, beer in medium quantities for some varying to fully medium for others.

Conclusions from things seen and heard that more runs be attended in the near future and high hopes entertained that we shall see more of the Buckleys and the guess that this was an enjoyable run and that every run could be equally enjoyable if only attended.

Parkgate, December 9th, 1939.

We are seven! This was the number of Anfielders who braved the wicked weather: Rich, Rowatt, Preston, Barker (Ken.), Marriott, Connor and Elias. The morning was not too bad, but after lunch the rain fairly fell down, and Wirral was a clouded, soddened land. Kettle would have come out, but a spot of tummy trouble caused him to stay at home. He is quite better now, thank you! But where, where, was our brave Frank Chandler, who revels in stormy weather so much? Our late Editor was nowhere to be seen.

Marriott stayed at home until five p.m., and then the rain cleared, and his passage westward was not too bad. Elias, crawling along the front at Parkgate with his regula-

tion darkened lamp, wondered where all the light was coming from when our Editor brought his dynamo up from the rear. The beam extended quite a long way along the promenade (adv't.). Now we hear that another dynamo has found its way into the Club ranks. Elias has purchased a Lucas, all he could get, apparently: we fear that this new acquisition may take a bit of pushing, as to our minds the particular model is far better suited to a tandem.

We were sorry not to see Samuel, who was home on leave, but of course appreciate that there are many things to do in one crowded week.

Wilmslow, December 9th, 1939.

When we try out a new feeding station every effort should be made to get a good muster so that the caterer may understand that it's worth while. Well, we did our best to ensure a good attendance to-day. The rendezvous can be reached in various ways—by cycle for preference, of course, but also by train and bus, not to speak of foot-slogging. But all we mustered was 3!! Only the President, Bob Poole and George Farr put in an appearance, and it was a disappointment to everyone that there were so few. True, there was some rain and some wind, but these handicaps were not wont to daunt Anfielders, and the conditions were not altogether too bad. There is little to tell of the run—steady pushing out and a glorious run back before the wind, and in between a good meal and a most interesting chat with the host. There were very few cars about and visibility was not at all bad once the eyes got used to the gloom. All the same, it was rather a pity that the present deponent's eyes did not get their night sight quickly enough to avoid taking a wrong turning in a country that he knows well enough, with the result that he wandered about among lanes for a few miles. But it was very interesting.

Parkgate, December 16th, 1939.

THE TEA-TASTERS TRIUMPH AT PARKGATE.

Impressions of a Neutral Observer.

The Veil of Mystery that surrounds the doings of this enterprising body was partially lifted last Saturday on the occasion of their Annual bean-feast, which happened to fall on the date and the venue of an Anfield Club-run.

Previously these events have always been held within closed doors, excepting those who have been honoured by special invitation, and only the highest dignitaries have been allowed to rub shoulders with the members of so exclusive a sect. Under such circumstances therefore, an opportunity of delving into the secret rites of so august a body was not to be missed and accordingly it was with considerable curiosity and expectation that I hid myself to the meeting place.

Fortunately, within a few hundred yards of the latter I was hailed by a voice out of the darkness who, in offering to guide me, disclosed the person of one of the most matured of the brotherhood, one Perkins, whom I happen to know personally. Lucky was I to fall in with him, for on arrival I discovered no Tea-Tasters present but was informed by my guide that they would be assembled at the "Chester Arms." This sounded to me very curious as you would never expect to find *Tea-Tasters* patronising a house where they sold *beer*. But I said nothing and allowed myself to be led by the hand in the black-out to the aforesaid inn.

On entering I was amazed to find a very large man seated around several glasses, behind which were younger persons in various kinds of habiliments, such as long trousers and a few pairs of plus fours, but few in shorts as I expected to find. On enquiry I found that this large man who was addressed as Hubert, had been specially engaged to buy beer for the Tea-Tasters, this being a necessary formality where Tea-Tasters are concerned as you cannot ask for beer if you are a Tea-Taster you know! Supporting this man (not physically, of course, but only financially) was a smaller person who looked as if he enjoyed life and who answered to the name—Stephie or Stevie. As six o'clock struck, a very long person who appeared to have some authority, pulled out his watch, or someone else's, and announced in abrupt terms that it was now time to get on with the job of eating. It appeared that he, not having any stomach for alcoholic liquids, and having unsuccessfully preached to the flock in favour of total abstinence, it being in direct opposition and disobedience to the covenant under which the society had been formed, had been drinking water all evening, and had had enough of this old and original beverage. Nevertheless, a move was at once made for the meeting place

proper and I heard remarks, interjected about bringing a few bottles along ; presumably beer, although it might have been stone-ginger!

On arrival I was shewn with much courtesy into a large room with a roaring fire alongside which I sat as near as possible and around which were gathered a few oldish men who looked as if their days of heavy eating and heavy drinking were long since passed. They, not being Tea-Tasters by inclination but only by necessity, need not be dwelt on here.

The major part of the evening's proceedings now began, and all present sat around the outside of a large trestle-table shaped like an L with the lid on. I was interested to see who would occupy the chair of distinction and my eyes blinked when I saw the long person previously mentioned stride up to and occupy the vacant seat. (I later on was somewhat abashed to see this person constantly bobbing up to give orders to the waitresses, a thing that is really not done at a dinner party, a job that should be left to a lesser member. This is the only criticism one has to offer, as otherwise the organisation was perfect in every detail). The feed itself was excellent and a tasty plate of soup was followed by an ample helping of pork, roast potatoes, sprouts and carrots. Then X'mas pudding, rum sauce for those who had not signed the Pledge, mince pies, cheese, biscuits, celery and coffee, and I tell you that it took all night for me to recover, especially as I had had steak and kidney pie for lunch! I cannot conclude (I wish you would—Ed.) without mentioning the fact that owing to the war several Tea-Tasters were not present. A Tea-Taster is nothing if not patriotic and many members of this now world-famous body have joined the Forces and are no doubt showing their fellow warriors a good example in the total abstinence of all liquids excepting tea and water. That one spent a most enjoyable edifying and informative evening cannot be gainsaid, and it is to be hoped that there will be no failure to keep the flag flying until the "boys come marching home."

[As this was also an Anfield run mention must be made of those present. We were delighted to have Peter Rock, whose embarkation leave enabled him to be with us. The others (in no particular order,) were : Hubert, Stevie, "Barf. Roader 'Arvey," Perkins, Preston, Chandler, del Banco,

Len King (!), Killip, Kettle, Elias, Morris, Arthur Williams, Rich, Capt. Connor and Marriott. As the Captain of the Anfield is ipso facto President of the Tea-Tasters, George should have taken the chair, but as he was "workin'" to a later hour, the Editor was forced to take the only vacant seat. We do hope all enjoyed themselves.—Ed.]

Holmes Chapel, December 16th, 1939.

Again there were but three of us—J. E. Carr, H. Green and W. Orrell; it is to be hoped that more of the older members, not engaged on national duty, will gird up their loins and push their way out to future Manchester runs.

A thin north-easter made brisk progress necessary to keep up the circulation. For two of us, the outward journey was a sleigh ride. There was very little on the roads, the absence of cyclists, except of the obviously utility variety, being astonishing, when you consider that the conditions are now nearly ideal—little traffic, no glaring headlights, and lighting of your own which is quite sufficient. The scamper before the wind was exhilarating, and I reached the Swan in a pleasant glow to find the usual warm welcome, but also a disappointment. When putting the machine up I saw about half-a-dozen bicycles, besides a very familiar tricycle, and jumped to the conclusion that we were to have a good attendance, but alas! when I enquired for the riders I found that all but the tricyclist were Chester C.T.C.'ites out on a week-end trip. Anyhow, we had a very good meal and then parted on our several ways. There was some wind to push against on the homeward way but it wasn't too bad.

Chester, December 23rd, 1939.

As an "exile" now for 13 long years I have always much looked forward to meeting the Club at its Christmas fixtures year by year. High in hope I set off on 22nd December in crisp sunshine and on white roads. Rex Austin kindly gave me hospitality for the night and so on the Saturday despite a very late breakfast my ride to Chester became a dawdle in mighty raw weather to pass the time until the hour of 6-0 p.m.

I found the Bear & Billet at about 5-20 p.m., and was directed by a gross individual in a singlet to an evil smelling backyard, wherein to place my machine. Evidently I was

first and the others were doing a good ride round the countryside—it was fine to think of the breed still running true! The clock ticked on and gradually I became disturbed, for still no one came. Was I in the right pub? Was it the right day? Yes, Mr. Powell had written, but had not ordered any special meal, and Mr. Roskell and Mr. Rowatt had called earlier in the day. Meanwhile a vulgar and rather boosy wedding party was disgorging itself from upstairs, so at 6-10 p.m. I pushed my way through a crowd of enormous frumpy matrons, climbed the frowsy stair to the dining room and found no food available except "a bit of cold 'am." I succeeded in eliciting they had bacon and eggs, and about 20 minutes later I sat down, as in Yorkshire for the past 13 years, alone in my glory! My "meal" consisted of two pieces of bacon—one quite inedible—a pickled fried egg, bread and marg., and some of the horriddest, cheapest raspberry jam it has ever been my fate to sample.

Thus the Anfield Bicycle Club's run on the 23rd December, 1939. What an insult to memory!

I fell into a chair by the fire and my thoughts went back as in a dream to the early and mid-twenties. What has or is happening to us. Then a combined run of less than 36-40 was a poor turn out and at least 25-28 could be expected at "Liverpool" members runs. And cycling was far less "popular" then than now. But I imagine then we were kept more frequently reminded that a Club like ours can only retain its position by the current membership carrying forward from decade to decade what was established in the early years as "the Anfield spirit." That is, the knowledge that the essence of the Club is the regular success of its fixtures, that this success can be ensured only by the membership individually supporting the fixtures consistently even though at times personal convenience would lead us elsewhere, that bad weather or difficult conditions merely serve as spurs to harden our determination to do the ride that was planned. To me at least that Anfield spirit is a very precious thing, thanks to which I remain a regular riding Anfielder despite exile and perhaps more than my share of difficulties of health.

Recent years have seen heavy losses in our older membership—those who were able personally to hand down to us, untarnished, the spirit of the early years of the Anfield.

Future years are likely to see our younger members more and more swept into the maelstrom of war.

May these two facts be my especial reason for writing as I have ; for appealing to those who are left to play their part in loyally supporting fixtures, in re-strengthening the manifestation of the spirit of the Anfield, so that the Club may maintain its proud position in the cycling world and there may be an end of such disgraces as the run to the Bear and Billet (ugh!), Chester, on 23rd December, 1939.

(At the Boxing Day joint run the muster was about 15, of whom 8 hardy fellows arrived on bicycles!).

Lymm, December 23rd, 1939.

A beautiful afternoon, an attractive venue, the last run before Christmas—and three members present at the Spread Eagle. In these days of paper shortage so poor a gathering scarcely merits a report ; suffice it to say that those present were the Presider and Wilf Orrell on tricycles, and the Manchester Vice-President on a brand new and very fast bicycle.

And now a suggestion. Will all the Manchester members make a New Year resolution to do their bit towards keeping the Club going during the war period, by attending runs whenever possible ? They will be sure of convivial company and a hearty welcome.

Highwayside, Boxing Day, 1939.

After two glorious days that had been plucked from the Spring we hope will follow this 'ard winter, Boxing Day was not what it should have been, by any means. So wet was it that at 9-30 on that fateful morning, I 'phoned Stevie modifying some arrangements I had with him if the rain held. (I heard later that he answered my call when only half-dressed, but, of course, I could not see—nor even imagine—what our V.P. looks like in such circumstances).

Soon after ten the rain ceased, and I took to the road. Perkins, all encaped, was ahead two miles out, and when I overtook him we rode together to Two Mills. Ten minutes for tea, and Jimmy Long rolled in, but not, dear friends, on a bicycle. He was bringing his Morris Eight on its first visit to the Club run.

On the Gibbet Heath Salty whizzed passed, his four-speed whizzing, too. At "Elyria," the Anfield establishment on the Whitchurch road, we saw the Morris again ; inside we saw Randall, he was coming with Jimmy, too! What a

Club run this was going to be! Perkins and Salty jumped with joy when they realised that they could have the two rear seats in the car; this meant me continuing alone, and I took the road through Waverton, Huxley and Tiverton, to reach the Travellers Rest just on time.

Inside, through the haze, I could see Hubert easily, for he was near the door; the aforesaid quartet; Bert Green, Rex Austin and Wilf Orrell to complete the Manchester contingent; George Connor; Marriott; Turvey; and the following came just a little later:—Dave Rowatt; Ven.; Stephenson, and Eddie Morris. Eddie came to show us his new bicycle!

The dinner was very good indeed, and there were two particularly high spots—the goose and the rum sauce. Everyone had more than one helping of bird, and the rum sauce, well, Ven. even had a second (or was it a third?) helping without the pudding! Dave Rowatt could hardly resist a second dose.

Hubert and Salty had some very interesting medals to show us. Hubert's was a memento of when he won a "50" way back in '08. He seems to think that some of us doubt his early prowess on a bicycle. Salty's was the current championship medal of the Bath Road Club, but more of this on other pages.

At last the time came to go home. Rowatt and Ven. were on the bus. Hubert and the other car's quartet were away too, while the Manchester contingent—all on bicycles—slipped quietly eastwards. Eddie Morris had to ride home alone. The remaining quartet rode northwards, through Eaton and Cotebrook, skirted Delamere Forest and all but walked the modern counterpart of Rock Savage ere the misty descent to Runcorn.

The remaining hours were spent in getting to Huyton, and enjoying a pleasant evening at 'Ill 'Ouse. Just after eleven we were homeward once more, crossing the river in brilliant moonlight.

Parkgate, 30th December, 1939.

Attenders, Kettle and Perkins, Harold having walked over from Heswall, and the writer biking it, finding the quiet roads half-mile from home, more treacherous than the country, after the snow of Thursday, frost of Friday, and morning thaw and afternoon frost of Saturday.

George Connor was out in the afternoon working up an

appetite for a "do" in the evening, also Chandler, who was seen in Heswall heading for West Kirby. Was the Compleat Tourist attending the Winter Sports at Thurstaston?

But where was the Editor? 6-0-7-0-8-0 p.m., and still no sign or 'phone call. Sick maybe, so a call at No. 45 would solve this mystery, and lo, who should open the door but F.M. himself. Ha, Ha, thought I, the "Remington" has triumphed over the "Evans," but on entering the Editorial sanctum the "Remington" was seen pushed away in a corner. H'm, H'm, no clue here, but signs of disorder shewed that something serious had happened. A burst pipe had unavoidably caused his absence, but any reader requiring further details must consult the *Plumbers Record*, in which a new writer (S.A.M.M.Y.), fully reports his initiation as plumber's mate.

Cheerio everyone, and All the Best for 1940.

Knolls Green, December 30th, 1939.

Attendance up $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ —4 against 3. Not a large difference, but in the right direction. Climatic conditions were not too favourable—snow on the roads and a leaden sky—but the wintry landscape with its frost-covered trees and the snow covering all the hedgerows had its charm, and it was well worth while venturing forth. I arrived just after 5 p.m. to find Ned Haynes and Wilf Orrell already keeping the blazing fire company, and before long Rex Austin came in. We had what I suppose will be our last ham and eggs feed for some time and greatly enjoyed it, and after a chat on all things, left shortly after 7 p.m. to find the countryside enveloped in fog. I don't know how the others fared, but I found conditions possible until I reached Hale, though at one point I learned, on consulting a signpost, that I was a mile nearer home than I had thought. But from Hale on there was practically no visibility at all—you couldn't see the edge of the footpath and you couldn't see the white line; walking was the only way to get on and I had to do it. Nothing but an intimate knowledge of the roads enabled me to reach home. At one point I was accosted by a chap in uniform who plaintively asked me if I'd seen 2 buses—he said he'd lost them. But anyway I did get home safe and sound, and thanking my stars that I hadn't had to rely on petrol to do it, for I beat the cars in speed easily.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 407.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
Feb. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-57 p.m.
.. 5	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 10	Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	5-9 ..
.. 17	Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	5-24 ..
.. 24	Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	5-38 ..
Mar. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-50 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Feb. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-57 ..
.. 10	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	5-9 ..
.. 17	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-24 ..
.. 24	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-38 ..
Mar. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-50 ..

Full Moon 23rd inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

The Resignations of Messrs. W. G. Glendinning and Harold Moore have been accepted with regret.

Mr. G. E. Carpenter has been transferred to Hon. Membership during his absence in America; Mr. D. C. Kinghorn has also been transferred to Hon. Membership.

Mr. F. Marriott has again been appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed :—

R.R.A.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood and Mr. J. C. Beauchamp.

N.R.R.A.—Messrs. W. G. Connor, E. Haynes, Junr. and W. Orrell.

R.T.T.C.—Messrs. D. L. Birchall and A. E. Preston.

West Cheshire T.T.A.—Messrs. E. Byron and F. Marriott.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee :—

Messrs. W. G. Connor, E. Haynes, Junr., E. L. Killip, F. Marriott and G. Molyneux.

The following have been appointed a Course Committee :

Messrs. W. G. Connor, E. L. Killip, E. Haynes, Junr., F. Marriott and C. Randall.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. D. C. Kinghorn, Braeside, Glen Chase, Port St. Mary, Isle of Man.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The year has started fairly well. Exclusive of those members who have already paid in advance, 15 members have paid their subscriptions and/or made donations to the Club funds.

Unfortunately there is a black side to this picture. I regret to say there are 15 members whose subscriptions are still outstanding for 1939, and 5 members who are still owing for 1938 and 1939. It is to be hoped that those to whom this applies will fulfil their obligations without further delay. It is the intention of the Committee to despatch regularly parcels to "Ours" serving Overseas; in course of time this number will increase. It is essential the Club is in funds to accomplish this worthy object.

My best thanks are due to all those from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations (*).

1939.

J. Pitchford.	C. Selkirk.	C. H. Woodroffe.
J. E. Rawlinson	D. Smith.	

1940.

H. S. Barratt.	W. H. Elias.	F. Perkins.
S. J. Buck *	H. L. Elston.	W. Shacklady.
F. Chandler.	H. Green *	D. Smith.
W. G. Connor.	Edwin R. Green.	W. T. Venables *
C. F. Elias.	L.O. Oppenheimer	H. Wilson *

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

In this wild and bitter weather Walter Connor writes of working in shorts and a vest! Getting nicely brown, too, he says. Walter works in the mornings only, and in a letter to Hill House, tells of dirtying his white tropical clothes too quickly, and of how the Editor would enjoy himself if our scribe was basking in the same sun. Wonder what he meant?

Otherwise, we have had little news of the troops. The trio in the Engineers have had little time to write so far, as probably they have not reached journey's end yet. Sid

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Jonas has been moved to Loughborough. Brian Band has also gone abroad, but we have not his address at the moment.

Those in the U.K. are :

DICK RYALLS, R.A.F.
D. TURNOR, R.A.F.
E. BYRON, R.A. (A.A.)
T. SAMUEL, Cheshire Yeomanry.
T. SHERMAN, King's Liverpool.
J. S. JONAS, R.A.S.C.

Those who are abroad are :

T.74506, Pte. R. BARKER,
B.M.T.S.D., R.A.S.C.,
c/o Army Post Office.

S/57970, Pte. J. R. FER,
R.A.S.C., H.Q., 2nd Division,
c/o Army Post Office.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR, C/WR X 278,
H.M. Trawler, "St. Minver,"
c/o G.P.O., London, E.C.1.

2069285 Sapper J. R. BAND	} 1st Cavalry Division, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal En- gineers, c/o Army P.O.
2067653 Sapper W. P. ROCK	
2067781 Sapper J. E. REEVES	

BRIAN BAND, R.N. (Please write to his home address).

PARCELS FOR THOSE ON SERVICE.

As noted in the report for the A.G.M., parcels for the boys abroad were approved, and by now the first batch have been despatched. No decision has been made yet of how frequently these shall be sent to our members on service, and the position is to be reviewed monthly. Financial considerations will play a large part in the frequency (or otherwise) with which we can help. Harold Kettle will be pleased to receive contributions especially earmarked for this purpose.

Parcels have been despatched to Pte. R. Barker, Pte. J. R. Fer, Tel. W. A. Connor, Sapper J. R. Band, Sapper W. P. Rock and Sapper J. E. Reeves.

AT RANDOM.

The authorities are making strenuous efforts to collect as much scrap metal as possible. *Now* we understand why Kettle does not attend Club runs on his tricycle. He is determined not to risk having the machine confiscated.

GREETINGS FROM THE O'TATUR.

Our old friend, T. W. Murphy, in a note to Chandler at the New Year, says "May I wish you a very Happy New Year and the same to all my old friends of the Anfield Bicycle Club." The O'Tatur's address is now 47, Rathfarnham Road, Dublin.

MASSIVE.

Have you seen Frank Chandler's rubber stamp for his name and address? A more colossal affair has never been seen the light of day. If Hitler had it there would be a couple more bicycle tyres in Germany next week.

KEEPING OUT.

Frank Chandler is keeping out of Committee for 1940. In a letter to Powell, which was read and then hidden as quickly as possible, our Compleat Tourist writes that some poured scorn and derision on his complaints of not being able to hear. Well, we thought that those "merry-devil" horns of his would get in the way of anything. The funny thing is, that Frank gets someone else to write the letter, and he signs it. Too touchy, or what? We could say quite a deal more, but as this *Circular* has been fairly free from acrimony lately, we suppress ourselves with difficulty.

RENDEZVOUS.

Sid Carver and Salty are fixing a week-end for sometime in March, when one will ride south, and the other northwards. Sid writes to ask if anyone is interested. Grantham will probably be the chosen spot. According to our maps, Grantham seems a helluva way from Merseyside, but we'll see. What about you, Norman?

APOLOGY.

We apologise most sincerely for an omission in last month's active service list. Brian Band, who is, of course, a Sub-Lieut. in the Submarine Service, was omitted. He was home on leave during the greater part of January.

THE TEA TASTERS.

The Parkgate Wednesday evening runs are keeping going quite well. Harold Kettle is a regular attender, and Perkins, Killip and Marriott roll along frequently, too. Guy Pullan often brings a couple of other Mersey Roaders along, and so we have quite a merry party.

THREE ANFIELDERS ABROAD.

(concluded).

Cattle, swinging their tinny bells on the way to the milking shed, disturbed our slumber of the morning, and after breakfast we were away, anxious to reach the summit of Col de la Forclaz. The descent into France and the valley of Chamonix was new to Fred and George, but for me it was pleasant repetition. We came to the French frontier after the ride through the Gorge du Trient, and George had to tinker about with his bicycle, and blame brother Walter, who borrowed it the week before. After it had withstood a week of Swiss Passes, I should have thought that Walter could have been absolved from blame.

Our French lunch—at about half Swiss prices—was good, and we rode into Chamonix in mid-afternoon, and took a trip on a telerifique. Miles of descent, and we stayed the night at Servoz, a pleasant village just off the main road. Fred had a try here at his first French cigarettes, and after he had one he said something about saving the rest for his pals! It's a good job that George and I don't smoke!

Next day our route for the most part followed my last year's tour, and through St. Gervain les Bains we climbed to Megeve for the long descent to Flumet and the gorge to Albertville. In the evening we were on the pleasant road through the Isere valley; Moutiers, where we had tea, is a busy, poky little place, and we were glad to be on the climbing road again to Bourg St. Maurice and Seez, where the ways to Col de l'Isaran and the Little St. Bernard Pass part company.

A brand new hotel at the forking of the roads sheltered us, and we were treated very well indeed. Two nights were spent there. George and Fred used the intervening day for the climb to Col de l'Iseran and return. I, having already conquered Europe's highest road, stayed on lower levels. I could not see any reason for swarming up there a second time!

Wednesday saw us climbing on the sinuous slopes of the Little St. Bernard Pass, a road that climbs to its summit by sixteen winding miles. When we reached the top Seez was about four miles away, at the lower end of a steep valley. We could have ridden the pass quite easily, but George had a spot of tyre trouble. It was late lunch-time when we stepped into the summit hotel for a meal, and afterwards over the Italian frontier, it took well over an hour to clear our bicycles. They insisted in sealing the cameras.

On the descent this latter was annoying, for there was quite the finest view of Mont Blanc that we had seen, and there was nothing in the way of military secrets worth even a glance, let alone a photograph. The first village, where a police official cut the seals, had a huge wooden "M" arch across the main street. The road, so dusty in the mountains, was better here, and we wheeled easily into the valley of Aosta, through black tunnels and by many hairpin bends.

This was Mussolini's land. On any clear wall space quotations from his speeches were painted in large letters, and on the hillsides IL DUCE or DUX were carved for all to see. People stared as we pedalled through the valley, and we could almost sense their disapproval of Englishmen being in their land. After thirty five or so downhill miles from the summit of the Little St. Bernard we rode into Aosta, a busy manufacturing town in the Vale of that name.

Aosta is also the starting point on the Italian side of the Great St. Bernard Pass, the bleak summit of which was twenty-two miles away. It was past seven p.m., we were hungry, and the grimy town offered little in the way of sustenance. On such a famous road, we thought, there would be somewhere soon where we could rest, and eat. But we were wrong. In all those miles there are but two hotels, and the first is ten miles from Aosta.

We felt as if we could not last ten minutes, and after much questioning by George we were eventually led to a café in a tiny village off the high road. The walls were dirty. Flies flew everywhere. The cloth that the lady provided was clean, and she told us we could have bread, sausage, cheese and wine.

Everything was on the oldish side, which meant that the bread (in long, thin rolls) was stale, the sausage dry, the cheese fly attracting, and the wine good. Yet what is the use of good wine when you are hungry, ravenously hungry? We decided that this wouldn't do, and George, with his superb French, invaded the lady's larder, and came back with a tin of peach marmellata, or jam. Outside, quite a good crowd had gathered, examining our bicycles.

Our next problem was accommodation for the night, and we soon realised that the next hotel was six climbing miles away, and none of us felt like doing it. So George, ever energetic, pushed on to fix up, leaving Fred and me to struggle along more slowly.

The tiring efforts of yesterday made us rise later than usual, and it was ten a.m., and hot when we resumed our riding. The Italians were taking pot shots at something on the hillside, military tactics, or something. Farther on more soldiers were mining the road. War was encroaching fast on Europe!

Climbing across the slopes of the mountain, we could see the old road, the road the Romans knew, rear towards the summit. Our way was longer, and easier. After much climbing, along the dustiest highway ever, we saw a building on the skyline. Was it the famous hospice, with the monks and dogs? More than an hour later we knew it was not, the building was only that of the Italian Customs House, and we could see the cross of the real summit high against the sky.

The hardest miles of this—Europe's oldest—Alpine Pass are surely the three kilometres between the Italian Custom House and the cold lake that rests between the two summits. We were tired and hungry, and perhaps that is why it seemed so bleak, desolate, and inspiring.

At last the road is flatter, and we rounded a bend to see the lake, and the world-famous hospice beyond. Switzerland

again! And a snow fight is in progress, in July. Hungrier than we have ever been, the repast at the summit hotel was the most delightful (and expensive, but what matter?) of our tour.

Outside, a group of monks was standing, and talking between themselves. Tall, quiet fellows they were, and they smiled at us. Inside the hospice we saw the museum, and the Roman coins that have been discovered in such quantities on the ways of this lonely pass. We would have liked to see the dogs, but it was not the show day for the animals. What work is done in the winters now? Does anyone ever essay on this laborious crossing when the snows are deep?

Four o'clock came, and the wind was chill. The monks bade us goodbye, and we left these hardy inhabitants to the bleakness of their pass. Winding, and descending, we came to where the grass grew once more, and then there were trees, and villages. Twenty-eight miles from the top of the Great St. Bernard Pass we were aside of the Rhone in its valley again, on the last lap of our tour.

In Martigny we had tea, dodged a thunderstorm before seeking a bed in Aigle, almost within sight of the waters of Lake Geneva, and fell asleep tired out. Next day we rode easily to Lausanne, before entraining for Paris, where in the gay city we had to seek a bed at midnight on the 14th July—France's holiday. With the aid of a café proprietor near Gare du Lyon we were well and cheaply fixed. Saturday was a day of walking round, matinee at the Folies Bergere, and a night journey to England. Sunday morning found us in London, striding the streets seeking a breakfast. Lunch-time, and we were home.

F.M.

RUNS.

Parkgate, January 6th, 1940.

Unlike the writer of one of last month's runs, who seemed to infer, among quite a number of other things, that the Anfield spirit consisted of making a lengthy ride to the Club run even on the filthiest and nastiest of days, the lure of the fireside kept me at home until 5 o'clock. I have been a fanatic in filling in time on a bicycle long enough, and now, when the day is so unpleasant as to make a cir-

cuitous ride a dreary task, I sit at the wintry fireside with the home folk, and when the time comes hie me directly to the Club run.

On this particular day, the sun shone so pleasantly in the morning that I bethought of how lovely Wirral would look in the afternoon, but the wind changed, and when it came on dank and dirty I said : " ter 'ell."

Len Killip went for a ride, even beyond Chester ; Elias called early and we did not see him ; both Connor and Marriott were on bicycles ; Chandler, knees cold and goose-fleshy, was on his barrow. Ken Barker and Stevie came per 'bus, and Preston, we think, rolled that way too. Kettle must have walked, for those boots of his wouldn't fit a pedal anywhere, and no decent 'bus conductor would have them on his vehicle, anyway. Williams came in for two minutes after tea, scrounged a couple of cigarettes, and then beat it. What a cheap Club run. " Didn' ough'er 'avit," someone said.

The fireside holds fine place at Parkgate. The glow makes the bricks more rustic still, and we sat round, talking—like the walrus—of many things. It wasn't far home, George Connor had the farthest to ride—twelve miles.

Goostrey, January 6th, 1940.

A poor start for the year—three only, the President, the Manchester Vice-President and Wilf. Orrell. And Goostrey, too! Well, well! Perhaps all the others had pressing engagements elsewhere. The faithful three had a very jolly time together, staying until 8-30. The homeward journey was pleasant enough ; true, the lanes were somewhat tricky with their wet ice covering, but once on the high road it was possible to get along nicely. It was distinctly warmer than it had been and I finished, very late in the evening, in fairly hard rain—very welcome to wash away the treacherous snow.

Halewood. A.G.M., 13th January, 1940.

You would not have thought that it was an Anfield run at all to-day had you entered the bicycle shed with Len and me just after 5-30. Two tricycles and about three bicycles were there before we included ours. And had you also stepped into the tank just four minutes after opening

time to find the place completely empty you would have wondered, too. Where were the lingerers, who stay quaffing, and then move their meal in fine style? An annual general meeting was for to-day, where were they all?

They were all upstairs, having arrived on anything but bicycles, and mostly by 'bus. *They* were: Williams, Harry Austin (pleased to see you, Harry); Perkins; Kettle; Killip; Marriott; K. Barker; Byron (in a nice khaki suit, first time for months!); Birkby; Rich; G. Newall; Morris; Cheminais; Simpson; Burgess; Rowatt; Venables; Stephenson; Rourke; Chandler; Powell; del Banco; Preston; George Connor, and George Molyneux. Very special mention for the solitary man from Manchester—Bert Green. We suppose Harry Austin should be now included in the Manchester contingent. Apologies for absence were received from: Hubert Roskell (sore throat); R. J. Austin, and Shacklady. Which reminds us, we haven't seen Shacklady for months. Anything wrong?

At 6-40 the boards were cleared, and we were down to business. Powell, in his report, congratulated Kettle on his attaining 1,000 runs during the year. Bravo, Harold! He also read the names of those thirteen members who were at present on active service, and expressed the very solemn wish of those present for a safe return.

The absence of those on service had, of course, made serious inroads on the attendance list, but Bert Green had again put in the full total of 53 runs, although the list fell away very suddenly, with the Editor a very poor second at 45 runs. The attendance prizes go to two of the oldest members on the books: Dave Rowatt and Venables. Could anything be more pleasing? The Presider then proposed that Harold Kettle should be a Life Member, which was carried with much acclamation. Harold, in his reply, said he regretted that it took so long, but he was away from the district for years.

The Hon. Racing Secretary's report was compiled and read, owing to Byron being in the Services, by Captain Connor. Byron did happen to scrounge some rare leave at the last moment, and he came along, although he would not read the report. George made a very interesting survey of the year's racing activities, and although in some ways the period was a very lean one for us in the time trial game,

we look forward to great activity when the "duration" is just a nasty memory.

Next on the list was the Treasurer's Report. Harold Kettle was the third for 1939, and he presented a very satisfactory state of affairs. The principal item of expenditure, prizes for road events, was down, owing to the cancellation of one "50," and a reduction in the number of standard medals earned by our men. The subscriptions are the same, and a special resolution was passed to the effect that those members of the Forces shall be free for 1940.

The new staff, with the exception of several Committee men, and the Liverpool Sub-Captain—Killip—is the same as the old. Byron was persuaded to take the racing secretary's job again, secure in the hope that there might be nothing to do in this year of grace! And if he cannot do it, there's someone who will! The new Committee men are Rich; Rourke; Molyneux; Perkins; Williams.

Then came 7-15, and what a scramble for the 'bus. There were about ten left in the room, and it took Bert Green all his time to recall the others in order to make a proposition that parcels should be sent to those members who are serving in the Forces abroad. This was carried with much acclamation, and then more than a dozen made their way outside, to wait in the fog for nearly 20 minutes.

In the remaining minutes there was little more to do. Racing activities, and Club tours were to be left to the Committee. An omnibus resolution was passed according to the "staff," and the Editor also received some praise. Seven-thirty, and our task for a year was done.

We did not quite envy Bert Green in his lone trek back to the city of the lost. He was to have week-ended at Hill House, but a christening on the morrow upset that arrangement. We do hope that he reached Fernlea safely, and at a decent hour.

Parkgate, 20th January, 1940.

Wearing at least two layers of pull-overs, zip jackets, etc. I trundled forth to brave the icy blasts prevailing on this arctic afternoon.

Having plenty of time to reach the venue, I had decided to put in a few extra miles to placate my conscience—old age or laziness had made me rather lax in that respect of late.

I did not see anyone at the "8th" (Chorus: "No b-----y fear. What d'yer think we are. Snow men?") so pushed on towards the Ancient City. But, alas, though the spirit may be willing, the flesh is weak. In a few miles I began to understand what "40 below" means, so before I completely froze up I put about and with the wind astern hoisted all sail, soon arriving at the "Deeside" to find the Editor already present.

Albert Preston arrived shortly afterwards with a harrowing tale to relate of a nightmare walk along the Dee shore. Translating his language into printable English, one gathered that he was rather chilled by the slight nip in the air.

The Skipper then put in an appearance, remarking in his usual polite manner that "it had turned out nice again." Or did he? Anyhow, he was soon howling the place down: "Ham and aggs and be quick about it," whereupon the operators in the kitchen flew into action.

Frank and Albert plus del Banco, then issued their orders to the culinary department in haste before George collared the lot.

Just as we had finished our meal the one and only "Stevie" arrived, bringing our total muster up to five. You can't beat that lad for keenness.

Chatting around the fire time soon passed, so at about 7-30 no one else having braved the elements, we made tracks for home, enjoying a really pleasant ride—once we got warmed up—in the moonlight, with the cold wind mostly helping us along.

The "Bird in Hand," Knolls Green, January 20th, 1940.

My first Club run, this year, and it had to snow. Well, making the best (or worst) of it, I rode through the lanes to Ringway (an airport somewhere etc.). Not being allowed too near, I carried on down Oversley Ford, where a chap rode past me, wearing a pair of ice skates around his neck. What for? I don't know, but there they were. Up the other side of the Ford, the bloke started to 'dance' up the hill. Accepting the challenge, I also danced but on to my neck! Then, and only then, did I 'get' the skates. After sorting myself out of the snow and stones, I carefully picked my way round Mobberley to the "Bird."

The Wheelers were there, and Wilf Orrell, but Tommy Barlow and J. Taylor were obscuring the fire. After a while Harry Wilson came in followed by the Presider. 5-30 p.m., and a big dinner, which the three of us enjoyed, but I could not stop long, as I am changing my views on being a bachelor.

Parkgate, January 27th, 1940.

Fellow-members! I'm nesh. Just cannot take it. I did have half an idea when I saw Lymm on the fixture list that the Spread Eagle would be good. Subject, of course, to the weather. When Saturday came I knew that Lymm was not the good scheme it seemed a day or so ago, but there's always Parkgate, and you can always manage eight miles or so on a bicycle or so you should. After lunch the snow and sleet and slush of the morning took on a different aspect, the wind became more bitter, and everywhere assumed its mantle of beauty, except of course, the roads, which were still slush.

After a very short errand a little spark of comfort inside me told me to keep the bicycle inside its shed (I had seen shop-lads doing gymnastic stunts) and take the 'bus. At Parkgate a trio was seated, Harold Kettle consuming the last shreds and remnants of the ham for which this house is famous. Harold had come by bus, and George Connor this way also, straight from work. The hero of the day was del Banco, a cyclist, a tricyclist, an Anfielder! He had struggled along on his three wheels, and he had to struggle back, against the bitter wind and snow. No one else turned up, and we had a very cosy hour by the fireside, before turning into the night for the roads and home.

George Stephenson was going to Lymm. I'll bet he didn't!

(As the account of the Lymm run has not arrived up to going to press, I couldn't say.—*Acting Sub-Editor—Unpaid.*)

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 408.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
Mar.	2 Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-50 p.m.
..	4 Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	9 Stamford Bridge (Bungalow Cafe)	7-2 ..
..	16 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	7-15 ..
..	22/25 Easter Tour, Newtown (Bear)	7-29 ..
..	30 Farndon (Raven)	7-41 ..
April	6 Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	7-54 ..
..	8 Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Mar.	2 Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-50 ..
..	9 Lymm (Spread Eagle)	7-2 ..
..	16 Holmes Chapel (Swan)	7-15 ..
..	16/17 Week End, Grantham	7-15 ..
..	23 Chester (Talbot) or Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	7-29 ..
..	30 Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	7-41 ..

Full Moon 23rd inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

EASTER TOUR. Accommodation has been reserved at the Bear Hotel, Newtown, Montgomery. The charge will be 12/- per day (dinner, single bed and breakfast). Members who intend to join in the Tour are requested to write direct as soon as possible and make their own arrangements regarding accommodation. When writing mention the Club.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I wish to bring to the notice of those who have not yet paid their subscriptions, Rule 25, and those complying with this will save the Hon. Treasurer and Committee a lot of unnecessary work.

My thanks are due to the following for subscriptions and/or donations.*

	1939.	
F. E. Bill.		F. E. Parton.
	1940.	
C. Aldridge.	A. Lucas.	F. E. Parton.
F. E. Bill.	G. P. Mills.	A. E. Preston.
K. B. Crewe.	G. Newall.	A. T. Simpson.
E. J. Cody.*		

Generous donations have been received from J. C. Band, A. Lusty and T. W. Murphy, earmarked for the Comforts Fund for "Ours" on Active Service. T. W. Murphy is, of course, better known to the older generation and to those who took part in the Irish Tours of a few years ago.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

As we go to press there are no further movements abroad, and those in the United Kingdom are the same as last month: Dick Ryalls, R.A.F.; D. Turnor, R.A.F.; E. Byron R.A. (A.A.); T. Samuel, Cheshire Yeomanry; T. Sherman, King's Liverpool; J. S. Jonas, R.A.S.C.

T. 74506, BARKER, R., Cpl.,
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2069285 L-Corpl. J. R. BAND
2067653 Sapper W. P. ROCK
2067781 Sapper J. E. REEVES }
1st Cavalry Division, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron,
Royal Engineers, c/o Army Post Office.

BRIAN BAND, R.N. (Please write to his home address).

STOP PRESS.

As we go to Press we learn that Tommy Samuel has left the U.K., probably for Palestine. If so, he will possibly be not far from the Three Engineers. The trio, please note.

NEWS FROM THE BOYS.

There is more news this month. Letters are to hand from our trio in the Royal Engineers, the first news of them for nearly two months. They are in Palestine. Eric writes of the landing at Haifa, where he was parked for a couple of days doing a bit of unloading, but he was not allowed to see the city. After a week at Nazareth they moved on, and are now camping. The tents are of double canvas, to keep out the heat and also the torrential rain that tumbles occasionally. The country is semi-desert, mountainous, and the days are mostly very summery, with nice, cool

evenings. Eric says he is "on the waggon"—or almost—for the draught beer is awful—that's not the word that he used—and the tinned stuff is 7d. the gill.

Peter, in a bright little note, also writes of the pleasures and otherwise of being in the Army. He says that the abundance of scorpions, centipedes and other such things are a bit of a nuisance. (Eric—you may guess—had not omitted to mention the crawly things, either!). Peter is a storekeeper, and Rigby is O.C. Food or something. Some officer liked the look of Eric for a batman, or he landed the job, anyway. We would also like to tell you what Peter says of the resemblance between a certain member of the Club and camels, but perhaps, for the sake of peace in Palestine, we had better refrain.

Rigby has scrounged (that's the Army word, isn't it?) a stripe, and in a letter to the Skipper, and to Hill House, tells how busy he has been in getting things settled down. The three of them are getting very brown, particularly Peter, and they are very happy. Our trio are indeed fortunate in being kept together, and they send their kindest wishes to all.

Russ Barker, in writing to thank Kettle for his parcel, tells of more stripes—he is now a corporal—and we are pleased to note that Army life is treating Russ very well indeed. His quarters are good, and he is very happy. Please note his new address. He asks if Peter is as sunburnt as ever. Russ concludes his letter :

" Here's wishing all Anfielders at home and abroad
Good luck and bon voyage
avec tous mes amities."

Thanks, Russ!

Ralph Fer, also acknowledging his parcel, tells us that he hasn't been warm for weeks, but he hopes to be home very shortly and attend a Club run. We will be very pleased to see him.

Brian Band, who sailed from England early in February to join his ship, has written home from Nova Scotia, where he is awaiting further orders. Walter Connor is, we assume, still sunning himself in the pleasant weather of the tropics.

From the home front Tommy Sherman has written to us twice during the month, from Ripon, that pleasant Yorkshire town, and Melton Mowbray, where he has resumed with his company. Tommy hopes to join the week-end

party at Grantham on March 16th. Tommy Samuel was in a detachment of the Cheshire Yeomanry that is now in Palestine, but he has not gone, and is still somewhere in Sherwood Forest. Dick Ryalls was home for some days in February. Sid Jonas is, so far as we know, still in Loughborough. Ted Byron continues to eat his heart out in the local anti-aircraft unit, and anyone who can slip round to see him at Holm Lane, Oxtou, will be welcome. On Sundays, between 2-0 and 5-0 p.m. he can regale you in the canteen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

RENDEZVOUS.

Since our short note last month arrangements have been proceeding and we announce the date as March 16th, and the venue as the "White Hart," High Street, Grantham. Sid Carver and Norman Turvey are meeting at Bawtry, while Salty will try to put some miles behind him on the Friday night to ease his journey for the morrow. Tommy Sherman is going to have a try, and we hope Sid Jonas does so too. The Editor, after much studying of maps and railway guides, will probably take an early train to Crewe or Stafford and ride from there. The week-end has been arranged as an alternative fixture, so those participating will merit a Club run. Anyone else interested? (Note.—We have been informed that the price is 6/6, B. and B.)

SORRY!

Frank Chandler has brought it to our notice that last month's "Keeping Out" paragraph may give the wrong impression to our readers. He wishes it to be known that any suggestion in the paragraph of him shirking his duty is of course all wrong. What with the Editor, who stammers, and the majority who speak while chewing their pipes, Frank finds that his hearing is not sufficiently good, and that he does not wish to be on the Committee "merely to continue the farce of having to associate myself with decisions the subject matter of which I have no chance of appreciating." A letter from Frank appears on another page. For our part, the paragraph was *meant* to be in a lighter vein, and we hope that no one took it that we were accusing Frank of shirking. As a matter of fact, our late Editor is one of the very few from whom we have never had a refusal.

THANK YOU !

Elsewhere in this issue Harold Kettle will no doubt be acknowledging the sum of one guinea so very kindly sent by the O'Tatur for our parcels fund. Although probably not so well known by the younger generation of Anfielders, our old friend is not an Anfielder only because his name does not appear in the handbook list. Otherwise, he has been one of us for many years, and we do very much appreciate his gesture at the present time.

CONDOLENCE.

May we extend our sincerest sympathies to Sid Carver, who suffered the double loss of his grandmother and his father-in-law within a week, and also to Jimmy Long, whose father passed away recently?

MIDLAND C. AND A.C. JUBILEE DINNER.

All the Lustys, all the Jimmie Jameses, and all the Robinsons formed a noble and notable quartette of Anfield members present at the Jubilee Dinner of the Midland, held in Birmingham on Saturday, 3rd February. It was a great event, admirable as to food, entertainment and speeches—not to mention the delightful spirit of comradeship which abounded and the high efficiency of the arrangements. Fortunately, we Anfielders had nothing to do but look pleasant (that's easy!), eat, drink and be merry, cry "hear, hear!" at the right moment, and applaud when necessary, and all those things we did right heartily. At least, the present deponent did—and he's very good at all of them, especially the eating part! Our old friend Frank Urry was kind in toasting the guests, but it is quite clear that Robbie will have to provide a reply to the criticism of his (Robbie's) habit of cycling so much alone. Sydney Martin Vanheems, the handsomest member of the Bath Road, provided a suitable reply to Frank's felicitous remarks.

Bert England (Editor of *Cycling*) "did" the Club and the President, paying high tribute to organization and individual, and Tommy Blumfield "said his piece," in reply, very well indeed. Billy Henman, an ex-President, spoke of the prizewinners, who now have a separate evening all to themselves for the receipt of the many pots (and pans)—

an entirely happy arrangement which might be copied elsewhere.

And so, after a grand evening, with "bags" of the very best food, a set of good speeches, and a fine entertainment, the large company separated into the black-out—and the thaw.

It should be mentioned that, as usual, the dinner was graced by the presence of the Chief Constable of Birmingham, who is an Irishman, and one of the best.

AT RANDOM.

AWKWARD.

Frank Chandler tells us of a spill he had with his tricycle on the steep bank of Overpool Hill sometime in January. He went down too fast to take the left hand bend, and to make matters worse the front wheel "lost" itself in a patch of ice half-way down. Our Frank charged the bank on the right-hand side. His head was cut, leather jacket sleeve torn to ribbons, and he sustained bruises down the left side. As usual, the machine (his tricycle) was unscratched. Frank was able to ride home slowly, but his wrist has been giving trouble and he has not yet resumed cycling.

PERCY BRAZENDALE.

Percy Brazendale has again been elected Chairman of the C.T.C. Council.

We observe from one of the cycling papers that R. J. Austin, of "Ours," at the recently-held dinner of the Manchester R.C., proposed the toast of "Our Absent Friends"—to which, it was sapiently remarked, "there was no reply." We cannot understand this sort of thing. Can it be that all of the absent friends were—absent?

PARKGATE.

Parkgate appears to have brought itself still more prominently of late into the Anfield news, and it may be of some interest to the Members if they could have a mental picture of the place about a hundred years ago.

In the hope of finding something I turned to my old book, Paterson's Roads, published in the 18th Edition round about 1840, and there on page 217 is recorded :—

LONDON to CHESTER continued to PARKGATE.

Distance measured from Hick's Hall, London, through Coventry, Newport and Whitchurch.

“ Cross canal bridge which joins the Dee and Mersey, “ Mollington 185 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, the Yacht 188 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, Enderton (Hinderton ?) 193 miles. Great Neston 194 (turn right to Liverpool by Woodside ferry 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles). *Parkgate 195 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Places which supply post horses have an Asterisk prefixed.

At Parkgate, passengers frequently take shipping for Dublin distance by water about 120 miles; the distance from Holyhead to Dublin is not more than 60 miles; but the traveller who takes shipping at Parkgate saves the land travelling through Wales, from Chester to Holyhead.

(LEFT HAND MARGIN NOTE).—

Parkgate has lately been much resorted to by the gay and fashionable world, during the season, for the pleasures of bathing: it consists for the most part of a long range of good modern brick buildings situated on the banks of the Dee. This place is also noted as a station from whence packets sail for Ireland, which they do generally four times a week. The inhabitants of Parkgate are numerous and may almost be said to derive their support from the expenditure of the visitors.

(RIGHT HAND MARGIN NOTE).

Chester, 1 m. beyond Bache Hall, H. R. Hughes. Mollington, Mollington Hall, John Fielding, Esq., and Moston Hall, Richard Massey, Esq., Beyond Mollington, Capenhurst, Mrs. Richardson. Great Neston. Thornton Lodge, Wm. Cockerill, Esq.

PARKGATE, near Backwood Lodge, Edward Bennett, Esq., about 2 miles from Parkgate, Gayton Hall, J. B. Clegg, Esq.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Anfield Circular*.

SIR,

Although your remarks in February *Circular* might well be passed off as the spluttering gibberish of an irres-

possible swell-head, on the other hand as they are a complete misrepresentation of the facts it is perhaps imperative for me to crave sufficient space in your widely-read and brilliantly edited journal in order to correct any wrong impression they are liable to have conveyed, that is of course if anybody has bothered to read them. In the first place no-one in the Club would be keener than I to serve on the Committee if I enjoyed the hearing that you and others fortunately possess, and you can get down on your knees and thank God you have it! It is, however, quite useless for me to attend to and associate myself with decisions the purport of which I am unable to grasp, as despite the use of "merry devils" I cannot for instance hear what *you* have to say, the reasons for which my bad hearing is not entirely to blame but which you yourself are a contributory cause, good taste preventing me from specifying same. Good taste by the way would not appear to have influenced *your* remarks as in no case should a person be jeered at on account of a physical defect that is beyond his control. There is no question at all of "touchy," as you are pleased to call it. Again, your suggestion that I merely signed my letter without having written it, is silly, as one would have thought that after getting unsolicited a two-paged article which you took the trouble to describe in Editorial in January *Circular* as "the very breath of friendliness and help" (how sweet of you!) you would know my handwriting by this time. And are you so dense that you are unable to see that by cutting out the stamped name and address at the head of my notepaper you can use it to stick on the envelope containing your reply? This is a special measure designed to obviate the necessity of bad handwriting and bad typing, a drawback that you yourself will be well able to appreciate. And what about acrimony, saying a great deal more, and suppressing yourself with difficulty. Have a go at it Boy! and if you feel *so* frightfully sick, get rid of it. You will be all the better afterwards.

Yours in pity,

F. CHANDLER.

22 HOLLY BANK ROAD,
BIRKENHEAD.

5/2/40.

ELEVENTH HOUR.

My limbs have lost the pristine strength
Of early morn—desperation
Drives me on along the weary length
Of this self-chosen path—yet shun
The pain and anguish I will not.
Just one more hour and then—relief,
And these tired legs in water hot
May languish while that cheating thief,
Old Time, flies on ; how sweet that thought!
But stay!—a flitting shadow dark
Yes! yes—'tis one of those I caught
Aeons ago before the lark
It's heaven-way had sped to sing.
So now, upon this two-wheeled rack
I must endure fresh suffering
And lower bend my aching back.
Ye Gods, if thou canst smile—smile now
And grant me swift deliverance
A miracle, that from my brow
Will clear the lines of all false chance.
Behind! behind!—you spirits black,
Demonic in dress and mien,
Who mock my slowness and my lack
Of strong resistance. Ah—a scene
Of sheer delight—unbounded joy ;
A clubmate waiting with a drink.
Thou, my cherub—sweet-faced boy
Hast brought me tottering from the brink.
Farewell, my persecuting friend
Recede to thy abysmal pit ;
The hour glass sand is near the end,
The race must needs go to the fit.
O mem'ry short—O eyes so glazed
That now with dying embers burn,
My straining spirit is amazed
That energy could so return.
But now the precious moments fly
And casting caution to the god,
Boreas blowing hard and dry
Will never let me spare the rod.
A snort from fiery chariot
That follows in my tortuous wake,
And " X," old timers, marks the spot
And I, my humble leave will take.

S. T. CARVER.

RUNS.

Lymm, January 27th, 1940.

Only one member attended this run. But the weather was pretty rotten and the roads couldn't have been much worse; if they had been they would have been impossible for cycling. In the afternoon the Chester high road was reasonably easy, at any rate for tricycles, but from the turning at New Bridge Hollow the road became progressively worse, until in Lymm village riding became impossible. The solitary attender played a game of darts with himself, dispatched a very excellent meal, and then commenced the homeward journey. He found conditions much worse than in the afternoon—the snowfall had continued and the wind was adverse, the mudguard filled with snow and generally speaking quite an amount of energy had to be expended to make any progress. Even the high road was pretty bad. However, he reached home in the fullness of time, safe and sound and not unduly tired, congratulating himself on having had that third wheel.

(We regret that this run was received too late for inclusion last month. The hero of the day was Bert Green. Probably the worst Saturday for many, many years, only two Anfielders braved the weather to cycle to the Club run. As recorded last month, del Banco took his tricycle to Parkgate, the other attenders being 'bussers.—ED.)

Halewood, February 3rd, 1940.

When delving into some old handbooks the other day I wondered why, with all the enthusiasm of the gay nineties, in some years no one attended the full number of runs. Now we know, having had quite a spell of what our fathers were delighted to call the "good, old fashioned winters." And had the run to-day been anywhere distant, it is reasonable to suppose that no one could have turned up.

Four of us met at Central Station:—Preston, Killip, George Connor and Marriott. It was fortunate that the railway people were running a service to Halewood only—made for the Anfield, almost. On the journey we could see how deep and drifty was the snow, and our usual lane from Hunts Cross would have been a waist-walk in the wretched stuff. The road from the station to the Derby

Arms was quite good, although slippery. Ensnconced inside was Stevie and son Harold, they had motored, after our V.P. telling the Editor that he was going to hike it.

A fireside chat, then the hatches opened, then the dinner. And even without previously ordering a meal, we had two chickens and the usual masses of vegetables to play with! Our train went at 7-40, and on the way to the station the lanky form of the scribe skidded and slid headlong across the snow. The others poured forth their jeerings—they would! Three of us at least finished the evening at two cinemas, a pleasant, if unusual, ending to an Anfield Club run.

Goostrey, February 3rd, 1940.

No one reached the Red Lion, but I got within three miles of it and this is the story.

Business kept me from the early start I had planned, so that I didn't leave home until 3-30. The stretch to the high road had to be walked mostly, but after that to Altrincham was fine—all road surface cleared of snow. After that the fun commenced, the road up St. Margaret's Hill and for some distance on had been partially cleared, but there were irregular patches of frozen snow all over the road and they were very treacherous; cars and lorries were creeping and sliding. Then on Bucklow Hill at times there was room only for one vehicle at a time. The direct road to Knutsford was surprisingly good except for one part, and indeed from the Swan to near Knutsford there was little reason for complaint in the circumstances. But through Knutsford and beyond the conditions were just bad. I had intended to keep to the high road as far as possible but on examining the road past the Whipping Stocks I found it so relatively good that I changed my mind and went along quite comfortably until I reached the sharp turn left near Dibble Bridge, by the gate into Peover Park. The last stretch had been cleared for the military billeted in the park, but no one was interested in the narrow road by Dibble Bridge, and no one had been on it. There was 4 feet of virgin snow. I tried if it was hard enough to bear me and the trike and went in up to the knees. Then back to the Whipping Stocks and the main road. By this time it was dark—very dark—and the road was worse than any I

had been on earlier. I pushed on, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, until near the Drover's Arms, by which time, through inequalities which I was unable to see in the dark, I had had the trike over 3 times, though being ready for it, I kept on my feet. There were numerous places where only a part of the road was usable and a fair amount of heavy traffic barging on as best it might, so that a cyclist with a dynamo lamp, extinguished when motion ceases, and under the necessity of dismounting frequently on account of the state of the road, was not in a very comfortable position. Here I regretfully decided that I was beaten and made my way back as best I could, walking and riding, to Knutsford, where I foregathered with two Manchester Wheelers, and we all went to Altrincham by train. We spent a very convivial evening together, and then I went home in good order and condition, after quite the worst cycling experience I've ever had.

(The writer of this epic is Bert Green. What an enthusiast! Our Presider sets an example we would all do well to follow.—ED.)

Knolls Green, February 10th, 1940.

Ever since the outbreak of war, Saturday afternoon appears to be the only spare time for the many odd jobs which must be performed by the master of the house, and this particular Saturday was no exception to the rule. Instead, therefore, of leaving home in good time for a run round Macclesfield and Knutsford before making for the Bird-in-Hand, I actually left with just time to travel by the direct route through Wilmslow. The company numbered four:—the Presider and Wilf Orrell on trikes, and the Manchester Vice-President and the Sub-captain on bicycles. The heroic exploits of our beloved President in reaching Lymm a fortnight earlier, and in failing to reach Goostrey the following week were described and admired, and after the customary excellent meal had been disposed of, the party broke up. I rode with Eddie Haynes so far as Wilmslow, and from there had a solitary ride home.

Parkgate, February 10th, 1940.

Sid Carver says that he will take the blame for me, once more presenting myself at the Club run in a lounge suit. The finest Saturday for weeks, I was looking forward

to a quiet spin to the banks of Dee when the telephone rang. It was Sid Carver, and as he had no bicycle he was coming to Parkgate on the 'bus, so the end of it was that we got off the jogger at Heswall and walked gently the three miles or so to the Club run.

The roads seemed quite slippery, although when Len Killip passed his tyres were gripping sufficiently. Sid and I had a lovely appetite for the ham, but there was nothing doing. When Connor and Preston get there first there's precious little left for anyone. Perkins and Kettle were also in the conspiracy : you should have seen them beam so complacently when we arrived! Elias and his son, and Ken Barker had had an earlier tea, and we did not see them. Also off home early was del Blotto, we saw him on the high road, and he manipulated his "barrer" across some snow to us.

After tea, it was great sitting round the fire. New yarns, related in the finest Sid Carver manner, brought laughter from the rafters, and the time passed swiftly. Came 9-30, and Sid and I dived for the 'bus, leaving the others to cycle home.

Parkgate, 17th February, 1940.

The snowy state of the roads left me with no alternative but a "straight out" ride this afternoon. So at about five o'clock I set out on what proved to be quite an adventurous trip.

Arriving at the top of the Sych, I found that the road was clear for as far as I could see, so I trundled down at an easy 17 or 18 m.p.h., at peace with the world, and in that happy frame of mind which makes it hard to believe that even a "twelve" is anything other than a joy ride. I looked around me, meditating on the beauty of white-clothed Nature, and promptly ran into a patch of slush. The bicycle weaved in a crazy manner, but my guardian angels were on the job, and were certainly up to their work.

Just past the "Glegg Arms" I overtook a lanky person proceeding gingerly at the side of the road. The Editor had already been over once, in Barnston, and was taking no more chances. I rounded Boat House Lane Corner some fifteen yards in the lead ; I heard a crash, but surprisingly

enough the only ejaculation audible was "I'm off again." This may be explained by the fact that fifteen yards of air space can set up quite an efficient censorship. The damage was luckily no more than a bent pedal and a few bruises, so after a cautious descent to sea-level Messrs. Marriott and Killip arrived safely at the Deeside Café. Kettle and Preston were already in occupation, and George Connor arrived shortly after, having been delayed at work. Ham and eggs was as usual the order of the day, and was quite up to standard. (The ham at Parkgate is rapidly becoming a byword). The fireside chat which followed was interrupted at intervals by the departure of the bus-takers, until only Frank and I remained.

The surface had frozen by the time we restarted. The lights of oncoming cars were reflected as from a sheet of glass, so we did not hurry. In fact, the best part of an hour had elapsed before we dismounted at the bottom of the Sych. That the remainder of the ride home was accomplished without mishap was a sufficient cause for self-congratulation.

Parkgate, February 24th, 1940.

With a decent afternoon for a change, when cycling was its customary pleasure, there was quite an increase in the attendance. Powell came to his first run (A.G.M. excepted) since the war, and that's worth putting the flag up for. Ven. was out, too, although both these stalwarts had gone before I arrived.

A glorious winter sunset, when the skies were streaked with salmon red, and fringed with a black bank of cloud, made a halt on the front worth while. The sands, strangely shaped, and ebbing their way to the setting sun, seemed lifelike in the reddish light. The black fishing boats, heeling over, completed the finest picture for many a day.

Dave Rowatt was having tea with Elias when I rolled in, and it is a sure omen that spring is not far away when our stalwart from Rhos-on-Sea can make the Parkgate Club run. The fishing village on Dee-side is not the most convenient of places to get to.

Others present were :—Perkins, K. Barker, Preston, del Banco, Williams and Marriott.

Lymm, February 24th, 1940.

After a lot of persuasion, my father managed to get me to come out with him on the tandem, as he is getting old and lazy. So we left home for Lymm at about 3-45. At first I felt very unsteady on the tandem, but I gradually got used to it, and quite enjoyed the journey. We went by way of Ringway, passed the aerodrome, and on through Hale and Bowdon. On this part of the journey we nearly had a nasty accident through the breaking of a tow rope on a passing car, which swung all over the road, and was within inches of bringing us off. After crossing the Manchester to Chester road, we rode through Dunham and Heatley, and arrived at the Spread Eagle exactly at 5-30.

Before leaving home, I asked my father how many would be at the run, and he told me "Four, including we two, and the other two will be on tricycles." When we arrived, I found that he was right, Mr. Green and Mr. Orrell being the two on the tricycles. Whilst my father was having beer with them, I had a lemonade, and soon we went into the kitchen for tea, for our usual room was taken by a wedding party, and we did not wish to interrupt. The meal consisted of ham and egg, trifle, bread and butter and cheese, and coffee. The tea was quite nice, but cost a lot more than I thought was fair.

We left soon after seven, and with the aid of our dynamo, which gave a very good light, we got along at a fair speed. Lots of cars tried to run us down, but were unsuccessful, and after a spot of bother with the traffic lights at Timperley, which refused to change colour for a common cyclist, we arrived home in safety at 8-45 p.m. I had a very nice day, and think that I shall push my old father out again soon. Those present were the President, Wilf Orrell, the Vice-President, and last but not least, Bobby Austin.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 409.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

April 6	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	Sun sets at 7-54 p.m.
.. 8	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)				
.. 13	Beeston Brook (Station Cafe)	8-8 ..
.. 20	Handley (Mrs. Evans)	8-21 ..
.. 27	Tattenhall (Bear & Ragged Staff)	8-32 ..
May 4	Farndon (Raven)	8-45 ..
.. 6	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)				

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

April 20	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	8-21 ..
May 4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	8-45 ..

Full Moon 22nd instant

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

The following names have been struck off the list of Members on account of non-payment of Subscriptions :—
J. Henderson, C. F. Hutton, J. A. Smithies, R. Barton and K. Barton.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Subscriptions have come in well this month, 18 members having paid up for 1940, but there are still a large number who have failed to take advantage of the hint in last month's notes ; the number of subscriptions paid for 1940 is under 50.

My thanks are due to the following for subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

1939.

J. J. Salt.

1940.

H. Austin.	J. R. Fer.*	H. Roskell.*
R. J. Austin.*	J. Fowler.	J. J. Salt.
R. R. Austin.	G. Lockett.	J. Seed.
H. R. Band.	A. Lusty.	G. Stephenson.*
G. E. Carpenter.	G. Molyneux.	Ashley Taylor.
S. T. Carver.	G. Pugh.	A. Williams.
C. F. Elias.*	F. Roskell.	

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

On ACTIVE SERVICE.

The list lengthens, for Alan Telford wrote to us early last month telling of his R.A.F. days since the outbreak of war; and Len Killip joined with the R.A.F. on Monday last. Alan tells us that he has been moved on the average about once a fortnight, "so please send the *Circular* to my home address." He wrote from Dagenham. Sid Jonas is, or was, at Edinburgh. In a letter to the Editor he seemed to be enjoying himself these Army days, and he would have come on the Grantham week-end but for a move from Loughborough. Tommy Sherman was another who intended to week-end at Grantham, but was deprived of his fun by an earlier move. Tommy has been at Catterick for a time, and he is so good at shooting that he won a prize of £1 for potting the red, or something. Russ Barker is in England once again; he has been promoted to a group commander of a new unit, and he has also been and "got married." Congratulations and the best of wishes, Russ! Ralph Fer went back to France a few days after the Halewood run reported in this issue. Dick Ryalls writes of moonlight flips across the North Sea, he seems to be enjoying things. These notes must be concluded with an Editorial apology to the aforementioned correspondents. Owing to hectic days—and nights (No! He is not courtin') their letters are as yet unanswered. Their indulgence is craved with a serious promise to make amends very soon now.

News of the other overseas troops are given in the fairly complete extracts from their letters elsewhere in this issue.

Stationed in the U.K. :—

R.A.F.—D. L. RYALLS; D. TURNOR; E. L. KILLIP;
T. A. TELFORD.

R.A.S.C.—J. S. JONAS; R. BARKER.

R.A., A.A.—E. BYRON.

King's Liverpool (9th Batt.)—T. SHERMAN.

On Service Abroad :—

L./Cprpl. J. R. BAND, 2060285,

Headquarters,

2nd Field Squadron,

Royal Engineers, Palestine.

- Sapper W. P. ROCK, 2067653,
2nd Troop,
2nd Field Squadron,
Royal Engineers, Palestine,
- Sapper J. E. REEVES, 2067781,
1st Troop,
2nd Field Squadron,
Royal Engineers, Palestine.
- Trooper SAMUEL, T.T., 322526,
H.Q. Squadron,
Cheshire Yeomanry,
Acre, Palestine.
- Tel. W. A. CONNOR, C/WR., X. 278,
H.M. Trawler "St. Minver,"
c/o G.P.O., London, E.C.4.
- Sub.-Lieut. B. H. BAND,
H.M.S. "Valiant,"
c/o G.P.O., London, E.C.4.
- Pte. J. R. FER, S/57970,
H.Q. 2nd Division,
B.E.F.

AN ANFIELDER'S ODE TO A CAMEL.

*The Camel typifies the very Spirit of the East.
Frugal to a degree,
It can withstand the hardships of the desert,
Being anatomically impervious
To drought,
Sandstorms,
And inferior surfaces.
Its innate patience and long suffering
Symbolizes the oriental fatalism and immutability
Of countless centuries
In the service of mankind.
Unclean and ridden with disease,
It goes from strength to strength
Carrying the burden of his master, man,
Till, its earthly span outrun,
It falls by some dry desert track,
A feast for vultures.*

—J.R.B.

We have not the slightest hesitation in "lifting" the above from the *Palestine News Letter*, a copy of which Rigby Band sends to us. The title, of course, is ours. The *News Letter* has in its admirable object the collection in one letter all the items of news of the week and written in much greater detail than is possible in the ordinary letter home. It is hoped out there that readers at home will reciprocate. The first issue records a trip to Jericho. Going on Leave; Breakfast; and some first impressions of Palestine. Our Rigby seems to be one of the prime movers in the scheme.

A LETTER FROM PETER.

The first thing to record this month is a very happy letter from Peter Rock and, as it is a letter between Anfielders it is not possible for us to print all he says (much as we would like to) but the following are interesting extracts :—

DEAR SAMMY,

I suppose that you will think me a lazy blighter not answering your letters before now. The first arrived when I had already written to you, so I did not reply and I have had the second one about a week now. I have not been idle, though, and I think that I must be the most prolific writer and receiver of letters in the squadron. I am glad to see that you are enjoying your little self, and it must be as little now as ever it will be.

I am very grateful for your letters and also the *Circular*. The mention of a proposed run to Grantham in March has set me longing to be back, and I would give anything to be there, even if I had to start now and make the journey on a camel.

I have not come across C's famous offspring yet, but there are plenty of young natives here that are almost as brown as he is, but none carry the mark of the cloven nose. I envied those who were skating at the Manor, and I should dearly have liked to see your long lean, lithe form flashing over the scintillating ice. (Peter should know by now that the Editor cannot skate.—ED.)

Poor old Ted must be feeling the draught at the moment, and no doubt he would like to be browning off like Rigby, Eric and myself. Personally, I would give anything to be

with Walter on his cockle-shell of a trawler off the African Coast. I have never enjoyed anything better than the trip across the Mediterranean, especially when it was rough and I quite enjoyed stumbling around the decks cheering up those stricken with mal-de-mer.

I cannot quite understand why Tommy Samuel's name is not on the overseas list in the *Circular*, for a number of his unit came out with us. If he is here I would like to know his address, for he may not be far from us. I am glad to hear that George is on a National Service job, and if he has anything in the sanguinary line of that very rare feature he will stay where he is. I think you ought to be told again too, that we want the war over as soon as possible and that any hindrance from a doddering old fossil of your mellow age would be both unjustifiable and completely unwarranted.

Cheerio, and all the best to everyone,

PETER.

— AND RIGBY.

DEAR SAMMY,

Many, many thanks for your letter which has gone the rounds and been devoured with great gusto. Never had the pen of F.M. such an appreciative audience. I am enclosing a copy of the *Palestine News Letter*, the Editorial of which explains our object. Another idea is that the recipients of same might reciprocate with a letter or letters on the same lines. Your letter is a good sample of the sort of thing we want.

Please note our new addresses (these are noted in the addresses column—ED.). I was glad to receive the February *Circular*; keep it going old chap, as it means a lot to us out here. I finished second in the Squadron cross country race last week, and have been appointed captain of the team for the inter-regimental scrap next week. Apart from that news is scarce out here, and my job of N.C.O. i/c Messing leaves me little time for lengthy epistles. Eric, as a batman has loads of time to spare, and will be sending you or one of the others a fuller account of our life out here. Kind regards to all the lads at home and abroad, and here's looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

— AND ERIC.

MARCH 8TH.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks a lot for your letter and the snaps, they are very good. I have read your joint letters from time to time, but now that is all stopped because we are all three in different parts of Palestine, so if you still wish to write to us all, you will have to put some carbon in the old type-writer and send us a circular letter.

I would like to write to Ted and the boys from time to time but it is hard to find the time to write letters to friends, clubs, office and home. It mounts up to a tidy pile of correspondence and these last few days I have been at it from dawn until dusk doing a spot of work, camp planning and surveying with a surveyor out of the troop. However, will you tell Ted I would like to meet him once more and get back to the good times we used to have. Will you convey all the best if you happen to write to Ralph Fer and the others from me. It must be boring for Ted in the one place but he can still get some decent beer cheaper than we can, the price of a pint bottle is 1/2 and it is the only stuff worth drinking.

We have been camped at Jericho near the Dead Sea for the past six weeks and a barren place it was, hardly any green growth to speak of. The place we are at now is well cultivated. We are surrounded by orange groves and grape fruit also. We get these for nothing off the farmers. They give them to us to save the bother of pinching them. It also protects the trees from damage by unskilled thieving fingers. It is an interesting country, for we are now moving into more populated parts and can meet Bedouins and Jews and listen to their views on the situation, which is really very tricky. The scenery at this place which I cannot name is like the Lakes, or North Wales, conifers and all that, but no reindeers! Sorry, I could not resist that one.

I could take some good landscapes if I had my camera out here, but it would probably get damaged in travelling about. Also there is the expense, it is cheaper to buy prints at a 1d. a time taken by the natives out here, these are very good.

I can see the two Brown Men getting jealous of the Four Mills Bros., i.e., Pete, Walter, Rigby and me when we get back because I think we will be burnt to a good colour when we do arrive home. I have tried to trace the offspring of our 24 hour champion even going so far as to stay awake at nights in the hope that he might reveal the parent traits for round the clock activity, but so far my search has been unsuccessful.

I received the parcel all right, and I have sent the Club a letter of thanks, it was damned nice while it lasted, but with this semi-starvation we did not give it a chance to last long. Believe me, I will eat about six helpings when I next visit Halewood because I have acquired an adjustable stomach since joining the Army. We have to eat as much as we can for when we get very little.

I would have written a week ago, but with the work of moving and also the camp planning, I have been very busy from 5-0 a.m. to 10-0 p.m. for some days and I was too tired to take advantage of a hot bath. We have been living in a bungalow the last four days as we were on the advance party but now the troop has arrived we go back under canvas so I will miss my hot bath altogether now. I have not had a sit down bath since I left home because we have either had to sponge down with a bowl of cold water or have a cold shower. Please excuse the writing and lack of continuity in this letter because I am really dog tired after three full days from 5-0 a.m. to 10-0 p.m. in the last four.

I must close now with all the best.

ERIC.

— AND WALTER.

1ST MARCH, 1940.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your letter of the 28th, which I received three days ago on my return here after two or three weeks' absence. We have been to a large French port for the ship's refit, etc., and the trip was something in the nature of a vacation for the crew, though, of course, a considerable amount of work was done. It was, however, a great change from the usual routine.

Naturally, we went sightseeing quite a lot, and there were some sights! One afternoon a crowd of us went

to the menagerie about four miles outside the town. It really was a glorious place, set out in a very large park. The animals were in big enclosures, some in cages. I was disappointed in some respects because the peacock would not spread his beautiful, fanlike tail to enable me to take his photograph. The ostrich was also disobliging, he wouldn't bury his head in the sand. The hyena wouldn't—or couldn't—laugh, and whatever a toucan can do—it didn't. During the course of the afternoon I tried several snaps but I had committed the unforgivable sin of not turning the 'andle. At least six exposures were taken all on top of each other. I, literally, could have danced with rage when I discovered my carelessness.

It was suggested that the excursion be finished off with a bathe, so off we went to the beach. The sand was almost white, but the water was cold in comparison to what we are used to now. I decided to dive in off a jetty a short distance away. The first effort was, I believe, quite good. I grew ambitious, and must dive in off the hand rail which, incidentally, was not specifically designed for such "goings on." As I was taking off the rail bent, and instead of going in H.F. a glorious flat dive resulted.

On two or three occasions a few of us went dancing to a rather respectable "joint" and had an interesting time. Another evening we sought consolation at a cabaret—just what the doctor ordered! Most of the *biere* was good and fairly cheap. What food we did buy in restaurants was very reasonable and well cooked, as is the custom of these people.

Someone in a letter opens by saying "glad you are having a good time." Must think I'm having a ruddy holiday! Actually, Frank, it's very monotonous here, and a change such as we've just had prevents you from getting completely fed-up. I'm sure they didn't mean it, and I took it as gentle sarcasm.

The parcel arrived in perfect condition, and I thought the contents were the choice of someone who "knew." Quite honestly, I couldn't have wished for anything more. I have written to Harold Kettle asking him to thank the Club on my behalf. I hope I expressed myself adequately, as I'm not too good at this sort of thing.

The Circular, as ever, provides me with news, activities and tit-bits which otherwise would pass me by. Up-to-date I've received every copy and I may say I'm truly thankful for its existence. Glad to note you've been re-elected Ed. Did I make an error in my letter to Rhoda? Under the title "On Active Service" there appears to me a grammatical error. Do you misquote me, or was it my mistake? I should be interested to know!

By the time you receive this you will be looking forward to Easter. Is the Club going to organise a run this year? Last year I promised myself the pleasure of going next time, but fate says otherwise. I hope you and George manage to go. As I am going ashore this afternoon, and before going a bath is necessary, I shall close now hoping everyone is in the best of spirits.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER.

AT RANDOM.

Newspaper headline: "Black Puddings Control." As Chandler says, black puddings certainly need controlling.

.
A slight earth tremor was felt in Birmingham recently. We believe it was caused by Robinson attempting to mount a bicycle.

RUNS.

(We regret that this was received too late for last month's issue).

Holmes Chapel, February 17th, 1940.

A fairly fine afternoon, rather coldish and threatening snow, which luckily did not materialize, leastways not before the writer got home again.

The roads in this part of Cheshire were still covered with snow and in places only a single line of traffic was possible and even at that the road surface was covered with hard snow which was inclined to be very slippery. Many local cyclists appeared to find it safer to use their cycles as walking sticks.

The four members who sat down to a welcome ham and egg tea at the "Swan" were Bert Green, Will Orrell, Bickley and Jim Cranshaw; butter rationing cropped up towards the end of the meal, but was lightly disposed of. Similarly, the after-tea beer ration, which by the way, was not an excellent brew, and this fact was emphasised very clearly when partaking of further allowances at a more frequented spot towards the end of the day.

Halewood, March 2nd, 1940.

"All right, then, as there is not a convenient train I'll have to come on the bicycle." Thus spoke Ralph Fer, home from the B.E.F. on a spot of leave, as we discussed ways and means of getting to Halewood. Four-thirty, and I met him where Liverpool Pierhead looks over the river, already he was stiff and sore with four miles' riding; five-thirty, and we were at Halewood, just as the hatches were coming off. Quite a happy party were awaiting the removal of those lids, too:—Hubert and Mr. Lawson; Powell; Stephenson; Chandler; Chem. and Arthur Simpson; George Connor and two friends; the aforementioned Ralph, and the Editor.

Upstairs, and already seated, were Venables, Elias, Eddie Morris, Burgess and Kettle. Arthur Simpson was *carving* some pork. Please note that word *carving*. Arthur told the Editor that if he was referred to as *messing* with the pork he would hand in his resignation at once. And that wouldn't do, would it? Ralph Fer seemed quite at home with his knives and forks and other civilised implements again, and he tucked into the food with great gusto.

Hubert rolled along in a red car, and he tells us that he has at last given "Dobbin" up. Given away, more likely, as the best price he could obtain for that fine old Alvis was 30/-. Now he is most resplendent in his Standard 14 Saloon. As George's friends were waiting for the 9-35 train, we stayed behind, too, with Ralph Fer moaning about the aches he could save if he were going on it, and not riding back on his bicycle.

Goostrey, March 2nd, 1940.

Tempted by the warm and sunny afternoon, I left home early, and travelled by way of Poynton, Macclesfield, Bosley, Congleton and Holmes Chapel, and even then managed to

reach the Red Lion shortly after five o'clock. It seemed a shame to go indoors at once, so I lounged around, greeting our members as they arrived. Buckley and Jim Cranshaw came by car; the Presider and Wilf Orrell by tricycle, and the Vice-President, the Sub-captain and Shacklady by bicycle. And then, just as I was thinking of entering the house, the great moment arrived. Down the road came a splendid vision riding a green machine—*Harry Wilson on a Bicycle*. As this was his first ride for nearly twenty years he had reached Holmes Chapel by car, and had cycled from there.

From this point until his departure at about 7-15, Harry assumed command of the proceedings. He had tea, he bought at least two rounds of drinks, and above all, he *talked*. We heard of the purchase of the machine (twenty-three pounds the lot) rather a lot of money, Harry—oh, well, that includes the trousers, shoes and the stockings). *And what trousers*. Talk about ample accommodation. Double seat an' all. We heard of lots of other things as well; most of the discussion was a monologue, and well above the heads of mere Anfielders, so finally we reached an agreement to talk nothing but "Shawbury Corner" on Harry's next visit. Amidst the spate of oratory we did manage to get a bite of tea, and the Presider did a good stroke of business in securing an option on Harry's bicycle when he is tired of the novelty. Nevertheless, we were all pleased to see Harry, and especially on a bicycle, and we hope that he will repeat the visit at an early date.

STOP PRESS. As we go to press, information reaches the Editor that Harry's efforts on March 2nd took such toll of his strength and vitality that the three following week-ends were spent in bed, in a vain attempt at recuperation, although our member did manage to summon up sufficient courage and resolution to stagger down to business. The bicycle still decorates the carrier of the Ford, and on the evidence of the cyclometer, does not appear to have been ridden again.

Stamford Bridge, 9th March, 1940.

"I must have some miles in my legs before the Grantham week-end, so will see you 3-30 p.m. at the 8th." Thus the Editor on Wednesday. Came Saturday and the rain, nice gentle stuff but persistent. Would he be there

on time? He was, but his nice little round (Stoke, Stanney, Barrow, Mouldsworth) was abandoned for a call on Chas. Randall for information of pubs. in Loughboro', where the blue penciller hopes to meet Fred Brewster for Sunday lunch during said Grantham week-end.

A chat and a cup of tea whiled away an hour and we duly reached the Gowy Café (the "Bungalow" was closed) just on 6-0 p.m. Powell, Kettle, Len Killip, Ken Barker, and Geoff. Lockett (a rare visitor these days) were already present, and later arrivals in Geo. Connor and Elias joined us.

The "Gowy" gave us a decent egg tea, and all present seemed unanimous in believing that our hopes lay in such cafés as distinct from pubs. for our summer runs, so holders of brewery shares should sell out quickly.

Powell was first away, then Elias and Kettle, the T.T.'s giving Geoff, a reminder not to be so darn long before coming out again, when turning off at Vicars Cross. We reached Backford before lighting up and the rest of the ride was without incident, your scribe reaching home with a mild dose of BOKK. Still, to borrow a famous song title, "Here's to the next time."

Lymm, March 9th, 1940.

Fairly heavy continuous rain in the afternoon may have had something to do with it, but anyhow there were only three of us at the Spread Eagle to move the Hot Pot. R.J. was early and was joined by F.H., whom we were very pleased to see out and about again; spring must be on its way. The number was completed by the Presider. The party soon broke up and the three wended their separate ways homewards in a very thin depressing drizzle. But where was Wilf Orrell and George Stevie?

Parkgate, March 16th, 1940.

There seemed to be quite a touch of Spring in the air this afternoon, with the happy result that I decided to reach Parkgate by a somewhat circuitous route, but while meandering along the lanes somewhere between Willaston and Hooton, I discovered that I had come out without any money, and accordingly meandered home again. After all, what does it matter where one meanders so long as one meanders?

This meandering business now had to be subordinated to that of getting to the Deeside Café on time. This was done quite easily. (In the present circumstances there is no necessity to regard one's performances in the light of an official secret). My arrival brought the muster up to five, made up of Dave Rowatt, Venables, Kettle, Arthur Williams and Killip. George Connor rolled up later on, having been kept late at work.

We did not stay late. There was some speculation as to the direction of the wind in Grantham district, and we came to the conclusion that it was in all probability against the Editor. Strange how we find amusement in the trials of others, isn't it? However, Sammy came to Parkgate the following Wednesday quite pleased with himself, and full of enthusiasm for the coming season.

Holmes Chapel, March 16th, 1940.

I had been looking forward to this, my first run for three months, and when Saturday came I dug the bike out and wheeled my way out of Salop against a S.E. wind to Atcham, where a left turn led me through Upton Magna and Rodington to High Ercall. Staying here a few moments to have another look at the hall which withstood a battering from Cromwell's men in the Civil war I then rode on to Crudgington, passing on to Bolas, Stoke-on-Tern, to Wistanwick, where in the local I enjoyed a lunch of bread, cheese and beer. More lanes led me to Market Drayton and the lanes again reclaimed me, for the map told me that Audlem could be reached by Norton and Adderley.

At Audlem I met a laddie from the R.A.F. who was riding to Manchester, and with him the miles to Middlewich soon rolled by and I arrived at Holmes Chapel rather early, so I decided to pay Bren Orrell a visit. I found Bren looking fit and I bet he could show us his wheel yet.

On returning to the Swan the tank was occupied by our Presider, Buckley, Cranshaw and Wilf Orrell. Buckley was in fine fettle and he told us of the rather hectic week-ends the Club have had at Macclesfield in the early days. Five of us sat down to tea—the aforementioned quartette and Thomas, of Salop. After doing justice to the ham and eggs we told of our experiences during the recent bad weather and also of the absence of the younger Mancunians.

After being told that I would have to fight my way home I rose to go and on turning at Middlewich I felt the full force of the wind and I settled down to a steady plug into it. To make things worse the rain, which had threatened all afternoon, began to fall and I was mighty pleased to call at Prees for a quick one and it was a tired and weary Anfielder who arrived in Salop at 10-30.

Grantham, March 16th/17th, 1940.

Just after six o'clock on a clouded Saturday afternoon in March, I dropped down from the lengthy ridge road that strides from the Foss Way at Six Hills across the wolds and through the grounds of Belvoir to the flatter fields of Eastern England. Ten minutes later I realised the exact portent of Macauley's "lordly terraces," for surely no other of England's stately homes stands so finely against the sky as does the seat of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir. Another half-hour, and I crested the ridge to see the spire of Grantham Church peering through the smoke of this busy little town that stands on the Great North Road.

It seems almost curious to mention the Great North Road in the *Anfield Circular*; we in western England regard this mighty highway as one almost in a strange land. Salty rode its way from the 50th milestone, having dodged in the lanes before that. He left Hayes soon after 12, had a hurried sandwich lunch somewhere, and made his first stop at Stamford (89 miles) for tea and cake. Grantham was his at 7-15. Norman Turvey picked A.I. up somewhere east of Wakefield, and joined with Sid Carver and friend Naylor at Bawtry. Such was the sum of our little party—five.

The Editor, sole Merseyside representative, was tipped from a train at Stafford soon after ten a.m. and had a very pleasant ride across country entirely new. From Abbots Bromley the road skirted Needwood Forest before the descent to Brewery Town—Burton. The way to Ashby-de-la-Zouch was industrial to some extent, but it was not too bad, and an hour was spent in and among the ruins of Ashby's castle. Came Loughborough, and the final thirty miles to Grantham.

Marriott arrived at the White Hart first, Salty second, and the Yorkshire trio very well in the rear. It was almost 8-30—just when the hostess was beginning to say things—

when they rode into the yard. Tall were the tales already—too tall to be believed. Pints and pints at Bawtry, and modern battles on Gonerby Hill. Turvey still avers that he was second only to Sid Carver, but in truth he was almost last.

The hotel was not splendid. How could it be when Turvey made his choice of hotel by stabbing a pin in the C.T.C. book? The beauties of the place were personified in a blonde and a brunette, but what are two among so many? The beer was bad, everyone said so, and never have we seen so many "dead" men lying about. From one brand to another, the comment was always the same: " . . . !"

Just after ten saw us in a fairground, with motor-cars, darts, coconuts and all the fun of the fair—even in a black-out. Eleven-thirty, and we were back in the kitchen, only talking, for we were still five to two.

The next morning it was raining, raining much better than it has done for some time. At ten-thirty, having paid our ten shillings, we went our ways. The Yorkshire lads were wafted northwards, Salty and I rode into the wind and rain towards Melton Mowbray. In Pork Pie town we separated, Jack for London via Market Harboro' and Bedford, Frank for Loughborough to keep a lunch appointment. In the wetness of the Market Place at Loughborough a friendly face peered from beneath the arch of the Old Boot Inn, it was Fred Brewster, having ridden with three Speedwellians from Coventry just to have lunch with a long streak of an Anfield Editor.

There was much talk of a coming Easter, and pleasant reminiscences of holidays in Switzerland, Italy and France, until at last it came time to part again. The quartette were for Leicester and the south, the Editor for the roads north-west. The rain had ceased.

From Melbourne the Trent was roaring and muddy at Swarkestone Bridge, and a glance at the map here said thirty-five miles in less than three hours and tea as well. Just one more halt—at Repton, and then on to the Derby-Uttoxeter road. A cafe at Hatton supplied a hurried meal. Sixteens into Uttoxeter eased the schedule somewhat, but the undulations for the first miles made one anxious. Then

a four mile flip to the Trent at Weston, and a half-mile walk again before the last run into Stafford with less than five minutes to spare. Five Anfielders rode over seven hundred miles to meet each other on this very mixed weekend in March. Who dare say that enthusiasm is dead?

EASTER NOTES.

Who said the "Bear" had changed hands? True, Miss Tyrell has gone, but Mr. and Mrs. Smith are still there, and then there's Doris, always smiling and willing to do anything for our comfort. The atmosphere reminded one of the Glan Aber in the old days, and we've found another home from home.

The old "has-beens" and "never-wassers" will remember that "F.H.," even though he might accept the back seat of a tandem, always steered it. He has not lost his old cunning. On the Saturday, Hubert consulted his maps and decided on a nice little round of 75 miles, which he thought was enough, in view of the shortage of petrol. "F.H." had other ideas, and the occupants of the back-seats were vastly interested in watching how he inveigled Hubert into a round of 178 miles. It was really funny to watch.

The scratch tandem and Elias left the Stokesay Castle after lunch with the idea of riding back to the Bear together. Scratch-tandems and steady-going singles don't mix too well and they were soon separated. However, they did see each other two or three times during the afternoon. When they were putting up their machines Elias said "Thanks for your company." The tandem team are still wondering how to take it.

Our route on Sunday was through a beautiful but most inhospitable country. We tried four places for a cup of tea, only to be refused on some pretext or other. Then we reached the Herbert Arms at Kerry—full of evacuees. Here was a fine and valid excuse for not taking on anything more. But no excuse was made—just a cheerful readiness and the tea on the table in a jiffy.

Knolls Green, March 30th, 1940.

Quite a nice afternoon, and things are looking up, as we had an attendance of seven to tea, and six of them by their own power. First and foremost, the Master by car, then the President, the Vice-President and Wilf Orrell by tricycle, and finally two Buckleys and Jimmy Cranshaw by bicycle. This latter phenomenon was a real surprise, and a surprise which we all hope will be repeated very soon. A good meal was followed by an early break-up of the party, due mainly to a shortage of lamps on the part of the Buckley party, who departed before seven for the Church Inn at Cheadle Hulme. About half-past seven the Presider decided to follow them, and I am afraid that he found it something of an ordeal to follow the Vice-President on his newly acquired tricycle. However, somehow or other the journey was accomplished in safety, and what time the party at the Church Inn broke up is nobody's business.

Farndon, March 30th, 1940.

Quite a pleasant day to be out. It was sunny, and the only wind was a gentle wester. Yet only five turned up. Why? Dave Rowatt and Ven., they are always there, and Ira Thomas, Harold Kettle and Frank Marriott. Arthur Williams promised to come, but then he also said that he would write the report of the Chester run (such as it was), and that hasn't turned up, either. We also expected Johnny Band and Jack Seed, and what about Chandler? Quite a merry party could have been made. Talking with Ira Thomas for some minutes after tea, I promised Harold Kettle I would catch with him "shortly." The "shortly" did not materialise, for either Harold must be super fit, or he took another way home to me, which was through the Park and along the high road. It's a long time indeed that I rode home from an Anfield Club run alone.

STOP PRESS.

Peter Rock, in a letter received as we close for press, sends his best thanks to the Club for the very fine parcel. It was much appreciated. Peter is now within a mile of the Mediterranean, and lovely it is, he says. Sid Jonas also called in on the Editor last Monday whilst on his embarkation leave. When you get this he will be somewhere on Salisbury Plain making preparation for his trip abroad.

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**ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB**
FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 410.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

May	4	Farndon (Raven)	Sun sets at
..	6	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)				8-45 p.m.
..	11/13	Whitsuntide Tour. Headquarters: Plas Coch Hotel, Bala	8-59 ..
..	18	Handley (Mrs. Evans)	9-9 ..
..	25	The Fishpool Inn, Delamere	9-20 ..
June	1	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-29 ..
..	3	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)				

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

May	4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	8-45 ..
..	11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe) or Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	8-58 ..
..	18	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	9-9 ..

Full Moon 21st instant

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. N. S. Heath, c/o The Vineyard, Pershore, Worcester.

WHITSUNTIDE TOUR. A Tour during the Whitsuntide Week-end has been arranged. Headquarters will be at the Plas Coch Hotel, Bala. The charge will be 13/6 per day (Dinner, Bed and Breakfast). Members who intend to participate are requested to book their accommodation direct AT ONCE, at the same time mentioning the Club.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Ten have paid their subscriptions this month, but for April it should be better, so will those whose subscriptions are now overdue please get busy before the end of May.

My thanks are due to the following, from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

K. W. Barker.*
A. E. C. Birkby.
E. Haynes, Junr.
J. Hodges.*
E. O. Morris.*

W. R. Oppenheimer.
W. Orrell.*
W. M. Owen.*
R. Poole.
E. Snowden.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

NO "HUNDRED" THIS YEAR.

A glance at our front page runs list will reveal that our "100" is not to be run this year, and Shrewsbury, another Whitsuntide tradition, has also had to be forsaken. Regarding our road event, it will be easy to envisage the many difficulties had we decided to hold the Invitation "100." We regret the late advice of this information, but it was thought that if the event could be held with a reasonable chance of success it should, and therefore the decision was left over until the last possible moment. We have left Shrewsbury this year as the town is full of the Forces, and as the George could not take us, a visit to fresh fields should be appreciated by all who take part in the Whitsun tour.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

In the United Kingdom :—

R.A.F.—DICK RYALLS ; D. TURNOR ; E. L. KILLIP ;

T. A. TELFORD.

R.A. (A.A.)—E. BYRON.

King's Liverpool—T. SHERMAN.

R.A.S.C.—RUSSELL BARKER.

Abroad :—

S/57970, Pte. J. R. FER, H.Q., 2nd Division, B.E.F.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR, C/WR., X. 278, H.M. Trawler
"St. Minver," C/o G.P.O., London, E.C.1.

Sub-Lieut. B. H. BAND, H.M.S. "Valiant," C/o G.P.O.,
London, E.C.1.

L/Corpl. J. R. BAND, 2069285, Headquarters,

Sapper W. P. ROCK, 2067653, 2nd Troop,

Sapper J. E. REEVES, 2067781, 1st Troop.

2nd Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Palestine.

Pte. J. S. JONAS, S/3765778, No. 32 Coy., R.A.S.C.,
St. Francis Barracks, Floriana, Malta.

Trooper SAMUEL, T.T., 322526,

H.Q. Squadron,

Cheshire Yeomanry,

Acre, Palestine.

WITH THE FORCES.

Glimmers of news still trickle through the portals of "forty-five." Letters from the abroad folks arrive very

regularly, the lads in Palestine, and Walter Connor. A recent letter from Walter expresses his sincere thanks for the parcels. Up to now he has had two, and their arrival were a very bright spot in an otherwise monotonous existence. By the time this *Circular* is in print it will have started raining where Walter is stationed, and it will continue doing so until August! Heavy rain, or light, but it rains all the same—for three solid months. Not a bright outlook, is it?

Rigby writes of the quite pleasant life out in Palestine. There is a tennis court available, and he wasn't stiff, even after the first game. He was expecting (at the time of writing) a visit from Peter or Eric for a week-end. Tommy Samuel has moved to his unit now at Acre, and is probably not with either of the others. Peter, in a lengthy letter, tells of nights out with Germans (refugees) in the "local" and mighty pleasant evenings ensue. Cherry Brandy at fourpence the glass seem quite a good line!

Ralph Fer, in a letter thanking the Club for his parcel, says that he has yet to forget the hiding he took on the bicycle in riding to Halewood early in March, nor has he forgiven the Editor for enticing him out on a bicycle when there were trains available! This argument will have to be settled by personal correspondence—if it will pass the Censor.

A letter from Syd Jonas as we go to press (and printed on other pages) tells of his journey to Malta, just when we were beginning to think that our Sid may have been pushed off to Norway. Tommy Sherman called in early in April, both at the Editor's office and at the Committee Meeting. We have not had word from him since, and he may by now be in that land of fjords, the Editor and his confederates love so well under happier circumstances. If he is abroad, may Good Luck go with him.

Of the home folks, there is little to be said. Len Killip, after a fortnight or so in the R.A.F. at Padgate, has been moved to Hastings, and we hope to hear from him soon. Dick Ryalls was recalled from a spot of leave in April, and the last we heard was that he was in Scotland. Ted Byron has had a change, and after a week's leave was taking the air at New Brighton. He is back at Oxton (Birkenhead) for a few days before a trip to Anglesey for a week or so. We hope the weather will be all right.

A LETTER FROM SYD JONAS.

S/3765778,
No. 32 Coy., R.A.S.C.,
St. Francis Barracks,
Floriana,
Malta,
18/4/40.

DEAR FRANK,

I arrived here safely after a very pleasant journey by boat, train and boat, and enjoyed myself immensely, except that the sleeping arrangements on the troopship were disgusting. We had a day's rest as soon as we landed in France and were wandering about all morning and afternoon and left in the train late at night. It was a corridor one, third class, and we made ourselves very comfortable and I spent the day gazing out of the windows. Hot meals kept coming along from the buffet car at regular intervals and for most of the time we were doing about fifties but wasted a lot of time over the last lap and arrived at the port in the morning. There was some grand scenery during the last evening on the train, and next morning it had all altered to sub-tropical stuff and I felt that I was getting somewhere.

The meals on the boat were very good but don't go on a trooper if you can avoid it. There isn't an inch between the hammocks and one has to crawl along to get at one's own.

I didn't sleep in one as I preferred the slightly better air on the deck, and the next night I volunteered for guard and what sleep I had was in the beer bar on a hatch. I didn't try the ale on the boat as it smelled suspiciously like vinegar. Otherwise, the whole trip was very good with sunshine and calm seas all the way.

The barracks were once a monastery and have a courtyard in the centre and the rooms are lofty and well-aired. Sheets and pillows on the beds and a comfortable lounge and NAAFI, and very good meals, so I am enjoying the life so far.

I have been given an office job and work from 8-30 to 1-0 p.m. and 2-0 to 4-30, but have to take on telephone orderly's job from 8-0 p.m. to 8-0 a.m. and sleep in the office and also get Sunday duty at intervals.

Malta is most interesting and all hills, so that there are plenty of views of the two harbours here. Valletta is at the end of a peninsular between the two and Floriana next door at the other end, and all the buildings are high and built of the local yellowy coloured stone. It is really a beautiful place with palm trees scattered about and flowers in the gardens, but there is no grass on the island.

Every other shop is a bar but it is not wise to take much of the local beer, so I will have to stick to lemonade and tea.

One long narrow street is called Strata Stretta, or "The Gut," and we have to be careful to see we are not snatched into the bars, which line each side. All the doorways are filled with fat females who call out "R.A.S.C., come in, Exhibish," etc., etc. A crowd of us went in one for ten seconds and then dashed out. It is almost unbelievable, and we had to go to a quieter district for a drink. There are cabaret turns in some bars and I've seen several English girls in them, dancing, etc., but they are poor places, and although we were laughing all night it will be some time before we go again. We shall have to stick to cinemas for amusement.

I noted, with regret, in the *Circular*, to see that you were not present on the Easter Tour. Were you afraid of having to write it up yourself?

There is a cyclist in my room and he gets *Cycling* every week, so I can resume my weekly perusal of the rag and wait patiently for the *Monthly Circular* and *Gazette*.

I believe it is possible to hire a bicycle here so I might manage a run when I get my shorts issued for the hot weather. At present the weather is ideal for me, warm days and cool nights and to-day has been rather misty, but it gets hot in the summer and we have mosquito nets over the beds and bugs crawl round.

We get the news over the wireless, which is in every barrack room and there are a couple of small newspapers published every day.

Men are allowed to wear civvies from after duty to seven in the evening and it is almost like a peace time station, as there is no battle dress on the island.

I've just had three bets on "Housey-Housey" or "Tom Bowler," as they call it here, but there was nothing doing, so I am writing letters.

Please remember me to all the lads and give them my kind regards. Tell Albert that the francs came in useful while crossing France.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

SYD.

P.S.—I think it is quite O.K. to publish my address in the *Circular* as this is an ordinary peace time station.—Syd.

RUNS.

Newtown, Easter, 1940.

Owing to the breakdown in the Editorial Department, only an abridged account of this most successful tour appeared in last month's *Circular*. Such a miserable narration of the principal tour of the year is hardly what members expect when they, with avidity, open their long looked for *Circular*, and it was accordingly felt in literary circles that proper data of what took place should be recorded.

Although this was the second Easter during which the Club has made its headquarters at the "Bear," it was the first visit of the writer for many a long year and perhaps he may be expected to sum up the respective merits of the new headquarters as compared with the old. This, no doubt, is the point which will occur to most of those who attended the "Glan Aber." It can safely be said that the new place is a fitting substitute for the old and is certainly an improvement on the "Glan Aber" after it changed hands. Of course it is difficult to draw a fair comparison when rationing is in force and the writer certainly *did* find that his plate of porridge was not as ample as he was used to, but a little giving of the glad-eye was very helpful and he was fairly successful in obtaining any amplification which he felt necessary for his bodily welfare. The party was made exceedingly comfortable by the landlord and his staff, and it is hoped that more members will be found there next time. After all, 12/- per day inclusive of morning tea and baths is not much and should easily be within the reach of those with limited funds providing that prior to the holiday due economy is observed and that alternative tours are not arranged too close to one another.

Chandler was the first to arrive at the rendezvous, starting on Thursday and travelling via Bangor, Meifod and Llanfair Caereinion. The direct road was taken to Newtown, which climbs up and over three distinct steep pinnacles. This should be done at least once in a lifetime. The following day (Friday) saw him en route for Llangurig and Rhayader, from whence he took the road to Abbey Cwmhir, an interesting by-route with an altitude of 1,300 feet and a delightful run down the east side. There is little left of the Abbey beyond the bases of the north and south walls. This is part of a route (if memory serves) that His Sublimity the present Editor and myrmidons took on a journey via Pantydwr and Bwlch-y-Sarnau some years ago and reported it in the press. The road debouches $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Cross Gates and a return was made to Newtown viewing Llanbister and Llananno Churches, both very quaint. On arrival Hubert was found asleep in the lounge and Dave Rowatt, whom he had picked up at Chester, endeavouring to shake off the stiffness of the motor journey. F. H. Koenen arrived on a motor-cycle combination and Green later, reporting strong headwinds from Manchester.

On the Saturday Green succumbed to the blandishments of the motoring party, and it was left to Chandler to be the only person to carry out the tour in a proper manner, and he accordingly feeling rather "George Borrowish," hied him to that famous inn at Ponterwyd, at which George Borrow in the year 1854 met with such an unfavourable reception which necessitated him walking on to the Hafod Arms at the Devil's Bridge. You all remember the story? On the return journey Chandler left his machine at Eisteddfagurig and climbed Plynlimmon, an easy walk of three miles each way, and just beyond Llanidloes was nearly run down by a lot of fellows packed tightly in a closed car whose trumpeting as it tore round the corners proclaimed our motorists getting back home after a journey of hundreds of miles during which they went over everything and saw nothing, not even a decent place to get lunch. On arrival at the "Bear" it was found that Elias and Connor had arrived, the latter en route to meet Brewster somewhere in England, whilst del Banco had tandemed down with his better five-eighths and Mrs. Jonas.

On the following day Green decided to turn himself into a cyclist and succeeded in getting del Banco to let him

sit on the back seat of the tandem, the front man to do all the pushing. This arrangement seemed to suit everyone in the party except Elias and Chandler, both having a distinct aversion to the mud thrown up from the back wheel of a tandem for so long a distance as Craven Arms. However, Elias stuck to the party but Chandler went on to Knighton and Clun, he deciding that Craven Arms was rather too near the Whitsuntide touring ground. Hubert, F.H. and Rowatt were of course delighted as they got rid of Green and took on the two ladies. The arrangement of seating could never be fathomed but we can be sure that which of the two, F.H. or Rowatt, sat in the back seat between the two ladies he would be so preoccupied that he'd see little of the country. Let us hope that the ladies enjoyed the arrangement just as much. We understand, however, that F.H. *did* get a glimpse of Dolforwyn Castle on the return journey which, to the surprise of the party the previous evening, it was discovered he had never heard of.

On the morrow Green and Elias found that the wind that had severely wrestled with them on the outward journey was now going to contend with them on the homeward, and we understand they had a pretty sticky ride. Hubert in the car found it imperative to make a call at the "George," at Shrewsbury, it being so long ago since he was there before. Rowatt accompanied him to Chester and no doubt he can tell you the number of stops they made.

F.H. returned to Manchester, on the combination whilst Chandler decided to ride with the wind at his back as far as Dolgellau for lunch and Ffestiniog for the night at the Pengwern Arms, the homeward journey being made next day via Bala, Corwen and Llandegla.

Highwayside, 6th April, 1940.

When the Editor fellow got up on to his hind legs and ordered me to write up the run I at first thought he meant the Easter Tour, which delightful trip had been so inadequately reported in the *Circular*, but I soon discovered that he referred to the run for that day.

Owing to the difficulties which surround the catering question, or rather that are made to surround the question in some cases, it is a great pleasure to support Mr. Johnson's efforts at the "Traveller's Rest" to accommodate us with

sufficient good cheer to enable us to get home, and a small party of eleven enjoyed a decent meal.

The Manchester contingent was made up of Green, R. J. Austin and W. Orrell (the last named on a three-wheeler). Liverpool sent Stephenson. The Wirral, Kettle, Chandler, Marriott, Perkins and Venables, and Rhos-on-Sea sent Rowatt, whilst Mr. Littlemore, who had fallen in with the Manchester men also joined the board.

The chief topic of conversation was the complete failure of the Editorial staff to be present on the Easter tour and to make proper arrangements for reporting the same. It appeared that some of our most brilliant penmen were present at Newtown, each and all expecting to see the tall, stately form of the Editor appear in the doorway and choose one of the scribes to uphold the traditions of the *Circular* and so add yet another history to an Anfield Easter Tour. But it was not to be, the Editor never turned up, he had apparently blown himself out completely the previous week-end at Grantham, where they stayed at a fifth-rate carousal-house called the "White Hart." The general view of the meeting was that the person responsible for wheedling a pack of impressionable lads into a place like this deserved to be impeached, and the view was that next time they go to Grantham they ought to stop at that old and famous hostelry, famous in the days of Robin Hood—The Angel—where they would be sure of obtaining comfortable quarters and making the ride worth while.

Time passed off quickly under the discussion of so interesting a topic and in due course each one made tracks home, arriving within a few miles before it became necessary to light up. It might be remarked here that there is now no occasion for staying at home owing to the black-out and that all those who until now have felt nervous of riding in the dark need have no fare, as there is ample time to get home before darkness falls.

Beeston Brook, April 13th, 1940.

April has not been too kind with her Saturdays, and on the afternoon when we all crossed Cheshire to foregather at Beeston Brook the weather was just typical of the stuff that has been doled out recently. Sunshine and showers were not on the menu, and it was just dull.

I was late, so was George Connor, and together we crossed Wirral easily, for a pleasant breeze was astern. Albeit, that was the only thing pleasant about the afternoon. Two Anfield bicycles were leaning on the hedge at Mrs. Bell's, and when we thought of a spot of tea also, Kettle and Barker walked out and wouldn't wait.

So the Captain and the Editor together made their way through Waverton, along the canal to Huxley, and Tiverton to tea. More than once we thought of the wind that would be blowing into our faces on the way home.

We were not all cyclists at Beeston Brook Cafe. The Heavenly Twins—Rowatt and Ven., were on the rattler; Jim Cranshaw and Mr. Bikley (on their first joint run for many a day!) were in the former's car. Green and W. Orrell were on bicycle and tricycle respectively; and the aforementioned Wirral quartet. The meal was quite good, and very reasonably priced.

Going home, Kettle and Ken, slipped into the rear, while Frank and George talked the wind away. After Chester the position altered, and Ken, slipped into the front, leaving Sammy to occupy the back place with the Treasurer. When we got to Willaston Corner we decided to give Harold a spot of pace so far as Gayton. We did think—nay, expected—that after such a gracious and generous gesture he would give us the price of a quick one, but he didn't. We found the money ourselves.

Handley, 20th April, 1940.

An early start with good intentions of getting in a few miles saw the writer doing his best to push a tough headwind out of the way. The sunshine which had held good during the morning and early afternoon gradually faded as Eaton Park was reached.

At the Iron Bridge the scullers and fours of one or two rowing clubs claimed attention, and on resuming the saddle it was found that the best part of an hour had elapsed, which fact, combined with the thought of the aforementioned wind, put all ideas of a circular tour out of mind and the shortest way to the venue was taken. Mrs. Evans' well-known cottage was reached just as the rain started.

Ven. and Dave Rowatt were the first arrivals, immediately followed by del. Banco, Johnny Band and Jack Seed soon arrived, then Kettle and Molyneux. While these were repairing the wasted tissues Ira Thomas blew in.

Johnny regaled us with tales of doughty deeds during his racing days. Can you, gentle reader, imagine anyone not getting *enough bananas* to eat during a "fifty" and then having to chew the skins to prevent the "knock"? If you think this is a tall story, ask Johnny.

After the recounting of these "goings on" in the good old days there were more arrivals in the persons of Ken. Barker, Perkins and Arthur Williams.

The ride home was a "sleigh ride" for the "seasiders," and marred only by having to don capes.

We hope you didn't fall by the wayside, Ira, on your lone ride back to Salop.

Tattenhall, April 27th, 1940.

There was no doubt about which way the wind was blowing along the High Road this afternoon. The Editor and friend Graham had barely arrived at the 8th M.S. at 3-30 when a golden-haired spectacle dashed up at 3-31—"Punctured an' all." His speed, of course, was entirely attributed to George Connor's front sprint, the fitting of which was far easier than mending a puncture. At 3-45 we were away, our waiting being fruitless so far as any further Anfielders were concerned. At Queensferry there was a pleasant pot of tea and some biscuits.

The wind was still helpful on Hawarden's Hill, and in the village we halted in the hope of being able to take the bicycles into the park for ten minutes or so. In the spring-time of the year there are few more beautiful spots than Hawarden Park, with the switchback highway and the daffodils against the grey stones of the ancient castle. But there was nothing doing. Times have changed, and the surly park-keeper's wife told us that we could walk through so long as we didn't lean the bicycles against her shocking railings. We left her, and her park.

By Broughton we turned into Eaton Park, and rode along that roughish highway for six or seven miles. The

rabbits must have got wind of the rationing of meat, for we saw precious few of the bobbing white tails disappearing into the hedgerow at our approach. At 6-0 p.m. we turned into Tattenhall.

What a cheer, and Ginner got it all. Two seconds later, when we strode in, there was silence. There was quite a respectable attendance and we noticed Presider Green, Hubert, Stevie, Austin (R.J.), George Connor (who—no, we won't let the side down), Ken Barker, Chandler (looking paler than ever), Kettle, and the trio aforementioned: Williams, Marriott and friend Graham.

We three were the overflow, we had what was left, but it was good, and we were ready for the meal.

With Bert Green and Rex having to ride to Manchester (or thereabouts), the party was soon away, and shortly after seven the last bicycles were wheeled across the cobbles of the Bear and Ragged Staff. (Why, by the way, should an inn at Tattenhall of all places be named after the Earls of Warwick?)

The wind was not too bad on the way home, and we had quite a pleasant journey.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 411. 8

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
June	1 Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-29 p.m.
..	3 Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	8 Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms)	9-36 ..
..	15 Rhydtalog (Liver Inn)	9-42 ..
..	22 Beeston Brook (Station Cafe)	9-46 ..
..	29 Tattenhall (Bear & Ragged Staff)	9-46 ..
July	1 Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	6 Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-42 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

June 15	Goostrey (Red Lion)	9-42 ..
	Full Moon	20th instant

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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TREASURY NOTES.

Only six this month!! My thanks are due to the following from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations* to our Comforts Fund.

Although we are not committed to the expenses of our Racing Programme this year, we are each month sending parcels to "ours" on Active Service Overseas, and this is a growing total each month. I shall be pleased to receive outstanding subscriptions as early as possible and donations to our Comforts Fund from those who have not already contributed and wish to be associated with this worthy cause.

F. Beckett.	A. Crowcroft.	J. Long.
D. L. Birchall.	F. H. Koenen.	A. Williams.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

WITH THE FORCES.

News, with the exception of the letters that are printed on other pages, is not plentiful this month. Earlier in the month we had a letter from Tommy Samuel, and he won't mind us saying that the reason for its omission here is that he wrote it in bed, and it would take more than an hour to decipher and type it in its entirety. Tommy, so keen that we should hear from him quickly, sent his letter by air mail. He hasn't found the honey yet in that celebrated land, but the milk comes in tins. His job is minding the horses or something, and horses, for some reason or other don't like camels. So he asks us to tell Rigby not to bring a camel along when visiting. Walter Connor has written to Kettle thanking the Club for the parcel.

Of those in the United Kingdom, Len Killip was home for a few days early in the month on sick leave, but he is back now in Hastings. The week that this *Circular* goes to press we were to have visited Len at Hastings, but the trip seemed a bit hectic in less than a week, so the arrangement has been cancelled. Ted Byron has gone to Anglesey for a few days.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

3772771 Cpl. SHERMAN, T., No. 4 Independent Company,
North Western Expeditionary Force.

S/57970 Pt. FER, J.R., H.Q., 2nd Division, B.E.F.

S/3765778 Pte. Jonas, J. S., No. 32 Coy., R.A.S.C., St.
Francis Barracks, Floriana, Malta.

L/Cpl. J. R. BAND, 2069285, Headquarters, 2nd Field
Squadron, Royal Engineers, Palestine.

Sapper W. P. Rock, 2067653, 2nd Troop, 2nd Field
Squadron, Royal Engineers, Palestine.

Sapper J. E. REEVES, 2067781, 1st Troop, 2nd Field
Squadron, Royal Engineers, Palestine.

Trooper SAMUEL, T.T., 322526, H.Q. Squadron, Cheshire
Yeomanry, Palestine.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR, C/WR. X 278, H.M. Trawler
" St. Minver," c/o G.P.O., London, E.C.4.

Sub.-Lieut. B. H. BAND, H. M.S. " Valiant," c/o G.P.O.,
London, E.C.4.

In the United Kingdom :

R.A.F. :—D. L. RYALLS, D. TURNOR, E. L. KILLIP,
T. A. TELFORD.

R.A.S.C. :—R. BARKER.

R.A., A.A. :—E. BYRON.

LETTERS FROM

—ERIC REEVES

SAPPER J. E. REEVES, 2067781
1ST TROOP,
2ND CHESHIRE FIELD SQUADRON,
ROYAL ENGINEERS,
PALESTINE,

Tuesday, 23rd April, 1940.

DEAR FRANK,

For a brief spell I am in town at the same barracks as
Rigby. He passed on to me your letter re the Grantham

trip. I wish you wouldn't describe your rides and impressions quite so well, the descriptive passages are just the kind of thoughts I have to crush down lest I get too home sick. I would love to be out on the bike again on just such a week-end. I think these letters are a subtle form of torture to those of the Club in the Forces. Each Sunday here is gloriously sunny, especially first thing and it is then that one thinks of the usual Sundays we used to spend before this war started. This tends to make one anything but satisfied with one's lot. Rigby only mentioned the other day that on looking through the cycling papers Albert had sent to him, that looking through them made you home sick and I heartily agree with him.

I received a reply to-day to the letter I sent to Ralph Fer some time ago and he has been just as cold as we were warm. He makes us jealous with saying that he obtains beer at 4d. for $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints. I think he must have a friend in the War Office who has heard of his remarkable capacity for the juice of the hop. I hope to have a reply from Walter Connor sometime in the near future because I posted his letter the same day as Ralph's. Many thanks for the postage coupons Frank, actually it is difficult to get full value for these coupons only in the town P.O. and it is not always possible for Peter and I to get there. I have acquired a Zeiss Box Tanger for 21/- with a reputed F.6. lens. It takes 16 on a V.P.K. film, rather small but economical, and they can always be enlarged when I get home again. Films cost $1/7$ a time, so I have to choose my subjects carefully. I would like my own camera out here but it is rather too good to trust to the tender mercies of pack or kit bag. The mosquitoes bite hell out of us in this place; my arms itch like the devil and it is difficult to resist tearing away at them. At our camp in the country we are not greatly bothered by them. The beggars get inside your net and buzz like aeroplanes until they settle.

Well, Frank, it's bed time now so cheerio and the very best.

ERIC.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that Field Censorship is now in force here.

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

—RALPH FER

S/57970, PTE. FER,
H.Q., 2ND DIVISION,
B.E.F.,

5th May, 1940.

DEAR KETTLE,

“What, another!” Thus spake my colleagues in the office when I said the parcel was from the Club. This makes the fourth I’ve received, and they have certainly helped to brighten up our rather monotonous existence out here. Will you convey my grateful thanks to the Club for their continued generosity.

Very sorry to read in the *Circular* that the “100” has been cancelled for this year, but I suppose it was inevitable under the circumstances. I’m afraid I shan’t be able to get home in time for the Bala week-end, but I’ll be there in spirit; if the weather’s anything like it is at present out here I’ll envy you. Warm sunshine, and as it’s Sunday afternoon I think I’ll take a book and wander into the garden for an hour, before commencing a hard evening’s work—taking francs off the woman at the cafe at dominoes.

Sincerely yours,

J. R. FER.

—TOMMY SHERMAN

3772771, CPL. SHERMAN, T.,

.....
NO. 4 INDEPENDENT COMPANY,
NORTH WESTERN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

Date as Postmark.

DEAR FRANK,

Things have moved fast since I was on leave and I am no longer with my own battalion, but with the above company. I am writing this on the troopship and we are Of course I don’t suppose I shall get the same impression as you did, but I may be able to write a sequel to your serial when I get back.

The voyage, as yet, has been uneventful and we have come a different way to that which you took. There won’t be many of the “tea-tasters” left in England shortly, the

way things are going. I suppose Syd Jonas is abroad by now. Is Ted still stuck at B'head? I wouldn't mind changing places with him now.

The mail is to be weekly, both out and home, so I look forward to receiving news of the others abroad, and I will write of some of my experiences in reply. That is if the blue pencil allows; but I should be used to them by now, what with yours, and a few at work.

I am just about to go on a 2 hours' watch so with apologies for this dirty paper (it's all I have) and the scribble, I'll say cheerio!

Kind regards to all Anfielders.

Yours sincerely,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

(Censored).

—BRIAN BAND

H.M.S. VALIANT,

c/o G.P.O., LONDON.

3/5/40.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

I really don't know how to start and thank you for the most welcome parcel which I have just received. It came as a most pleasant surprise when we received our mail to-day.

Will you please thank the Club for me when you next see them. The tobacco has made all the other members of the mess quite jealous, as our own supply has got very low owing to difficulties of transport. We can get plenty of the ordinary navy tobacco, but this is a real luxury.

I received my *Circular* as well in to-day's mail so now I am able to relax for a bit and think of the good old days! I am always very interested to hear how the boys are getting on, as even in peacetime I never get much chance of meeting them.

Well, as you probably heard, we are having a rather strenuous time just now in the Navy. Circumstances don't permit me to give much news of our activities, I'm afraid, so all I can tell you is that we have been taking quite a large part in the recent events around Norway. I think the most exciting times have been during the raids on us

by enemy planes. These last for a considerable length of time and vary in their intensity. So far we have repulsed all such raids without being damaged ourselves. However, they do become rather trying after a bit!

I have been meaning to write to Frank Marriott for some time now, but owing to "existing circumstances" it has been impossible, so I hope you don't think I've forgotten all about you.

It's a pity about the Whit week-end, but still there isn't anything to be done about it I suppose. That's the worst of these wars, they upset everything.

We have a man from the Gaumont British News Reel on board to get photos of naval warfare! He hadn't been aboard for very long before he got some good ones!! If you go to the pictures have a look out for us. You probably won't recognise me as I have grown a beard!

Well, I must close now. Once again thank you very very much for your kind thoughts and the lovely present.

Please thank them all for me, and tell them we are doing our stuff out here as much as we can.

Yours sincerely,

BRIAN.

Crikey! Brian with a beard!

—AND RIGBY BAND.

No. 2069285 L/CPL. J. R. BAND,
HEADQUARTERS,
2ND FIELD SQUADRON, R.E.,
PALESTINE,

Tuesday, 23rd April, 1940.

DEAR FRANK,

Your letter dated 20th March arrived the day after I posted my last letter to you. Actually there is little to add to that one but I like to answer each letter sooner or later, hence this epistle.

The *Circulars* are coming through each month and believe me they are very welcome; especially the letters from the lads in other units and services. Correspondence, even between pals, is always rather an awkward job for us un-literary blokes that a pooling of news in the *Circular* keeps us all in touch.

Eric is down at H.Q. for a while on a job. He has got so used to the quiet life of the wilds that I cannot entice him out on a beat up in town. Peter gets down occasionally and always seems in very good form.

I have had many a quiet chuckle about your Grantham week-end.

I am afraid our News Letter rather flopped after its first issue. All the contributors are staff men and in consequence have limited time for such hobbies. Do not forget there are very few 8-hour days for the likes of us. If I do less than a 13-hour day I call it a half-holiday. However hard work killed nobody and it does keep you from getting browned-off.

Kind regards to all from

RIGBY.

AUGUST WEEK-END.

Please, will someone write to the Secretary and suggest a venue and hotel for the holiday week-end in August, which, we hope, will materialise in better fashion than Whit.

AT RANDOM.

G. E. CARPENTER.

We have received a very interesting letter, together with two snapshots, from Carpenter, who is still in Canada. He tells us that even when the temperature was around the zero mark he was able to do some cycling—but not much. The letter will be printed next month, as we have little space left in this issue.

CLIFFORD DEWS.

The other evening we met Clifford Dews, who was puffing and darting around the suburbs of Birkenhead on . . . er, a motorised bicycle! The outfit seems to "go" quite well, but we understand it has yet to be tried on a trip to the Ceirog Valley. Pandy may well mean the death of this contraption, just as it has seen our mortification on many occasions.

AN APPEAL.

The Editorial Department has for some months been acquiring cycling papers and other light reading matter for despatch to some of the boys abroad. We have "scrounged" all we can, and owing to the increasing number of our lads out of the United Kingdom, there is a shortage. Hence this general appeal for cycling papers and popular weeklies—only, of course, if they are not already being passed on to members of the Forces. Please send them to the Editorial address on the front page of this *Circular*, or, better still, send them yourself to one of our lads abroad. Only, to avoid overlapping, please let the Editor know whom you are to favour.

RUNS.

Farndon, May 4th, 1940.

At last! Summer has come and oh! boy! did I laze. Three-and-a-quarter hours from home to Farndon gives the key to my effort at dawdling.

After being overtaken by the del Banco tandem (training for next week-end) near Willaston, and resting 10 minutes at the 8th, I ambled along and turned off beyond the Wheat-sheaf for Chester, via Mollington and Upton, strange roads almost, to me, these days. Chester was full of troops but not many cars, quite a change from the scramble of pre-war days.

Feeling no desire for the usual cup of tea I continued by way of Waverton and Saughton, and almost achieved complete solitude, meeting only two cyclists between the turn off the Whitchurch Road and Aldford. With ample time in hand I decided to inspect the "Barnston" Memorial Column just short of Farndon, Hubert passed me here, cheerily tootling on his toot.

Ven and Dave Rowatt were just leaving the Raven, Kettle and Powell seeing them off and Powell who had had tea with them, also left after a short chat.

Our appearance in the tea-room was followed by the entry of the waitress with the eggs, the slickest bit of service

ever, so slick that Hubert's desire to gargle before eating was frustrated (almost a miracle this). F.M. and Harold Band in the Chariot, were the next arrivals with news of Len Killip on the way. Len, George Connor and Ira Thomas completed the muster, and Len, on sick leave after German measles, looked as fit as a fiddle.

Hubert was first away, then Kettle and the Charioteers, the chauffeur promising to see us later, on a bike. After a cheerio to Ira we got down to it and by easy stages reached home quite fresh and thankful for the spot of real sunshine and warmth, with lots more to come, we hope.

Whitsun Tour. Bala. May 11/13th, 1940.

Everything seemed set for a quiet sunny three days' tour, when the shocking news that Holland was invaded came to us, and threatened to upset all plans, especially for those who had to continue working on Whit Monday.

However, three old members got busy on the 'phone, and agreed that they might just as well carry on to Bala, as hang about at home, thus avoiding upsetting home arrangements and Plas Coch bookings.

May 11th, Saturday, 12 noon. Hubert Rockell collected Ven at "Woodside" for Chester, where they were joined by Rowatt at the "Talbot" for lunch. On leaving Chester, and having plenty of time, we decided to pay the "Glan Aber" a visit, and try to recapture old memories. Proceeding by the classic route soon found us enjoying the familiar but ever lovely vale of Llangollen, and the beautiful foliage of Llantysilio past Berwyn Arms, on to the Corwen-Cerrig Road, which we had almost to ourselves. Bettws and the approaches thereto from Pentre Voelas were a picture of sylvan beauty.

A cheerful welcome was ours at the Glan Aber, and we were regaled with a long account of the hard winter, burst pipes, etc., and subsequent renovations, when partaking our afternoon tea. Our next move was by Roman Road, Crimea and Blaenau to Festiniog, where we were warmly greeted by the Haywards, the necessary refreshment provided, and arrangements made for lunch, etc., on the morrow.

The remaining 17 miles into Bala, via Rhydyfen had evidently experienced some rough wintry weather, many of

the telegraph poles lying over at all kinds of crazy angles, wires broken away and no attempt seems to have been made to repair the damage. Just after we had halted at the "Plas Coch" F.H. rolled up with his combination. The landlord informed us that Chandler had cancelled his booking some days before, but the President and Elias arrived per bicycle, separately, in good time, and later del Banco and his wife, who were camping out, gave us the pleasure of their company.

Haynes and his wife also called round on Sunday morning, and we understood that both tandems were returning home this Sabbath day.

We were only five for Festiniog, our arranged Sunday call, and we all travelled in Hubert's powerful car. This arrangement enabled Green to be with us for lunch, and to get back to the Plas Coch in time to retrieve his bicycle and leave for home after 3 p.m. Sunday.

We travelled to Festiniog via Dolgelly, leaving the town on our left without entering, thence via Trawsfynydd, a delightful drive, F.H. providing local information. The Haywards did us very well before we left in good time for Bala to get the President away on his lonely ride. Hubert afterwards drove us round the lake, and we understand that Elias was making some calls in the neighbourhood. On Monday we were all away early, Rowatt leaving us at Chester, and Ven getting an early train for Wallasey at Hamilton Square Station, before Hubert made for the Tunnel.

F.H. started in advance of the car, but we passed him moving nicely before Corwen.

The weather was perfect, Hotel comfortable, and all enjoyed the week-end, altho' saddened by the thoughts of the struggle across the Channel.

"THE WHIT WOT WASN'T."

With the wholesale cancellation of holidays this otherwise very pleasant week-end, we did think that more would have turned up to the alternative run at Parkgate. Only two were there, Arthur Williams and Marriott.

Handley, 18th May, 1940.

As if in some measure to counteract the darkness elsewhere this Saturday provided perfect cycling conditions; clear skies, brilliant sunshine and a breeze which promised help for the journey home.

No happier choice of venue could have been made than Mrs. Evans' charming cottage, with its quaint windows and tiled kitchen in which we sat, content to gaze through the open door, across the old-world garden, to that highway which has memories for all good Anfielders—the Whitchurch Road.

The muster was small but of excellent quality. Ven and Dave Rowatt left early but not before Kettle and Burgess had arrived to take over the table and in due time make way for Elias, Ken Barker and friend Graham, who were later joined by the Editor. Powell had been sighted in the Wirral and we were disappointed that he was unable to make Handley, for an excellent reason we are sure, knowing our Hon. Gen. Sec.

The run home was without incident, just pleasant wheeling before a gentle wind on roads pleasantly free of traffic owing to the petrol rationing (must we always have a war to suggest such excellent measures?) and homes were reached after a half-day well spent. Soon 'those others' will be back with us and we can best serve them 'who now serve us by keeping the 'Anfield' as they left it; come out next week, breathe some real Cheshire air and tell the wife its 'National Service.'

Holmes Chapel, May 18th, 1940.

There were no more than two members at the Swan—Buckley and the Presider—on this occasion. Perhaps the upset in the Manchester holiday arrangements may explain the absence of others, or perhaps there is some other explanation. But anyhow, it was a disappointment to the two not to have more company.

The Presider had been fortunate enough to get a couple of days off and had spent them wandering round Shropshire, drifting in to the Swan in time for the meal with many stories of what was going on down there. The two old cronies had a very pleasant time together, parting in good time for home.

The Fishpool, Delamere, May 25th, 1940.

The weather was rather dismal all afternoon as I wended my solitary way to the run. The rain was of that annoying variety which is not bad enough to put your cape on for but nevertheless wets you in time.

On arriving at the Fish Pool I found Kettle, Ned Haynes and better half, Shacklady and friend, George Connor, Stephenson, Perkins, Wilf Orrell, and shortly afterwards in came the Presider and F.H. Later still Ken. Barker came in. Ira Thomas and wife were reported to be coming, but they got held up at Beeston by the thunderstorm which broke over us.

The tea was quite good except that the eggs were a bit overdone. After tea the usual discussion and inspection of bicycles and then a quiet homeward ride brought another day to conclusion.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 412.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
July 6	Beeston Brook (Bridge Cafe)	9-42 p.m.
.. 13	Farndon (Raven)	9-36 ..
.. 20	Halewood (Derby Arms)	9-30 ..
.. 27	Delamere (Fishpool)	9-19 ..
Aug 3/5	August Tour, Shrewsbury—Headquarters (The George)	9-5 ..
.. 10	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	8-51 ..
.. 12	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

July 13	Goostrey (Red Lion)	9-36 ..
.. 20	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	9-30 ..
Aug. 3	Parkgate (Prosser's Cafe), or Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	9-7 ..

Full Moon 19th instant

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Members please note that the run fixed for July 6th to Highwayside, has been altered to Beeston Brook.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

No. 2069285, L./Cpl. J. R. Band, Headquarters, 2nd Field Squadron, R.E., 7th Armoured Division, Egypt.

Mr. J. M. James, 431 Alcester Road South, King's Heath, Birmingham.

Mr. J. J. Salt, Crowton, Beacons Lane, Heswall.

AUGUST TOUR. Members who intend to participate in the Tour are requested to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation at the George as soon as possible.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

This month has produced only five who have paid their subscriptions—the smallest total this year. My thanks are due to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to Comforts Fund.

P. C. Beardwood

F. A. Brewster.

J. H. Fawcett.*

H. Green.*

N. S. Heath.*

G. Molyneux.*

I. A. Thomas.

Will members who wish to avail themselves of the Bank's services when paying their subscriptions or making a donation to the Comforts Fund please note the account has been transferred to 197 STANLEY ROAD, BOOTLE, the Bank having closed the 226 Stanley Road branch.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

First news this month is of Ralph Fer, who was unfortunate enough to stop a piece of shrapnel in his left arm during the terrible days of the Blitzkrieg in Belgium. He has been in hospital in Leamington for the best part of the month, and we are pleased to advise that Brewster visited him one Sunday and both had an enjoyable day. Actually Ralph must be considered lucky that the bomb did not drop nearer. We are not sure whether to wish a rapid recovery or not, but we certainly wish him well.

Tommy Sherman came in to see us on two occasions after six weeks in northern Norway. Chubby face looks particularly well, although we gather from him that there were times too exciting to be really pleasant. We print two letters from him in this issue, and hope to print a longer article in due course. From the quartette in Palestine, and Sid Jonas in Malta, we have had no news for more than a month, although we hear that Rigby is now in Egypt. News will be scarce from that direction for some time, at least.

Brian Band came along to Parkgate the other Sunday, and related some very adventurous stories, included one of a bullet that nearly pierced his tin hat. Brian was in the escape from St. Valery-sur-Somme with his first command—a Brixham trawler. Walter Connor is still at his tropical outpost. He writes of the mortification he had when several of his shipmates were sent home, their places taken by native labour. “Lucky blighters!” thought Walter, wistfully. We would think that way, too.

The Mullah wrote to us early in the month and told of Dudley being with the R.A.F. in Norway. We sincerely hope he is back by now, and safe and sound.

Of those in the United Kingdom, the list grows greater, for our latest recruit to the Services is Fred Brewster. He is now in the R.A.F., and swotting to be something or other. Ira Thomas is another Service man now, he is in the Shropshire Light Infantry. He hopes to be out occasionally before he leaves Shrewsbury for duty elsewhere. Len Killip was on the south coast the last time we heard. We have no news lately from Dick Ryalls, and as we owe

a letter to Alan Telford, no news from him, either. This also applies to Russ Barker, but no news is good news. Ted Byron is still in his anti-aircraft unit, and with his many hoired duties he is getting quite a good deal out of life, and sleepy eyes, too! Visitors are not allowed at Ted's camp now, a restriction that will probably continue for the duration.

Service Addresses.

As this *Circular* already tends to be on the hefty side, we are omitting the Service addresses of our members for this month.

LETTERS FROM

—RIGBY BAND

DEAR FRANK,

First of all will you convey to the Club my thanks for the welcome parcel received this week from Cook's. Believe me it is a real thrill to get these parcels, which help no little to remind us that we have not been forgotten by our old pals even though we are several miles from home.

Eric has been down here all week, so last night we had a Club run to a pub called the Haas. The attendance was poor, only two stalwarts, the scribe and Sapper Reeves making the distance. However, the beer and food were excellent and a very enjoyable evening was had by both.

The swimming season is now in full swing, so I usually get down to the local baths on half-holidays. Summer has now set in with a vengeance so that the best place to keep cool is in the water.

I had a letter from A. B. Smith last week, giving me the address of the N.R.'s ex-Captain, who is in the Palestine Police at Jerusalem. His name is Arthur Lancaster, but I do not recollect ever having met him. Have you? If I get any leave I shall try to look him up and if I succeed shall let you have an account of an Anfield—North Road inter club run in Palestine for the *Circular*. The latter comes through every month and is worth many times its value at home. Please keep it going whatever happens. To help to fill it up I enclose a contribution which I hope will be acceptable. I do not often get these flairs now but if it happens that I do I shall certainly send them along.

I was surprised to see that Telford had joined up; still, good luck to him and the other newcomers to the Services. The old Club is certainly well represented and by now might adopt our regimental motto: "Ubique." Eric and I were talking over old times over our pints last night and musing on the re-unions we hope to take part in. Let us hope we shall all be there whether it is the "Stork," the "Bear's Paw" or just a good old Halewood run. The latter somehow typifies the Anfield spirit of doing things on the traditional long-distance scale; even to eating and drinking as well as racing. Which often makes me wonder if I shall ever race again or whether I shall be content to get up early on Sunday mornings and just check or feed the younger lads who could give me 20 minutes in 50 miles and still beat me.

Well, I could ramble on like that for hours but I do not want to bore you so I shall close down with best wishes to all from

RIGBY.

—WALTER CONNOR.

H.M.T. "ST. MINVER,"

Friday, 3rd.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your letter, which I received about two weeks ago. Please accept my apologies for not having replied before this.

I thought your account of the Grantham week-end rather amusing, and in spite of the fact that your base intentions were thwarted, you seemed to have had a fairly good time!

Great was my surprise when I saw my letter in the *Circular* last month. What surprised me was the fact that you thought it worth printing. Surely you aren't that short of material? Actually, Frank, I was quite pleased that you found it reasonably suitable for the purpose.

Yesterday I went ashore to take photographs. After wandering, rather aimlessly, around the town on the lookout for suitable subjects I came to the conclusion that there was nothing doin'. I therefore decided to pay a visit to the old slave market which, in these peaceful (?) days has sunk to the level of legitimate, though less profitable, trading. To give you a rough idea of the place I will briefly describe

it to you. Looking down from the roadway one sees a black, seething mass of people apparently just slowly moving about with no object in view. The reason for this is, there are no stalls of any description. The traders' wares are laid out on small boxes, sacks and in some cases on the ground itself. The foul aroma which pervades the atmosphere is caused through fish and fruit (not so fresh) and sundry other native commodities too numerous to mention. The buyers rather obviously come from the surrounding districts, but a big majority come from the other side of the river, which I believe is some twenty odd miles in width. The boats they cross in have huge and seemingly top heavy sails and carry an enormous amount of people. The general idea appears to be to get as many persons in as possible without actually sinking the craft. Personally, I shouldn't trust myself in one on Birkenhead Park lake let alone across a wide river and subject to sudden and sharp squalls. Those sails are awfully big and I've seen many a boom snap like a carrot in a normal breeze! Occasionally the occupants of the boat hire a travelling orchestra to pass the time away because the journey takes over a couple of hours. Quite frequently they bring cattle across, mostly goats.

The market square (if I may call it such) runs to the water's edge and makes an admirable slipway for these boats to ground on. Very handy for slave runners, don't you think? After struggling for some considerable time I managed to get some reasonably passable snaps. One old devil wanted me to give him a couple of quid for the privilege of taking his profile. I declined with thanks and snapped him when he wasn't looking—for nothing! I didn't even give him a cigarette which is the usual fee.

Finally, I was driven out by the afore-mentioned smells and retired to the canteen to sup tea for the rest of the "art noon." You see, even out here I endeavour to uphold the old Anfield traditions!

Forgive me mentioning photography again but I believe you to be interested. Our films are printed and developed by a Fleet photographer who is very interested in amateurs and their work. He's a charming fellow who has been really helpful to me. He makes a damned good job of his work. He has lent to me a book published by Ilfords called "Popular Panchromatism." Have you read it? George some time ago sent me a filter but I haven't

been able to use it yet because films faster than Selochrome are unobtainable at present.

We don't know for certain how long we're likely to be out here but we have been told, unofficially, that it will be twelve months from the time of our arrival here.

Did I tell you that I had a letter from Eric the other week? I wrote to Harold Kettle acknowledging the parcel and cigarettes and asked him to thank the Club on my behalf. I felt rather guilty after I'd posted it because I'd written only a few lines. I'm never quite certain what to say when I'm writing to Harold, as I don't know what he would be interested in. What's your opinion?

I shall have to close now Frank, so here's hopin' to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER.

P.S.—I am enclosing a snap of one of the boats I mention.—W.

—PETER ROCK

DEAR SAMMY,

Please convey my thanks for the parcel which arrived to-day. I had intended to write sooner, and as a matter of fact I had started but got no further than the first page and a half. After having left it for nearly a week I have decided to start again. I have not the slightest doubt but what you were extremely surprised and angry when you heard that your beloved Norway was in the hands of the Germans. There will be no moonlit trips across the fjords for you this summer and George will miss it too unless the Government organise a few trips! However much we may dislike the present position there can be no doubt but what it will prove to be very beneficial to us in the long run.

I am afraid that I am not very good at dates at present, but it should be somewhere round about Whit when you receive this little note. I wonder what you will be doing this time. Will you be at Shrewsbury? It will seem very empty this year and perhaps for the first time you will realise how many have gone away.

The *Circular* was very good this time and I like the idea of publishing letters from the lads wherever they may be.

You must have had a hell of a good time at Grantham and I thoroughly enjoyed reading your letter to Rigby. Evidently Salty is still as good as ever and Carver comes a good second, while as ever you seem to take the part of the onlooker. It would only have required Charles' presence and the reprobates would have been assembled in full force. I have not heard from him for months now and the score is 3—1 in my favour. I would be very pleased if you could give him a reminder and let him know that I am still waiting. I have not written to Carver nor he to me.

Well, this is the third attempt that I have had at this epistle. I do not know what has come over me lately, for I cannot write at all with conscious effort, whereas at first it was just like falling off a house. Of course, this time I have no letter of yours to guide me and although I saw Rigby's a couple of weeks ago if I remember rightly it was merely a chronicle of the Grantham gorge. I hope that you do not mind these tiny sheets. However, should they prove to be of any inconvenience to you blame the Club, for "its them wot did it," meaning of course that this tablet was issued by a thoroughly reputable firm,—Thomas Cook's, no less—as a writing pad. By the time that I have written this, the first letter, on it, I shall have to have recourse to the N.A.A.F.I. for a writing pad. The Club must surely be having a very thin time now that so many age groups have been called up. I suppose that George will be next on turn. I have a copy of a letter here which he sent to Rigby some time ago and I have promised myself a number of times that I would write to him. Tell him not to give up hope however, for should I feel loquacious at anytime I will let him have a page or two.

All the best,

PETER.

—AND ERIC REEVES.

DEAR FRANK AND GEORGE,

Frank, will you pass this letter on to George when you have read it, please? I would like to write separately to you both but I have been writing for over an hour and also I have mislaid George's address. I suppose it is at the bottom of my kit bag and you know what they are like to hunt through. Thank you both for your letters and also the copies of *Cycling* you sent to me. Looking through the racing reports I was amazed to see the names of Fleming,

Nightingale, Clamp, etc. How do these fellows escape the calling up. I thought they would all be in the Forces by now. They must have key jobs which keep them home. I did not realise that to-morrow was Whit Monday until one of the chaps happened to be looking through his diary. Such is the way Bank Holidays pass over our heads out here. At Easter someone said "Isn't it Easter Monday to-day?" and someone else said "I believe it is," so that was that. I wish I was at home this evening looking forward to the 100 miles race on the morrow. I would like to be taking a bashing round the "100" course again. What a packet I would take in my present state of fitness. I wish I could do a spot of cycling, you miss the feeling of fitness it promotes when you have been out of the saddle so long. I suppose it will seem strange to you both not having all the arrangements to check over in the little pub in Shrewsbury, I forget the name of it at the moment. Oh, I remember, the "Ye Olde Gullet" isn't it? George, when my pals saw your 8-page effort of a letter one of them said is that a letter or a book? It will be a great day when we are all together again swopping yarns of places and things. These damned mosquitoes are a damned nuisance; they buzz round and bite hell out of one and they don't half itch. You were both asking about ideas for the parcels. Well, I don't think the tinned goods are a great success because they need boiled milk and such like and can you imagine us getting that. I think tobacco for Rigby and Pete might suit and cigs. for myself. Shaving soap I have a good supply of. If it was possible to send a case of Birkenhead Ale it would be nice, but that of course is impossible. I think tobacco and chocolate and sweets are the best with razor blades thrown in. I had a night out last night on the local brew, and it is alright to taste but next morning you have a dark brown taste and a bit of a head. I don't think it is brewed from hops. They always give you roasted peanuts with each drink you order out here, a queer custom, don't you think? There are no inns or public houses as we have at home but almost every cafe sells spirits and beer. I have a little box Zeiss Tanger camera which takes 16 on a V.P.K. film and it takes good snaps. The trouble with a fixed shutter speed is that in the brilliant sunlight you get 'over exposure.' I wonder if you know the apertures of these cameras? This one is supposed to be F.6. but I have no means of checking it. I will close now so cheerio to you both and all the best wishes.

ERIC.

—TOMMY SHERMAN

DEAR FRANK,

On my return from leave I find your letter of the 15th May awaiting me, and although it was written over a month ago I didn't find anything out of date.

I sympathise with you having to work (?) on Whit Monday, but I disagree that Castle Street is the worst place to be in on that day. As a matter of interest I have just looked at my diary, and find that on that day we had a beautiful sail through the fjords on a coasting vessel, eventually landing at Bodo.

After a cruise-like trip for three days, on the fourth day a heavy mist fell and we ran into some real Arctic weather. This was actually a godsend because enemy reconnaissance planes were prevented by the bad visibility from making their daily trip. I shall never forget that first sight of Norway. The mountains rising sheer on each side of the fjord; the swirling mist; an occasional ice-flow melting its way to the sea; a school of seals; the grim vague shapes of our escort destroyers, all this I thought was so very different to the experiences of you and George.

The next day we came out of that same fjord in perfect weather and worked our way north to Bodo thro' straits and channels. The presence of enemy aircraft, and of course bombs, didn't make this trip as pleasant as it might have been, but I managed to see during my time on deck some of the views which had made this strange country famous.

It was on this voyage that we stopped for a day at Sanserjohn (I'm not sure of the spelling) and the brewery incident happened.

From reports which we've had since my return from leave there is a distinct possibility of us being sent abroad again. As the east is the only likely place I may yet see the Palestine contingent.

I am now the police corporal here and have the awkward job of seeing that law and order is kept in the company.

There are two prisoners in the "clink" at the moment and as they have to go for their daily exercise now, I'll have to close.

With kind regards to Anfielders at home and abroad.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

—TOMMY SHERMAN

DEAR FRANK,

I have just received a letter from home in which they say that in the *May Circular* you wrote that I may be in the land of fjords. Whether you had received my letter, which I wrote on the boat before going to press I don't know; but if you hadn't it was a jolly good guess.

On the whole, things have been fairly quiet, and I am thoroughly enjoying myself.

I don't think you touched this spot when you were over here, but if I remember correctly from your serial, the scenery is something similar. The first thing I'll do when I return home will be to read that serial of yours again.

The weather is simply marvellous, and I think I can now take my place amongst the "Brown Men," although I imagine the boys in Palestine will take some beating.

As you know, the sun never sets here, and it certainly takes some getting used to. I have not had a full night's sleep for five nights (as I write) and it has just been like one long day.

I have asked my mother to forward to me the *Circular* each month, so in case any get mislaid in the mail could you possibly keep aside for me a spare copy each month?

As you probably know, I get them bound each year, and I shouldn't like to be short of any for 1940.

From the news I hear I think that I will be touring with you next year, and I only hope that I'm not wrong in my optimism.

As well as taking my place with the "brown men" I think I have cultivated a real "trencherman's" appetite, so if Salty is to hold his position you'd better warn him to start training.

In one place we pased through, somebody discovered a brewery and, as it was Sunday, took the liberty of forcing an entrance. He had just passed about a case of beer thro' a window when along came the caretaker wallah. "That's bad," he said, shaking his head. Without pausing the bloke replied, "No, that's bloody good."

And that is how I got my only taste, as yet, of beer since we left Suffolk.

Tea has almost been as scarce, and my main drinks have been coffee and milk. We can buy the milk very cheaply at the local farms, and a litre with a couple of eggs helps to satisfy the gargantuan appetite which I have acquired.

I have now come to the stage when I have a lot to tell you but can't, so with kind regards to all the "boys" and hoping for a speedy reunion.

I'll remain,

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

Here is a contribution from Rigby Band.

ENGLAND FROM PALESTINE.

Away beyond the horizon,
Beyond the distant hills,
Is home and all that home denotes
And dreams that home fulfills ;
An English garden full of flowers
At early morn in Spring,
The dew-drops sparkling on the lawn
Where blackbirds strut and sing ;
The grassy bank below the trees
With primrose bloom aflame,
The blue bell carpet in the woods
Are more than just a name.
Across the fields of sprouting corn
The age-old village church,
Thatched cottages of dazzling white
With eaves where swallows perch ;
And e'en the town with smoke and din
I fain would see again,
Its factories and mills and dirt
And muddy streets in rain.
For 'spite blue seas and cloudless skies
And balmy tropic nights,
I still look forward to the time
Our ship old England sights.

A LETTER FROM CARPENTER.

MY DEAR MARRIOTT,

It is pleasant for me to visualize what takes place on the Club runs to some of the familiar haunts during the winter season, but I wonder whether it is possible for those who

have never visited the Prairie Province to form any close conception of the cycling conditions here during the same months. I finished up the summer by a visit to the southern part of Saskatchewan to spend a week or so on a first-class farm about 40 miles south of Regina. I did what cycling I could on earth roads and gravel in a tropical heat, with very little variations in scenery from the typical farm houses and golden wheat. Some of the sunsets across the plains are glorious and the visibility immense. The chief plague at the time, however, was the grasshopper; they were there in millions and causing much trouble to the farmers. My one adventure was getting lost one morning (no map!) and having to go to a farm house for guidance and some food, for which latter I was prepared to pay, but no, I was invited to join the family board and treated as a guest. Such is Canadian hospitality.

We returned via Fort Qu'Appelle, with its fine lakes and interesting Indian Reservation and encampment, and came into pretty close contact with some of the denizens. It was the day that war was declared.

Since being back at Yorkton over the autumn and winter my excursions have been practically confined to four points within a radius of 10 or 12 miles. The country around consists of scrubby woods, lakes and portions of open prairie land. All roads are either gravel, frequently very loose and very dusty in dry weather, of which there are four running N., S., E. and W., a cross roads rideable sometimes in summer, but usually impossible in winter. There are no pubs. and no refreshment places within 10 miles in any direction. In summer one may get perhaps iced drinks, etc., at a small store 10 miles away as compensation for the dust and heat. I have been out when the shade temperature has reached 100, and have sometimes run over small snakes basking on the road. Now I have experienced at least 6 months of cold weather and more or less snow, although seldom enough to stop my riding *outside* the city (which by the way is about 1,670 feet above sea level) as the wind usually blows it off the exposed portions. In the town the snow remains longer and gets caked and dangerous to ride on although my mileage has fallen sadly I have generally managed to do a few miles even in zero weather. We have had over 40° below on some few mornings but the coldest I have cycled through has been about 25° below. The main

difficulty has been keeping fingers and thumbs from getting absolutely numbed even when wearing wool mittens inside leather ones. I have not found feet quite so difficult, as I have warm wool socks outside my ordinary shoes and socks and over all a pair of felt and rubber snowboots fastened with clips. A vaselined nose and cheeks, a wool scarf over my head and ears, held in position by a wool toque (of Anfield colours!) has completed the upper outfit. Of course layers of clothing and an outside grenfell type of zip jacket is necessary to keep the legs and body warm. Night riding in such low temperatures has to be avoided and repairing a puncture in the open, even in daylight would be a very serious problem.

With best wishes to my fellow Club men,

Yours sincerely,

G. E. CARPENTER.

P.S.—I enclose a snap of myself in winter cycling garb and of a sign post in Yorkton. Note the long distances. There are no milestones.—G.E.C.

AT RANDOM.

We understand that Hubert Roskell is very peeved because he has not been invited by the Government to join the recently constituted Tank Board. Obviously he has every justification for his attitude, for what the Frail One does not know about Tanks is not worth knowing. In fact, it isn't knowledge.

Turvey is investing in a tandem and is in dire need of a Brooks B.10 Saddle, now no longer made. Has any member a B.10 which he does not want or can do without? If so, will he do Turvey the kindness of disposing of it to him. Operations of 3½ years ago give Norman special need to avoid saddle discomfort.

JACK SALT.

After almost a couple of years, we are pleased to say that Salty, or the Briny One (as they knew him in London) has returned to Merseyside. Jack is working locally now, and with a fifteen mile ride each way to business, he should still keep as fit as ever. For the time being, Parkgate on a Wednesday will be the limit of his Anfield activities, for he is free on Saturdays only one week in eight.

RUNS.

Highwayside, June 1st, 1940.

My first job this afternoon was to call at Newton Bank—the Randall ancestral home—and tell our "24" man that he owed Peter Rock three letters, and also endeavour to dig him on to the high road en route for Highwayside. All the cajolings I had recited on the way there were just wasted, for the door was barred. He was out. Back into Chester for a film, a halt at Mrs. Bell's for a bar of chocolate, and through Huxley and Tiverton. I came to the Travellers' Rest just before six.

Ven. and Dave Rowatt were awaiting their 'bus; Ken Barker and his brother partnered by Blotto and friend Graham, spent a pleasant half-hour on a game of bowls. Others present were Roskell, Green, W. Orrell, Seed, Chandler, Marriott and Connor, and the aforementioned. (Despite an Editor's badgerings, I am writing this three weeks later, so if the above list is not complete I apologise, and please tell Powell).

Afterwards, Ken and his brother had us on the lawn for a photograph, and then we made our way homewards; Hubert went to Salop. The wind was against us, but the Wirral high road was as pleasant and untiring (you want to go along that way with Salty some time—ED.) as ever, and although the air (?) in the Nags Head was blue, we managed to reach home quite safely after only a few minutes spent within those walls.

Little Budworth, 8th June, 1940.

We were four, Ken Barker, Perkins, young Alec Graham and the Editor, under whose leadership we left the 8th milestone, or rather where it used to be, in almost tropical weather and took the first opportunity of leaving the main road and the tar for the byroads through Capenhurst, on to the Helsby by-pass and through Stoke and Stanney to "Ann's Pantry," on the Warrington road. Here we had a siesta and drank tea in delightful shadow on the lawn. This was all too short, but Little Budworth called so back to the saddle, and via Manley and the Mouldsworth switchback to Norley. Beyond here the Editor's earlier study of an Ordnance map enabled him to snap his fingers at the absence of signposts and he brought us safely to rest just after 6-0 p.m.

At the Shrewsbury Arms were the Presider, Burgess, Hubert, Wilf Orrell, Chandler, G. Connor and Ira Thomas, who rode up from Salop to say au revoir. He has joined the K.O.S.L.I. and reports on Thursday next. F.H. also came but he could not stop for tea.

Tea was enlivened by reminiscences of the late W. Chilcot, whose prowess as a singer of catchy songs at the Bettws meets caused the Presider, Hubert and Chandler to grow quite eloquent, all brought about by an old photo handed round by Hubert.

We lingered long, and after wishing Ira "Good Luck," got on with it and reached the Birkenhead Road Island via Kelsall, Vicar's Cross and the by-pass. Here left, then right, and into the lanes again to Capenhurst and Hooton and so past Raby Flower Farm, where a wonderful display of colour greeted the eye. Our usual walk up the Sych brought to an end a most enjoyable run, despite the heat.

STOP PRESS.—The Editor's latest slogan is "Wait 'till I get my NEW BIKE." Of this more anon.

Rhydtalog, June 15th, 1940.

Only four! Chandler, Seed, Elias and Marriott. All made their separate ways, although Seed saw Chandler rolling along ahead like a south-west gale, but couldn't for the life of him get nearer! Elias had the day out, and lunched at Denbigh's Bull before touring through the Vale of Clwyd towards tea. Twenty minutes were lingered away watching a cricket match at Ruthin, and then via Nant-y-Garth he climbed from Llandegla towards Bwlch Gwyn before dropping down to Rhydtalog and tea. The others went straight out. We fondly hoped that Birkby would grace the scene, as his tandem and elder brother had been sighted on the high road shortly before the Editor reached the Two Mills.

Chandler was week-ending at Bala, and where the skyline rides across the hills the clouds westwards were black indeed, and Frank got soaked—well and truly wetted. He found the White Lion at Bala quite good. Elias and Seed took the short route home via Coed Talon, while the Editor alone, essayed a trip down the celebrated sewer, a road he has not done for some years. Even after quite a dry spell,

it lived up to its damp reputation, and one motorist, having no signpost to guide him, would probably be very sick that the fine road of the hills had developed thus. He nearly stopped and asked. On the Wirral peninsula the showers were not too bad, but just near Willaston the heavens opened, and we three were well wet too.

Goostrey, June 15th, 1940.

Present :—The President, Cranshaw, Rex, Bob Austin, Poole and Farr.

On a warm and sunny afternoon I ventured forth into the unknown. (No signposts to lighten the way).

Thro' Wilmslow to Alderley, up to the Wizard Inn, then on to Whirley, over the main Knutsford Macclesfield road to Gawsorth, turning there in the direction of Redesmere, where I took a short rest.

Passing near to "Madam's" I turned to Siddington and Sam Woods, then by way of Windy Arbor and Twemlow to arrive an hour too soon at Goostrey and the Red Lion.

A stroll, and some ice cream to while away that hour, then Bob Poole arrived, followed soon after by R.A. and son Bob, Jim Cranshaw and the Presider. We had a very quick one in the parlour before the tea. I was persistently ragged by Rex over my having to leave early, but it did not delay me, for at 6-25 I left for my, well —? (not here, please)— at "home." For, as Sherman said of Haynes last year "Ever watchful of the hour." I, too, have fallen at the last fence.

(The "flat-out" one is George Farr.—ED.).

Beeston Brook, June 22nd, 1940.

All encaped, for the day was the wettest for some time, and not a bit like June, I overtook Frank Perkins about a half-mile from home. During the miles that ensued we discussed everything and everyone, and the distance passed quickly. We had a few minutes at Willaston Corner before Alec Graham turned up, and then we sallied forth non-stop to the Club run. Chester was in a bit of a turmoil, and we managed to pass Mrs. Bell's and ride round Waverton Church before a short halt to doff capes on the canal straight.

Nearer Tiverton we dived down that little lane which takes you to the inn at the canal side, and then climbs again

to the steep walls of Beeston Castle. Frank Perkins admired the Gatehouse (I don't think that he had seen it before) and then we slid from the hills down to the station and were first at the café. Dave Rowatt soon followed, and he regaled us with stories of some soldiers who are billeted with him at the present. Kettle came next and then Bert Green, and our number finalised at six. Considering the day, this wasn't too bad at all.

Homewards, the day brightened, and as we made our way through Huxley once more the sun shone and the evening was glorious indeed. We dodged the Whitchurch road and came through Christleton and Vicars Cross to call at the Randall establishment for a minute or so. We nearly scrounged some tea. From Childer Thornton we took to the lanes, and somehow or other we reached the Sych, to walk for ten minutes, and find our respective ways home before the shadows closed belatedly on the longest day.

Tattenhall, June 29th, 1940.

Eleven and one friend of us out—not too bad for these days, when there are so many other things to do. Rowatt was early away—it's a long way to Rhos—but before he went he was able to see the Editor's caravan roll up and disgorge its load of distinguished visitors—Ralf Fer, nearly recovered from his Belgian wound, Brian Band, once more clean-shaven and looking in the pink generally, and Harold Band, whose long series of ailments have not succeeded in damping his old high spirits and general good-humour. Then Elias arrived—golf in the morning, cycling in the afternoon; some people's lines are cast in pleasant places. Haynes and Kettle came along, followed by Rex Austin, pushed by son Bobby. I wish I had someone to push me about, but I wore out all my family long ago, and now, alas! have to propel myself. The service men had nothing to say about their jobs—good boys—but I liked Fer's story of the pork chops.

The Manchester men had had the dirty end of the stick in regard to weather; they were soaked through, whilst the Liverpool boys hadn't had a drop of rain, and don't anybody say "What could you expect?"

The adequate and nicely served tea dispatched, the party soon broke up, and all reached home safely, at least, I hope so. But where was Hubert?

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 413.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
Aug. 3/5	Week End, Shrewsbury (George Hotel)	9-7 p.m.
.. 3	Parkgate (Prosser's Cafe), or Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	9-7 ..
.. 10	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	8-51 ..
.. 12	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 17	Handley (Mrs. Evans)	8-39 ..
.. 24	Beeston Brook (Bridge Cafe)	8-24 ..
.. 31	Delamere (Fishpool)	8-9 ..
Sept. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-56 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Aug. 17	Goostrey (Red Lion)	8-39 ..
Sept. 7	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	7-56 ..

Full Moon 18th instant

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 197 Stanley Road, Bootle, Branch.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

AUGUST WEEK-END.

Attention is drawn to the fact that although attempts were made to alter the venue for August week-end to Chester, owing to the lack of accommodation there it has been decided that Shrewsbury must stand.

CONDOLENCE.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Oliver Cooper on the passing of his wife recently.

P. C. BEARDWOOD.

Our own Percy writes to us with great regret that his second son "Teddy" is missing from the destroyer "Ardent," which was lost in action some time ago with other vessels and the aircraft carrier "Glorious." According to reports, many survivors of the action are prisoners of war. All other Anfielders will fervently hope with Percy that his son is one of the rescued. P.C.B. sends his kind wishes to all.

"LORD" HAWKES.

Elston (and the *Liverpool Echo*) gives us news that at a suitable ceremony at the Liverpool Corn Exchange recently "Lord" Hawkes was presented with a substantial cheque on his retirement from the *Corn Trade News*. Hawkes hopes to live in the Sunny South during his retirement, and we wish him well. Elston tells us that he hopes to take Lord Hawkes' place at the Club runs, and so we may see him sometimes!

A FERRY BOAT CLUB RUN.

John Leece and George Newall wish to know if the collection of Anfielders frequently to be seen on the 9-0 a.m. ferryboat to Liverpool will count as a Club run. With Walter Cotter there should be very keen competition for the attendance prize! Jack Seed is often there, too, but he prefers to earn his Club runs!

RACING NOTES.

With Salty back in the homeland these notes once more creep into our pages. In the West Cheshire Association "50" not long ago "J.J." clocked 2.19.3, as a preliminary to a day's work! He rides round the course on his way to work, so to speak! Last Sunday, in a "25," he finished with a time of 1.7.51.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

SERVICE NOTES.

News is definitely scarce this month. No news comes from Egypt, where our trio in the R.E.'s has been transferred; Tommy Samuel, we think, is still in Palestine. Sid Jonas must be having a lively time in Malta. Brian Band has been transferred to a French ship, and Walter Connor, fed to the teeth with life on the tropical coasts, scarcely leaves his ship at all. Of those in the U.K. we print letters from Killip, Sherman, and Fer. Brewster has been transferred to an uncomfortable station on the North-east coast, but of the others we have no news at all. We have not heard from Barker, Telford, Turnor or Ryalls for months. Ted Byron is more or less tied up these days, although we did have a date with him recently, an appointment which was cancelled at the last minute.

SERVICES ADDRESSES.

S/3765778, Pte. Jonas, J. S., No. 32 Coy., R.A.S.C., St. Francis Barracks, Floriana, Malta.
 L/Cpl. J. R. Band, 2069285, Headquarters { 2nd Cheshire
 Sapper W. P. Rock, 2067653, 2nd Troop { Field Squad,
 Sapper J. E. Reeves, 2067781, 1st Troop { Royal Engin'rs,
 7th Armoured Division, Egypt.
 Trooper Samuel, T. T., 322526, H.Q. Squadron, Cheshire
 Yeomanry, Acre, Palestine.
 Tel. W. A. Connor, C/WR. X. 278, H.M.T. "St. Minver,"
 c/o G.P.O., London.
 Sub.-Lieut. B. H. Band, French Ship "Chasseur 5," c/o
 G.P.O., London.

A LETTER FROM LEN KILLIP.

“SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.”

DEAR FRANK,

The *Circular* arrived on Saturday, and reminded me that I owed you a letter. If this is a little scrappy, please excuse it because I have very little time for all my correspondence these days. We work damned hard until 5, then go back after tea until 7-30. That represents the official duration of lectures, but we actually work later than that. Saturdays we work till 5, and Sundays are free. We fly regularly, and so far have managed to avoid the Jerries. On the other hand, a Jerry plane popped over to see us a few days ago and released a few bombs, fortunately missing us. Things were quite exciting while they lasted. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't be surprised if we moved somewhere safer before long.

I really look forward to the *Circular* each month, it helps to remind me that there are other things on this earth than aeroplanes and other people than airmen. I like reading the letters from the lads abroad, they're very interesting, but I was sorry to hear of Ralph copping it.

I was pleased to find that my flying partner is something of a photographer. In fact that was his job in civvy life. He gave me a bit of a shock, Frank, his firm specialises in doing enlargements for scenic backgrounds, etc., and the largest enlargement they did was 60-ft. x 30-ft.! It was made up of 4 single enlargements. They work with a camera which takes a 12-in. x 10-in. plate. I thought of the size of your enlargements and promptly swooned. This bloke has a pretty snappy Ensign 220 Autorange, with a Zeiss 4.5 lens, Compur shutter, coupled rangefinder, etc., but there's not much scope for a camera down here.

I've heard nothing of Tom since I joined up, but I suppose there's little chance of hearing anything from that quarter for some time. I expect the lad is taking care of himself, at any rate I hope so.

Sorry to hear that your new contraption has failed to arrive. It's probably part of an aeroplane by now!

Well, I think I'll get into bed now, and trust that the Bosche will not keep me awake to-night.

So long, for now.

LEN.

P.S.—I'm getting pretty hot at map reading! I hope to act as navigator when the Anfield gets going again in Central Wales!

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

“SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND.”

DEAR FRANK,

My memory is so bad that I just can't remember whether I've written to you or not from this God-forsaken hole. I have, of course, the excuse that I've spent most of my time trying to keep dry, because the rain never stops here. Mind you, the scenery is comparable with anything I've yet seen, but I would appreciate it a little more if the sun just proved to be still in the sky.

The place consists of a pub. (notice how it comes first), a general store and a railway station and post office combined. The beer is not good, and the proprietor is out to make a fortune in a short time, by giving us half-an-inch short to a pint. If you ask him to fill the glass he usually contrives to fill it with dregs, still, after all it's beer, and things could be worse.

I wonder if Hubert has ever stopped here. If he has I'll bet it wasn't for very long.

After being all over Norway I have just been landed in the same tent as a bloke out of the Mersey Roads. It came out in a funny way. I was dozing off to sleep the other night, and he was talking to his pal as they came in and I heard him say that apart from the A.B.C. the Mersey Roads was the best club on Merseyside. Of course, I woke up suddenly, and he thought I was joking when I told him that I was in the Anfield.

Graham Milnes is his name (he lives in Rock Ferry) and since then we have spent hours recounting past races, runs and tours. We have resolved that if we should get seven days leave at least one will be spent cycling, and it has certainly revived the old enthusiasm. The other blokes in the tent get interested at first but after a couple of hours they tell us to pipe down in no uncertain manner, they then change the subject to women, etc.

If you should see Harry Pearson will you remember G. Milnes to him, as he says that he has lost H.P.'s address.

A couple of days ago when out on a march, a hard-riding tourist pased us going up a hill. I was just about on my knees when this fellow tootled past on his bottom gear.

He had 9 gears, a Sturmey and Cyclo, working in conjunction, and I believe the machine was a Raleigh. How I envied the lucky blighter. He was on the "road to the isles."

I have just been reading "Men Only," and I thought that the following extraction may interest you:—"The successful journalist is he who hath known Reuter's cramp."

That is about all, so to the wailing of bagpipes, like haggis calling to their young, I'll say CURTAIN.

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

—RALPH FER

"SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND."

DEAR FRANK,

Here I am, back in this blasted hole again. I haven't been here a week yet, but it seems like years. There are about 120 or so of us, mostly clerks, waiting for posting, and goodness knows how long we'll have to wait. This place is more like a prison than a camp, but one's wits are kept alive anyway, dodging fatigues, guards, etc. About 80 are required each night for guards, pickets, river patrols, and such like, but I've managed to dodge them by a very simple trick, as follows:—The morning after I got back, Tuesday, as ever was, we were all on parade in the morning, and lists of names were made. Then the S.M. asked if anyone could use a typewriter. Ever anxious to oblige, yours truly took a smart pace forward, exclaiming in a voice like thunder "I can, sir." The reason for the thunder was, of course, to drown any other voice. My strategy was successful, and I was given the job of making a typewritten list of those present. Now comes the curious and to me, inexplicable part of the business. When the job was done I discovered that by some manner of means my name did not appear on the list. Strange, wasn't it—or wasn't it! Anyway, as my name is not on the list there does not seem any necessity to attend the morning and afternoon parades, and all I have to do is to make myself scarce until the parade is over and spud-peeling parties and guards chosen.

I said this place is more like a prison than a camp, and that applies particularly as regards getting out of it. An R.P. is stationed at the gate, so of course one has to go out by the "back way," through a hole in the hedge and across the fields, or else wait until the chief gaoler or O.C. (which does not necessarily mean Office Commanding!) gives us permission. That might mean waiting until 7-30 or 8-0 p.m., and as we are supposed to be in by 10-0 you will agree that that is not very much liberty. Yesterday being Saturday, we were allowed out at 4-0, but at about 1-30 I was sitting in one of the two pubs. in the village, writing a letter, posted it at 3-0, just catching the mail, and then went on to the Great North Road and got a lift on a lorry to Newark, about 8 miles away. Had quite a good evening there, and came back in a tradesman's van, sneaking into the camp about 10-30.

I wish this place were a bit nearer home, I'd be able to get home for week-ends and thus relieve the monotony a bit. Still, there's always the hope that I may be posted somewhere handy. Wherever it is my posting can't come too soon to please me as I'm fed up to the back teeth with this eating and sleeping existence.

And on that cheerful note I take my leave of you, and remain,

Yours disgustedly,

RALPH.

—WALTER CONNOR.

H.M.T. ST. MINVER,

Friday, 21st June.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Many thanks for the parcel which arrived two days ago, dated 15th of May. At the same time I must apologise not having thanked you for a previous parcel which you sent in April. I have been swotting for an examination and have not had a great deal of spare time during the past six weeks. Incidentally, I passed the exam. and am now what is called a trained operator or T.O.

Things out here are just the same—at present anyway—except for the weather which is gloriously wet and windy.

I gather from the news that Syd Jonas is not so fortunate. He certainly seems to be in a hot spot. The majority of the fellows out here wish they were back in England in spite of everything. A number of the crew have already been relieved by natives more suited to the work in this climate. I sincerely hope that I won't be kept out here much longer.

I rarely go ashore and beer hasn't passed my lips for months!

I have just received the *Circular* and have read with interest the letters from the 'boys.' It is a relief to know that they are all well and apparently in good spirits.

Well, I shall close now so please convey my sincere thanks to all members for their continued generosity.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER CONNOR.

AT RANDOM.

Now that the Government, by Order under the Defence Regulations, has prohibited kite flying, we gather that Marriott is seriously thinking of giving cycling a further trial. He feels strongly that some antidote to the bane of his arduous (?) labours in Castle Street is called for.

We hear that Robinson, who is said to be working again (at least, he attends daily at an office of some sort) does not expect to have any holidays this year. To make up for this tragic loss, which shows how very far-reaching warfare can become, Robbie has been seen making a study of the few remaining posters advertising seaside resorts. They tell us, from Birmingham, that the Eminent One is becoming quite sunburnt.

We heard it stated the other day that one of our members, who shall be nameless, considers that Blank (another member) looks a jolly sight nicer in his gas-mask than he does normally. We can quite believe it.

George Newall is still wondering whether the wearing of a steel helmet promotes the growth of the hair, or otherwise. We expect that a few years of war will answer the question.

RUNS.

Beeston Brook, July 5th, 1940.

It is amazing what enthusiasm for riding a new bicycle brings, and this Saturday, even after a late start, found me going for quite a detour to the Club run. I was an half-hour late at Willaston, and finding that no one had waited, continued for Chester and Handley. More minutes were wasted in sheltering from a shower, for I could not contemplate my new 'bus getting wet. The sunshine that followed dried the roads very quickly, and riding to Chester and on the Whitchurch road beyond was pleasant indeed. Twenty minutes for tea and cake, and 5-15 p.m. found me climbing on the old road that leaves the main highway just past the 9th M.S.

With the wind astern, Gallantry Bank was easy, and I tilted down to Bickerton fork. The dark clouds had vanished for a time, and the view across eastern Cheshire was great indeed. Downhill still (or so it seemed) my road went, creeping with every curve around the flanks of the Peckfortons until at last the savage slopes of Beeston's ruin stood against the sky. It was just six p.m., and five minutes later I stepped into the tea house to find Dave Rowatt almost to leave to catch his train.

I sat down with the President, Rex Austin, and lastly, but by no means least, Harry Austin and his wife. It must be almost years since our late Secretary graced the portals of a Club run. He has not yet learned the roads around the Rainy City, and on one Saturday, we were informed, he lost his way to the Club run.

Seven o'clock, and we paid up and departed. Rex was to meet son Bobby at Middlewich; while Bert Green led the other Austins homewards through Whitegate and Northwich. This left the Editor to himself once again, and his way was through Tiverton and Huxley. A call at the Randall home left him late, and the Skipper just did not wait quite long enough at Willaston corner for this remnant of the Club run coming home. A pity this, for both finished the day with silent rides.

Farndon, 13th July, 1940.

Having had the misfortune to meet His Laziness the Editor on the one o'clock boat, he seized the opportunity to get rid of the responsibility of having to write the run up himself by pushing the job on to me, and as I felt that it wouldn't have been the "very breath of friendliness and help" to have refused I accordingly acquiesced—so here we are! The day was fine following several wet ones, with a hot, sticky southerly wind, which after tea veered round in a westward direction, so that after having pushed to the rendezvous against the wind one was not particularly helped on the return journey. There were six at the "Raven," Venables and Rowatt had left word of their early attendance but had to leave before six. The others were Chandler, Perkins, Connor and Marriott. The first-named returned home by himself whilst the three tea-tasters gave it out that they were returning via the Randallasian establishment on the Birkenhead by-pass. It appears that owing to the high cost of living in vogue at the present time these gentry—always with an eye to business—make it a practice to call on Charles and help him to get rid of his surplus provisions. Now of course that tea is being rationed they will carry their own with them and borrow the hot water. What amusement poor old Charles gets out of the arrangement is not quite clear; it is quite possible, of course, that the honour of entertaining these cavaliers is sufficient recompense for capital losses or perhaps they may get Hubert to buy beer for him on some future occasion at say—Halewood. However, we quite expect to hear one of these days that they had found that Charles had forgotten it was Saturday night and had gone to the pictures.

Goostrey, July 13th, 1940.

A nice warm sunshiny afternoon, less than 20 miles to go—good, that gives time to make a couple of calls on the way. But the warmth was ominous, for it meant thunder, and before I got to the Whipping Stocks the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled and the rain came down in torrents. I don't mind riding in the rain, if I must, but an open garage was too tempting, so I dived for it and remained there for the best part of an hour until the worst of the storm was over. Then, donning cape, I took to the road

again, to find, in about two miles, the roads dry as a bone Well, anyhow, I missed the storms last week.

The Presider and Bob Poole were the first to arrive, followed by Jack Hodges. The last time Jack attended a run was some 6/7 years ago, and that was at Goostrey. Older members will be interested to know that he is the same old Jack—not a lineament altered, and the same independent line of thinking; it was most refreshing to all of us to hear him. Wilf Orrell came along, followed by the Manchester V.P., who had had a long tour round, and later by his son and heir. After tea, during which we were interested to find how well Bob Poole, our 'Special' had absorbed the police technique in dealing with possible offenders against the law, we sat for a while and then made for home. We then found that Jack shares with "F.H." somewhat unusual tastes in bicycle equipment—he has nine gears on his bicycle! He confessed that he is never quite sure which gear he is using but tries until he finds the one which suits the immediate circumstances best, which seems to me the most sensible thing to do. Anyhow, although he claimed to be right off form he set a lively pace and we all reached home in good order and time. We'll hope to see him again after a much shorter interval than the last.

Halewood, July 20th, 1940.

Halewood in the summer! Somehow such a fixture seems out of place in the Anfield calendar, and some regular attenders were wondering how it would turn out, riding through country that holds little inspiration. Yet the only reason we think the country boring is that we only traverse the roads (or most of them) in the winter only. To-day's run was a great success.

The Editor had a date with Perkins at Hooton at 3-30, but Sid Carver and better half called at "45," and thus Frank Perkins waited at Hooton alone. After twenty minutes, cursing volubly, he made off. Marriott, leaving home at 3-50, had a try for the 5-20 Transporter from Runcorn. Helsby came all right in the hour, but a troublesome wind at the summit of Rock Savage took an extra three minutes to the half-hour scheduled, and thus when he came down to Runcorn the contraption was already winging

its unwieldy way across the Mersey. The railway bridge gave a pleasant alternative, with extensive views up and down stream.

Six p.m., and the Derby Arms in sight. Hubert, Stevie, Eddie Morris and George Connor graced the lower room, and I joined them. Upstairs—much later—we found Perkins (still cursing), Chandler, Kettle, Burgess and Venables. The meal was good: chicken and ham (nice and fat for Hubert!) fresh salmon and gorgeous trappings, followed with trifle, blackcurrant tart and cream, etc. What a grand "do"!

We had quite a pleasant run on the way home. There were things to see in the daylight that we hardly knew were there, and Mersey's river, graced with at least sixty liners, was a sight in centuries.

Knolls Green, July 20th, 1940.

Another day of heavy showers, but most of us managed to travel between them. Perhaps it was the weather, though a drop of rain did not aforesite keep an Anfielder off the road, or perhaps there was some other reason, but there were but five of us and one friend at the Bird-in-Hand. These short runs are fixed for the benefit of those whose time is largely occupied with other things, and one would like more advantage to be taken of them. The talk over tea developed into a series of confessions by the older members of the party of how they'd been done, but more appropriate matters were touched on. We were early away, Wilf Orrell for Twemlow, young Bobby panting to do father Rex over, and the Presider and Harry Austin and partner to pedal sedately home, pausing on the way to watch a deadly cricket match—ten minutes without a run scored, and then they drew stumps, and no wonder. The Presider was under the impression that he was guiding Harry in new country, but was surprised to find what excellent use the latter had made of his short time near Manchester by way of learning the near Cheshire lanes.

Delamere, July 27th, 1940.

My intentions of an early start were thwarted by a thunderstorm about 2 o'clock, and I sat down to await its

passing. This, of course, was fatal, and I must have dosed off because the next thing I knew I was in the midst of an air raid with bombs dropping all round me. I was just rescuing the second fair damsel when a voice said "Come on Steve," or words to that effect and I found it was after 3 o'clock and the thunder still rumbling in the distance. A hurried change into shorts and a dash to catch the 4-10 Transporter. This dash landed me back with the storm at Runcorn and twenty minutes were spent under the very inadequate shelter of the viaduct short of Frodsham. The roads through Delamere Forest were nearly awash in places but the Fish Pool was reached about 5-35, to find Ven., Rowatt, Hubert, Bert Lloyd (!) and Wilf. Orrell just about to start on an early tea. Hubert had spent considerable time (and probably money) trying to find accommodation for August Week-end in Chester, but unsuccessfully. But he found Bert Lloyd and brought him along to the run.

The next arrivals were Stevie, Jack Seed, Ken Barker, the Presider and Chandler. These five made up the second sitting. A very good tea was enjoyed, and after various discussions on all sorts of subjects a move was made for home about 7-40. The evening proved much pleasanter than the afternoon.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 414.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Sun sets at

Sept. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-51 p.m.
.. 14	Delamere (Fishpool)	7-33 ..
.. 21	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	7-24 ..
.. 28	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	6-59 ..
Oct. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-42 ..
.. 7	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)				

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Sept. 7	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	7-51 ..
.. 21	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	7-24 ..
.. 28	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	6-59 ..
Oct. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-42 ..

Full Moon 16th instant

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

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TREASURY NOTES.

With this issue of the *Circular* the "Red Slips" are being sent to those whose subscriptions still remain unpaid; it is to be hoped it will have the desired effect.

My thanks are due to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

JULY.

W. C. Tierney.
P. Brazendale.

W. E. Cotter.
H. Roskell.*

AUGUST.

F. Chandler.*
T. E. Mandall.

J. Hodges.*
S. del Banco.*
G. Stephenson.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

Salty clocked 1.7.18 in a private trial during a West Cheshire "25" recently. The winner of the event was timed in with 1.5.44

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

There is still nothing to report from the lads out East, and no letters have been received since early June. Walter Connor is getting used to the ceaseless rain, but by the time these notes are in print the wet season will be transformed into summer again. Walter is very much looking forward to his homeward trip, and present indications show this to be the end of the year. Early in August we heard from Russell Barker, who has been stationed in several parts of the United Kingdom, but is now on his way to join the quartette in warmer climes. George Farr is our latest recruit, he is going through the paces with the R.A.F. before being transferred abroad. We have not heard from Len Killip for some time. All right, Len.?

George Connor and Marriott spent a very enjoyable week-end at Coventry recently, and from Fred Brewster,

who was home on leave then, they heard exciting stories of the North-East coast's air activities. Another happy occasion was when Tommy Sherman rode out to the Handley Club run (as detailed elsewhere in this issue) and regaled us with strange tales of Norwegian days. Tommy has promised us an article soon. At Shrewsbury we saw Ira Thomas, and doesn't the Army do you good? Ask Ira! He looks as fit as if he has been holidaying for years, with a six mile walk each night thrown in, too. Ralph Fer has found a comfortable billet in the town of Nottingham. Alan Telford was home recently. He looks fit and well, although we did not have a chance to speak with him.

SERVICE ADDRESSES.

S/3765778 Pte. JONAS, J. S., No. 32 Coy, R.A.S.C.,
St. Francis Barracks, Floriana, Malta.

L/Cpl. J. R. BAND, 2069285, Headquarters, }
Sapper W. P. ROCK, 2067653, 2nd Troop, }
Sapper J. E. REEVES, 2067781, 1st Troop }
2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, 7th
Armoured Division, Egypt.

Trooper SAMUEL, T. T., 322526, H.Q. Squadron,
Cheshire Yeomanry, Acre, Palestine.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR, C/WR., X. 278, H.M.T. "St.
Minver," c/o G.P.O., London.

Sub.-Lieut. B. H. BAND, c/o 64, Cavendish Drive, Rock
Ferry, Cheshire.

Sergeant R. BARKER, c/o 5, Peel Avenue, Hale, Cheshire.
United Kingdom :—

R.A.F. : DICK RYALLS ; FRED BREWSTER ; LEN
KILLIP ; D. TURNOR ; GEO. FARR ; ALAN TELFORD.

Army : T. SHERMAN (King's Liverpool) ; E. BYRON
(R.A., A.A.) ; RALPH FER (R.A.S.C.), 40, Magdala Road,
Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

JIMMY WILLIAMS.

We saw Jimmy Williams the other day, actually cycling. Jimmy was awaiting the change of lights at the Half Way House, but he did not recognise the Editor, who also was watching for green.

IN MEMORIAM.

HAROLD R. BAND.

One of the most sorrowing tasks an Editor has to undertake is the recording in these pages of the passing of an Anfielder, and it is with every regret that to-day we write of the demise of Harold Band, one of that famous family who have contributed so much to Anfield history, on August 26th.

Successful in other athletic spheres before taking up cycling, Harold joined with us in 1908, and thus had been an Anfielder for thirty-two years. During the early '30's particularly, Harold Band was a regular attender at the Club runs, and he and Mrs. Band were familiar figures on the high road each Saturday on their tandem.

Then followed what can only be termed a tragic series of misfortunes, which left our enthusiast seriously bereft of health, and unable to cycle. The only times we have seen him out recently were the somewhat rare occasions he came by car. He was at Tattenhall at the end of June. We were pleased then with his progress, and held high hopesbut it was not to be.

The funeral took place at Landican last Thursday, and Anfielders who were present at that last ceremony were : Brian Band, J. C. Band, W. D. Band, Venables, Powell, Preston, Barker, Molyneux and Marriott. To all concerned we extend our sincerest sympathy, and our good thoughts particularly go to Mrs. Band, and Rigby, who is so far away on Egypt's deserts at this sad time.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

Will Ira Thomas and George Farr please let us know of a permanent address to which we can send their *Circulars*?

AT RANDOM.

WHEN———?

It is generally understood that, when the end of the war comes, and tea ceases to be rationed, the Tea Tasters are determined to hold a Great Festival, which will be spread over at least a week. No expense will be spared in celebrating the conclusion of what can only be described as an international crime—the rationing of tea—and it is anticipated that fierce competitions will be held, prizes being offered to those who consume the largest number of cups in a given time.

(When our "Der Tag" comes, it'll take more than a week to celebrate. We've already decided to have a "do" at the State as each comes home—and what a finale to come afterwards!)—ED.

.....
"BALED OUT—OR OVER."

We are now permitted to announce that Robinson, who professes to be able to ride a bicycle, was recently "baled out," compulsorily, by two youths who were propelling a plank on four wheels. These miscreants, without a moment's warning, suddenly turned into the Illustrious One, with the result that Robbie sailed over the handlebars and hit the road—or himself—in fourteen distinct places. In the words of the poet, whose name the Censor asks us not to mention, our member was "bloody but unbowed." After investing in an ample supply of iodine, lint, and cotton-wool, he went on his way, slightly the worse for wear. It is really a pity that *some* people do not realise that the function of a cycle saddle is to be sat on—not to be left at speed!

We are informed that the Cunard-White Star line recently invited Arthur Simpson to suggest a name for the latest acquisition to the White Star portion of their fleet, all the names of which end in "hic"—or is it "ic"? Arthur, thinking at once of Friend Hubert, was inclined to the name "Anaemic," but, remembering his own prowess as a sailor (his gaudy journey per s.s. "Ruby" from Eastham to the Manchester Ship Canal entrance has long since passed into history), he ultimately decided on "Emetic."

Mention of Hubert reminds us that a use has at last been found for the Frail One's motor-car, which has been stopping and starting (but mainly stopping) for the last 15 years. It is now used to obstruct a narrow lane somewhere in North Wales. Invaders, beware !

We understand that Robbie has recently laid in a stock of three ice-cream jackets (his usual number, which he buys every 10 years)—one for when he goes out cycling, one for when he doesn't, and one for when he stays at home.

The same Exalted Member, it is stated, has just been appointed A.R.P. Group Fire Leader in the delectable suburb of Birmingham, in which he lives. We presume that 45 years' service with an Insurance Company (without being "rumbled") *does* teach a man something. Exactly what that something is we have never been able to discover.

Marriott was furious on his attention being called to a recent newspaper paragraph recording the fact that a farm labourer in the Midlands has been in the employment of one family for 61 years, and is still working at the age of 82. The Editor-person thinks the whole thing degrading, and says it ought to be prohibited by Act of Parliament, or otherwise. "But," he adds significantly, "some curious oddities live in the Midlands."

A LETTER FROM RALPH FER.

DEAR FRANK,

Things have taken several turns for the better since that moaning letter I wrote you last month, and which for some obscure reason you had published in the *Circular*.

Nearly five weeks ago three of us were posted to Command Headquarters, York, to an office which had just opened, and after four weeks apprenticeship I came down here with a Staff Captain to open an Area office. It's what is known as J.A.G. Branch, and deals with courts-martial, and I find the work very interesting. The bloke I'm with is a damn nice fellow, and I think we'll get on well together.

The address at the top is my "home" address, a small house but very clean, and I've nowt to complain about with

regard to the grub. Our office is in a large house in the Park, but we shall probably be moving to another place in the district in a few days, so I think you had better publish the address I've given, as I'm hoping to stay there for some time.

I haven't had much opportunity yet for seeing much of Nottingham, but it seems to be quite a decent sort of a town, though very hilly. I intend paying a visit to the "Trip to Jerusalem," when I get the opportunity. I'll have to go during a slack period, and try to persuade the landlord to show me round the place. I think there is a castle or something somewhere in the district which probably merits a visit. I'm thinking of sending home for my miniature camera, I could have done with it in York, though I'd probably have ended up by being put in gaol as York is a garrison town and people are naturally suspicious.

Somehow there does not seem to be a hell of a lot of news, and the war seems a long way off, in fact I don't feel as if I were in the Army. For one thing all the other clerks in this building are civvies, and as I'm in private billets I don't come in contact with the Army except on pay day.

I suppose this place is rather a long way from Merseyside, but if you or any of the other blokes feel like having a training spin I'll be delighted to see you some week-end.

Meanwhile, all the best.

RALPH.

RUNS.

Shrewsbury, August 3rd/5th, 1940.

Well, after all, we managed to raise a party, and a jolly one, too, notwithstanding the numerous other calls on members' time, and the shortage of petrol. And what magnificent weather! Glorious sunshine all through the three days—we don't often have such luck. Jack Salt's free week-end fell on this date and he did a good ride down, sending his better-half by train with the luggage. Dave Rowatt also patronised home-rails and Hubert Roskell,

devoid of coupons, had to do the same. Poor Hubert! He's lost without his car, and the friends who enjoy so much those little trips he loves to give them long with him for larger rations. But he *does* get there somehow, bless him! The next to arrive was the Presider, trying out a new bicycle; it's nice to know that he likes it. Then the Editor and George Connor blew in and the party was complete with Ira Thomas looking very fit indeed. After wandering round the quarry (and other places) the party foregathered in the lounge of the George and chin-wagged in the old happy way until—well, never mind. On the Sunday morning, Frank and George, at the call of duty, had to make their way homeward; the rest of the party, except Hubert, whose efforts to borrow a car had proved fruitless, spent a happy day at Church Stretton, returning in good time for dinner. Then more conversation and exploring brought bed-time. The party broke up on Monday morning, Jack Salt leading off at 5-30 to be at work at 8-0! Then the Presider rode off, making a detour to get a bit more riding in; the others were to follow by train.

Shrewsbury is not what it was on the eve and day of our "100"—no crowds of happy cyclists, no hearty greetings of old friends, meeting each other for the umpteenth time at the function, no hilarious parties in the tank. But there's plenty of life of another sort, and plenty to interest one in the new types who crowd the streets. Naturally, the military predominate, and the scene is certainly not less joyful and invigorating for the new type in uniform, with skirt. Whilst we who took this trip must look back with longing to other times, we enjoyed these, and if the week-end didn't make history, it certainly was a great refresher.

Parkgate, August 3rd, 1940.

Writing this many days after the event details of the run have passed out of mind, but it was a pleasure to be out on such a beautiful day.

The writer, not having many miles to cover, exchanged rubber for shoe-leather and indulged in a walk across the field paths to the venue.

Arriving rather early a stroll along the "promenade" preceded tea.

Harold Kettle, who had also walked, was the next arrival, soon to be followed by the cyclists—Jack Seed, Johnny Band, Burgess and George Newall (good going, George. Petrol rationing does some good after all!). Ven and Stevie were the next to arrive, and the party was completed by del Banco accompanied by wife to look after him.

After the usual chin wag about the world in general and our Club mates in the Services at home and overseas, the "hikers" left together to walk home by another route, inspecting some handiwork by the "Nasties" on the way.

Altogether it was a very pleasant and successful run to a place often visited on Club runs and other occasions, but never seems to pall.

Highwayside, August 10th, 1940.

This hitherto has always been a popular fixture. Judge then of my surprise, on arriving a little late, owing to the terrific head-wind, to find only two members there. Now Liverpool members would have had the assistance of this same wind and would have found the journey out a joy-ride; perhaps they realised this but feared the return journey. But that's not a good argument, for usually the wind drops in the evening (it didn't in this case, but one couldn't know that). Then again it is understood that the rest of denizens of the Liverpool and Wallasey districts was somewhat disturbed during the Friday/Saturday night. But that can't be the explanation because we've known quite a lot of them who haven't bothered too much about sleep at times. Anyhow, why more were not out is still a mystery. For myself, although the journey out was certainly strenuous—at some times, particularly approaching Winsford progress was next to impossible and, owing to the wind changing a point or two, the homeward journey was not as easy as it might have been—I enjoyed the trip and feel quite sure that, had more turned out they would have enjoyed it equally. The three who were out were Dave Rowatt, the Presider and Wilf Orrell. The first-named had his meal early in solitary grandeur; the other two faced a table set for a dozen and were as kindly attended to as if they had been the whole expected party. A good house and a good landlord.

Handley, 17th August, 1940.

A welcome visitor during the morning in Tommy Sherman (home on 7 days' leave) gave me the low-down on the Editor's plans, and 2-30 p.m. found me at No. 45 ready for the off. F.M. and Tommy were just polishing off some scones and a cup of tea and persuaded me to join them. By 2-45 we were away, and on the Sych Tommy's tyre flattened and we found a $\frac{3}{8}$ ths nail to be the cause. This was soon repaired and at Willaston Corner we joined del Banco (on trike) who had been sunbathing for nearly an hour.

In Chester Ven waved us on with a "See you later," just as we turned at the City Walls, and when passing the racecourse Sammy was exhorted to pick himself a car from those dotted about as a deterrent to enemy aircraft.

We reached the Ironbridge by the Eccleston road, having been turned back by a sentry at the Grosvenor Bridge gate. Kettle was enjoying a pipe by the riverside and on joining us asked Blotto if he might try the trike, which is fitted with High Pressures. No better road for a test of the relative merits of H.P. or tubulars could be found than that leading to the Whitchurch Road. It is very bumpy and Harold was favourably impressed with the behaviour of these tyres. So much so, that on the main road he proceeded to tear it up to Mrs. Evans'.

Dave Rowatt, Ven and Jack Seed completed the muster, and after tea Tommy Sherman kept us entertained with stories of the B.E.F. in Norway. Before leaving, a pedal on Four Speed (50.60.70.80) Marriott's new bike needed adjustment, and during the process he knocked a lump of enamel off the frame. His mutterings implied great distress and loud yells of derision from the onlookers helped not at all.

We left early to enable Tommy to reach home early, but an hour at Chas. Randall's smashed our schedule. On the bye-pass we met George Connor, and at Backford Sammy tried to swallow a fly or summat and whilst he was coughing and spitting we started a scrap with Tommy in the lead. He soon caught us however, and without further incident we reached New Ferry, where we wished Tommy "good luck and a swift return."

Beeston Brook, August 24th, 1940.

I had not really intended to come out to-day, for after a succession of Saturdays spent away it was high time I

spent an afternoon at home, but the 'phone rang, and the voice at the other end was the Skipper's pleasantest: "Where's the Club run to, and I'll call for you." So that was that, for never am I able to refuse that gentleman.

We were late leaving, but a pleasant stern wind helped tremendously, and we were in Chester just on five p.m. Passing Mrs. Bell's necessitated much effort, but not long later, after George spent much talk in admiring the reflections in the canal, we were through Huxley and Tiverton. It took only minutes then for us to gain the high road and drop down to the brook.

Ven. and Dave Rowatt were seated inside awaiting their tea, and the rest of the gathering clamoured outside inspecting the new bicycles which shone so well against the fence. As an art gallery exhibit Stevie's gained the medal, for the varying shades of blue look like an artist's inspiration gone all crazy, or nearly that, anyway. The Presider's new effort is also a Raleigh, but black, and a much more sombre affair. Second prize was unanimously awarded to the Editor's step-ladder, a rural affair in green, well splashed with chromium. The prize for the worst, we are sad to say, went to the Skipper, for even in the distant days when Marriott rolled out with his picture of neglect, it was far, far better than the wreck on which George Connor sallies forth so occasionally to the Club runs.

The judges of this otherwise splendid array were Rex and Mrs. Austin, completely unbiassed; Wilf Orrell; Arthur Williams, and Ken Barker, in addition to the competitors. Harold Kettle came in later.

Tea was good, particularly when a dozen turns up without previous intimation. As a war time venue, Beeston fills the bill. Homewards again, George Connor and Williams went through Tarporley, leaving Barker and the Scribe to give some shelter to Kettle from the rather heavy wind blowing. But only so far as Chester. The younger four met again (quite by accident) at Vicars Cross, leaving "Ginner" to hurry home lampless, while the trio made their usual call at Randall's.

George must have been quite fit or something on the last mile across Wirral, for our clothes were quite wet on reaching home.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 415.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Sun sets at
Oct.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-42 p.m.
..	7	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	12	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	6-24 ..
..	19	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	6-9 ..
..	26	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	5-54 ..
Nov.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-39 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Oct.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-42 ..
..	12	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand).....	6-24 ..
..	19	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	6-9 ..
..	26	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-54 ..
Nov.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-39 ..

Full Moon 16th instant

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 197 Stanley Road, Bootle, Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4, THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Sub-Lieut. B. H. Band, H.M.S. Dolphin, Gosport, Hants; Mr. N. S. Heath, Eaton Villa, Fladbury, Pershore, Worcestershire.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The Red Slips, which were sent out with last month's *Circular* to those whose subscriptions still remained unpaid, has met with fair results. Eleven members having responded to the call.

Unfortunately there are still 51 members who owe for their 1940 subscriptions and 11 still owing for 1939. It is to be hoped that these will remit as quickly as possible, by doing so they will save me a lot of correspondence and the Club a postage and stationery bill.

My thanks are due to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

J. C. Band.*	C. C. Dews.	L. Lusty.*
J. A. Bennett.	W.C.Humphreys*	F. D. McCann.*
F. J. Cheminais.	J. M. James.	H. Pritchard.
S. del Banco.	L. King,	S. T. Threlfall.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Most news this month is contained in the letters we print on other pages, but there are some other things to mention. Firstly, we hear with delight that Dick Ryalls has been granted a Commission in the R.A.F. Dick is in the thick of it on the South Coast. May his lucky star shine forever brighter! Don Birchall is another candidate for the Air Force, but as we write he has not yet been called up.

Dudley Turnor is on his way out East. Fred Brewster is still on the North East coast. Ted Byron turned up the other day swanking a single stripe on his battle dress. Bombadier he is now, and if anyone calls him a gunner again there'll be such a row.

The following is a list of our members now in the Services :—

- B. H. BAND, Sub.-Lt., R.N., c/o H.M.S. Dolphin,
Gosport, Hants.
J. R. BAND, R.E. Abroad.
R. BARKER, R.A.S.C., Abroad.
F. A. BREWSTER, R.A.F.
E. BYRON, R.A., A.A.
W. A. CONNOR, R.N. Abroad.
G. FARR, R.A.F.
J. R. FER, R.A.S.C.
J. S. JONAS, R.A.S.C. Abroad.
E. L. KILLIP, R.A.F.
J. E. REEVES, R.E. Abroad.
W. P. ROCK, R.E. Abroad.
D. L. RYALLS, R.A.F.
T. T. SAMUEL, Cheshire Yeomanry. Abroad.
T. SHERMAN, King's Liverpool.
T. A. TELFORD, R.A.F.
I. A. THOMAS, K.S.L.I.
D. TURNOR, R.A.F. Abroad.

(Brian Band's address is given above as no other will find him at the moment. A complete list of addresses abroad will be given again next month).

G. E. CARPENTER.

It is with the greatest of regret that we print the following letter :

THE SECRETARY,
THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB,
LIVERPOOL.

DEAR SIR,

I am writing to inform you, for the interest of the more senior members of the Club, of the recent death of my father, the late Mr. G. E. Carpenter, who passed away on the 29th June at the home of my younger brother in Yorkton,

Saskatchewan. My father was on a visit to Canada shortly before the outbreak of war; of course he took his beloved "machine" and cycled from New York to Saskatoon, Canada, it being his intention to cross the continent and return via New Zealand, where he had some friends. His death at the age of 70 was most unexpected, as when he left England he was in the pink of condition and fully keeping up his reputation of being one of the toughest of the "old-timers." As his eldest son I well remember many of the Anfielders of the 1910 vintage and among many other (now forgotten by me) names, those of Knipe, Buckley, Rogers, Bailey and Cody stand out in memory. I am sure he would be extremely gratified if you would bring notice of his passing to his many old friends of the cycling world. He was a life member of the C.T.C. and some time member of the Speedwell, the Yorkshire Road Club and the Dulwich Cycling Club (about 1893, I believe) but his favourite was always the Black Anfield, the doyen of cycling clubs.

With best wishes, on my late father's behalf, to yourself and all members past and present.

Yours very sincerely,

EDGAR T. CARPENTER,

(Wing Commander, R.A.F.)

(An obituary notice will appear next month.—ED.)

THE LATE HAROLD R. BAND.

Mrs. Band and Brian ask us to express their sincere thanks to those who so kindly sent wishes of goodwill on the passing of our late member.

AT RANDOM.

Quite a number of people who joined what used to be known as the Local Defence Volunteers are now dashing about with the letters "H.G." on their motor-car wind-screens. The jubilation of our Presider knows no bounds. Very soon he won't be fit to live with, thanks to this wholesale use of his initials.

Newspaper headline :—" Best brains for the Army." Well, just look at the list of Anfielders who have joined up. Isn't it so ?

The " Personal " column of the leading Birmingham daily newspaper recently contained an announcement seeking the whereabouts of an aged man, missing from Edgbaston since 21st August. It's all right, chums, we have heard from Robinson since that date.

LEN KILLIP.

On other pages we print with pleasure a letter from Len Killip. In our minds at least there is a tinge of envy. Aero-plane trips across the wilds of Wales! How fine it must be to see those wonder lakes, hills, rivers and passes from the sky and wander unheeded across the trackless wastes where it is so hard—yet so fine—to take a bicycle.

EDDIE HAYNES.

News comes from Tewkesbury that our Manchester sub. has moved to this delightful spot on Government work. He sends his kind wishes to all, through his very good lady. Their address is c/o Mrs. Parsons, 3 Barton Road, Tewkesbury.

SORRY!

This is not an obituary notice, but in these trying times we would extend our sincere wishes to Fawcett, who has suffered severely in the matter of war damage. One night a bomb caused a terrific shortage of glass in the windows of his home, and less than a week later another of Jerry's missiles hit his business premises, and nearly put paid to the entire building.

THE RUN THAT WASN'T.

For the first time for many years, on Saturday, September 7th, there was no Club run for Liverpool members. Halewood was empty. Our favourite venue—renowned for its beautiful banquets—was in danger of being blown sky high, and the folk who serve us so well were evacuated to safer parts. As we go to press the inn still stands, and is again open, so we hope for a good crowd on Saturday.

COMFORTS FUND.

It was decided, at a recent Committee meeting, to extend the purpose of the Comforts Fund to include those of "Ours" serving in the United Kingdom as well as abroad, and five shilling postal orders have been sent to each. Below are a few letters of appreciation received.

FROM D. TURNOR

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

I thank you very much for your letter of 2nd September, 1940, enclosing P.O. for 5/-.

Please convey my very best thanks to the Committee and Members of the Anfield B.C. for their very unexpected present.

Yours sincerely,

D. TURNOR.

—LEN KILLIP

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

The postal order was sent on from home and arrived on Wednesday. Will you please convey my thanks and best wishes to all members of the A.B.C.? The money came in extremely useful, arriving as it did a few days before pay-day, when everyone was broke to the wide!

I suspect that there are few Clubs in this country which care for their members as does the Anfield. I have never regretted my decision to join, and count myself fortunate in that John Leece happened to work in the same office as Tom. You know, I *might* have joined the North End crowd. Horrible thought!

I hope you are carrying on the Parkgate habit. I'm looking forward very much to the time when I shall be able to roll along to the Deeside Cafe again, especially when the blackout is finished with. It will seem quite queer to ride along and see lights shining from windows.

Well, it's time for bed now (we keep early hours here) so I'd better pack up. I'm in the middle of a letter to Frank at the moment, but goodness knows when I'll finish it.

Regards to all,

LEN KILLIP.

—RALPH FER

DEAR KETTLE,

I received your note enclosing the postal order this morning, and should like you to give the Club my very sincere thanks.

I have at last got the kind of job I've been waiting for: not too much work, a first-class officer, and it's safe. In fact I see no reason

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why I should not stay here for the rest of the war. We are only a small branch, consisting of a captain and myself, with an orderly to do the odd jobs, and altogether I'm having quite a comfortable time.

You may be sure that the money will be put to good use, and my first drink to-night will be a toast to the A.B.C. and especially those members who are still abroad on active service.

Sincerely yours,

J. R. FERR.

GEORGE FARR

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

I wish to thank you and the Club for the kindness shown to me quite recently.

There is very little I can say about anything as I am undergoing training and so things are rather dull.

A fortnight, and we shall be away from here, probably to the Shetlands, or maybe overseas, but that we do not know.

Would you mind telling Mr. Powell that the Hut is now "13" not "25," and I also again thank you and the Club.

Yours sincerely,

G. FARR.

—ERIC REEVES

8TH JUNE.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my thanks to the Committee and Members for another good parcel. The cherries and cream were divided between five of us and they proved an excellent substitute to army rations. The censorship does not allow us to name the places we have been to so that will have to wait until I see you all again. I am consuming much dust in food and drink and also by breathing because it is all dust at the moment. Frank's letters to us about his week-ends on the bike are so descriptive that he reminds us too much of the good times we used to have.

I am looking forward to the resumption of my cycling very much when this is all over. How soon will that be one wonders. There is nothing more I can say which is uncensorable so I will close now and once again thanks very much.

So cheerio,

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—WALTER CONNOR

H.M.T. ST. MINVER,
MONDAY, 20TH AUGUST.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Many thanks for the parcel which you so kindly sent me on behalf of the Club. It was dated July 18th and arrived three days ago. As on previous occasions the contents proved very acceptable.

I received the *Circular* to-day and I was very pleased to see that all the 'lads' were safe and well. My deepest sympathy goes to P.C.B. and I heartily echo the wish expressed by the Club.

That I should get home without having caught malaria was my most fervent hope—but no such luck for me! Through it I had ten days in sick-bay on a semi-starvation diet and lashings of quinine. Unfortunately for me it occurred at a most inopportune time as it caused me to miss a trip of a few weeks duration in my own ship. Until she comes back I am stationed aboard the parent ship. The change is quite pleasant and it gives me more opportunities for recreation. I have played several games of football which I thoroughly enjoyed in spite of the extreme heat. Usually we only play for an hour, as experience has proved that a state of utter exhaustion is reached after that time.

I'm still hoping to get home in December and the only thing that worries me at the moment is the thought of snow and ice.

Conditions out here are exactly the same and Italy's entry into the conflict has made little or no difference—yet. We are getting accustomed to the rotten weather and look forward, with eager anticipation, to the dry season.

In closing, I wish to be remembered to your wife and I should like you to pass on to the Club my best wishes and sincere thanks.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER CONNOR.

—RIGBY BAND

MONDAY, 24TH JUNE, '40.

DEAR FRANK,

You have probably heard ere now from home about my change of address which accounts for this delay in replying to your letter of 3rd May. Actually there is plenty of copy I could send you about the Anfield trio out here but I doubt if much of it would pass the censor; in that case I will not chance having my labours wasted. We all received the Anfield parcels last week and they were ten times welcome out here in the wilds. I shall write to Kettle at the earliest to pass on my thanks officially to the Committee.

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Please keep up the descriptions of your week-end excursions in your letters. Sometimes it makes me rather home-sick but it is good to know that the old places are still there and how they look. May the time be short before we are roaming the roads with you and the others again. Good luck in your recruiting campaign. Perhaps soon we will have a young team for us veterans to train and coach. That just about completes my epistle. Give my kind regards to all the boys and all the best to yourself from

RIGBY

—LEN KILLIP.

TUESDAY, 10/9/40.

DEAR FRANK,

It seems many moons since I last wrote, but I must ask you to excuse me, as life at the moment is very crowded.

To resume, it is now Friday, and that may indicate just how crowded! I'm supposed to be doing a spot of navigation at the moment but am of the opinion that I can find a better use for my time.

We are billeted out at present. A special bus brings us in in the morning in time for a little P.T. before breakfast, and takes us back to Faringdon every night. Normally we feel extremely tired and get to bed at about a quarter to ten. Twice a week we go all gay and visit the local cinema. On the menu at a cafe in Faringdon I came across the following choice specimen:—

GIVE YOURSELF UP
to a night of careless abandon

AT

FARINGDON'S POPULAR RENDEZVOUS—
THE RIALTO CINEMA.

So we do!

We are at present working 7 days a week, with no chance of getting home, which is very annoying, to say the least. I hesitate to express my opinion of the R.A.F. at the moment!

I was awfully upset to read in the *Circular* of the death of Mr. Band. He seemed to be getting on all right, and I was looking forward to the time when we should see him getting about normally. A game foot is a rotten thing for any cyclist, and yet he seemed to be cheerful enough every time I saw him.

SUNDAY.

In the 'bus this morning, on the way to the camp, we passed a succession of chaps clad in tights. It was a grand morning—sun shining, a nip in the air—and I envied those lads pretty considerably.

I never expected to see Central Wales for the first time from an aeroplane. A week or so ago we set course for Bala, and shortly after

passing Cheltenham ran into a lot of cloud. We had to climb above it, and for about 50 miles or so we did not see the ground. Then we spotted a "hole" in the cloud layer, and popped down through it to see where we were. We were right over Vyrnwy. We crawled along one of the valleys and emerged at the western end of Bala lake. We decided that we'd had enough at this stage, so set course back here. After 90 miles over the clouds we arrived over Cheltenham, which was either a spot of good navigation, or more probably, good luck!

Before this flight I had done a nice spot of wangling.

We were due to get a week-end pass, and I was going up to see my people at Clynnog (on the Llyn peninsula). We were due to fly on the Friday afternoon, and I noticed that the route took us via Bala and Pwllheli. Now it seemed daft to have to return here and go all that way north on Friday night, so I popped off to see the big chief. I pointed out that Penrhos aerodrome was only 4 miles from Pwllheli, and told him my story with the result that at about 3-30 on the Friday afternoon I stepped out of the plane at Penrhos and walked out of the camp. By dint of a little hitch-hiking, I arrived at Clynnog at about 20 to 5, about 15 hours before time. Pretty good, what?

It seems to me that if I finished this rambling and addressed the envelope there *might* be a chance of getting the bally thing posted. Also it's tea-time.

All the best, Frank ; regards to the lads.

LEN.

—IRA THOMAS.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

I wish to thank the Club for the postal order which you sent me, also I must apologise for not thanking you before but I have been extremely busy of late.

Your letter came as a pleasant surprise and I only wish that I could attend a few runs to thank the Club personally.

Best wishes,

IRA THOMAS.

RUNS.

Delamere, August 31st, 1940.

For once in a way I was an early starter and contemplated using some of the spare time in getting an adjustment done to my bicycle. But when I reached the vicinity of the expert for the job a gentleman in khaki courteously informed me that he wasn't at home, nor were any of his neighbours for quite a distance, and the date of their return

was uncertain ; I understand that people round there were waiting for something to happen before they came back. I turned away and meditated as to whether I should go up the high road, now so delightfully devoid of motor traffic, or by the side roads. Another gentleman in khaki decided that for me—he sent me up the side road ; here again an event was awaited, before a journey over that particular bit of highway could be undertaken with full confidence. The route then had to be up the Lymm Road to the " Jolly Thresher," left to High Leigh schools and then by bye-ways through Appleton to Acton Bridge and so to Cuddington, where I picked up Wilf. Orrell. When we arrived at the Fishpool, we found Kettle only, but later Shacklady arrived, making a party of four. Conversation with locals, into whose lives more incident has been crowded this last week than in many previous years, and who were by no means loth to relate their experiences, passed the time agreeably. We left early so as to get as near home as possible before dark. So ended a gloriously sunny day ; the wind might have been kinder, but it wasn't too bad, and the country, with the cut corn standing in the fields and the first touch of autumn on the trees, was a delight to the eye.

Halewood, 7th September, 1940.

This is a tale of the run that wasn't. I had been on holiday, and had neglected ringing the Editor, thinking I should find him at Childer Thornton, if he had decided on a ride round the earth. Ten to four and no F.M., so I got on with it finding various householders in the next village repairing broken windows, etc., as best they could.

Just after turning on to the by-pass, a small crater in the middle of a field was being inspected by sundry motorists. All was well in Helsby and Frodsham, and I caught the 5-20 Transporter with ease.

Out along the " Race Track " (what a lovely odour) and then at the turn for Halewood an ominous " Road Closed " sign. A moment's thought and I ignored the sign, and in a mile came to the cause, a crater plumb in the middle of the road. I climbed round and carried on, and as I approached the corner in the village saw another mess on the pavement, but this was the usual pick and shovel kind.

Then a glimpse of the Derby Arms left me slightly bewildered. All windows were intact, but the doors were all locked and no one was about at the rear, although the

yard was littered with navvies tools, no doubt for use to fill another " 'ole in the road," some 70 yards away on our usual homeward route. A house or garage had been smashed flat and a car was perched on the edge of the crater, the wheels having a rather knock-kneed appearance. Still ruminating as to our friends at the pub., I took the road past the station for home, and at the Garston road fork beyond Hunts Cross, another crater just beyond the fork caused another diversion of route. At Croxteth Road there were shattered windows, and more devastation at the Custom House. I caught the 7-15 boat for home and a meal, an iron ration of chocolate having replaced the usual jolly good feed always provided at Halewood.

(Frank Perkins writes this, and if anyone deserves a run, he does.)

Holmes Chapel, September 7th, 1940.

" Fine, but draughty, making the outward journey rather hard work—just the thing to give one an appetite for the ham and eggs which were waiting. There were only two to enjoy the meal—the Presider and Wilf. Orrell—and they left early, Wilf. to amble round to Twemlow and the Presider to scamper home before a wind on the side but favourable. Very enjoyable, but a larger company would have made it more so. Those who can should take advantage of the runs to get about the country whilst they can; conditions later may make it impossible.

Delamere, September 14th, 1940.

After a pleasant afternoon awheel, during which I had for the most part the assistance of the prevailing strong breeze, I arrived at the Fishpool Inn just after the opening.

A really good tea was provided and our only regret was that there were not more members present. The Presider and Wilf Orrell (on trike) left together, and I returned by way of Crowton and Acton Bridge to stay the night at Northwich. Present : H. Green, W. Orrell and W. Shacklady.

Lymm, September 21st, 1940.

Three seems to be the usual number at Club runs these days. Shacklady did not have far to ride to Warrington, and it was about 5-30 when he reached the Mere. On arrival at the Spread Eagle he found the Presider and Wilf Orrell in the lounge, awaiting anyone else who may turn up. While they were having a couple (shouldn't it be three?) the

hostess announced tea ready, and the trio enjoyed an excellent meal. At 7-30 a start was made for home. The Presider left alone, and Wilf Orrell, wanting a ride, accompanied Shacklady so far as Stretton before each were left to their respective ways.

Parkgate, September 21st, 1940.

It was so pleasant to-day that George Connor would have been found, by anyone caring sufficiently to seek our erstwhile Skipper, asleep amid the heather on Thurstaston Common. You should have seen how tousled he looked when he did turn up at Parkgate.

Ven. was there first, and having a bus or train or something to catch, he went first also, and then Kettle arrived. The party was completed by Frank Perkins and the Editor, the latter having spoiled the former's afternoon. Friendly-like, Perkins called for the other Frank, and he was kept waiting half-an-hour "just while I do a little job." Then it was found that a puncture had arrived in the Ed's. new bike, and that meant another half-an-hour, and almost a piece of Perkins' patching, too. By that time the usual display of gunfire had started, but we braved it. Perkins wanted to write this run up so that he could give vent to his spleen on the other scribe.

After the usual pleasant tea, we did not stay long. Unless the weather is particularly "lousy" it is not good to sit round the fire these days. Unless you want a first-class view of the nightly contest between Jerry and the A.A., but no shelter from the bits: it is far, far better to get home before it starts.

Parkgate, September 28th, 1940.

With the danger of enemy visitors in the twilight, and the consequent sky fireworks, earlier teas are the order of the day these times. Ven. had left by five p.m., and Kettle, Barker, Perkins, Elias and Marriott sat down to their meal just after five-thirty. Most of the party had been a short tour of the peninsula, and Kettle and Elias, during a raid, thought they saw the result of bombs dropping a short distance away, columns of smoke rising above the trees.

At 6-30 all were gone, for as we have written elsewhere in these pages, it is far better to be home these days for the twilight, and the hectic nights which follow. On a real good and stormy night we may be able to sit around the fire and yarn as of yore!

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 416.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Sun sets at
Nov.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-39 p.m.
..	9	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	5-28 ..
..	16	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	5-17 ..
..	23	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	5-9 ..
..	30	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	5-5 ..
Dec.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-3 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Nov.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-39 ..
..	9	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)....	5-28 ..
..	16	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-17 ..
..	23	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-9 ..
..	30	Prestbury (White House Cafe)	5-5 ..
Dec.	7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-3 ..

Full Moon 15th instant

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-: between 21 and 25, 21/-: under 21, 15/-: under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 197 Stanley Road, Bootle, Branch.

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TREASURY NOTES.

Those members who failed to respond to the appeal for their outstanding subscriptions via the Red Slip last September will receive a further reminder this month. I trust that it will have the necessary effect.

My thanks are due to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

J. D. Cranshaw.*	E. Montag.
E. M. Haslam.	G. Molyneux.*
W. Henderson.	W. M. Robinson.
W. R. Jones.	D. C. Rowatt.*
J. Leece.	G. Stephenson.*

W. H. KETTLE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Most of our news this month is in the letters reprinted on other pages, but there are other odd items. We acknowledge with thanks a letter by air mail from Peter Rock. In mid-October Sid Jonas received 19 letters and an Anfield parcel in one mail. Someone has been saving it up! From Mrs. Band we hear that Peter has got a stripe (he didn't tell us!) and that all are well in the land of sand. Brian was home for a day or so in the middle of October.

SERVICE ADDRESSES.

S/3765778 Pte. JONAS, J. S., No. 32 Coy., R.A.S.C.,
St. Francis Barracks, Floriana, Malta.

L/Cpl. J. R. BAND, 2069285, Headquarters	}
Sapper W. P. ROCK, 2067653, 2nd Troop	
Sapper J. E. REEVES, 2067781, 1st Troop	

2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers,
Middle East.

Trpr. SAMUEL, T. T., 322526, H. Q. Squadron, Cheshire
Yeomanry, Middle East.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR, C/WR., X. 278, H.M.T. "St.
Minver," c/o G.P.O., London.

Sub.-Lieut. B. H. BAND, H.M.S. "Upover," c/o G.P.O.,
London.

Sgt. R. BARKER, c/o 5, Peel Avenue, Hale, Cheshire.

D. TURNOR, c/o Endcliffe, 10, Park Avenue, Ashton-on-
Mersey.

UNITED KINGDOM :

R.A.F. : DICK RYALLS, FRED BREWSTER, LEN KILLIP,
GEO. FARR, ALAN TELFORD, D. BIRCHALL.

Army : T. SHERMAN, E. BYRON, RALPH FER.

IN MEMORIAM.

G. E. CARPENTER.

Life brings its many surprises, and as related in these pages last month, the passing of our old friend Carpenter was to many a severe shock. He had reached the allotted span, we knew, but it was in our minds that his amazing fitness and vitality would carry him far into the years.

We saw him last in Shrewsbury, at Whitsuntide, 1939, just before his trip to Canada, in which country he passed away. He had given us one more example of his remarkable taste for mileage then, for he had ridden through the night from Worthing to be present at the "100." Our only regret was that he was not able to grace the table at the Jubilee Dinner, two evenings previously.

The year before your Editor met our white-haired friend on the road between Grenoble and Col de Lauteret in the Savoy Alps, and some days afterwards Fred Brewster had the same unexpected pleasure at Brigue, where the unusual coincidence took place of two Anfielders sleeping under the same Continental roof while on distinct holidays. On that occasion Carpenter toured for several weeks and amassed a mighty mileage.

These pages could be filled with accounts of his prowess on a bicycle, for in the years before the Great War laid its veil on athletic activity he was a regular racing man as well as undertaking lengthy touring rides. Carpenter's last venture in tights was in 1933, when to celebrate his jubilee of cycling he rode in the "12" of that year, and although mechanical trouble took its toll of at least one hour, he clocked in with a very creditable performance of $152\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

G. E. Carpenter joined the Club comparatively late in life—1907—but he was one of the most remarkable cyclists Anfield ever had, and we are sorry indeed that the rare occasions of his company will never occur again.

FRED BREWSTER.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Fred Brewster, whose uncle has been killed in an air raid at Coventry. Another bomb fell into the garden adjoining Fred's house in that same city, and we are pleased to record that no personal injuries were inflicted, although some damage to the house occurred.

AT RANDOM.

The appeal of the Government to the owners of extensive fields and large gardens to provide such open spaces with a number of "trips," in order to prevent the landing of hostile aircraft, has found a ready response in that Great Loyalist, Big-Hearted Arthur, who has promptly protected both his window-boxes and his fern-pot with wire-netting. The Empire—not to mention the Hippodrome—may now sleep soundly in its bed (if any).

By the way, Arthur has received a letter of thanks from the Secretary of State for War for so generously allowing his initials (A.T.S.) to be used as title of one of the subsidiary army contingents.

The newspapers recently published a diagrammatic advertisement showing "the remarkable increase in cocoa-drinking," the consumption having doubled in the last 12 months. "Cocoa," adds the announcement, "is helping to feed the country." Marriott has tried it and asserts that he is certainly fed-up.

EDDIE HAYNES.

Eddie writes a very long and informative letter—too lengthy to publish, unfortunately, as we're full already, of his stay in Tewkesbury. He is with Mrs. Nash now, Kingsbury, High Street, Tewkesbury. The tandem will soon be on its way, and then Mr. and Mrs. Eddie will spend each Sunday around the lovely villages which spread beyond the pleasant and quiet town on the Avon's banks. Our Sub-Captain sends his kind wishes to all.

NOW WE KNOW!

The reason why Hubert is no longer attending Club runs on his bicycle has now been discovered by our Special Sleuth-Hound, who reports as follows:—When the Frail One was on tour recently in East Anglia, where he was trying out a new 17-gear hub on the fearsome hills which prevail in that district, he left his all-plated, all-steel-and-leather, and all-bunkum bicycle outside a milk-bar while he consumed a foaming tankard of "Ovaltine." When, at long last, he emerged—more than sober—he was amazed to find that his bicycle had been gathered up with a lot of other junk (bedsteads, saucepans, mangles, fire-irons, etc.), and was being taken away by the Corporation dust-cart. With his characteristic great-heartedness (Advt.), Hubert ejaculated "Selah!" in several languages, and walked back to Liverpool feeling happy and contented that his bicycle should have found its spiritual home.

COMFORTS FUND.

This month we thank several members for their help in keeping the supply of parcels and postal orders from the Comforts Fund moving, and particularly would we mention Mr. D. C. Rowatt, who has come forward with a very handsome contribution.

A LETTER FROM RIGBY BAND

MONDAY, 1ST JULY, 1940.

DEAR HAROLD,

Just a line to thank you and the A.B.C. for the Club parcels you send out to me. Believe me, out in the wilds here they are really welcome apart from the link they form with those who are left at home to carry on the Club traditions in our absence. What little news I can give, you will probably get from Marriott who writes fairly regularly to give me all the latest from your end.

Kind regards to Marjorie and all the boys.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

—FRED BREWSTER

27/9/40.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Please convey my very best thanks to the Committee and Members of the dear old A.B.C. for the P.O. which I received safely to-day. I am not very adept at expressing my appreciation, but you can be assured that it will be put to good use. As an Anfielder I feel even more in exile than I did when in Coventry and Lord knows I saw little enough of you all then. I shall never regret keeping up my membership of the A.B.C., although I have unfortunately been unable to attend the runs for several years, but as long as I can supply the necessary 25 bob per annum my name will feature in the handbook.

Life in the R.A.F. up here is quite interesting and pleasant, on the whole, and although the camp has its drawbacks we are fairly free from petty restrictions and red tape; and the expected spit and polish business is almost absent. This is one advantage of a small active service station over a larger establishment. I have been fortunate in receiving my training under the actual conditions instead of a laborious period at a training school, consequently picking it up much quicker, so the higher rate of pay (3/9 a day) will be along any time now. I heard a rumour to-day that I should be posted to Cranwell in Lincs., but our C/O is trying to keep me here, so expect it will be squashed, but one never can tell.

Please give my regards to everyone and here's to more settled times.

Yours sincerely,

F. A. BREWSTER.

—TOMMY SHERMAN
(from the Sunny South).

13/10/1940.

DEAR FRANK,

After a month or more of procrastination I have at last started a letter to you, and it is not, as expected, being written on a troopship bound for the East, but in the comparative comfort of the Bell Hotel. Soon after I returned from leave all our tropical kit was taken back and we came here with the greatest of secrecy "on urgent business."

Well, this urgent business is now getting rather boring, and we are all "browned-off" with "stand-tos," pill-boxes, and training. We get one free night in twelve, but, alto' this is only a small place, there are 23 pubs., and the price is 7d. per pint and so for at least ¼-hour we stand-to in the local each evening.

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

I'm afraid that it has been all this continuous watching that stopped me from writing sooner, but they have decided we can have this morning (Sunday) off so I've snatched the opportunity.

Air raids are almost continuous but they only pass over this place on their way to London, and we get a grandstand view of the dog fights which you hear about in the official communiques. After seeing quite a few shot down I can easily believe the numbers officially published.

I've changed my name now from Tommy Sherman to Tommy Gunner, and I only need a bit of practice holding up a bank or two now before I'll be as good as a Chicago gangster. It's surprising the wonderful effect these Tommy Guns have on the morale, its bullets make such a big hole in anything they hit.

Well, I hope that all the members of the Club have escaped the recent bombings. From what I've heard from home and on the radio you've been getting it rather heavy up there.

I should like to thank the Club very much for the 5/- which I received when on leave. With cigarettes at the present prices it is greatly appreciated, and I only hope that I have an opportunity in the future of expressing my gratitude more forcefully than by paper and pencil.

There is very little to write about at the moment, and I suppose you have a guide book on this town so it's no use telling you of its ancient history.

I will, therefore, close for the present.

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

P.S.—Don't forget to send my regards to all the boys.—TOMMY.

—WALTER CONNOR

H.M.T. ST. MINVER,
Saturday, 5th October, 1940.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your letter of August 13th, which arrived, I'm sorry to say, some considerable time ago. The only excuse I can offer is that it arrived shortly after I'd posted you my last letter. I thought the photograph of Peter (our dog.—Ed.) was extremely good and he certainly looks in fine form but I suppose his fitness is due to your strenuous exercising!

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

I received the *Circular* yesterday, after I had given up hope, in fact, I had just written to George asking him to send me a spare copy. I notice that several of the boys have had promotion and that they are all safe and well. I was very shocked to hear about Harold Band, and my deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Band and the two boys. His untimely end will be a great personal loss to us all.

Well, Frank, I'm back on the Minver again, she having returned from her wanderings after eight weeks' absence. The crew seem to have had an interesting time and they were all very short of cash when I saw them. Beer was apparently two bob a bottle and these fellows don't drink, they swallow! Still, they all say it was worth while, so why should I worry? Settling down here again is a bit of a job but I take consolation in the fact that it's only for another two months—I hope. I have spent several busy days decorating my cabin and at last it's looking shipshape once more. I have stuck up several photographs taken from Kodak Magazines plus a few of my own. You wouldn't know the difference—much! Most fellows seem to prefer cuttings from such books as *Men Only*, *Lilliput*, *Razzele*, and the like, but my taste is more conservative! Still, every man to his own choice, what? Talking of pictures, which we weren't, I saw a good film last night. Gracie Fields and Sydney Howard in "Shipyard Sally." A damn good show in every respect. Sydney Howard is absolutely priceless and Gracie sings extremely well. Do you ever go to shows these days? I could just go a Leslie Henson—Fred Emny farce of a really low type! Hope there's something decent showing when I get back.

According to the news recently you seem to have been in the thick of everything. I was very glad to hear that people carry on in a more or less normal manner. It's wonderful what we can put up with when we like. Out here things only happen very rarely and it gives us plenty of time to think of you all at home. Everything considered I couldn't possibly grumble about this place and I shall probably wish I was back after a few months in England. In spite of this I shan't be sorry to be back again. Funny people aren't we?

I was ashore to-day watching a rugby match. Where the hell these blokes get their energy from I don't know! One unfortunate broke his collar bone. Gentle game, don't you think? I played linesman and that was bad enough. A cool swim would have been more suitable as it was extremely hot.

Would you mind thanking the Club for the parcel of cigarettes which I have just received.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER.

—RIGBY BAND

Tuesday, 23rd July, 1940.

DEAR ALBERT,

Many thanks for your letter of 18th May, just received; also for the coupons and books. At the moment I am not needing the former as we are now getting letters away post free. However, the books are really welcome as literature is at a premium where we are. I shall pass them on when I have read them so you may be sure that they will be appreciated by many others besides myself. I also appreciate your enquiries for things I want; it is good to know one has such good pals. Yes, if the *Bicycle* is still going I should certainly like a copy whenever you get a chance of sending one.

There is really no news I can give you from this end; every day is more or less the same once you have settled down to the cowboy life. Oh! an item for the *Circular*: Eric has had a prison crop. Whether the idea is an anti-lice measure or just a fad, like drilled seat pillars, I cannot say and Eric in his blushing self-consciousness did not seem to know either.

Trust Jack to stick to his racing. All the same a 1.6 for the "25" is good. If you see Walter Kay, of the Chester Road Club, tell him I am with his old cycling pal—Joe Wilkinson.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 5th, 1940.

Going to Halewood from the Cheshire side is a gamble these days. During an "Alert" in the black-out the ferry traffic, and sometimes the road tunnel, ceases to operate, and the possibility of being stranded in a rather warm corner of the City of Ships is not remote. But rather than miss the glories of a Halewood run Franks Perkins and Marriott decided to chance it, and the 4-30 boat saw them crossing to Liverpool.

Five-thirty, and they met Preston actually walking along the lane which leads to the Derby Arms. Some minutes were spent awaiting Stevie and Hubert outside the Eagle & Child, and when it was certain they were not there we proceeded to the official venue. Our two stalwarts were inside with Shacklady, and well within the portals of the tank. Only six, but Stevie, with fine aforethought on

the possibility of a short muster, had brought along four sergeants from the R.A. and Hubert also had a friend with him.

A prompt start was made on the usual feast, and the non-Anfielders present marvelled at the way we could move the food. But our appetites were not "super" to-day, and we only toyed with the third and fourth helpings!

Hubert and his friend made a quick get-a-way, and Preston and Shacklady were not long in following, the former to get a 'bus, and the latter to ride to Northwich. The others stayed, and we thoroughly enjoyed the merriment and stories—sunny and serious—of the Army lads, who were very good company indeed. We would have liked to proceed at the rear of the overladen Austin Seven to the Brickwall at Tarbock, but we thought it better to get home while the going was good. The siren wailed as we stepped from the ferry-boat.

Goostrey, October 5th, 1940.

The attraction of Goostrey has always been something of a mystery to me, so it was with a feeling of anticipation that I accepted the Vice-President's invitation to join him for tea, and to enjoy what other amenities the short stay provided. A run through the Cheshire lanes nowadays is a great treat, and certainly takes your mind right away from war to the prospect of better times in the future.

We arrived at the "Red Lion," and of course had a very warm welcome from Mrs. Knowles. Bert Green and Wilfred Orrell were already there, and we sat round a lovely fire, discussing the boys who are far away, and whom we know, from their letters, are all well. I looked round the table, which for war-time made even my eyes blink, and hoped that more members would arrive, for the table was laid in anticipation of a much larger number. Having sampled the ale, we four sat down to tea, when out of the blue Jim Cranshaw rolled up with two friends; thus our numbers were increased and justice was done to the fare provided. A merry conversation ensued, just like old times. I was very disappointed not to see my old friend Mr. Buckley on this run, and hope to see him on some future occasion. As my means of transport had to go on night duty, we had to leave the happy gathering, with many regrets, and turn our path homewards once more, with very happy recollections of a Saturday afternoon with the Anfield.

Parkgate, October 12th, 1940.

Present :—Venables, Kettle, del Banco, A. Williams, Marriott and Connor.

Quite a pleasant afternoon, and most of us detoured in some manner on our way to the tea-time venue. The present writer climbed from Gorse Hey to Brackenwood, and then dipped down Red Hill on the way to Brimstage. Dropping down again to Parkgate the estuary with its green and growing sandbanks and sinuous channels, seemed lovelier than ever, but the enemy planes that hovered high above gave a sinister feeling to the scene.

Homewards, the moon rose almost to the full, and we expected many things, but the night was one of the quietest for many weeks.

Knolls Green—" Bird-in-Hand "—October 12th, 1940.

I have been accused of failing to write the account of the previous run last month to Knolls Green, but I am afraid that I must have been out of the room at the time this was mentioned ; however, I willingly volunteered to do this, so here goes.

Knolls Green is easily accessible to most of the Manchester section and the people at the " Bird-in-Hand " are exceptionally pleasant and always do well for us.

The party on this occasion consisted of the President and his Vice, Wilf. Orrell and Jim Cranshaw. The ride home in the darkness was very peaceful and as far as I can recollect Jerry left us in peace throughout the night.

Parkgate, October 19th, 1940.

Only three! Kettle, Marriott and Preston. There is little to report, and with the dull afternoon we hoped that the darker night would deprive us of the usual aerial acrobatics. But it was not to be, and the "alert" sounded before seven, while we were still seated around the fire. It did not move us, although Kettle left us at 7-30 to be home for eight. At almost 10-0 p.m. the Editor left Preston to the fire, and rode homewards through the brightening moonlight beneath the spasmodic barrage of the ack-ack

guns. At twelve came the heartening sound of the " raiders-passed," and Preston, waiting for a 'bus, dived out. He finished his run by tossing with a 'bus driver whether he would ride the last two miles, or walk. He won. Fool's luck : he should have taken his bicycle to Parkgate.

Holmes Chapel, October 19th, 1940.

Quite a pleasant afternoon, but a somewhat troublesome wind for most of the way—bringing the remainder of the leaves off the trees. But the wind on the whole was not bad enough to make riding hard work anywhere, and I arrived at the Swan in quite good order and condition to find Jim Cranshaw and Wilf. Orrell already in possession. Then from an inner door emerged our old friend Harry Wilson and a very interesting and, to me, profitable conversation followed. We were very pleased to see that Harry is still flourishing and in good form. After surrounding a good meal we sat and talked for a while and then made our way homewards in a comfortably light evening, though quite a lot of the light came from sources other than the moon and stars.

Parkgate, October 26th, 1940.

Still little improvement in the attendance. Four this time—Kettle, Connor, Perkins and Marriott. Harold Kettle had been for quite a ride round, but the other three came straight out, or nearly so, anyway. Tea was finished shortly after six p.m. and George, with quite a gleam in his eye, announced that he had a date, and beat it hurriedly. The others sat talking until seven, and then rode slowly up the hill towards the middle of Wirral. Harold left us at the Glegg round-about, and then we could hear the wailing note of Mona, the air-raid siren. Our lamps, though officially dimmed, seemed too bright, and we tied our handkerchiefs around them for more diffusion. As we walked the Sych Jerry passed over with his peculiar throb, but little more was heard until the two Franks said good-bye and made for home.

Lymm, October 26th, 1940.

We were rather hoping that some of the boys resident on the Lancashire side of the Mersey might be out on this

run, but were disappointed. They have, of course, their preoccupations these days, but we shall continue to visit the Spread Eagle so as to provide opportunities for meeting them when they find the journey possible. But we did have an unexpected visitor—one we haven't seen for quite a long time—Jack Walton, looking very fit. He had ridden over for the week-end from Skipton and we very much hoped that he'll do it again, for he is still a bright spark—the fact that he's quite a numerous family now hasn't taken the fun out of him. He tells us that his days are peaceful and his nights undisturbed. Lucky chap! It's a pity we can't all say the same. However, just as we were starting for home, the Banshee sound came and he had some experience, at a respectable distance, it is true, of what some other people have to put up with. But I've no doubt he got to his temporary home quite safely. The others out were the Presider, Jim Cranshaw and Wilf. Orrell.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVI.

No. 417.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1940.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
Dec.	7 Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-54 p.m.
"	14 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	4-52 "
"	15 Committee Meeting after Lunch at Halewood.	
"	21 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	4-54 "
"	28 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	4-59 "
Jan.	4 Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	5-7 "
"	11 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	5-16 "
"	12 Annual General Meeting, Halewood (Lunch 1.0 p.m. Meeting at 2-0 p.m.)	5-17 "

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Dec.	7 Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-54 "
"	14 Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-52 "
"	21 Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-54 "
"	28 Knolls Green (Bird in Hand).....	4-59 "
Jan.	4 Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-7 "

Full Moon 14th instant

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 197 Stanley Road, Bootle, Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

The most interesting item this month is the fact that we are to have a Committee Meeting on a Sunday. The venue is Halewood, and the date, December 15th. We will have lunch first and talk afterwards. All are invited to make this a very happy gathering: please come if you can, whether you are on the Committee or not. We realise that this is a break from tradition, but all of course know that evening meetings in the winter are not possible these dangerous days.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. D. L. Birchall, 25, Marlborough Grove, Birkenhead; A. N. Rawlinson, Flat 3, 78, Talbot Road, Old Trafford, Manchester.

TREASURY NOTES.

My appeal for payment of subscriptions in the last two *Circulars* has produced certain results, but there are still over 30 members whose subscriptions are unpaid. Let us hope these will "go to it" at once and thereby save the Club a lot in postage and letters.

My thanks are due to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to Comforts Fund.

W. E. L. Cooper.	J. Pitchford.
W. E. Cotter.*	A. N. Rawlinson.
W. H. Lloyd.	R. Rothwell.
G. B. Orrell.	T. V. Schofield.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE ADDRESSES.

Pte. J. S. JONAS, S/3,765,778, R.A.S.C., H.Q., Southern Inf. Bde, Malta.

DRVR, J. E. REEVES, 2067781 }
L/Cpl. J. R. BAND, 2069385 }

"B" Eschelon, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Middle East.

L/Cpl. W. P. ROCK, 2067653, 2nd Troop, 2nd Cheshire Fld. Squad., R.E.'s, Middle East.

Tpr. SAMUEL, T.T., 2nd Troop, "C" Squadron, Cheshire Yeomanry, Middle East.

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Tel. W. A. CONNOR, C/WR., X. 278, H.M.T. "St. Minver." c/o G.P.O., London.

Sub.-Lieut. B. H. BARD, H.M.S. "Upholder," c/o G.P.O., London.

Sgt. R. BARKER, c/o 5, Peel Avenue, Hale, Cheshire.

D. TURNOR, c/o Endcliffe, 10, Park Avenue, Ashton-on-Mersey.

GEORGE FARR is also on his way abroad.

In the United Kingdom :—

R.A.F. :—DICK RYALLS, FRED BREWSTER, LEN KILLIP, ALAN TELFORD, D. BIRCHALL.

Army :—T. SHERMAN, E. BYRON, RALPH FER, IRA THOMAS.

TOMMY SHERMAN.

Our one and only Chubby-Face (chubbier now than ever) rolled in to see the Editor the other day, with a fearsome and wicked weapon in his hand. Tommy was home on a spot of leave from Devon, where he now basks. He regretted that he could not see us at the Club run, but sends his kindest wishes to all.

COVENTRY.

Our readers will be glad to know that Fred Brewster's mother and sister, together with the other members of his family, have survived the Coventry ordeal.

NORMAN HEATH.

Norman Heath, on gleaming spotless bicycle, recently met A. B. Smith, of the North Road and a friend from Bristol at Moreton-in-the-Marsh and spent some part of a Sunday awheel in their company. They made south-westward over the Cotswolds by Ford and Stanway to Winchcomb. Here they persuaded Miss Grimmett, once of Aston Subedge and much publicised by Robinson, to provide them with lunch. The little party split up at Walton Hill on the old Speedwell 100 course, Smith and friend turning south and Norman north to Tewkesbury to call at Eddie Haynes' new home. Norman hopes to be able to attend the next of the regular N.R. week-end runs to Chipping Norton.

OUR OTHER NORMAN.

We are delighted indeed to print elsewhere in this issue a paragraph from "North Road" Smith, who had the pleasure of meeting Norman Heath in the Cotswolds recently. Truth to tell, we have oft wondered what has become of our other Norman. Arthur Smith writes of how good it was to meet a familiar face again, and hear once more the lovely northern intonations, and he hopes to see Norman some other time. We would like to see Norman, too, if only to hear those same intonations yarning in the manner of some Tints tour tales. Do you remember?

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Our first duty this month is to apologise to Ira Thomas for having inadvertently omitted his name from the last month's list. We hope it will not happen again. Ira writes to us from the Kentish outskirts of London. Already he has got a stripe, (almost rivalling Tommy Sherman, we should think) and is "sweating" on more promotion. There are more good fellows—or blue eyes!—in our Club than we once dared to think. Ira wishes to be remembered to all, particularly to the boys in the Services. Thanks, Ira!

George Farr has written to say that by the time these words are in print he will be well on his way to another country. We wish him good luck in Sandy Land (with a "d"), but whether he has the good fortune to meet our other lads there, is another matter. Letters we print on other pages reveal that both Eric and Rigby are drivers now. There'll be plenty of chauffeurs for the Editorial bandwaggon when this damned do is over. Walter Connor is first reserve, and we are delighted to know that Walter should be home for Christmas. A speedy and safe passage is all we can wish him now.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

Hubert complains in no uncertain manner that some of the remarks printed about him recently are more than grossly exaggerated, they are flatly untrue. Well, here is something the veracity of which even our Hubert cannot doubt. We "lift" the following paragraph from the issue of *Cycling*, dated 7th December, 1916:—

A DECORATED ANFIELDER.

Members of the Anfield B.C. are very proud of their comrade, Hubert Roskell, who is a British Red Cross driver attached to the French army at Verdun. After being mentioned three times in orders, he has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Roskell figured prominently "in the good old days" as a road racer. He won the Anfield "24" one year, and with his brother Frank broke the N.R.R.A. tandem 50-mile unpaced record in 1899.

(Incidentally, the price of the said issue was one penny. What marvellous value after two years of war!—Ed.)

A LETTER FROM TOMMY SAMUEL—SOMEWHERE IN PALESTINE.

DEAR FRANK.

8/9/40.

This is rather a belated reply to your letter dated 5th May, and also to thank you and the others for the parcel sent on the 15th May, and which I received a few days ago. The contents arrived in perfect order and just at the right time—as we were about to go out for a couple of days bivouac. The grub we get on these trips is not exactly luxurious—usually bread and bully or cheese. So instead of bully we had bunloaf and biscuits—Oh! joy. I am directed by the other three members of my section to thank you very much for their share of the grub. I may add that they brought this parcel over to me in the horse lines when it arrived, a distance of some hundreds of yards, and mounted guard over me while I opened it!

I also received a copy of the *Circular* from you in which you refer to my indecipherable caligraphy. My humble apologies for this trait, but I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it as I'm lying flat on my stomach writing, and anyway I never could write decently, as my candid friend Len will tell you.

Things are much the same as usual out here, we have moved twice since I last wrote, no, three times, and are now stuck up on top of a beastly hill, with dust and stuff flying around, a truly awful spot, added to which half the chaps are down with some illness or other. I, unfortunately, remain disgustedly healthy, with no sign of disease or anything. The worst of it is no matter how many lads are in dock the nags have still to be watered and fed four times a day—do we love them!

Have not seen any of the lads, as we are quite a way from their base, in one of the most inaccessible spots in the country.

Maybe by the time this reaches you you will be called up. I wish you all the best of luck, anyway. You have had some experience of roughing it (not much—Ed.) so you won't find it as hard as some chaps do at first, makes me feel quite like an old sweat when I think of chaps being called up.

I expect you are getting a lot of air raids, we have had a few, but the wops are too scared to do any damage except to waste land, and believe me, there's a helluva lot of that out here.

Will you please notice my change of squadrons. I notice the parcel and *Circular* were sent to the Squadron I was formerly in.

I enclose a snap for your perusal (thanks very much—Ed.), the one in the middle is me, the other two are a couple of girl friends, "Elsie" and "Betty" respectively.

Kindest regards to yourself and the rest of the chaps.

TOMMY S.

(Tommy looks very fit, and in case Len gets too inquisitive about the last paragraph in the above letter, we would inform him that "Elsie" and "Betty" are a couple of the aforementioned nags.—Ed.)

BRIAN BAND

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Very many thanks for the most acceptable gift of tobacco: please convey my gratitude to the members of the Club for their kind thoughts. In this particular sphere of life, smoking is practically the only form of enjoyment we can get.

As usual I can say very little of the activities of the "Silent Service," and that applies more so now that I am in the submarine service than before. So far we have had very little excitement in our new boat, but she is young yet and we still treat her with respect! However, we are hoping for a good "bag" before long.

Life aboard a Sub. is very amusing: owing to the very limited space available, one becomes quite intimate with your "next door neighbour," inasmuch as you wash and perform your general toilet in the same place as you eat, sleep and live. Bathing and shaving are quite unheard of, and if found having more than one wash a day you are accused of being a pansy!

I shall not bore you any more with this epistle. News, I have none; but one of these days I hope to be able to tell you all about how we sank the German "navy"!

Once again thank you very much for the baccy, and in case I don't see you before Christmas, all the very best to you and the A.B.C.

Yours sincerely,

BRIAN.

P.S.—Please excuse the typing, but I must get some practice in sometime!

—RIGBY BAND

SATURDAY, 14TH SEPTEMBER, 1940.

DEAR HAROLD,

Once again very many thanks for a Club parcel received this week although posted in May. Both Eric and I agreed it was the best yet; the bun loaf was "quois iptir," or very good, in Arabic. Life out here does not give much to write about so I am afraid this letter will make poor reading. Eric is now a driver on the Echelon, so we see quite a lot of each other and spend many an evening yarning over old times.

Please give my best regards to all the Club folks, and here's hoping I shall be home for the 'Tints.' (What a hope!)

Yours sincerely,

J. RIGBY BAND.

—ERIC REEVES

21/9/40.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my thanks to the Committee and Members for another excellent and very welcome parcel. The one I received was posted in May, so you will realise how delayed our mail is. For about twelve weeks we had practically no mail at all but now it is coming through much more often.

After being separated for months I have had the good fortune to be placed in the same troop as Rigby. We both shared our parcels with the boys who received the bunloaf with pleasureable surprise this being the first cake for months. Recently, during a hot wind, I had occasion to go into a place well protected from the sun, in comparison to the heat outside it seemed as cool as a beer cellar. Imagine my surprise when I looked at the thermometer and it registered 90 degrees. Rigby and I both drive trucks now, but I am sure it will not affect our enthusiasm for the bike when the war is over. I wonder when that will be, because if you listen to the propaganda, both sides are winning. Well, I will say 'cheerio' now and because letters take so long to reach England I will take this opportunity of wishing all members the best possible Christmas in the circumstances and hopes for a peaceful New Year.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—SYD JONAS

DEAR HAROLD,

20/10/40.

Very many thanks again for the splendid parcel the Club sent me in July. Things are speeding up here now as the July parcel only took three months to get here whereas the May parcel took four.

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The one for June (if you sent one) is amongst the non-finishers so far, but I still have hopes of it completing the course and brightening my young life. The fellows here think, like myself, that the A.B.C. is some Club, especially when I tell 'em a monthly parcel is an old Anfield custom.

A "Bournemouth Arrowite" in the next room has been suitably impressed by such munificence, and like myself, he greatly appreciated two bundles of *Bicycles* which arrived. They had "52.B" scribbled on the corner, which I take to mean Blotto's address.

I had no mail whatever for six weeks and then twenty letters, two *Circulars*, the papers and parcel arrived and I walked round for a week feeling as if I had done 4.30 on the old "100" course, blast it.

I was very pleased to read that Ralph Fer, my clerkly comrade in the R.A.S.C., had been able to beat "evens" on the Dunkirk road and caught the ferry boat for Blighty, even though he stopped a "blighty one."

I was also pleased to read that Tommy Sherman and Brian got back safely from Norway and all the others are safe and sound.

The letters in the *Circular* are a treat, although the one from myself to that long streak of an Editor was not written for publication, as it only had my first impressions of a soldier's life abroad, in it.

The sun still continues to shine here although we have had two really good days' rain, complete with thunder and lightning. It is still hot compared with home ideas of heat but the worst of it is over and one is not now continually in a lather.

I have only worn my topee three times all summer, while walking in the "country." There is a bit of green appearing now that we have had some rain, and grass is appearing in odd places. Goats, apparently, live on air, and the horses likewise and the latter certainly look well fed and always gallop up hill pulling enormous loads. The horses always amaze me the way they run even in the hottest weather, and I've never seen a thin one yet.

I was delighted to note that a few of you still meet each Saturday in spite of all the difficulties and that the Derby Arms continues to deliver the goods. The succulent repast described in the account of the Halewood run in July proves that there must still be plenty of food at home as is the case here.

The only shortage I know of is pipe tobacco, which is exceedingly scarce and if an ounce or two could be put in the parcel in place of other items it would relieve the situation enormously.

Otherwise, everything in the garden is lovely, except that I am stuck on an island no bigger than Wirral, which curbs my roaming tendencies more than I like.

When it rains here all motor traffic proceeds very cautiously on the tarred roads as a film of grit from the soft sandstone covers the surface and I've seen buses skid while crawling downhill at about five miles an hour, as the grit and water combined make the place like an ice rink.

With kind regards and very best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely,

SYD. JONAS.

P.S.—You might tell the Editor that my name has no letter "I" in it. J.S.J.

RUNS.

Halewood, 2nd November, 1940.

With half a gale at our backs the run out was easy, and just before reaching the Derby Arms we overtook our bus-cum-hiker Albert Preston stepping it out. We did not call at the Eagle and Child, thinking we should find Stevie at our pub.

But no, George Connor was the only arrival and he had been 'phoning Huyton trying to contact Stevie, on finding that no meal had been ordered, but without result. However, Sarah had anticipated our visit, had some pork sizzling, and said all would be ready in about twenty minutes.

Whilst having a drink I walked Stevie, a very surprised man on being told no arrangement had been made. He had been for a ride, had called at the Eagle and Child for a decent drink and wanted us to go back with him on hearing of the twenty minutes wait. Being too lazy to move, this was ruled out, and shortly afterwards we were called to the dining room. Here we found the pork supplemented by a chicken, our astonishment complete at what Sarah called a scratch meal. After the usual visit to either end each was satisfied, although a cryptic remark by Sammy that he thought we ate too much may explain why he refused a third helping, or perhaps a round the earth ride is needed to bring him back to normal.

Sirens that go at odd times, and buses that won't wait took Albert away early, and whilst we four remained to yarn a little longer, snatches of song and glimpses of someone carrying a big jug of ale into the larger room (where Rootes, of Speke were "hot-potting") brought back memories of our own sing-songs, which perhaps we can revive when peace returns.

About 7-30 p.m. we left for home, having an uneventful ride through practically deserted streets, and a ferry crossing with only about thirty people on the boat, a mere handful when compared with the "old days."

(Present :—G. Stephenson, W. G. Connor, A. E. Preston, F. Perkins and F. Marriott).

Goostrey—The Red Lion. 2nd November, 1940.

Having visited Goostrey many times, often via the same route with only slight variations, I had decided during the week that on this occasion I would attempt an entirely new road of approach.

I left home later than I intended, and at once found that the wind was entirely adverse. This, coupled with heavy rain at the outset nearly decided me against my better inclinations but, having turned off the Macclesfield road short of the "Buteley Ash," and passed through that very pleasant village of Prestbury, I had my reward; the view on all sides was truly great, behind me were the Derbyshire hills, to left and right rolling meadowland and trees, copper, golden and green, backed by the newly-ploughed land varying in hue as the scudding cloud fled across a fast fading sky. Ancient churches, old Halls and sequestered meres, all this and much more I saw and was glad; glad I had pushed away that wind and the voice that bade me return or at least go some shorter and easier route.

On the latter part of the journey I began to feel my knees and I think that Bert Green and Wilf. Orrell had given me up when I arrived late.

A good tea soon revived and later when we finally had to go home, the moon made light our path and the wind made light of the miles.

(The writer is J. D. CRANSHAW).

Parkgate, November 9th, 1940.

There isn't going to be much written about this run, for there's no one to write it. Harold Kettle was the sole attender, and as Treasurer he gets out of writing duties. The day was particularly nasty, although from railway trains the Captain and Editor did not find it too bad, for their absence from Parkgate is excused on account of a trip to Coventry to see Fred Brewster, the third of their long-formed trio, who was home on leave.

Knolls Green, November 9th, 1940.

Two only—the Presider and Wilf. Orrell—attended this run, but it was a really bad day. There is little to say of it, except that the rain poured down unremittingly from early afternoon to late evening. We were soaked from the start to the finish, but that didn't affect our spirits or our enjoyment of the excellent fare provided.

Parkgate, Saturday, 16th November, 1940.

I have such pleasant recollections of my more active days with the Club, that when a spot of leave suddenly materialised, I could think of no better way of spending it than once again lifting the elbow with the boys. Frank must be quite accustomed now to answering his 'phone and finding my dulcet tones hung on the other end; and so it came about that we "bussed" it across Wirral to seek tea at the Deeside Cafe.

We were a very small group, but that is understandable these days, and Connor, Perkins and Kettle made up the five round the table. We had a word with Ginner a little later on. I will not weary you by retailing the reminiscences that accompanied the meal, nor will I dwell upon the inevitable tale-wagging except to remark in passing that (1) at colossal expense, hiring ships, planes, camels, mules, private soldiers and Uncle Tom Cobleigh an' all, Peter Rock has smuggled a message to me, and believe me, Peter, I was never more delighted with a bit of news; that (2) at even greater expense, outbidding all the panjandrums of the theatre world, I have secured the world copyright of the third adventure of the "so beautiful Elise." Ye Gods, what a sentence! Those who are mystified by this latter reference must seek learning from others, and I hope these "others" will forgive me for not sending the cold type of the story, but I promise them that it is of even higher standard than its predecessors.

After tea we went our several ways, Frank and I to knock on Salty's door, only to find the old maestro out. I left the Editor on the outskirts of the Borough and gently strolled over the hill, and so to a hostelry. It was just five minutes to nine as I entered, and no one had told me that they shut at nine! Too many blessings in one day. Else-

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where in the old *Circular* you may read of an unofficial run to Halewood on the Sunday following, and there I made up for the delinquencies of the previous evening.

Good luck, gang, and keep clear of the big ones.

(Sid Carver, home from Hull for a day or two, is our contributor).

Lymm, November 16th, 1940.

Patches of blue sky, and no rain to speak of—quite a treat after what we've been having by way of weather at the week-ends. So I took the opportunity of running round a few of the old familiar haunts and though, of course, the trees were bare of leaves, there was plenty of green on which to rest the eyes and a glorious winter sunset—the dying sun glowing on heavy clouds. At the Spread Eagle were already two others and we surrounded a good hot-pot with excellent appetite. The homeward journey was made in bright moonlight, bringing to an end a thoroughly pleasant afternoon, enjoyed, alas! by only three of us—the Presider, Jim Cranshaw and Wilf. Orrell.

Parkgate, November 23rd, 1940.

Only three :—Connor, Marriott and del Banco. E. G. Pullan, of the Mersey Roads, was in attendance, and incidentally whacking into his share of the ham and egg. The afternoon wasn't too good, the rain being far too plentiful to be pleasant. Blotto had been so far as Chester for a run (good, this) but the other two Anfielders had to admit to rigging black-out stuff, or something, and then making the venue by the direct road. Going home it was great, the wind was astern, the rain had ceased, and Jerry kept away. It was almost like old times, but not with just two striding slowly up the Sych.

Holmes Chapel, November 23rd, 1940.

A disappointing day—fine in the morning, raising hopes for a pleasant meandering round the lanes later on, and then a really foul afternoon, with rain so heavy as to sting the forehead and to reduce visibility to nil for those unfortunates who wear glasses, and to complete the wickedness, half-a-gale against! Perhaps all this may have provided some sort of consolation to those whom national

duties prevented from attending the run. The Presider, the only one out, found the going rather hard and was glad to dock at the Swan, very wet but very warm. But the homeward journey made amends, for whilst the wind still held, there was no rain and the easy journey almost dried him out.

Parkgate, November 30th, 1940.

The Editor was last again at Parkgate to-day. He was so far behind the bunch that it almost meant a beans-on-toast tea, but not quite—the ham and egg supply was sufficient for another meal. We had quite a happy party. Salty was there, bringing his much better half, and Kettle, Connor and Perkins completed the gathering. We sat around the fire, but not for long. Jerry's activities have eased somewhat, but you never know when, and home's best, anyway.

Prestbury, November 30th, 1940.

It's many years since the Club visited this old village, and a walk down the main street brought back many memories and induced reflections on the changes made in the years intervening. But it isn't quite spoiled; the efforts to make it more attractive to the motorist seeking a rest from the steering-wheel are not too blatant, and whilst it's no longer the quaint old village the present writer remembers in his youth, it's still a very pleasant place. In the course of his walk he was glad to meet the Buckleys, *pere et fils*, who had walked over from Macclesfield; they haven't been seen for quite a long time. A little later they were joined by Jim Cranshaw and after a short session in the Black Boy, proceeded to investigate the possibilities of a meal. The waitress apparently thought they wanted afternoon tea, but she was disillusioned and very soon excellent chops and steaks were forthcoming. Whilst the meal was in progress Wilf. Orrell, who had had to work during the afternoon, came in and joined the party, making a total of five—quite good for Manchester these days. After a chat the party broke up to go its several ways. The present deponent found the roads dark and much appreciated the white line where there was one, but unfortunately there was quite a stretch without any.

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