

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 418.

### A Happy New Year to All

#### FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Jan.	4	Parkgate (not Hooton)	.....	.....	Sun sets at
..	11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	5-7 p.m.
..	12	Halewood (Lunch and A.G.M.)	.....	.....	5-16 ..
..	18	Parkgate	.....	.....	5-17 ..
..	25	Parkgate	.....	.....	5-28 ..
Feb.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	5-42 ..
					5-56 ..

#### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Jan.	4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	5-7 ..
..	11	Prestbury (White House Cafe)	.....	.....	5-16 ..
..	18	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	.....	.....	5-28 ..
..	25	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	.....	.....	5-42 ..
Feb.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	5-56 ..

Full Moon ..... 13th 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.

Enclosed with this *Circular* you will find an A.G.M. notice. It is on a Sunday, at Halewood, and we would be very pleased if you could attend.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—F. W. Smith, 19, Hugo Street, Leek, Staffs.; G. Lockett, 12, Egerton Drive, Upton-by-Chester; Birkby, Arthur, 40 Sherwood Road, Liverpool, 23.

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## TREASURY NOTES.

Up to the present the response to the 30-odd, who have received a letter for their outstanding subscriptions has, to say the least, been disappointing. However, there is still a few more days grace for them, after which it will be a matter for the Committee to deal with the delinquents.

My thanks are due to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations\* to the Comforts Fund, especially those who have paid in advance for 1941.

1940.

S. H. Bailey.*	A. Howarth.	C. Randall.
E. Buckley.*	F. Marriott.*	W. L. Rich.
H. G. Buckley.	H. Poole.*	C. Selkirk.
J. Egar.	H. W. Powell.	H. W. Smith.
Ernest R. Green.	F. Perkins.*	E. Webb.
T. R. Hinde.	L. Price.*	

1941.

K. W. Barker.*	T. R. Hinde.	A. E. Preston.
A. E. C. Birkby.	F. Perkins.	L. Price.

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

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## EDITORIAL.

### Carrying On.

Peter Rock, when he writes on other pages of his hope that the *Circular* will continue, continue through these dark days until the "sunlit uplands" of tomorrow, puts into print what is in the hearts of all of us, at home and abroad. It does not seem possible to even envisage the suspension of our

paper. We write, of course, never knowing what is to happen next, which perhaps is as well, but the *Circular* will never miss one month if we can help it. Throughout the last war it kept its link forged; there is no reason to seriously doubt that it will not do so in this. Even if this Editor is dragged into the coloured vortex of various uniforms, there are others who can carry on, and our printing establishment is not quite so dangerously placed as on Merseyside or Manchester.

With this *Circular* we complete three years since the very celebrated "Blue-pants" issue—our first, and years never have flown quicker. With this *Circular* also go our Seasonal Greetings: Greetings to all Anfielders and friends wherever they may be. Our wishes go from a land that in parts is battered, but still smiles. Merseyside and Manchester have had their share, but from these hammered hearts of Anfieldland we send our kindest and sincerest wishes to all, and we will keep our end up until you boys come home.

#### SERVICE ADDRESSES.

Pte. J. S. JONAS, S/3765778, R.A.S.C., H.Q., Southern Inf. Bde., Malta.

Driver J. E. REEVES, 2067781 }  
 Corporal J. R. BAND, 2060385 }

"B" Eschelon, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Middle East.

L/Cpl. W. P. ROCK, 2067653, 2nd Troop, 2nd Cheshire Field Squad, R.E.'s, Middle East.

Trooper SAMUEL, T.T., 2nd Troop, "C" 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. N. BAND, H.M.S. "Upholder," c/o G.P.O., London.

A.C. I, D. TURNOR, No. 1 Section, 13 W.I.S., R.A.F., Middle East.

Sgt. R. BARKER, c/o 5 Peel Avenue, Hale, Cheshire.

GEORGE FARR, c/o 2, Churton Road, Gorton, Manchester

18.



## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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### IN THE UNITED KINGDOM :—

R.A.F. :—DICK RYALLS, LEN. KILLIP, ALAN TELFORD, D. BIRCHALL, FRED. BREWSTER, c/o Mrs. Laing, 42 Langholm Road, East Boldon, County Durham.

Army :—T. SHERMAN (Cpl.), c/o Alma Lodge, Curledge Street, Paignton, S. Devon.

J. R. FER, 40, Magdala Road, Nottingham.

E. BYRON, IRA THOMAS, F. W. SMITH.

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### DUDLEY TURNOR.

In a letter to Kettle, the Mullah writes of Dudley's address at the moment, and also to tell us that so long ago as October, 1939, the plane Dudley was in was under fire, and he personally exchanged shots with the occupants of an enemy plane until a Spitfire came and chased Jerry away.

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### SERVICE NEWS.

Some days after our last issue saw the light Len Killip came to see us as the proud possessor of an Observer's Wing and the three stripes of a sergeant. Congratulations, Len! Our sub-captain for 1940 has been posted to long-distance bombers, so that his map reading and navigational calculations must be correct if he and his crew are to reach home safely. Len, and the Editor spent a very pleasant two hours together, wandering around Liverpool and lunching. Tommy Sherman sends a very personal greeting card in the form of a smiling picture of our Chubby Face, and he wishes us to pass on his sincerest wishes to all Anfielders. Don Birchall donned his R.A.F. uniform some days before the holidays, and the latest news of him is that he is at Blackpool and o/c teapots at the "digs." Fred. Brewster has been transferred to billets, which are so good that he hopes to be there for the duration. We hope so, too. Russ Barker has arrived safely in Sandyland, but we have not his service address. Ted Byron, Racing Secretary, and most locally placed of our service members, keeps very fit, and like most of us is putting on weight in stones—war or no war! There'll have to be some drastic dieting some day.

A LETTER FROM PETER ROCK

27/9/40.

DEAR FRANK,

Once again your turn comes when I have already shot off some fourteen pages, so do not be surprised if the resultant effort is somewhat addled. Somehow I never quite get the necessary time or opportunity to thank Kettle for the parcels, but I do appreciate them very much. One arrived about three weeks ago, but I do believe that I mentioned it in my last letter.

We are still enjoying, to a degree, the type of weather that we sigh for but rarely get at home. The sun is not quite so fierce as it was a month or two ago but still quite fierce enough to be the answer to D.B.'s prayer if he could but get here. Conditions are quiet, probably a hell of a sight quieter than they are at home. Eric still remains the elusive will o' the wisp, while Rigby is rumoured to be the proud possessor of two tapes, ambitious blighter. We have been hellish busy lately but the rush is now over and quieter times are not far ahead. I received a letter from Carver a few days ago and he seems pleased with life and his young offspring. He also made a very generous gift for both Eric and myself to imbibe a copious quantity of liquor to the health of young 'Mike.' I hope to contact Eric very soon and we will drink together to the 'chip off the old inimitable block.'

The *Circular* seems to have got stuck somewhere and at present I have but the May issue to hand. I sincerely hope that it has not been discontinued. I can assure you that such a loss would be keenly felt by myself and my two partners in the infernal triangle. Jonas must be having a warm time, for these wops seem to believe in the old adage there's safety in numbers, and believe me they stick to it in all their operations. I would rather be here though than across the water with him, for the target is too damned small for my liking. I prefer a bit of 'elbow room' when the 'eggs' start flying and we have plenty of 'elbow room' here, believe me. I have not explored any Roman remains since I got myself all 'loused-up' and I do not intend to.

I would find greater pleasure in re-exploring Eddisbury, Maiden Castle, Watling Street and the many other trips that we joggled along together. Maybe that time will soon come but if it does not it will be well worth waiting for, aye, and worth fighting for, too.

I suppose that George is in bell-bottoms now and I know that Charles is doing a bit of everything including 'sloping arms' and digging spuds. We would look a very motley crew if we could all get together now; the whole issue from aircraft designer to A.R.P. warden,

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It would look more like a fancy dress ball than a reunion of a famous and somewhat conservative cycling club. However, as I suggested before my theme is becoming somewhat addled so I will close down now. Please remember me to all at home and also to those of the Club who have not yet been engulfed by the tide of current affairs. Cheerio for now Frank, best of luck.

Your Pal,

PETER.

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—ERIC REEVES

27/9/40.

DEAR FRANK,

Letter writing is indeed an ordeal out here with a million and one flies crawling over one's face and eyes, not to mention the rest of one's body. I received your letter in which you mention getting a new bike and from your journalistic description it should be really worth seeing. In my moments of day-dreaming on the return of sanity and peace I indulge in ideas on the specification of my new iron and if I am not too old, a spot of racing. I was on leave in Cairo some weeks ago and I picked up a copy of *The Field*. Two photographs caught my eye, the packhouse bridges and the paving stones across the common. Before I had looked to see who wrote the article about them I could have told it was you and I was right. Congratulations, because *The Field* is an exclusive journal. Mail takes one hell of a time to reach here now, I received the May parcel from the Club only a couple of weeks ago. As this letter will probably take just as long I will take this opportunity of wishing you the best Christmas in the circumstances and brighter prospects for the New Year. Rigby has two stripes now and Peter has one, the only change in my rank as you will notice is from Sapper to Driver. I am fortunate to be in the same troop as Rigby after being separated for so long. Unfortunately we sometimes indulge in a remember this and that week-end, with the result that we could do with " Alf's Carpet " to spirit us back home for a Halewood evening.

Well, Frank, these flies are getting really too much, they seem to attack you more when you have a spanner or a pen in your hand, so I will close now.

Hoping it will not be long before we are planning more week-end tours with no Adolf to darken the horizon.

So Cheerio, and give my best wishes to Ted and the few who remain of tea tasters.

ERIC.

—RIGBY BAND

TUESDAY, 15TH OCTOBER, 1940.

DEAR BERT,

Once again many thanks for your welcome parcel of periodicals and *Cyclings*. As I have said before it is good to see photographs and sketches and to read articles about old touring grounds even though it does bring on a mild attack of home-sickness. News from this end is still scarce, so will you please consider this as an open letter to the lads because writing out here is somewhat laborious.

I am not long back from a short leave in Cairo. I do not need to go into details, so just try to imagine your own reactions on your first taste of civilisation after four months in the desert. The first job on arrival at Base was to get clean and never have I appreciated a bath more, not even after a '24.' Followed a visit to the barber for a shave, hair-cut and shampoo and I was ready for the fray. Four days of living on 'Glan Aber—George—Derby Arms' scale just about set me up for another spell of active service. Eric is now working on 'B' Echelon with me so we are trying to get our next leave together. Also I have had a letter from Russ. Barker who is out here and, I think stationed in or near Cairo. Well, if 'Three Anfielders at Large in Cairo' don't make top line news in the *Egyptian Mail* and *Anfield Circular* there must be something wrong with your Middle East correspondents. I have heard from J.S.J., not much news but he seems to be enjoying life. Of course nobody ever knew Syd to do anything else.

The *Circular* still comes through regularly and forms the only link we now have with scattered members. With writing being so difficult the *Circular* is an ideal clearing house for news and we hungrily devour the other lads' letters to see how they are faring. I have seen very little of Peter lately, but understand he has been doing some good work with the old dynamite, which has made him very unpopular with Musso's gang. Eric and I are working on supplies. A rather unexciting but nevertheless essential job.

Well, I see I have nearly written two pages which I did not think possible. Best of luck to all the A.B.C., including yourself.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

P.S.—Note further change of address. R.

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—PETER ROCK

DEAR KETTLE,

30/9/40.

Many thanks for the parcels which are arriving once again with joyful regularity after the long break occasioned by this spot of bother spreading eastwards. They are more than welcome and are greatly appreciated, not only by myself but by the lucky blighters with whom I share them.

I regret to say that the *Circular* is not so frequent of late. I miss it very much and strangely enough it often forms a more regular connection with Rigby and Eric than personal contact. They have both been very elusive since we got down to real business.

I shall be thinking of you all next Saturday: the start of the Halewood season, but I am very much afraid that my thoughts will be tinged with envy.

Kind regards to all,

Yours sincerely,

PETER.

—WALTER CONNOR

H.M.T. ST. MINVER,

TUESDAY, 3RD DECEMBER, 1940.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Once again very many thanks for the most generous parcel which you sent me on behalf of the Club. I reiterate, with emphasis, how acceptable these parcels have proved during my stay in these waters. The gesture which made possible the sending of these parcels is even more deeply appreciated.

As you will have already heard I am hoping to be on my way home very shortly. Our reliefs have not yet arrived but under the present circumstances delays are likely to occur, consequently I am not able to say just when I am likely to set foot on a homeward bound vessel.

Please convey my sincere thanks to all members for their continued generosity and also my best wishes for Christmas and New Year.

Sincerely yours,

W. A. CONNOR.

## RUNS.

**Halewood, December 7th, 1940.**

We weren't too sure how many would turn up to-day, for Hubert had cried off, and it wasn't Frank Perkins' turn either. But on the way out the Editor managed to overtake George Connor (not bad for him, this) and we met the other George (Stevie) at the Eagle and Child. To make the party just a little larger our V.P. had brought his good lady along, and also a couple of Service lads. But we were not all. Ensnconced inside we discovered Eddie Morris and Burgess tucking into the duck very nicely indeed. Then, in about ten minutes or so, Bombardier (is that spelt right?) Byron and W. R. Jones strode in. What a good party it was to be after all!

Sarah gave us four chickens to dib into, with the usual lashings of vegetables, and we had a right merry meal. There doesn't seem to be much sign of a war inside the Derby Arms! Feeling very repleted, it was a struggle through the wind down to the Pier Head again, but I think that we can keep the Club runs going—until the boys come home.

**Goostrey, December 7th, 1940.**

A very pleasant day—fine and fresh, but not too cold—and I thoroughly enjoyed the ride to Goostrey, especially the last stretch by Dibble Bridge, calling back to memory incidents in past years associated with this spot and that, for many years travelling on Cheshire lanes has made almost every turn in the road a point of interest. We B.O.B.'s, when riding alone, are very apt to ruminate on the past especially when there's a lot of it, and this afternoon I had it badly. So when, on rising the steep bit by Goostrey Church I saw before me a figure and bicycle once very familiar, I thought at first it was part of my dreaming. But no, it wasn't—on overtaking the combination I found that it was the Mullah in person, and the bicycle which he always used to claim was "the best bicycle in the Club." It seems that the urge to "resume the pigskin" and to "attend the run wherever the destination might be fixed," had overcome the admonitions of the doctor and the soft ties of domestic

bliss; he had brought forth the steed from the stable where it had rested for so many years and given it another gallop. And he'd enjoyed it. The Presider, Wilf. Orrell and Jim Cranshaw, together with the Mullah, made up a merry party. Naturally in the circumstances, reminiscences were the order of the day over the meal and we had altogether a jolly time. The Mullah departed early to avoid any necessity for hurry, but the others kept the fire warm for quite a time, and then had a fine ride home, albeit the wind was somewhat troublesome.

#### **Parkgate, December 14th, 1940.**

Not too bad of an afternoon, and four of us—Kettle, Connor, Perkins and Marriott, managed to reach the venue by the side of the chilly waters (when the tide does rise) of the Dee estuary. Ham and egg were ours, but Harold stuck to his boiled hen fruit and trappings. But as this run was really only a prelude to the morrow, and we therefore change the scene to

#### **Halewood, December 15th, 1940.**

which was fixed to give the Committee an opportunity of meeting in daylight. As a run therefore, it was unofficial, but very successful, and we hope it will be repeated. Five gathered on the 11-15 boat: Kettle, Perkins, Williams, Marriott and Birchall, who was attending his last run ere donning a suit of R.A.F. blue. In James Street we met Eddie Morris, and as a cafe was open and the time opportune for coffee, six bicycles were left leaning against the wall of a bank. It was almost noon before we left and made our way quite pleasantly through the city and suburbs to the country beyond at Halewood.

The door of the Derby Arms was opened, and it was an agreeable change to be able to see and walk straight to the doorway instead of feeling one's way along a wall of rough and rustic brick and trying to get round a thick black-out curtain. Inside all was merry. Outside we had already espied two tricycles and had noted the rare (to us) redness of Wilf. Orrell's bassinette, the other "barrer" was Bert Green's. Ven., Stevie, Hubert, Connor, Preston and Molyneux were inside. Burgess was upstairs, and Rex Austin came along later.

Here we must evince some surprise at the way these days George Connor dives for the ducks, and divides them with so much ease. Are you practising for something, George, or just losing some of that innate modesty which has hovered like a cloud for years? A party of sixteen is something we have not enjoyed for some months, and it was delightful to savour again some of the pleasures of an Anfield run. Say what you may, sixteen is better than six any day.

Soon after two p.m. lunch was over, and the Committee remained to execute the business of the day. Three-thirty, and we were on the road again. Williams, Connor and Marriott elected to make the longer run home via Runcorn. We had to walk across the railway bridge, as we missed one crossing of the Meccano Set by two minutes.

The climb to the top of Rock Savage was hard, and we had to pedal down the other side. Once in Frodsham the going was better, and on the new road through Little Sutton and Hooton we made excellent progress. At Hen Corner Ginner continued through Raby to Parkgate, while the Skipper and the Scribe walked the Sych to the Storeton Ridge, and so home.

#### **Lymm, December 16th, 1940.**

Half-a-gale blowing, cold and rainy—not very attractive—but there was plenty of shelter from the wind, and the rain was not too heavy. Only two, the Presider and Wilf. Orrell, reached the Spread Eagle. On looking into the dining room they were startled to see that places had been set for about a hundred. But they weren't for us; the local Home Guard was going to have a 'do.' We had a good meal, including some Stilton (you don't often get that nowadays) and then adjourned to the smoke-room, which presently filled with men in uniform, getting ready to attack what would be before them. A chat with a farmer, whose land appears to bear quite a lot of scars from things dropped lately and then home in fine weather and plenty of light.

#### **Parkgate, December 21st, 1940.**

One disadvantage about winter runs is that you don't ride far enough to get warm, but on balance the short journey home carries great weight these dangerous days, and this evening was one of the most exciting ever.



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Salty and his wife, Kettle, Williams and Marriott were the supporters of the run, travelling outwards by various ways in an extremely cold wind. Soon after 6-30, when Salty was escorting his better-half to the 'bus, the siren sounded, and the fun began. The 'bus was late, and quite a crowd awaited its coming. Rumbblings from the distant hills rolled across the sky, and there were bright flashes. A plane droned in the blackness above. Then there came that unmistakeable whistle—the swishing of bombs in their swift passage earthwards. I dropped into the gutter with mouth open wide, and the whizzers passed harmlessly to drop in the best place possible—the marshy shore.

Jack and Mrs. Salt moved back into the cafe and let the 'bus go on. Kettle and the Editor moved homewards, watching a sky that was bright with slowly descending flares, and the flashing from the continuous firing of what seemed a hundred guns. The roar from them spread and echoed across the vastness of the sky. At the Glegg Arms I left your Treasurer, and continued alone through Barnston and Storeton ever with an eye on the explosions starring above. The staccato stabbings of the guns seemed to halt for a brief instant in the woods at the roadside, and then they would continue across the countryside only to sound on the distant sea. On the Storeton ridge bits of shrapnel tinkled disconcertingly on the roadway around, and I was fearful for my enamel—and my head! There was little shelter, so I took a chance and hurried home, thankful indeed to reach safely the portals of "45."

### **Holmes Chapel, December 21st, 1940.**

An excellent afternoon for riding and a welcome change from the more or less drab weather we have had for the past few weeks.

There was very little traffic on the route I chose for this particular run, and I was inclined to dawdle along until I saw Bert Green passing along the high road into which my lane route was leading; I eventually caught our Bert at the automatics at the Holmes Chapel village and together we decided we were early but both of us being "sharp set" we ordered our tea along with one extra which we knew we could dispose of even if no one else turned up, anyhow,

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Will. Orrell came in time to claim the third place and I may add that really good ham and eggs are very welcome these days.

We left together about 7-30 p.m., but soon split up to go our own ways, and as the night was peaceful with the exception of a distant barrage we made our respective homes in good style.

(J. D. CRANSHAW is the contributor).

### **Parkgate, December 28th, 1940.**

The last run of the old year, and five turned out: del Banco, Kettle, Connor, Perkins and Marriott. After riding westwards into a very cold wind on one of the most delightful afternoons this winter, we espied a tricycle coming towards us, and it proved to be Blotto, hurrying home. Rounding the corner on to Parkgate front, we rode almost a half-mile before turning into the cafe and joining the party round the fire. George Connor was almost on his way home then, as he wished to be in Wallasey before dark, after several very unpleasant experiences in last week's "blitz" nights. Then Kettle came in, hikin' in those huge boots of his. You should see them! Frank Slemen, of the East Liverpool, also joined us, and afterwards five sat around the fire and talked b-bicycles. Yes, bicycles! And what a change from the inevitable talk of the days. It was a grand breath of yesterday and a taste of to-morrow. Kettle made sparks on the front as he walked his boots home again. We were much more noiseless as we sped along the quiet roads and beneath a silent sky.

### **Knolls Green, December 28th, 1940.**

Attendance better to-day—four out, Rex Austin, free for a few hours from his war-time duties, Jim Cranshaw, the Presider and Will. Orrell. It was fine to be out on such a day, with sunshine after a morning of fog. There was plenty to talk about over the meal, life in this region having been full of incident during the last few days. So far as we could hear none of our friends except one, had suffered any injury, for which we were devoutly thankful. A game of darts and then a quiet ride home finding our way cautiously through the lanes.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 419.

### FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Feb.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....	Sun sets at 5-54 p.m.
..	8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....	6-6 ..
..	15	Parkgate	.....	.....	.....	6-21 ..
..	16	Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....	6-22 ..
		Lunch, 1-30 p.m.				
..	22	Parkgate	.....	.....	.....	6-35 ..
Mar.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....	6-47 ..

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Feb.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	5-54 ..
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..	22	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	.....	.....	.....	6-35 ..
Mar.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	6-47 ..

Full Moon ..... 12th instant

### NOTICE.

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

The Resignation of Mr. C. F. Hawkes has been accepted with regret.

Mr. A. Howarth has been transferred to Hon. Membership.

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

No Club Delegates have been appointed for 1941.

H. W. POWELL, *Hon. Secretary*.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. C. Selkirk, c/o Mrs. Sale, 56 Frances Street, Chester; Mr. J. E. Walker, at "Burniese," 5 Sunningwell Road, Sunningwell, nr. Abingdon, Berks.

## TREASURY NOTES.

Seven subscriptions for 1940 and seventeen for 1941 is a good start for the new year. But it is to be regretted that the response to the Committee's request to those with outstanding subscriptions for 1939 and 1940 has been practically nil.

My best thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations\* to the Comforts Fund. Parcels this month have been dispatched to "Ours" Overseas.

1940.

W. J. Finn.	J. E. Rawlinson.	J. E. Walker.*
C. F. Hawkes.	E. J. Reade.	J. R. Walton.
	J. G. Shaw.	

1941.

C. A. Aldridge.	Edwin R. Green.	L. Oppenheimer.*
H. S. Barratt.	Ernest R. Green.	W. Orrell.*
P. Brazendale.	H. Green.	H. W. Powell.
W. G. Connor.	N. S. Heath.	J. R. Walton.*
H. L. Elston.*	G. P. Mills.	A. Williams.*
W. J. Finn.*	G. Molyneux.	

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

### SERVICE NOTES.

We have little to report this month. Fred Brewster, although still in County Durham, has moved from the address we printed last month, and as other moves are possible, please revert to his home address at 184, Wainbody Avenue, Green Lane, Coventry. For weeks now we have expected Walter Connor to brighten our threshold, but he has not yet arrived. The lads in Sandyland are too busy to write at the moment, and we extend every good wish in their present travels across the face of Libya.

With the exception referred to above, last month's address list is correct, and we do not intend printing it again in this issue.

### AIR RAID SUFFERERS.

During a blitz night early in January, a hefty H.E. bomb fell in the next garden to Stevie's home at Huyton, and our V.P. suffered the loss of his rear windows and maybe other structural damage. The same night the Editor's darkroom suffered considerably, and his photographic enlarger nearly wrecked when flying debris—and debris can fly—made at least six hefty holes in his roof and rooms. These same bombs also damaged Cotter's house. A week or so earlier George Connor's house was too near other "whizzers," and windows, door frames and ceilings suffered. E. J. Reade has been bombed out of his Manchester business, and he is working as well as possible from home. Ven. has also had to move to West Kirby, his house nearly stopped one.

### WHERE'S HUBERT ?

We were sorry not to have seen Hubert at the A.G.M., where he was confidently expected to be present. Anything wrong ?

### J. A. HALL.

Ven. sends us news from Whitchurch of the passing of J.A. Hall, of the Raven Inn, Prees Heath, at the age of 56. Mr. Hall took over the tenancy of the hotel in 1924, although the Raven had been in his family for generations. Many of our members will regret his demise.



### CYCLING JUBILEE.

For a very fine review of *Cycling* and cycling during the last fifty years, we commend our readers to the issue of *Cycling* dated 24th January.

### PETER ROCK WRITES FROM THE MIDDLE EAST.

8/11/40.

DEAR SAMMY,

Once again I am rather belated in writing to you. I have not heard from you for a couple of months, but I have no doubt but what your letters will turn up sometime. I hear that you have had the 'Terrace' dug up, but I cannot believe that it is part of the 'dig for victory' scheme. Joking apart, I sincerely hope that no damage has been sustained by you or your household.

I met Eric and Rigby about ten days ago. I had occasion to stay the night with them and you would hardly credit the fact but this is the first time that the 'trio' has been together. We celebrated, but did not get inebriated—for ginger ale was the strongest drink available. I had just returned from leave and had unsuccessfully attempted to contact Russ. B. in town. We spent the night together yarning of old times; of our prospects of returning to the game and of that furious trip to Kerry on the eve of the I.O.M. race. When it was at last time to turn in I accepted Eric's hospitality, and together we yarned far into the night, finally dozing off in the early hours of the morning.

Arriving back to my own troop I found a letter waiting me; it was from Russ. He had evidently left town shortly after I arrived there and is yet to be located. I was out on a job two days ago, and as we were charging along the road somebody shouted from a lorry going in the opposite direction. It may have been Russ. and if so, it is probably as much as I am likely to see of him, unless by merest chance we happen to do a job at the spot where he hangs out.

During my leave I spent a little time delving around the native bazaars and other places of interest. Most of the goods are very gaudy and crudely coloured, but nevertheless the trip is well worth while. The whole of one tiny street is literally paved with gold. In this street, wherever you may turn your eyes, you see finely wrought articles of gold ware. Chains, locketts, pendants and finely wrought filigree work. All these articles are reputed to be entirely hand-made by native labour and we have no reason to doubt the guides' word.

Other streets are given over to leather products, ranging from Chamois to Camel skin. All these quaint and somewhat evil smelling places combine to make a very interesting and colourful scene. Outside the city the luscious greenery of the fertile areas presents a wonderful sight to an eye more attuned to constant vision of the barren sun-dried wastes. Root crops combine with grain yielding crops to give that close patchwork scene which immediately brings to mind the similar agricultural and pastoral scene that we viewed during our trip through France in '38. The scene rolls on, seemingly endless—broken only by the ugly muddy slash of irrigation trenches and the stately outline of towering date palms with their pendulous burden of golden fruit. It is a scene never to be forgotten even though only glimpsed from the window of a hurrying train. And so with these fleeting scenes fresh in our minds we come back to the spot where we can be neither explicit nor graphic. Even though I know Russ. to be out here I cannot ask him where he is and must rely on my job and a little luck to bring me in contact with him.

And now I send you even more belated greetings for a safe if not merry Christmas and the hope that 1941 will eventually see us altogether again. Remember me to your mother and Mollie and good luck and best wishes for the Club during 1941. Cheerio for now Frank.

Your pal,

PETER.

(Peter wired home from the middle of his blitz a week or so ago to say that he was quite well and his time fully occupied.—ED.).

### LEN. KILLIP WRITES FROM BERKSHIRE.

5/1/41.

DEAR FRANK,

The arrival of the *Circular* yesterday reminded me that I owed you a letter, and as it's Sunday I suppose I'd better get cracking. Incidentally, thanks for the Christmas card; I thought I had received my full complement from Liverpool when yours arrived.

I must thank the Club once again for the postal order, which arrived just before Christmas. I can assure you that it was not wasted!

This is not a bad hole. The food is O.K. We get up a bit later in the mornings, we're not messed about quite so much, and work, so far, has been extremely light. In a few weeks' time I expect to be very busy but until then I can afford to sit back and—well, write letters I suppose! As usual, we're rather a long way from civilisation, but we managed to get into Oxford yesterday, a distance of 15 miles.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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I've still heard nothing from my sparring partner in the Middle East, so presume that his time is fully occupied (that's a spot of heavy sarcasm!) At the present moment I should not mind exchanging climates. I suppose it is much the same at home, but we are in the grip of a pretty severe frost. An extremely cold wind does nothing to improve matters.

Wish I could have seen your lanky form flopping into the gutter at Parkgate that Saturday night! I know it wasn't a bit funny, but doubtless in retrospect you can laugh too.

I think that will be all for now. My regards to all Anfielders, and here's hoping that 1941 will see this business through.

All the best,

LEN.

### —TED BYRON—ON THE HOME FRONT.

26/12/40.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Please thank the A.B.C. on my behalf for the very kind and thoughtful gift of P.O. for 5/-. As you suggested, cigarettes were bought with it, and they are very welcome during the long watches of the night. I've never been so dead beat and sore after our two night blitz, it reminded me of the feeling after finishing a "24"!

Remember me to all A.B.C. members you see and here's to a quick return to our normal Club runs.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

TED BYRON.

### —IRA THOMAS—SOMEWHERE IN KENT.

9th January, 1941.

DEAR FRANK,

May I through this letter express my thanks for the very welcome P.O. which I received on Boxing Day? Believe me it came at the right moment, for I was about broke after an enjoyable day previously.

I am pleased to see in the *Circular* that the Club has had no casualties through the blitz. I would also like to congratulate the little band of Anfielders in "Sandyland" on their recent successes, and I hope they have got through unscathed. Nice work, boys.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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Another thing I was pleased to see that the *Circular* will carry on no matter what happens. You know, Frank, that when the date comes round for me to have the *Circular* I get into the Company office in quick time to see if it has arrived. I would like you to seal the envelope in future as I think that there is someone else who is interested in the A.B.C. besides me in this Company, for on receiving it the other day it had been well thumbed.

I have only met one real cyclist since I have been here and he was a Catford man, unfortunately I did not get his name. However, perhaps in the near future when I have my leave I will try and attend a run and recapture the pleasures of a Saturday spent awheel in Anfield-land.

Cheerio, and remember me to all.

All the best,

IRA.

—FRED. BREWSTER—CO. DURHAM.

27/12/40.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Very many thanks to you and the Club for the good wishes and P.O., which I received to-day. Please accept and also convey to all the members of the A.B.C. whom you meet my best wishes for a better New Year. I trust that everyone has escaped the hectic bombing which Merseyside has suffered. I shall be going home on leave next week and shall be able to see what is left of Coventry. Fortunately, as you know, all my people are safe, thank God.

You will notice from my new address that I have been billeted out, and very nice it is, too.

Another item of news that several may be pleased to hear is that I have now got through for training as Air Observer, my fondest dream, and should be going down South for it soon.

All the best to you and Mrs. Kettle.

Yours sincerely,

FRED. BREWSTER.

—TOMMY SHERMAN—GLORIOUS DEVON.

22/12/40.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Many thanks to you and the Club for the postal order and best wishes, which I received this morning.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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I have recently met Bert Coleman, of the Speedwell B.C., in Torquay, and we've held a couple of private inter-Club runs. He wishes to be remembered to all Anfielders and sends his best wishes.

There's very little to write about, so thanking you again and wishing everybody the compliments of the season,

I remain,

Sincerely Yours,

TOMMY,

—RALPH FER—NOTTINGHAM.

*25th December, 1940.*

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey to the Club my sincere thanks for their good wishes, and also for the P.O. which, you may be sure, will be put to good use.

I should like to wish the Club, both individually and collectively, a peaceful and prosperous New Year, and I hope the time is not far distant when we shall all be able to meet "down the road" as before.

Sincerely yours,

RALPH FER.

—DON BIRCHALL—MORECAMBE BAY.

*1/1/41-*

DEAR FRANK,

Just a line to acquaint you with my change of stations. My stay in Blackpool was short and sweet, thank goodness, for we did nothing of any particular interest. Here the work is much more interesting. At the moment our particular training consists of gas lectures and foot drill.

I have perfect digs., a large private house (C.T.C.), run by the perfect hostess. My pals are all good lads, though in different squads.

I have chummed up with Bob Benson (ex-Mersey Railway) who is in my particular drill squad and we have had one or two good night's together. (Please mention this to Frank Perkins).

Our station bounds are Carnforth, Lancaster and Heysham, and bus fares being what they are these places have not yet been visited.

We drill on the front with a glorious background of the nearer hills of the Lake District: at the moment they are lightly covered with snow and the sight of them awakes in me my old wanderlust spirit. How I would like to explore those enticing hill tops and valleys!

I *may* be here for five weeks or so, but one can never tell with the Authorities that be, they change their minds so often and so quickly.

Please convey my thanks for the Postal Order which I received from the Club on Christmas Day.

Well, letter writing is not one of my strong points, so I will be greatly obliged if you will remember me to the boys, especially Arthur, whom I will write to later, and Ted, whose address I would like to have, so wishing you and yours all the best for 1941 I will close and get some shut eye.

Yours,

DON.

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## RUNS.

### Parkgate, January 4th, 1941.

For the first Saturday in 1941 quite a number fulfilled their New Year resolutions and made a happy party at Parkgate. Jack Salt (complete with better-half) was able to sit around the fire once more, and Elias left a note saying that he had called earlier. Arthur Williams also had a day off from mending aeroplanes. Preston (and fiancée), Kettle, Connor and Marriott completed the party. It was quite a pleasant afternoon, judged from recent standards, but wretchedly cold, and in the twilight hour, pedalling down to the Dee in the half-light, it seemed chillier than ever before.

Seldom has a Club run gathering clustered closer to the fire than this afternoon, and after the ham-and-eggs (eaten with relish while available) had been disposed of, talk was mainly of aeroplanes and war, but it occasionally drifted back to bicycles.

Having some distance to travel home (twelve and eight miles respectively) the Captain and Editor made tracks soon after six-thirty to be as near their domiciles as possible should Jerry try any of his visiting tricks. It seemed warmer then, but the fireside was a great journey's end.

### Parkgate, January 11th, 1941.

There is little to write of this run, for the only attender was Harold Kettle. He sat alone, waiting for the others

who never came. Connor was working, and the Editor was busy clearing away rubbish heaps of rock, clay, plaster, laths and other debris from various bedrooms which had suffered somewhat from Jerry's bombs falling a hundred or so yards away. Perkins went to the pictures, he unashamedly confesses! Shame on you, Frank.

### Halewood Annual General Meeting, January 12th, 1941.

Firstly, let me disappoint many readers by telling them that they are not to be credited with a Club run for Sunday meetings. Runs were not dished out when A.G.M.'s were held on a week-night, so why now?

There is little to write of the ride out, for I was bent on personal business, and Frank Perkins, accidentally met on the boat, accompanied me through Gateacre before turning to Halewood by the Brickwall Inn. My visiting took longer than expected, and when I stepped into the dining room all that was left consisted of some carcasses and vegs. Frank had promised to save me some, too. Out of sight, out of mind.

Round the table were graced, in no particular order : President Green, supported by V.P. Stevie and Austin, and son Bobby, Powell, Kettle, Burgess, Connor, King, Chandler (first time in five months!), del Banco, Perkins, Arthur Simpson, Cheminais, Ven., Elias, Eddie Morris, Cranshaw, E. Buckley, W. Orrell, Marriott, Molyneux and Shacklady.

The lunch went down very nicely, thank you, and then the proceedings began. The meeting was very formal, and was soon disposed of. Powell read his report, and of the attendances it was noted with much enthusiasm that President Green alone topped the poll. No one neared him, and Marriott was the only other over 40, with 42. Wilf. Orrell and Ven. gained the attendance prizes. The Racing Secretary's Report, prepared and recited by Captain Connor, came next, and we heard with no little pride of how our one and only Salty has kept our flag fluttering in the world of sport.

Kettle told us of our financial position, and we note with much relief that the subs. will not be raised this year. Thank heavens! The till is healthy, but for the actual figures I

must refer you to your handbook, published in a week or so. After the elections the "staff" remained substantially the same, but the Committee has some new faces, notably Wilf. Orrell and King. Eddie Haynes and Len Killip will be delighted that they are still Sub-Captains, even from so far away! Powell, sadly overloaded with work, bravely volunteered to carry on, and we thank him.

Kettle told us of the fine work that has been done in sending parcels to our forces abroad, a work that is limited at the moment by the shortage of supplies. We are pleased to know that he is sending them as often as possible, and that our lads in the U.K. are being looked after with occasional 5/- postal orders.

**Parkgate, January 18th, 1941.**

By the time this appears in print we should be free to say something about the weather, and as there is little else to write of, here goes. With some snow in the week, we did hope that the week-end would be free from the wretched stuff, but there was nothing doing and Saturday afternoon excelled itself. Snow again flurried forth from the leaden sky. Inches deep it was on the roads, and there were drifts which made passage almost impossible.

After crawling around a cold and cob-webby cockloft making temporary repairs to water-pipes, it was far more preferable to sit around the home fireside than venture forth outside. But thinking of the select little party whose faces would be glowing in the firelight at Parkgate, I set out.

The wind was keen, knife edged, and the snow blew horizontally through roads and country lanes. In some places the drifts needed careful negotiation. At last, I docked at the cafe and sat before the fire—alone! Minutes passed, and the meal I ordered came and was consumed with enthusiasm, but still there was no one. Where were the Kettles and the Connors, the Prestons and the Perkins, the Barkers and the Blottos?

At six-thirty, sadly disillusioned, out again I went into the snow and wind for home. After much discomfort, nearly an hour later I stepped thankfully across my threshold of "45," very regretful that I had ever left it.



**Holmes Chapel, January 18th, 1941.**

When Wilf. Orrell picked up the Presider it looked as though there might be a dry ride, but it wasn't long before thin snow began to be driven into them by a very fierce wind. In the circumstances any very roundabout run was not advisable, so the two plodded against the wind and snow on almost the shortest route. A call at Goostrey for a cup of tea and then the last stretch to Holmes Chapel. Here Wilf. managed to run into one of the many drifts of snow—none very deep, but deep enough to make it necessary to dismount and drag the tricycle out. At the Swan they found Jim Cranshaw waiting, and were all three soon enjoying a very nice meal. The journey homeward was perhaps a little easier than the outward one, but not appreciably so, for the wind was one of those side winds, no friend to anyone, and the snow drifts had to be watched. However, all reached their destinations safely.

**Knolls Green, January 25th, 1941.**

A very disappointing day, for the morning was dry, but the afternoon brought driving sleet. Some consolation may be taken from the fact that at this time last year the roads were well-nigh impassable, whereas we were able to get along now. The wind drove the sleet well in so that it was a very wet pair (the Presider and Wilf. Orrell) who arrived at the Bird-in-Hand. However, a stay before a good fire and a substantial meal made them warm and comfortable and ready to face a return journey just as wet as the outward one.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 420.

### FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Mar.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....	Sun sets at 6-48 p.m.
..	8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....	7-1
..	15	Parkgate	.....	.....	.....	7-13
..	22	Parkgate	.....	.....	.....	7-27
..	29	Parkgate	.....	.....	.....	7-39
April	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....	7-52

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Mar.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	6-48
..	8	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	.....	.....	.....	7-1
..	15	Prestbury (White House Cafe)	.....	.....	.....	7-13
..	22	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	.....	.....	.....	7-27
..	29	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	.....	.....	.....	7-39
April	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	7-52

Full Moon ..... 13th 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. Mr. W. T. Venables, c/o Mr. J. Redding, Windsor House, Wray, near Hornby, Lancs; Mr. K. B. Crewe, "Tallands," Broadway, Tranmere Park, Guiseley, near Leeds.

RESIGNATIONS have been accepted with regret from the following:—Messrs. H. M. Horrocks, A. Newsholme, H. Poole, R. Rothwell and D. Smith.

The following have been struck off for non-payment of Subscriptions:—Messrs. A. J. Carr, A. F. Hughes, R. J. Pugh and F. Jones.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

## TREASURY NOTES.

This month has produced one outstanding subscription for 1939 and five for 1940, but there are still a few members who have failed to realise their obligations to the Club.

Fifteen subscriptions and/or donations\* to the Comforts Fund this month for 1941 earn my best thanks.

Parcels have been despatched this month to "Ours" Overseas, and Postal Orders to those serving at home.

1939.

H. M. Horrocks.

1940.

G. B. Burgess. D. C. Kinghorn. F. Wood.

H. M. Horrocks. A. Newsholme.

1941.

H. Austin. E. J. Cody.\* F. Roskell.

J. C. Band.\* K. B. Crewe.\* H. Roskell.\*

S. J. Buck.\* S. del Banco.\* W. Shacklady.\*

G. B. Burgess. L. King. E. Snowden.

F. Chandler. F. D. McCann.\* F. Wood.

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

**SERVICE ADDRESSES.**

Pte. J. S. JONAS, S/3765778, R.A.S.C., H.Q., Southern Inf. Bde., Malta.

Cpl. J. R. BAND, 2069385, "B" Eschelon, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Middle East.

L/Cpl. J. E. REEVES, 2067781, H.Q. Troop, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, R.E., Middle East.

L/Cpl. W. P. ROCK, 2067653, 2nd Troop, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Middle East.

Trooper SAMUEL, T.T., 2nd Troop, "C" Squadron, Cheshire Yeomanry, Middle East.

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

A.C.I. D. TURNOR, No. 1 Section, 13 W.I.S., R.A.F., Middle East.

Sgt. R. BARKER, T.74596, C.P.D. Group, No. 6 M.T.S.D., R.A.S.C., Middle East Force.

W. A. CONNOR, 27 Parkside, Wallasey.

G. FARR, c/o 2 Churton Road, Gorton, Manchester.

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM :

R.A.F.—DICK RYALLS, LEN KILLIP, ALAN TELFORD, DON BURCHALL, FRED BREWSTER.

Army.—T. SHERMAN (Cpl.), c/o Alma Lodge, Curledge Street, Paignton, Devon ; J. R. FER, 40 Magdala Road, Nottingham ; E. BYRON (Bombardier) Battery 290, A.A., R.A., Ashfield House, Neston, Wirral. ; IRA THOMAS, somewhere in Kent ; F. W. Smith.

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**BRIAN BAND.**

As we close for press we note with delight from the morning paper that Brian Band and his shipmates have been very active in the Mediterranean, and that two fairly large Italian supply ships have suffered from the "Upholder's" attentions. Good luck, Brian, and good hunting!



“THE BICYCLE.”

Our readers may be interested to know that *The Bicycle* has now adopted a magazine format after having had a newspaper lay-out since its inception some years ago. We were pleased with the new issue, particularly with the photographs, which are good although the screen seems to be somewhat coarser than the improved paper requires.

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SERVICE NEWS.

News is quite plentiful this month. We have had three Service members home on leave—Fer, Birchall and Walter Connor. Quite early in the month we had heard that Walter had had to stay on whilst his other friends aboard were relieved, and he had the mortification of seeing them sailing for home while he stayed on in the land of swamps. But he too landed in England a week or so ago after a good passage and absence of fifteen months. He is fit and well, and sends his kind wishes to all.

Don Birchall has moved to Lincolnshire, while Ralph Fer is still holding down without difficulty his very cushy job in Nottingham. Fred Brewster has been accepted for training as a pilot, and hopes to start “larning” shortly.

Of the lads in Sandyland there is not much to say—yet. We have discovered that Rigby is writing to friends at home on Italian notepaper, and Eric Reeves has been promoted to wear one tape. Good lad, Eric!

We have not heard from the other lads lately for the simple reason that we owe quite a lot of letters. Can the Editorial Department crave their indulgence for just some time longer?

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A LETTER FROM SYD. JONAS

3rd December, 1940.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks once more for another fine parcel, sent off in October and delivered to-day. We have just sampled the biscuits with our bed-time cocoa and rather spoilt the look of them.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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Our evening meal is at 5-0 p.m. and it is rather a long time to go to breakfast, and a couple of biscuits help to keep off the much dreaded night starvation.

It is surprisingly cold here now and when one of the frequent strong winds blow it seems almost Arctic after the six or seven hot summer months. It feels as cold as at home in December, but I suppose it can't be as the grass is growing and all the crops are showing up in the fields, most of which, by the way, are the size of a good sized garden at home.

The October and November *Circulars* were also delivered to-day, and I was very glad to have them. Will you pass my good wishes and congratulations on to Dick Ryalls. I was delighted to see he has gained a commission. I see Ted Byron is also on the way to the higher ranks, and I wish him and all the others every success.

My wife has beaten me to it easily and is the proud possessor of a stripe also, so I have to pipe down nowadays, or else she will be putting me on the hook.

Life is very quiet here and there is very little to do. I managed to borrow a machine a few days ago and had a most enjoyable day out, finding some muddy and rocky lanes, as usual, and also a most glorious shelf road six or seven hundred feet above sea level.

There is some fine cliff scenery in places and some perfectly lovely bays, and I have plenty of time to visit them.

That is about all my news at the moment and in any case it is nearly "lights out," so I will wish you and the Club in general a Happy New Year and thank you all again for the very fine parcels.

With kind regards to Marjorie and Mr. and Mrs. Waive.

Yours,

SYD. JONAS.

—ERIC REEVES

*December 17th, 1940.*

DEAR FRANK,

In a letter from my mother I received recently she told me of your visit to her and you saying you hadn't heard from me for a long time. Well, I do write from time to time but letters seem to take so long in reaching you. The last letter of yours I received was in July or August, so we seem out here to be doomed to grumbling at or being grumbled at by others for not writing when in reality it is the difficulties of a

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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mail service out here. Guns and food before letters you know should be our slogan in these times. The Club *Circular* and copies of *Cycling* come to me at long intervals and very welcome they are too. Young Tommy Sherman is lucky, being able to attend Club runs when on leave. I am still as interested in the Road Racing reports as ever and I still cherish the hope of getting the old sprints and tubulars out again when this lot is over. I wish you wouldn't describe your jaunts over the Welsh Marches so well, they make Rigby and I quite homesick. Remember me to Ted, will you please, how is he getting on, by the way. I hear his battery is quite successful at making Nazi planes susceptible to the law of gravity: keep up the good work, Ted. Rigby had a letter from Albert recently, is he still chewing his cud successfully? I often wish I could see him tackle an Army biscuit. On leave a few weeks ago with Rigby we had some meals just as excellent as the "George" in the good old days. I wish Hubert could try some of the steaks they do out here, they are really marvellous. Does Charles still retain his title of the brownest man in the Club? He seems to be staying at home a lot now if the *Circular* is correct. Well, I will close now, Frank, and give my best wishes to all the chaps, please. I will try and write more often in future, so until then,

Cheerio,

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

### RIGBY BAND

20th October, 1940.

DEAR KETTLE,

Many thanks for another Club parcel (18th July), received safely a couple of days ago. I must say that cake, biscuits and chocolates, which made up the contents, form an ideal combination, as your own experience of Army fare will tell. Not that we have any real grouse about the grub apart from lack of variety.

Russ. Barker is somewhere out here now; I had a letter from him but have not located him yet. On my next short leave, which I hope to share with Reeves, I may get a chance to contact him.

That is about all the news at the moment. Please note change of details in address. Once again many thanks and kind regards to all the Club.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

—RUSS BARKER

2/12/40.

DEAR FRANK,

Sorry I have neglected to write until now, old man, but I have been really busy. This statement may sound strange coming from one who has been and is in the Army. My next excuse is that this country does not inspire me to scribe and you know I require inspiration in that direction.

I had a letter from Peter yesterday, he is out in the "blue" somewhere, miles away from here. I was very unlucky in leaving Cairo on the day Peter arrived on leave from the desert, although he haunted several quarters in hopes of seeing or hearing from me on the last day it was to learn that I had departed for pastures new: in other words, the blasted desert.

I have also heard from Rigby, who seems to like parts of this country. Good old Rigby! Made a contact the other day—one—Spye (Sheffield Regent), who was quite a speedy boy. He was hidden in my company all the time and it was only by accident I discovered he was one of the "enlightened."

The beer out here is hopeless, and I am now almost teetotal. I'll bet that's a shock for the Anfielders. Has bombing stopped racing entirely? Do you still hold Parkgate runs?

Well, I must close now and do some more.

Best wishes to all in "Blighty."

Yours,

RUSS.

P.S.—Enclosed snap "behind the bars," unfortunately not handlebars.

(The picture is of Russ in the local "clink.")—Ed.

---

A LETTER FROM "F.H."

DEAR FRANK,

Your advice came too late. The Jubilee *Cycling* Number is out of print. I am trying to borrow a copy for a few days from Percy Beardwood, but failing this may I borrow your number for a few days. I must keep in touch. I have lost touch with Hubert Roskell, which synchronises with the Anfield loss of touch.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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I am training every fine Sunday noon for my cycling Diamond Jubilee next August on a most elegant Miniature Bicycle Lady's frame, Gilt-edged. Geared to 57, as this was the gear of the Champions of '81.

I was out in the frozen snow and came a cropper, yet ably avoided a passing motor cyclist. The balancing bars are boldly embracing. This far my distance is limited to ten miles (a two-hour run).

Yours,

F.H.K.

(Congratulations, and may we make it the subject of a special celebration, this Diamond Jubilee of the Master?—Ed.)

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## RUNS.

### Halewood, 1st February, 1941.

Only six—V.P. Stephenson, Captain Connor, Eddie Morris, Marriott, Birchall and Fer. The last two-named were enjoying a spot of leave from the Services, and journeyed out by 'bus. Our Editor also left his bicycle at home, having a late duty to perform after the Club run. In general with other catering establishments, Sarah is finding it difficult to provide, but the goods are there, of course. Beef and pork and Kate and Sydney are merely dreams of a Halewood past, and visions of a fine future, but poultry is still available, and there were two to grace our table for George Connor to cut at. Vegetables are still in abundance, so we are quite happy.

After tea the two Georges made their way in a very cold and sticky wind to Huyton before the younger rode Wallasey way. The other four snuggled into a 'bus for town.

### Goostrey, February 1st, 1941.

Still real old-fashioned winter weather—snow and cold wind. But it didn't snow all the time and I thought I should manage to reach the Red Lion dry. It wasn't to be—only a couple of miles from sanctuary it commenced to snow again; it seemed small dry snow, but it was driven hard in by the wind and before I realised it was really wet I could feel it right through to my skin. On arriving at

Goostrey there was some little consolation at finding that the only other member present had had precisely the same experience. However, the usual abundant meal and a roaring fire soon put us once again in good fettle. When starting for home it was found that my dynamo lamp had gone on strike and various spares proving equally unserviceable, I was left to ride to Knutsford without lights of any kind. Fortunately the night was light and apart from one little incident in a dark spot under trees there was no trouble and I managed to reach Knutsford safely and to get the necessary illumination for the rest of the journey. Those out were the Presider and Wilf. Orrell.

**Parkgate, 8th February, 1941.**

A little fresh air being indicated after several evenings indoors, a run to Parkgate just filled the bill.

Mounting the old war horse the writer creaked his way, through the lanes as far as possible, with several stops to view "the many interesting things in Wirral to-day."

Being first on the scene I was soon joined by the Skipper, and then "Our Ted" arrived, sporting two stripes. It has been a long time since I last saw our Racing Scribe, and I was very pleased to see him looking so fit and well. As he is now with another battery of pea-shooters not a hundred miles from my doorstep I'm looking to him to keep Jerry away from my cabbage patch!

Kettle and the Editorial One, together with Arthur Williams and del Banco, completed the party.

A pleasant meal ensued with discourse on this, that and the other. I don't think cycling was mentioned. (Hooray! Editor).

Williams, Kettle and del Banco then left for their respective Wig Wams and the remaining three were last seen heading suspiciously in the direction of a certain hostelry.

**Prestbury, February 8th, 1941.**

After what seems a very long list of snowy Saturday afternoons, this day there was a change—it rained heavily. And the strong wind was still there. The journey to Prestbury, with its stiff rises, was therefore anything but

easy. On arriving at the rendezvous, just on time, the Presider was desolated to find no other member. Search of the place where other members may reasonably be expected to be found (did not Hubert rub in the lesson at Bibury once?) being fruitless, he ordered his meal and had practically consumed it when Hubert Buckley burst in; he explained that he feared the numbers would be small and had broken his journey home from work to make one of the party. He was rewarded by being provided with an unusually and unexpectedly gorgeous meal—thus is virtue rewarded. Anyhow, it was very kind of him to turn up, it isn't much of a Club run when only one man attends. A short adjournment after the meal brought time for starting home and, the wind helping, it proved a fast and easy journey.

#### **Parkgate, February 15th, 1941.**

Quite a pleasant day, and one of the best this year. A mild west wind was blowing, and the sunny skies of afternoon gave way to a starry night. This, of course, brought Jerry, but who worries? With such grand weather we did hope for a goodly number in the turn-out, but somehow we can never improve on six.

Bill Jones turned up, and Blotto followed, George Connor cycled, and brother Walter, very resplendent in tropical tan and lounge suit, was discovered sitting by the fire. We were very pleased to see him after his fifteen months' absence in Africa. The Editor was next, arriving after a ride around Wirral, and Kettle was last.

We did not linger long after our meal of ham and eggs. Talking by the fire warmed us nicely, and then a ride home under a shot-shattered sky completed a pleasant day.

#### **Knolls Green, February 15th, 1941.**

The usual two or three was this week raised to four by the appearance of Harry Austin, whether due to the Presider's influence or the glorious springlike afternoon, we know not. Bert Green, Wilf. Orrell, and Jim Cranshaw made up the party for tea—two eggs apiece and etceteras, daintily served by mine host of the "Bird-in-Hand." The talk ranged from Club runs to cotton, and from bicycles to "blitzes." The President was particularly cheerful, and

announced with gusto that he had put his lucifer lighting set arights once more, and we were to test it that night. And we did! Tea was one-and-ninepence, and Austin made a rapid calculation of seven-and-sixpence for four, settling out of a ten shilling note and collecting from the other three. Cranshaw for Stockport, and Will. for Twemlow, left the other two to make the direct run home. The sirens commenced early but the raiders passed signal came at Hale. Then the police car stopped us at Altrincham, and our Presider was cautioned for showing too powerful a front light!! Austin also, whose smoky, smelly "Silver King" was not at all complying with the law. Meanwhile the sky was emblazoned by a score of powerful searchlights. Then neither of the culprits could produce his identity card, which meant notice to do so by Monday. Sixpence out of pocket on the tea, words of warning from the traffic cops, and then "you may as well write up the run." Shall I repeat the otherwise very enjoyable interlude in a war weary week, and a happy re-union with good companions—shall I go to Holmes Chapel to-morrow?

#### **Parkgate, February 22nd, 1941.**

It took me two hours to take the direct route to Parkgate to-day. An hour was spent in trying, very unsuccessfully, to dodge the mud in a very squelshy footpath, and then I met a friend. Talking took another half-hour, and when I was cleaning my shoes in some manner in a sandheap, Frank Perkins rode up. Together we rode slowly down to the sandbanks of Deeside.

In the cafe, Blotto and the "missus" (pardon, Peggy!) had already foregathered, 'aving 'iked it. Kettle had been buying dog-meat, and Ginner Williams was taking a day off from the job, making the excuse that he is indisposed. I have never seen him fitter! Elias completed quite a pleasant little party.

We were surprised that the Blottos intended not to walk back, and they departed first for the 'bus. Kettle and Elias made some endeavour to get home in daylight, and the two Franks, with Guy Pullan, made their way homewards in a coldish wind and beneath a misty sky.



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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 421.

### FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Sun sets at
April	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	7-52 p.m.
..	12	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	8-6 ..
..	19	Delamere (Fishpool)	.....	8-18 ..
..	20	Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	
		Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	.....	8-20 ..
..	26	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	.....	8-31 ..
May	3	Beeston Brook (Bridge Cafe)	.....	8-43 ..

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

April	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	7-52 ..
..	12	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	.....	8-6 ..

Full Moon ..... 11th instant

Advance Clocks 1 hour Midnight, May 3rd.

### 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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. F. Perkins, 11 Everest Road, Birkenhead.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

A poor bag this month. Only six names on the Roll. My thanks are due to these for their subscriptions and/or donations\* to the Comforts Fund.

W. D. Band (1940).	A. Lucas.
C. F. Elias.*	W. T. Venables.*
W. H. Elias.	E. Haynes.*

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

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## EDITORIAL.

For some hours on the night of 12/13th March we wondered fairly frequently whether this *Circular* would see the light, edited by our pen or not. In quieter moments we hoped it would, but when Jerry's landmines and bombs came too near, which they did, and far too often, we were sure that if we did see the dawn of another day we would be lucky. Well, we were lucky, and this *Circular* comes from Carlton Road.

Others were not so fortunate. The landmine which damaged your Editor's establishment landed on the front doorstep of Cotter's home, to its utter ruin. We are pleased to state that our member for Albert Road escaped and was able to travel to Pulford a little later, and where he will stay for the duration if he has a modicum of sense. Perkins has been bombed out, and we hear that Snowden also has had to move. Connor, after having had his home damaged three times, has left it. As we write little more is known, as

" 45 " had taken quite a bit of tidying up, and we have not had the time to go searching for news.

We conclude with a request : Press day is the Monday after the last Saturday in the month. Will all contributors please send their copy direct to Mr. G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lanes., if they cannot send to the Editor before the previous Friday.

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### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As it is within the realm of possibility that the Editor may not be residing at Carlton Road for much longer, will all correspondents please address their communications until further notice to : Mr. Frank Marriott, c/o The New Zealand Insurance Co. Ltd., 13 Castle Street, Liverpool 2.

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### SERVICE NEWS.

News from the lads is varied. Len Killip on other pages tells us of a night sail, and we think that this incident could be made the subject of an interesting article for our pages. But our Len is too busy at the moment, and we wish him the best of luck in his efforts at Jerry and for a safe return. By the time this *Circular* is in your hands Don Birchall will have joined the ranks of the Benedicts. We extend to him our congratulations, and our sincerest wishes for the future. Ted Byron is revising his trigonometry in the hope of a commission ('bout time, an' all). Ira Thomas has moved to the environs of Hull.

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### LESLIE ELSTON.

It was not our pleasure to be present at Parkgate when Elston was the sole Anfielder present, but we did see him a day or so later. He was attired—well, as a tramp. A shave was two days at least overdue, and he did not appear in any wise as we would have wished the now sole Anfielder in the Corn Trade. Ichabod! But the bicycle! He told us it was one of W.P.'s own, probably it was, but never yet have we seen such a disreputable and more rusty 'bus anywhere. A real disgrace it was, and Elston is so well-known on the Corn Market!

### ANY OLD CIRCULARS ?

A request for any old *Circulars* that may be available comes from the assistant Editor of *Cycling*, Mr. A. A. Josey, Bowling Green Lane, London, E.C. 1. Our own idea is that there are few, if any, available, but members may care to write to Mr. Josey if they have.

### EDDIE HAYNES.

News comes from Tewkesbury regarding Eddie Haynes and his very good wife Rene. They live now c/o 6 Abbey Terrace, Tewkesbury, Glos., in quite comfortable apartments. Eddie does not like the misty wastes of the Avon Valley in winter, and neither, we think, should we! Thankfully, they are troubled with air raids very little—what a happy land! Eddie sends his kind wishes to the boys in the Forces and also those in the “hammered hearts of Anfieldland.” In a postscript Rene appreciates the *Circular* and she wishes to be remembered to all, especially those in the Forces. “I wish them all the very best of luck and God speed for a safe return.”

### COTSWOLD WEEK-END.

North Road Smith tells us of another Cotswold week-end in which Norman Heath joined sometime in March. Norman met Arthur Smith at the Pigeon House Farm, Bibury, for tea, and they both ambled to Chipping Norton for the night. On Sunday their party went up to Shipston before starting across to Mickleton, finding en route that one of the attendant “barrers” was falling to pieces. This was soon mended by a welder who finds the Cotswolds much better country than London these days. After lunch Norman and Arthur went through Evesham to Tewkesbury before parting, Heath to seek the Haynes, and Smith to continue to Bath. We think that Norman should let us have some copy about these obviously very pleasant week-ends. What about it, we haven't heard from you for years, Norman?

### WALTER CONNOR.

We regret that Walter Connor, although due to sail once more for distant seas, has been laid up with a touch of malaria. We hope that he is all right again ere now.

### WEDDING BELLS.

On other pages mention is made of Don Birchall's wedding on Monday last. News comes that Geoff. Lockett is to be married on Saturday, April 5th.

Our best wishes are extended to them both, and their wives.

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### A LETTER FROM T. W. MURPHY

22nd March, 1941.

MY DEAR KETTLE,

I am sending you a cheque as a small contribution to the Comforts Fund—a little thank offering in memory of my many very pleasant associations with the Club.

Such little news as trickles through to me from Liverpool these days is not of a very pleasant character: but it is heartening. One must admire the spirit of those who are meeting with such stout hearts the attention the city and its vicinity are receiving from the air. Most of all do I admire the manner in which the old Club is "carrying on" in the face of the great difficulties that confront it. I am sure that that bold front will be maintained until the war comes to an end with our victory.

I am sure many members of the Club must have suffered from the unwelcome attention of the raiders. I can appreciate their trials, as my own home was bombed. The bomb landed in the garden: but I was lucky, as no one was injured, and we awoke to find we had still half a habitable house.

With kindest regards to all my old friends,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

T. W. MURPHY

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—DON BIRCHALL

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

3/3/41.

Please convey to the Club my sincere thanks for P.O. received to-day. It will be very useful to buy extra cigs. with, for during my studies in the E.T.S. school I am permitted to smoke during lectures and of course there is a considerable increase in my cig. money expenses.



## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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My time is fully occupied with revision at night, coupled with an occasional clean-up of the dormitory, rifle drill, P.T. and swimming, and so have seen very little of the surrounding countryside though I hope to get a short week-end leave and visit Lincoln or Nottingham, which are within easy reach of our Camp.

Once again I thank you most sincerely and wish to be remembered to all the boys.

Yours sincerely,

D. BIRCHALL.

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—RALPH FER

2nd March, 1941.

DEAR KETTLE,

Very many thanks for the P.O. and the Club's good wishes.

I should have liked to see more of the members on the Halewood run when I was home recently, but I realized that there is still a war on (one is inclined to overlook that fact down here), and most people have their time fully occupied in other directions.

Glad to say I'm still managing to carry out my arduous (?) duties, but I'll be more comfortable when the "do" is over, and I can remove the "sign of the broad arrow"—in other words, get back into civvy clothes again.

Once again, many thanks,

Sincerely yours.

J. R. FER.

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—ERIC REEVES.

13/1/41.

DEAR HAROLD,

Will you please convey my thanks to the Club for the October parcel which I received a few days ago. I would like to take this opportunity of saying how much I appreciate your work in selecting and posting these parcels. Excellent though they are I will be glad when the finish of the war relieves you of these duties and we can resume the old round of Saturdays, Bank Holidays and Whitsuntide especially. What the effect of breathing in sand and dust for the last eight months will be I don't know but I will say that I am still keen to get into tight's once more. The *Circular* arrives regularly, that is three months after it is posted and it is with great regret that I realise I cannot make

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the Halewood run on Saturday, that is when somebody finds out it is Saturday. Here's hoping it will not be long before we can resume Club activities once more.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—TED BYRON.

28/2/41.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please thank the A.B.C. for me for the very welcome gift of a 5/- P.O. It is things like this that makes one understand how the old Club has stood the test of time.

As you know I have been having a very quiet time lately, a fact that is as welcome to you as it is to me.

Remember me to the Manchester contingent, should you come across any of them.

Cheerio for now and here's to the Armistice Dinner!

Yours,

TED BYRON.

P.S.—My rank is just Bdr., not Bdr. Cpl.—T.

—IRA THOMAS

25/3/41.

DEAR FRANK,

Firstly, I do hope that you and all Anfielders and theirs have escaped the recent blitz. Secondly, I must apologise for not dropping you a line before but as you see from the above address we have moved to another station.

I see in the *Circular* that some of the lads have been on leave and that they have gone on the runs. I was on leave early in the month and the train journey took me through Chelford and Holmes Chapel: what memories they brought back. How we all wish that we could look forward to this summer as to those of yester years.

Just before we moved I managed to scrounge a broken down relic of a bike and on it I covered a few miles along the Kentish lanes but how I ached afterwards. When I was home I went for a ride with Pitch, and it was quite pleasant to stride a lightweight again. Incidentally, Jack is riding flats owing to attacks of lumbago, Poor old Pitch.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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At present our Army life consists of stunts day and night, a kind of toughening up process. On the night of the Hull blitz we had a minor blitz, when he dropped a hundred or so incendiaries in the immediate vicinity but luckily we got them out before he dropped any big stuff.

Well Frank, that's all the news for now, give my regards to everyone, so cheerio.

All the best,

IRA.

P.S.—Hetty wishes to be remembered to all. We are in the Hornsey area.

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—LEN KILLIP

12/3/41.

DEAR FRANK,

Time I wrote to you again, I think, as the last letter was written on January 5th. The *Circular* arrived last week with another 5/- from the Club, and I should like to thank everyone very much.

I don't think there's very much news from this end. We've been getting around over the countryside as usual, and generally manage to reach the places we are trying for. I got some of my own back the other day when my pilot tried to tell me that Newtown was Knighton! I gently pointed out the essential differences between the two places.

I had quite an exciting night recently. We were night-flying, and all was going quite well when the plane caught fire. The pilot told us to bale out, so out we went. It's a funny feeling, floating down on a silent countryside at night; you wonder what you will hit when you land. Anyway, I landed in the middle of a nice soft field. Our only worry now was the Home Guard. Would they turn up? Luckily, a farmer found us first, and took us to the nearest pub. We spent quite a pleasant night there, and came back here the following morning.

Well, cycling seems very far away now, and I'm afraid I shall feel it pretty considerably when I put my leg over the saddle again. May I feel it soon!

Well, it's time for me to pack up, so cheerio for now.

All the best,

LEN.

A LETTER FROM RIGBY.

21st December, 1940.

DEAR ALBERT,

Many thanks for your air mail letter of the 31st of October last, received last week. Your latest Club gossip provides a welcome supplement to the *Circular* by giving more detailed news of the doings of local Anfielders. Brian sent me a letter giving accounts of your nights out when he was home on leave. How I wished I could have joined you! Still, the time will come and when it does see that you have a good stock of red paint because we are going to need it.

There is little news I can give you that you have not heard or read. We have had our share of the loot left by the fleeing "ITIS," and have acquired a large stock of canned macaroni, which makes a welcome addition to our diet of bully and biscuits. I have a fine pair of Italian boots and a blanket for use as a travelling rug. Believe it or not but it is damned cold out here just now. We wear greatcoats all day and gloves and scarves are welcome some days; against that we have a complete absence of flies.

Where we shall be for Christmas or how we shall spend it I do not know. Certainly it will be very different from any other one. No "do" at Parkgate, no Christmas Eve party at the old "Argyle," and no Boxing Day Club run, followed by a dance in town, also no "morning after" hangover, as we are rationed to ONE bottle of beer (to call it by its polite name) per WEEK. Still, we have in the squadron the finest crowd of lads I have met outside the Anfield, so that on Christmas Day our hearts will be with all you folks at home who have probably more to put up with than us, the way you are standing up to Adolph's Blitzes has the admiration of every soldier in the desert.

Well, that sums up all for now. Best of luck to all the boys. Eric and Peter send their good wishes too.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM RIGBY.

31st January, 1941

DEAR ALBERT,

Very many thanks for the several bundles of periodicals which were very welcome. They arrived nearly four weeks ago, but as I have been in hospital for a spell and then hanging around the Base

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waiting to be posted I have not had time to write sooner. I had a mild dose of tonsillitis, but was not too ill to be able to appreciate the comforts of hospital life after roughing it on the desert. At present I am having a few days sick leave in Cairo before getting back to duty.

There is little else to say except that I wish you were here now. I think I would enjoy showing you round Cairo as it is a fine city once you get to know it. There is only one thing lacking here and that is some good English draught beer.

Cheerio for now and all the best to the Anfielders at home.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

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### FREDDIE DEL STROTHER.

It is so very rarely that we have news from our very old friend Freddie del Strother, that we do hope both he and Percy Beardwood (to whom the letter was sent) will not mind us printing the following :

NEAR LEAMINGTON,

5/2/41.

DEAR PERCY,

Quite some time has elapsed since I wrote to you last, but I have been kept too busy, and in the evenings I was always too tired, and the light too bad to write; in the daylight at the week-ends I am always busy with urgent work about the house and for the house. Almost every night we could hear planes over our roof, gunfire and bomb explosions, and many a night was spent in our armchairs waiting for the "all clear," which at times was sounded when it was time to get up. The big raid on Coventry on 14th November, from 7-0 to 7-0 a.m. was terrible: gunfire and bombs almost without a pause, and from our windows we could see big fires in four or five places. Our immediate neighbourhood, however, was spared with the exception of a light bomb in the garden of a house pretty close to us. They made an awful mess of the town itself, especially of the shopping centre. When I went there three weeks later nearly all *our* shops were destroyed and many streets impassable and barricaded.

However, our turn was to come. On 7th January, at 2-30, I was standing at our front room window waiting for the doctor (I was at

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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home with bronchitis) when I heard a plane diving out of the clouds and the next moment I was sitting on the floor, all our doors and windows were blown in and blood was trickling from my head. My wife, who was in the backroom, also got wounded in the face but, luckily, only superficially. The raider evidently aimed at our factory, but his first bomb (a regular land-mine, they say) struck the cross roads about 80 yards from our house, and his second bomb landed in a garden behind our house nearer to the factory and slightly damaged some of its less important buildings. I have been told since that four or five people were killed in the street. The wife and a small child of our next door neighbour (a little farther away) were also killed, so that I had a lucky escape. Two corner houses were razed to the ground and twenty or thirty others damaged more or less badly. The walls of our house are still standing but show bad cracks. We were taken immediately to the first-aid at our works for a temporary dressing. Helen, a few hours later, was motored with a few others to this place, and I on a stretcher was taken to the hospital, where they did the necessary. That bomb made a proper mess of my head, face and neck. I had to stay the night, of course, but the next day I insisted to be let off, and in the afternoon I was again transported to the works. In the evening our boss himself brought me here in his car. This place is a fair-sized country place belonging to the boss (10 miles from Coventry) and he uses it temporarily to put-up his bombed out employees. Their furniture is also stored here until they find a new home. Our furniture is comparatively little damaged and it stands nearly all in our room here. It is now a month we have been here. I have been to town only a few times (hospital &c). My wounds are healing nicely, but I am still a bit weak from loss of blood.

8/2/41. By chance a house has become available in Eastcotes, 83 (a little farther away from the works) and it has been taken for us. We shall be very cramped, but it will have to do for the start, and it has been arranged that we and our furniture are to be transported there tomorrow morning. We shall not be as safe there as here, but we have to trust to luck.

Let me know how you and yours are getting along. How is business? Very quiet, I suppose. In one of the letters printed in the *Circular* I saw a reference to a misfortune in your family, but though I looked through quite a number of *Circulars* I could not find the explanation. Please let me know what it was, and in any case you may be sure of my sincerest sympathy. All A.B.C. printed matter has been destroyed by the bombs, I am afraid. Altogether quite a number of small things are missing (one of my watches amongst them) but perhaps

they have been salvaged by friends. Shall be glad to hear from you some time, and remain,

Yours sincerely,

F. DEL STROTHER.

(Editor's Note :—There is not an Anfielder who will not wish del Strother sincere sympathy in his misfortunes ; we regret being so late with this news, but it has only just come our way.)

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## RUNS.

**Halewood, March 1st, 1941.**

When I happened to reach the Derby Arms ten minutes or so after six p.m. the other evening I was politely told by Hubert that no food was available, and what was I going to do about it? Those present were saying things about me as if I was the blinkin' Secretary. At 5-45 nothing had been done about a meal. Those present—Hubert, Stevie, the Captain and the Editor, looked glum, but not for long. At 6-30 a chicken was produced with lashings of delicious vegetables. There must be a magic cave somewhere within the Derby Arms! We ate splendidly. Hubert had a date, it being the wife's bath night, and he "beat it" before a sweet could be brought to him. Pity! The remaining trio finished the meal, leaving only a few odd bones of the bird, and then departed into the night for home.

**Goostry, (Red Lion), March 1st, 1941.**

A really typical March day, with a cold strong wind but just a touch of spring in the countryside to make one realise that the year was advancing slowly and surely, even if we were too preoccupied at times to notice it. Preoccupied we do get these days with seemingly unsurmountable worries, until that thought breaks through, which bids us take stock of our surroundings, listen to the wind in the grass and to the birds in the trees, shake off those worries and get out into the wind—rations taste much better for it.

On this particular Saturday afternoon Rex Austin, Bert Green, Jim Cranshaw and Bickley had decided to show Mrs. Knowles that the Anfield spirit needs a lot of beating and that her hospitality was always a pleasure to those of us lucky enough to take advantage of it.

**Parkgate, 8th March, 1941.**

A keen wind and uninviting conditions were probably responsible for the attendance of only three—Kettle, Marriott and Perkins.

The first and last mentioned waited a little for ye Editor, who, it seemed, had a chesty cough developed after his jaunt under sunny skies the previous Sunday round Beeston way. He must have bared too much of his manly chest! The ham and egg, etc., having been dispatched, we were entertained to some pianistics by the male members of a jolly party, which reminded the Editor of our own merry meetings. After they had departed we yarned awhile, leaving just before lighting up time. The climb in Boathouse Lane was done on foot (shades of those hectic dashes with Salty and Peter Rock leading the pack) and after mounting and riding along with Harold to the Clegg, the two Franks rounded off the outing by another walk up the Sych in the gathering gloom.

**Knolls Green, March 8th, 1941.**

Damp again, but not too bad, and not too much wind. Three of us got to the Bird-in-Hand in good time—the Presider, the Manchester Vice, and Wilf. Orrell. We were glad to see the Vice out again and Wilf. too, for the claims on their time at week-ends are getting very insistent. After a comfortable meal we set off for home early in very thin rain and all reached our respective destinations without incident.

**Parkgate, 15th March, 1941.**

Only five checked in on this first Saturday after the big Merseyside blitz.

Del Banco arrived just as Dave Rowatt was departing for his 'bus and the word was passed that McCann had attended, but had left shortly before.

While waiting for tea to be served, Arthur Williams called in on his way home from work, imparting information as to how those of "Ours" who dwell in the badly bombed areas, had fared. Happily, it seems, no personal damage was suffered, although some sustained damage to their houses.



Elias then blew in to keep the writer company and to regale him with cycling tales of the happier days of the late 1800's and early 1900's—days when the evil possibilities of the internal combustion engine had not been fully realised, and Heinkels and Dorniers were just bad dreams.

Riding home in the last hour of daylight one thought of the lads in the Services, both at home and overseas—of how they are faring and of the time when not two, but twenty or thirty-two will sit down together to make merry and recapture the joys of yesteryear.

#### **Parkgate, 22nd and 29th March, 1941.**

Owing to circumstances beyond our control we were unable to be present at Parkgate on the above dates and thus no reports are available. Elston and Pullen (Mersey Roads) were the attenders on the 22nd, and Rowatt, Birchall and George Connor on the 29th.

#### **Holmes Chapel, March 22nd, 1941.**

A really foul afternoon—rain at the beginning of the ride and rain on reaching home, and rain all the time in between. The landlord at the Swan opined that it would cease as darkness fell, but he was badly out. There was no inducement to put in any extra mileage so the two who attended the run—the Presider and Wilf. Orrell—just slogged through the wet to the rendezvous. A cheerful chat, with reminiscences of old Manchester worthies, with a local gentleman, and then the usual excellent meal, brought 7-15, when Wilf. went off to Twemlow and the Presider made for home, through rain and mist, which made visibility almost nil.

#### **Lymm, March 29th, 1941.**

We had rather hoped, when fixing this run, that some of the Liverpool members would have used the opportunity of meeting the Manchester men, an opportunity which is all too rare during the winter. However, we were disappointed, but we did have Buckley, Senr., brought along by Jim Cranshaw, and these two, with the Presider and Wilf. Orrell, made up a very merry party. Bick was in fine form; his life is full of incident and his manner of relating his experiences is inimitable.

The weather conditions were unexpectedly favourable ; some snow fell at first, but it soon cleared away and we got out with a galloping wind behind us. And behold! when the time for return came, after an excellent meal, it had moved round a point or two, so that the journey home was by no means so difficult as it might have been.

Isn't it possible for more of the Manchester men to attend runs, if only occasionally? We're all doing duty in one way or another, but by wangling rotas and exchanging dates with others, some of us manage to get Saturday afternoon free. Can't more of us do the same?

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 422.

### FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Sun sets at
May	3	Beeston Brook (Bridge Cafe)	.....	8-43 p.m.
..	10	Delamere (Fishpool)	.....	9-55 ..
..	17	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	.....	10-7 ..
..	24	Handley (Mrs. Evans)	.....	10-19 ..
..	31	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms)	.....	10-27 ..
June	7	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	10-35 ..

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

June	7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	10-35 ..
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Full Moon ..... 11th instant

Advance Clocks 1 hour Midnight, May 3rd.

### 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. Mr. A. N. Rawlinson, c/o Lane End House, Lees Road, Mossley, Manchester; Mr. W. T. Venables, Windsor House, Wray, near Lancaster.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

I have to bring to the notice of those whose subscriptions are still outstanding that the number paid to date is well below the average. The bright spot, as the following list shows, is the increase in the number of donations to the Comforts Fund, for the benefit of "Ours" on Active Service at Home and Overseas.

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

W. D. Band (1940).	W. R. Oppenheimer.*
P. C. Beardwood.*	R. Poole.*
J. H. Fawcett.*	H. W. Powell.*
J. A. Grimshaw (1939/40)	E. A. Preston.*
J. Hodges.*	W. M. Robinson.
L. King.*	D. C. Rowatt.*
F. H. Koenen.	D. L. Ryalls (1939).
E. O. Morris.*	G. Stephenson.*

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Referring to the change of address paragraph in our last issue, readers are asked to note that we have decided to stay put, and to blaze with Jerry and all that he stands for. Thus the address of 45, Carlton Road, Birkenhead, may be resumed until your very lanky editor is dragged into the

Services, and another scribe is discovered who will push out this *Circular* month by month until the great day dawns.

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### RAID REMOVALS.

Although the Editor can live at 45, Carlton Road, the homes of others are much more severely damaged, and in addition to last month's note we report the following:—

Snowden has removed to Thornton Hough. George Connor is at 33, Muirhead Avenue East, Liverpool 11. George Newall is living with brother Arthur at Heswall. Frank Chandler, although his home is undamaged, has "tempted the devil long enough," to use his own words, and he is now staying in Chester.

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### "WAYFARER"

(himself).

News comes from Birmingham that our one and only "Swearfairer" has been promoted from being an A.R.P. warden to a — Churchwarden! The change is absolute and complete, and the new appointment is going to play ducks and drakes with week-ending. But how the local gentry will look up to the lad with the waggling eyebrows now! Robbie also tells us that all the intricate financial arrangements have been made whereby his subscription shall be paid regularly by the custodians of his overdraft on April 1st each year. Kettle may heave a sigh of relief, but we will merely hope!

---

### TOMMY SHERMAN.

Our own chubby-face, with a countenance now graced with an aggressive length of the hirsute, blew into the Editor's office the other day, and those who were at Halewood for the Sunday lunch were also able to see him. Tommy seems more serious these days, it is not so easy to promote that gurgling laugh of his which is so infectious. We have even written to him to ask if he still has it.

Tommy is now a very efficient sergeant in the S.S. Corps, and for minutes—almost hours—he regaled us with



tasty stories which would well enliven the pages of this sometimes drab *Circular*. But we are not too sure how far we may go, so perhaps silence is safer.

You may have read in the press of the 24 hours marching record recently raised to a mere 66 miles tramped within two rounds of the clock. Tommy's squad it was who accomplished this "horrible hike." After each 18 miles they had an hour's rest, and thus this record distance was walked in just under 21 hours actual time! Phew!

Tommy tells us that round our "50" and other courses he has taken packets in plenty, but never, never, never, has he taken hidings so hard and heavy as on the one long walk. Chubby-face is now on the south coast, not far from Frank Roskell, and he expresses his sincere appreciation of the postal orders from the Club which flow along so pleasantly.

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#### FRED BREWSTER.

A note comes from Fred Brewster thanking the Club for the postal order which arrived "just at the right time," and telling us of his move to Cambridgeshire to learn the art of flying. Flying and swotting seem to go hand in hand, and Fred is doing quite a bit of both. We have told him to be careful as aeroplanes are expensive these days.

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#### COVENTRY.

We have heard that Fred Brewster's people and the Speedwell lads we know are all right after Coventry's recent hell nights, but we are without further information of del Strother. Could our old friend let us have some news for these pages from time to time?

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#### SERVICE NOTES.

Little is the news this month, as we have received very few letters since the issue of our last number. We extend our sincerest wishes of good fortune to those of our lads who are "taking it" in the Middle East, and Malta. Walter Connor has been posted to H.M.S. "Patia," and his address is now: Tel. W. A. Connor, X.278, H.M.S. "Patia," G.P.O., London.

Don Birchall has landed an R.A.F. job in Birkenhead, and he is pleased with his luck. So are we! Len Killip has been flying seriously—other than taking trips over Wales—and we wish him well. There is a little more news on other pages.

#### Ira Thomas.

Ira Thomas' address is now :—L/c. Thomas, I., 4038072, " W " Coy., K.S.L.I., c/o G.P.O., Hull.

Perhaps Sid Carver will get into touch with him—when he has the time to spare!

As we close for press the following letters arrive from Rigby Band, Eric Reeves and Tommy Samuel.

#### RIGBY BAND.

*Friday, 3rd January, 1941.*

DEAR FRANK,

Just a line to thank the Club, through you, for the October parcel received safely on New Year's Day. Once again I might say that the contents were very acceptable and provided a welcome addition to the plain though otherwise plentiful Army diet. At night we turn the office truck into a sort of N.C.O.'s mess and all parcels are pooled " pro bono public(o) house." My fellow N.C.O.'s therefore, include their thanks.

Peter passed your last letter round and I have noted all the news therein with interest. We are all split up again, Eric being back in 1st Troop after a spell on Echelon with me and then a few weeks clerking at H.Q. while Peter is still in 2nd Troop, and the only genuine sapper of the trio. Eric is on M.T. work, while I am still on supplies. The *Circulars* are still coming through O.K. and are greatly appreciated. Keep them up, old boy, as they form our only link with all the gang. It is hard to keep in touch with all members individually so that the letters published therein form a common means of communication. Russ Barker and I have exchanged news once or twice but have not yet met. Peter just missed seeing him when he was down the line on leave.

Kind regards to all the Club and best of luck to yourself,

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

**ERIC REEVES.**

19/1/41.

DEAR FRANK,

It is quite a time since I received one of your typewritten epistles, you know, the ones typed on both sides of thin paper, so that you read the opposite side in reverse. Don't think that because I don't write very often that I have forgotten you all, far from it, because my favourite pastime is thinking of all the rides and tours we have had together with the A.B.C., and one of the things I look forward to is the resumption of the same old round of races, tours and Saturdays, especially Halewood. Frank Perkins sends me copies of *Cycling* from time to time, for which many thanks, Frank. The racing reports interest me more than anything although the old familiar names are missing. The *Circular* comes from time to time and it is damnable to see references to air raids or air raid alarms in almost every run. You folks are not getting much peace and we realise that very much out here.

I wish we were in England just the same, at least we would be able to meet on occasions. Yesterday we had a dust storm: we get these with great regularity. This means sand in one's tea, food, eyes, in fact everywhere it is least wanted. In one way and another I have consumed through the various orifices in my body enough sand to make a fair sized beach since being out here. The little reference to the gleam in George's eyes when leaving a club run early hints of a secret passion, so the unpuncturable George has at last been pierced by Cupid's arrow. Naughty, naughty, George. What's she like? It's a long way to send the 2/6 from here or rather 12½ piastres Egyptian money. Keep an eye on him, Frank, before it goes too far. I suppose Cupid will have to use a Bren gun to get you Frank. Well, I must close now, I could make these letters interesting if it were not for the jolly old censor. Regards to Ted and all the boys.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

**TOMMY SAMUEL.**

*Sunday, 5th January, 1941.*

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Very many thanks for your parcel and letter, dated 17th October, which reached me a couple of days ago. I also received another parcel and letter from you dated, I think, in September, which I am afraid I did not answer, I only remembered when I received this parcel. I trust you will accept my apologies in this matter.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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This parcel arrived at a very opportune time, as I am in "dock" with an infectious, though not, I hasten to add, at all unpleasant complaint, called yellow jaundice. I resemble a Chinaman in colour but not in appetite, as I believe the Chinese can live on a handful of rice a day. The food here is good but not quite enough of it for my liking, so the biscuits have come in very handy, although I cannot eat the chocolate, as that is forbidden with this complaint. The razor blades also have come in handy, as I should have had to buy some soon, and as we only get five bob—or at least its equivalent—a week, I should have been somewhat embarrassed financially. There is one good thing about it, when we're in here we can pile up our credits at the rate of about a pound a week, although as in England a pound out here does not go far, what with chocolate at 5d. a small block and decent beer about a shilling a bottle.

I have not heard anything of Rigby and Co. I expect they're doing great things down in the desert by now. I also had two copies of the *Circular* arrive some weeks ago, which provided very pleasant reading as it does one's heart good to hear of runs in Cheshire byways. It's a favourite game of mine, if I can't get to sleep, which is very rare I assure you, to do a ride around Cheshire in my imagination; makes me awfully homesick!

We had quite a good Christmas out here, as good as the circumstances and the country permit, and the Christmas mail arrived almost on time, to complete the pleasure.

Please remember me to "F.M." and anyone else who may remember me, and kind regards to yourself and best wishes of the coming year.

Yours sincerely,

TOMMY SAMUEL.

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### RUNS.

Parkgate, March 22nd, 1941.

(Elston is so lazy he cajoles guests into writing up the run. The guest—E.G.P., of the Mersey Roads—thinks he had better obtain the Editor's permission first, hence the delay).

A decidedly wet afternoon and a puncture mended at the Yacht, Woodbank, determined me to seek the hospitality of the Anfield Bicycle Club at Parkgate. Arrived

at the Deeside Café, I was greeted by the now rare sight of a genuine 1908 vintage bicycle—N.R. drops, sloping top tube, short rear-triangle and out-reaching front forks. A detective of that period, say Sherlock Holmes, would have deduced the presence inside of a pillar of the Club, one of the Old Brigade, and he would have been gloriously wrong for it turned out to be Les Elston making a rare appearance on a cast-off from the late W. P. Cook's stable. Round the fire I had no need, nor wish, to say much for Elston was in great form and a continuous flow of his own particular brand of wisdom and humour passed the time until it became clear that one Anfielder and a friend was the Club run. Suggestion of bacon and eggs met with a reverent approval from Elston and the reason became evident; war demands that he sleeps in four localities per week I had already learnt, but now I was to know he eats in none. A succession of rounds of bread descended on his plate to rise in large lumps succulently accompanied by similar lumps of bacon and/or egg. The climax came with a whole egg yolk precariously perched on a knife to make the last plunge. The finish saw a plate polished so as to make washing it ridiculous. Brief intervals of time and space were found for ejaculations, such as "marvellous!" and "wonderful!" without interfering with the tempo of the performance. In short, Elston enjoyed his tea, more wisdom and humour from the same stout source followed and then we resumed the pigskin for home. Mounted on his slightly unorthodox machine Elston's wet weather attire appeared somewhat in keeping. A battered trilby, soaked trench-coat and, yes! I think so, string tying up his flannel bags presented an appearance slightly unusual for an Anfielder. But who was I to cavil at such pleasant eccentricities of attire? I whose nether limbs were encased in leggings originally intended for the W.A.A.C.'s in the Great War and whose head was covered in a manner more fitting for a schoolboy? So it was good company that parted at the Shrewsbury Arms and for my part I arrived at the homestead with a chuckle in my throat and a type written account of an Irish walking tour by one Elston, in my pocket.

**Halewood, April 5th, 1941.**

There is not a lot to record for to-day. Into one of the nastiest south-easters we have tasted for a bit the going was

not good, and it was quite a struggle getting to the Derby Arms. For Hubert, of course, it is easy, and Stevie had quite a decent ride round. The usual half-dozen managed to be present: Hubert, Stevie, Eddie Morris, Captain Connor, Perkins and Marriott.

As ever, the food was good, and quite plentiful, although not so many lashings as in the good old days. Still, we had enough and hasn't Charles Randall always averred that you should always arise from the table feeling that you could eat just a little more?

Hubert was away before black-out, and Eddie Morris made for the 'bus, leaving the other four to cycle home by their respective ways.

#### **Goostrey, April 5th, 1941.**

This run came at the conclusion of a week of night work (an unusual experience for me), and as this meant that I would be free from 9-0 a.m. on Saturday, I had planned a long all day run, concluding with tea at Goostrey. Unfortunately, the Hun was active on Friday night, and on arrival at my home on Saturday morning, I could not resist the call of bed, and did not get up until the very last moment.

Arriving at the Red Lion, I found that we were six in number—Bert Green, Rex Austin, Wilf Orrell and friend, and Bickley and Jim Cranshaw. Soon we were enjoying a meal which was a marvellous example of what Mrs. Knowles can (and will) do for her old friends, Hitler or no Hitler. Unfortunately, the joint calls of work, bed and firewatching made a long stay impossible, and we made an early departure; but it is fine to meet old friends once again, and to forget for a few brief moments the queer world in which we live.

#### **Parkgate, April 12th, 1941.**

Easter Saturday, and the run is to Parkgate. What strange days!

Sid Carver, home on a hurried trip from Hull, called for the Editor shortly after three, and the two wandered around Wirral before finding that Ted Byron's home for the moment is a hall beyond "Daffodil Drive." The hefty bombardier (he's bigger than ever) was not there, having gone cycling

somewhere, and we entertained hopes of seeing him later, but he did not turn up.

We were early for tea, and after making reservation of the rashers and the eggs, strolled along the promenade in the pleasant afternoon of a brightening day. Aeroplanes streaked above the sandy shore so low that they hardly cleared the masts of the fishing fleet which heeled over in the sand. We had a chat with Ken Barker before turning in to tea.

We were ready, and so were the rashers, but we ate alone. Lingered pleasantly over the delightful meal, surely someone else would turn up. At 6-30, the Editor having a night duty to perform, we decided we would go, but at ten minutes short of that time Dave Rowatt arrived and explained that his train was very late indeed. He only had time for a cup of tea before getting the next train back—and bacon and eggs had been ordered for him. This was not an unsurmountable problem, and Carver and the Editor divided it most willingly! Arthur Williams thought that he should have been in the shareout, too!

Shortly after seven we went home, the Editor not to see his bed for twelve hours, or more.

### **Knolls Green, April 12th, 1941.**

It was really a treat to get out on a Club run again after months of inactivity, except of course, on Police duty, and my penalty for turning up at the run was: "Will you write up the run?" I could not very well refuse the Presider, so here we are again.

As I started out it was drizzling slightly, but it soon cleared up, and I continued my way out in fine weather. It was grand to be out on the open road, and amble down the familiar Cheshire lanes to leave the confounded barrage balloons behind for a change and inhale the fresh air and gentle breezes blowing over the Cheshire Plain.

I met Wilf Orrell coming along the road, so we were only just the first to arrive, as Rex Austin and Jim Cranshaw followed close on our heels. They were all very pleased to see me, and I them. Wilf had just ordered quick ones, and then our Presider blew in from Salop, where he had been since the day before. He mentioned how he had had

difficulty in obtaining accommodation even for one night, but finally managed to get fixed up, yet for the life of me I cannot think of where he said.

Considering the catering problems nowadays we did quite well. Bert Green had a couple of eggs, and the rest boiled ham and beetroot, and to finish off jam and cakes and bread and butter in plenty. After tea there were the usual conversations, and I related one or two of my own experiences when on duty as a P.C., causing a little amusement. More than that I cannot say—careless talk, and you know the rest.

The party broke up early, Wilf going to Twemlow, Rex and Jim Cranshaw to Bramhall and Stockport. I had Bert Green's company so far as Timperley. Bert had a call to make here, and I arrived home about 9-15.

Members present: the above-mentioned and Bob Poole.

#### **Delamere, April 20th, 1941.**

It was not far short of six, pip emma, when the lanky form of the Editor came within sight of the Fishpool Inn along the road which comes from the Vale Royal Abbey Arms. After a few minutes' chat with mine hostess, who recalled certain landmines that had fallen and exploded amid the hallowed acres of Delamere, he stepped inside, wondering whether in this England there was a spot which could with any certainty be termed "safe."

Sitting in front of the remains of two eggs each—what a strange sight!—were Dave Rowatt, Wilf Orrell and the Presider. The Editor, slowly recovering from a large "parcel," for he had not ridden so many miles for many moons, recalled the struggle he had had: pedalling into a thick south-easter across the flatter lands of Wirral through Stoak and Stanney before the heart-rending climb of Manley Bank and the pleasant drop down Rangers Bank to the Forest Road. Here they were denuding the woods of timber, and in the days to come the forest will seem newer than ever. At Hatchmere our scribe turned right, and in ten minutes or so came to the Fishpool Inn.

By this time Frank Perkins arrived, having sought sandwiches in Chester before continuing to Kelsall and



cresting the hill by the old road. Then four eggs came, and plates of bread and butter, and we ate them all. We finished with cakes and crusts—what a memory our hostess has, for it must be years past when we first told her of our liking for these succulent morsels.

Amid the feasting George Connor darkened the doorway, saying something of riding from the Tunnel in two hours, or thereabouts. Seeing that the distance is little more than 25 miles, I, for one, cannot see what he has to swank about.

Soon after seven we were away. Wilfred and the Presider swung eastwards with a south-wester astern, and the Merseyside trio were very disgusted at the change in the wind. After a sticky ride out they hoped for a sleigh trip home, but it was not to be. The clouds grew darker, more ominous, and a real rainstorm seemed our lot just as a stormy sun dipped into the western sky. Yet it rained but little for us, although the roads were very wet indeed.

We enjoyed our first trip beyond Wirral for weeks, but we had many thoughts, too, for the lads, wherever they may be, who are fighting so strenuously for the heaven that is England in Spring.

#### Highwayside, 26th April, 1941.

This being the first visit to this "house of plenty" since intensive rationing took place, found no great shortage of food and we were well cared for and given enough to get us home. Those intrepids like Perkins, Marriott, Green and del Banco were there as usual and in addition Rowatt, who had made the long journey from Rhos-on-Sea, Roskell by car from Waterloo, and Rex Austin (together with his better five-eighths) by car from Bramhall. Chandler, starting from Chester, had been to Knockin for lunch and had found the Bradford Arms a very good house.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

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No. 423.

### FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Sun sets at
June	7	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe) .....	10-35 p.m.
..	14	Highwayside (Traveller's Rest) .....	10-42 ..
..	21	Handley (Mrs. Evans) .....	10-46 ..
..	28	Beeston Brook (Bridge Cafe) .....	10-46 ..
July	5	Delamere (Fishpool) .....	10-43 ..

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

June	7	Goostrey (Red Lion) .....	10-35 ..
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Full Moon ..... 9th instant.

### NOTICE.

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*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 :

- Mr. E. Haynes, Junr., 6 Abbey Terrace, Tewkesbury.  
Mr. F. Marriott, 98 Pensby Road, Thingwall,  
Wirral, Cheshire.  
Mr. F. Perkins, 71 Everest Road, Birkenhead.  
Mr. G. Lockett, 64 Greenbank Road, Hoole, Chester.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

A list of only six for the month of May. My thanks are due to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations\* to the Comforts Fund.

F. Beckett.	J. Long.
J. A. Bennett.	W. M. Owen.*
A. Crowcroft.	S. T. Threlfall.

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

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## EDITORIAL.

Last month, you may remember, a sweet breath of excessive optimism caused us to say that we would stay at "45," and "to blazes with Jerry and all that he stands for." We still think the same about Jerry, but we were wrong about the staying. Hardly were the pages of that issue in your hands when in the brightening light of a waxing moon a brace of landmines just about put paid to the possibilities of living in Carlton-road until the roof was put right, plaster

restored to the walls and ceilings, doors made to open and shut, and window frames wedged back to their rightful places. Actually, we were much nearer than the house to the scene of disaster, and the recollections of bright red flashes, devilish bangs and showers of debris are vivid indeed. Subsequent incidents of those seven consecutive nights of raiding were more scaring still, and we wondered more than once whether we would see the light of another day.

Thus we must advise a change of address to 98, Pensby-road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire, a pleasant spot four miles farther into Wirral. The telephone number is Upton 1234. This *Circular*, as we write, augurs to be scanty indeed, but in this particular month of turmoil it is the best we can do, and your indulgence is hereby craved.

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**F. H. KOENEN.**

Our old friend writes :—

“ I now manage to do every night half-a-dozen miles to keep warm and season my seat. I get home very hungry and thirsty, while wine and whisky wait. I have risen to 7 miles an hour, and 7 miles a day, but I dare not dismount for beer or biscuits, as I need hardening. Life is strenuous.

F.H.K.

P.S.—We brought down 2 of your attackers this morning on the Stockport Moors and Golf Links.”

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**A WEDDING !**

Bill Shacklady writes apologising for his recent non-attendances at Club runs owing to working late, and then he tells us that he is getting married in a week or so. The strange thing is that he wants a few Anfielders at his wedding!

William evidently doesn't know us yet! Anfielders as a rule keep others away from their matrimonial adventures.



*IN MEMORIAM.*

**ARTHUR NEWALL.**

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the passing on 21st May, of Arthur Newall, after a period of ill health which extended over years.

Arthur joined with us in 1923 and very probably you may remember his occasional visits to Salop and Bettws-y-coed.

He had to cease from cycling under medical orders and it must be almost a decade since we last had the pleasure of seeing him at an Anfield fixture.

Our sincerest sympathies are extended to brother George and other members of his family.

**SERVICE NOTES.**

News is quite plentiful this month from the lads at home. Fred Brewster, Ted Byron and Don Birchall have written to Kettle expressing thanks for the 5/- postal orders. Fred in a later letter to the Editor tells us that he has done 85 hours now, including 60 solo, so progress must be quite good. He is beginning to find his way about a bit, although he finds the fringe of the fens featureless. In an earlier letter he said that the plane defied all lanes of flight. We hope that Fred has not been trying to fly upside down!

We were also pleased to see Len Killip whilst home on a spot of furlough. Len has an unfortunate habit of not letting us know when he is on leave despite the fact that the Editor is almost always at the end of a telephone.

Len is a Sergeant Observer in the R.A.F. and he is getting to know his way about quite nicely. We hope he brings nothing back but the "kite." Walter Connor was also home on a spot of leave—sick and survivor's—and it was only the interruption of normal telephone services in Liverpool which prevented Len and Walter meeting after 18 months. Sorry Len, but Walter tried eight times that morning but there was nothing doing.

Those who were at the Lymm run were able to see Ralph Fer, who had left Nottingham for a few days to come home to battered Merseyside ; Ralph is quite happy in his " cushy " job.

Tommy Sherman has been home again for a spot of embarkation leave, and he is very regretful at not being able to visit Frank Roskell in " Dosset " dear.

We did intend to include a list of Service addresses in this issue, but in the process of cleaning our Anfield records from plaster and other air raid debris and packing, our *Circulars* are at present mislaid. We hope to remedy the omission next month.

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### PETER ROCK.

We were delighted the other day to receive a note from Peter Rock in the first batch of Airpost communications by the very ingenious photographic system. The note is dated 1st May, and by a coincidence we received a letter from Peter at the same time, which was dated 31st January! We hope to publish extracts from this on other pages. Here are the contents of Peter's Airpost letter :

DEAR SAMMY,

Here is an innovation which is just a little ahead of yours. I received your air-mail post-card last week, but seeing that I have written to you twice recently I did not bother to answer right away. I am very sorry to hear that a chunk of your house is missing, but as long as you are all quite safe a few bricks one way or the other are not important. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find Tommy (Samuel—Ed.) at home. This week I only saw him for a few minutes before he was off for another night out. He had just received a parcel from the Club and was very bucked about it. We are hoping to have a bit of a binge next Saturday evening. The last three weeks Eric and I together with about three others have made a point of making merry on the evening in question.

I believe Lancaster (of the North Road—Ed.) has been making enquiries about where I am hanging out but he has not shown up yet. Rigby has left us now, and has landed on his feet once more. He is a sort of private secretary to a Major now. I am afraid these cards do not have much scope for serious writing, so cheerio for now, Frank. Best of luck.

PETER.

A LETTER FROM PETER ROCK.

31/1/41.

DEAR FRANK,

I trust that you and all at home, including Newton Bank, of course, are safe and well. It seems a hell of a while since I last wrote to you but actually I believe it was a little more than a month ago. Here is the latest news hot from the press, so to speak! Eric is, believe it or not, an M.T. Corporal! How I could spill the beans on him. Rigby is at least two first class '12's' away in dock. A similar complaint to Walter's recent (?) illness.

I have received no reply to my note to Russ Barker, but the mail is particularly foul at the moment. If Russ is still at the same station Rigby should have an opportunity to see him if he gets a few day's 'con.' leave.

Most of the Christmas mail is still far down the line, so I cannot very well reply to what has not arrived. (Lousy grammar, but I think that you can follow).

I have seen very few kindred spirits out here, although we have one bloke who tells me that he is interested in the game. He admitted with irreproachable modesty that he had done 47 mins. for 25 out and home. That interested me and although I was perhaps a trifle impolite to him I was prompted to ask further questions. He was very proud to be a member of K.W., had been for some years, but did not know Maxwell and had never seen old Bill Donovan. My remarks were both sanguinary and explicit! I have just re-read your letter of June 1st, when you had been wandering around the Cotswolds. I would give anything to be wandering around there again with you. We have a youngster here who comes from Bristol and his mention of Portway in a recent conversation brought back to mind much of the delving into the past which we have done together.

In a way I am sorry that I sent you that letter in October by air mail. It is pretty obvious that you now look forward to others, but I regret that there is nothing doing Frank. I was on leave at that time (my one and only spell) and I piled up about twelve bob's worth of 'young Farouk's.' These gave out shortly before Christmas and I have had only sufficient for one letter since.

I am still as keen as ever on the camera and I hope to have a real good one as soon as we get the opportunity of re-visiting civilisation. Even if we were allowed cameras in the field, there has been little worth recording as yet, although a few evenings ago a 'wog' and two camels provided a very fine potential against the light picture.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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Recently we have disturbed a few herds of fleet-footed gazelle and also tasted their meat once or twice. It is vastly over-rated, but quite a pleasant change from the ever-present 'tin-opener' diet.

I believe many of the 'Wirral' lads are out here now, but who they are or where they are, I have not the foggiest notion except that a few of them enquired for me. We have another youngster here who comes from L.R. and evidently knows Salty's mother. He was quite surprised when I asked him if he knew her, apparently everybody in L. does.

You may tell Charles that we have left him far behind now, but for all our travelling he can probably still boast a greater knowledge of Arabic than we can. I have not heard from him for some months now, but I can quite believe that he is fully occupied. We still get a little excitement now and again. We passed over a jack-in-the-box a couple of days ago. Fortunately nothing happened so we calmly went back, rendered it harmless and went gaily on.

I am pleased to hear that the Derby Arms escaped any serious consequences during the October raids. I know from even the little that I have heard that M.S. got a rare old plastering and I trust that the quiet of the past few days will continue. Please remember me to all those still fortunate enough to be near home and especially to your mother and Dos, and Charles. I hope it is still as safe as you hoped it would be in the old city. I hope that both you and Molly are still able to carry on without any inconvenience. Please remember me to George and tell him that one of these days I shall reply to that letter of his. Cheerio for now, Frank, and all the best for '41.

PETER.

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### WALTER CONNOR.

The Captain's brother has spent most of the month of May on Merseyside very unexpectedly. Early in the month when H.M.S. Patia was but two hours out from port, a Jerry bomb scored a direct hit and the vessel was unfortunately sunk. Our Walter had to make a jump for it, and he had the uncomfortable and distressing experience of spending five hours on a raft until 3-0 a.m., when picked up by a trawler. He lost everything coming ashore clad only in slippers, trousers and blanket, and suffering considerably from exposure.

## RUNS.

### Beeston Brook, May 3rd, 1941.

Quite a nice day and in normal circumstances one would have expected quite a good attendance. As it was, there were five of us out—Chandler, Connor, Wilf. Orrell, Rowatt and the Presider. Rowatt was, as usual, the first to arrive, followed by the Presider and the others at intervals. Chandler had just finished a week's holiday, and was full of his new dwelling arrangements. He had been lucky, for as he leaned across the table, emphasising his narrative, there was distinct evidence that he had that day partaken of his favourite fruit, or vegetable—you know, the one Chem used to sing about—and that isn't too usual now. The party soon broke up, and the members made their way homewards, some to a relatively peaceful night, others to one far otherwise.

### Delamere, May 10th, 1941.

In view of all the circumstances it was not surprising that only two members—Dave Rowatt and the Presider—attended this run. It was a foul afternoon—cold rain and a cross wind—and although it did not rain quite all the time, the damp never seemed to leave the air. The Presider arrived shortly before 5-30 to find Rowatt waiting, pretty wet, and when they entered they were disappointed to find that the expected tea would not materialise, owing to lack of advice—again not surprising in the circumstances. However, a cup of tea and piece of cake and something of a dry-out before the fire made them more comfortable, and they waited together until 6-20, when Rowatt went for his 'bus and the Presider started for home, hoping to obtain some more solid sustenance on the way. He hadn't far to ride, for he was received kindly at the Shrewsbury Arms, Little Budworth, provided with a satisfactory meal, served cheerfully in a nice warm room, and so was sent on his homeward way, still in the rain, but in good fettle.

### Lymm, 17th May, 1941.

We numbered thirteen, of whom five, Bert Green and Jim Cranshaw on singles, Rex Austin on trike, and the Mullah and his boy on tandem, represented Manchester, whilst the

Liverpool eight were Stevie and young Peter, on singles, Harold and Mrs. Stevie per car, and Frank Marriott and mother, Ralph Fer and Perkins also by car.

Having expressed a desire some months ago to visit Lymm, this run was switched for my benefit, and the Editor spoke of a real ride by bicycle, but the presence of Ralph Fer on leave plus a petrol coupon, found us aboard the chugger about 4 p.m. Ralph, appointed navigator by virtue of his owning the map, had an easy time until approaching Sutton Weaver, when the driver murmuring something about lanes, caused the navigator to get busy. Keep right at the fork and straight on seemed easy enough, but a Road Closed sign a little farther on caused another diligent study of the map, and sharp right being ordered, on we drove through pleasant lanes, so much to Ralph's liking that he erred once or twice in his directions, but pleaded lack of map reading practice as a reasonable excuse. After only one roadside enquiry we arrived at the Spread Eagle to find the majority already present and six o'clock found us sitting down to a meal that led me to wonder if this house is a second Halewood regarding the food in the piping days of plenty. I think it must be. Soup, delicious mutton and trimmings, plus a sweet, topped off by a cup of tea and plenty of sugar (this last being probably the only time for many moons we shall be unstinted in its use).

Afterwards the Services, represented by Harold Stephenson and Ralph, took on Rex Austin and Stevie at darts, but had to bow the knee to the old men, who managed to pip them in all the games. Chaps, beware of Rex Austin, he seems very expert at this old game. We chatted awhile but our driver grew impatient and with Y.M.C.A. duties ahead, soon had us headed for home, this time on main roads via Walton and Daresbury and so to the top Chester road as a variation of our outward journey. On the straight before the Yacht the engine started missing, this meaning that the two gallons was almost gone, but a change over to the reserve supply quieted my fears about pushing the damn thing home and we finally took the Sych in our stride due, the driver said, to a nicely warmed engine. So ended our run, enjoyed by all, although I think twiddling the pedals still comes first in our affections.

**Handley, May 24th, 1941.**

What a day! Rain at frequent intervals, making it impossible to divest oneself of one's cape, and a steady wind on the shoulder and against. Very hard riding—in some places where there was a little shelter, it was much easier to push up hill, than it was to get along on the flat exposed to the wind. Rowatt was early and left before 6 o'clock but not before Salt had arrived. Salt had had some days off sick and had been riding all day to convalesce, though the day wasn't a good one for the purpose. Connor and the Presider arrived together, and whilst they were feeding, a figure entered which at first was difficult to place. The lower part, with rubber boots, suggested the farmer, whilst the upper part, with sou' wester, made one suspect a deep-sea fisherman. However, when some of the numerous layers of clothing had been loosened and the sou' wester removed, our dear Frank Chandler was discovered. He is quite obviously received in the neighbourhood as one of the natives and looks the part. Since he was so near home, he had walked across the fields. Having dried out and fed, the party wended its several ways homeward. To Manchester the return journey was a great improvement on the outward one—little rain and wind favourable.

**Little Budworth, 31st May, 1941.**

The run to this comfortable and well kept house was carried out in summer-like weather and brought a very select party, consisting of ever-Green, Rowatt, Orrell, W. Perkins, Chandler, and whom do you think? Nobody less than the Manchester Mullah—C. H. TURNOR—alias Mr. Mullins. Comment on any other topic would be superfluous, of course, in view of the appearance of so distinguished a member. Our heart melted at the sight of him seated at the head of the table with his young Allan in attendance. Days gone by had returned surely, the nimble figure, always at home on all types, rushing past Mere Corner to finish a "50" at High Legh, with his black tights almost parted amidships taking a drink with business-like precision, telling off with a withering look the runner who did not run fast enough with the cup. In the "100," tearing round the inner and outer triangles. In the "12," finishing down

the Nantwich road at the "9th," and ah! now he is in his element! In a "24," eating rice pudding at Chester during the night and finishing at Knutsford (Gaol)—outside, of course—or at record attempt on tandem or tandem trike or even the 1919 all night ride to Cheltenham, pacing with the lost Newsholme the novice of the day back to Manchester against a N.W. gale, kindly, gently and scientifically. All these thoughts flashed across our mind on seeing that well-known countenance. And what! did we find the Mullah changed? Had his eye lost its lustre? NO! The same old Club tie, the same cotton stockings, the knickers somewhat fuller, and the blue and black skull cap well over the ears exactly as in the days of long ago. The eye clear and penetrating. May he continue thus and attend oftener. There was little comment; all ears were open and mouths shut. Even Wilf Orrell listened to the great man's reminiscences and conducted himself like a P.L.G.



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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 424.

### FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Sun sets at

July	5	Delamere (Fishpool) .....		10-43	p.m.
..	12	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe) .....		10-37	..
..	19	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms) .....		10-31	..
..	20	Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms) Lunch 1-30 p.m. ....		10-30	..
..	26	Lymm (Spread Eagle) .....		10-21	..
Aug.	2	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe) .....		10-9	..

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

July	12	Goostrey (Red Lion) ....		10-37	..
Aug.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion) ....		10-9	..

Full Moon ..... 8th instant

### NOTICE.

*All editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.*

*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. Mr. W. E. L. Cooper, 20, Hylton Road, Allerton, Liverpool 19; Mr. W. E. Cotter, The Post Office, Pulford, near Chester.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP. Mr. Alan Turnor and Mr. Keith Turnor, "Endcliffe," 10 Park Avenue, Ashton-on-Mersey. Proposed by Mr. C. H. Turnor, seconded by Mr. H. Green.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

My thanks to the following for their subscription and/or donation to the Comforts Fund.

A. Lusty.\*      Ashley Taylor.  
J. J. Salt.      N. Turvey.

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

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## NEWS !

We have some splendid news, but not for these pages—yet. If you want to know more, ask Frank Chandler!

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## A REASON.

This is not an excuse for being absent from Handley, but a reason. On the occasion of the Highwayside run, a week previously, the Presider said with much confidence that he would see Connor and Marriott at Beeston Brook "next Saturday." Connor was detained by an unexpected visit from brother Walter, but the Editor fellow, after an afternoon nap following an all-night duty, blazed out to Beeston in that wicked wind to find no-one there. He did not discover that the run was to Handley until a call at

Randall's on the homeward journey. The Editor, having written most of the *Circular*, and checked the remainder, seldom reads the completed issue, as he is about fed up with the wretched thing by then. You would expect a Presider to know better, wouldn't you?

### A WEEK IN WAR-TIME WALES.

Even in these times of strife, vacations are sometimes on offer, and when, the week after Whitsuntide, a free week was available to the Blue Penciller of this journal, he thought of a week in war-time Wales as a pleasant refresher.

Thus on Whit Monday in this year of trouble, a very ancient Morris could be seen making its weary way westwards, using up half of its monthly ration on the trip to Dolgelley. Tied on to the side was the Editor's bicycle. Our destination was a farmhouse standing down in a dingle two fields below the old road which, after climbing steeply from Dolgelley, sweeps westwards along a windy valley towards the sea south of Mawddach's Estuary. Some maps mark the way as ending on the mountain, others, being older and thus of more knowledge, show the way as the Old Towyn Road. One branch climbs, to sweep down to Llanegryn for Towyn, while the other drops steeply to the sea some distance north of Llwyngwrl.

It was in the lingering light of an almost midsummer evening that I regained acquaintance with that stretch of coast road after an absence of almost sixteen years. The afternoon's run across the Bwlch-oer-Drws had led me to dear old Dinas (where, incidentally, not a catering sign is to be seen, and even the inn declined me tea) and after being refreshed in Mallwyd I rode down the Dovey valley in sunlight, crossing to the right hand bank of the river just beyond Cemmaes Road. This missed Machynlleth, it was shorter, and I was soon in Pennal and heading for the old mountain road to Towyn.

There are few better ways of seeing any coast than in the evening light, and as I climbed from near Llwyngwrl on the steep hillside the restless rolling of the waves on the pebbled beach grew ever fainter to the ears. Near a farm which almost tumbled down the hillside a black bull eyed me

menacingly from across a rushing river, and a farmer talked to him coaxingly while I hurried forward on the rough road. Near the top, the stony surface had gone, and all was grassy. I had a bird's eye glimpse of the Mawddach Estuary in the reddening glow of the setting sun, and the black railway bridge was as a thin line, seemingly too slender to take any train at all. An hour passed, and as the shadows climbed swiftly on the sable slopes of Cader I found myself on the road I knew, and only a mile or so from "home." Fifteen minutes, and I was in the farmhouse once more, regaling silently on delicious boiled bacon and trappings, and supremely ready for the bed which stood awaiting me above.

Another day I took that self-same road westwards, and slid down a steep path to the flat fields where the timber and trestle bridge spans the sands of the estuary. In the afternoon I rode easily to Llanbedr, and then turned with the river along the well-worn road to the Roman Steps. Warm I was indeed ere I had surmounted the highest point of that strange way, and another hour had passed before I hit the highroad once more and sped swiftly down the miles to Dolgelly.

On other occasions I was wandering in F.H.'s footsteps, and looking for Sarn Helen. The mountain track which leaves the Cross Foxes to Tal-y-llyn road and sheers over the shoulder of the grassy hillside to Aberlfeenni, a tiny village above Corris, gave me an interesting hour. Sometime I found my way by Mawddach's waters on the old road of the eastern bank of the river. That ancient and rougher highway has many delights, you have finer views, and a run through the King's Forest before crossing to Tyn-y-groes for tea if you so wish. After my meal, I was northwards bound again, searching for Pont-ar-eden and its stepping stones, but I had little hope of exploring further for the night. I kept to the main road on my return, crossed the estuary by the toll bridge to Penmaenpool, and reached the farm by the track which climbs past the Youth Hostel.

I did hope to ride home, and let the others of my family use the ration of petrol, but at the last moment I weakened. The rain was torrential, the wind north-east, and so the bicycle returned as it journeyed out, rammed between the spare wheel and the bonnet of our old car.

**SERVICE NOTES.**

On other pages will be found quite a lot of news from the "lads." We have also received another airpost from Peter, who wishes to thank Kettle and the Club for the parcel and *Circulars* received early in May. He is quite well, and sends his kindest regards to all. Walter Connor has reported for duty again, and his address is now—Tel. W. A. Connor, Mess 3, H.M.S. Daffodil, c/o G.P.O., London, E.C.

Ralph Fer writes to tell us that he is now a sergeant (about time, and all) and that life would be very sweet if the alehouses were open a little more frequently. Thanks for the note, Ralph, and we will reply a little more personally in the near future. Ted Byron is still spinning around the Wirral peninsula, looking exceptionally fit and seemingly enjoying everything immensely. Fred Brewster is doing well with his flying, and his first exam. he passed with 86.7%, and fourth in the list. Great news, Fred, and we are delighted! Ira Thomas was at the Beeston Brook Club-run, and we had the pleasure (?) of riding with him from Two Mills. Ira had been wandering around North Wales for a day or so. He is in the foot-sloggers, and darn keen he is about this form of penance, too. Where there's no sense . . . . .

We haven't heard from Serg. Observer Killip for a few weeks, but no news is good news, and Len will have been busy lately. Dudley Turnor and George Farr, both in the R.A.F. and the Middle East, have been silent for months and we would very much appreciate some news. We haven't heard from Russ Barker lately, either, but the Heavenly Trio pass on word of him very frequently.

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**AN AIRMAIL LETTER FROM TOMMY SAMUEL**

(dated 3rd June, arrived 23rd.)

DEAR FRANK,

Again a belated reply, thanking the Club for the February parcel, which came a couple of weeks back, the contents, as usual, were very acceptable and in perfect order, that bunloaf is the best cake I've had sent out yet. I met Eric and Peter for the first time in almost a year, they have been down in the desert and judging by all accounts having a pretty hectic time. They have since moved again, so I missed a



binge. You wouldn't recognise those two lads nowadays—talk about hidden fires—Pete can swear almost as efficiently as I can, and that is saying a lot. I had a letter from my "half-back" (Len.) a while back, he's doing pretty well, socking the Hun. I hope he'll come out here and take a poke at him, he won't talk quite so smugly of heat, sand and flies if he does.

I've just come back from a dip in the sea, the water is wonderful, and we are all acquiring a good tan—handsome men, you know. You probably know that the Huns are not a thousand miles from here, he's wasting a lot of men and materials on what really amounts to precious little, and when viewed in retrospect we're not doing at all badly. It might get worse before we win.

It seems a deuce of a long time since I was on that red-peril tandem of ours, your club runs in the *Circular* sometimes set me longing for a spot of home leave, but at the same time they give one a renewed strength for the matter of the moment—whatever you do, don't let this feature lapse from the *Circular*. You will probably again comment on my undecipherable caligraphy (strange, no!—Ed.), and I am afraid that the same excuse as last time must again serve, only now I'm writing seated on the ground, and not on boards. I still remain in the pink. I had a couple of very pleasant weeks in dock just after Christmas, but since then I've been on duty.

I hope you and all the lads are well.

Cheerio,

TOMMY S.

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### A LETTER FROM SYD. JONAS.

26/4/41.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Very many thanks for your letter of 2nd January, delivered towards the end of April. I have had quite a pile of mail this week after a couple of months without a single thing and they are all most welcome.

The January *Circular* arrived and it is a most interesting one. I see Rigby reports hearing from me but that I have not much news. Well, the things we can't write about would fill volumes, and letter writing is restricted to very personal news so that one is handicapped considerably.

I am pleased to hear that everyone in the Club is O.K. and those still at home are doing their best to keep things going.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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Brian popped up in January and we gathered together and had a pleasant chinwag. He has had a very exciting time, particularly round this part of the world, but he still grins in the same quiet way while describing some tense moments.

The first time I attempted to see him I had to cut my journey short to watch the fireworks and they were the best (sic) we had ever seen. I went on after the show and found that he had left and we got in touch some days later, when I learned that he had been right in the lime-light during the "do."

I had tea with him again last Sunday and was pleased to see he is now a full Lieutenant, and still fit and well. He has acquired a bicycle but complains of the hills, some of which are certainly steep.

I see Peter Rock doesn't envy me on this island. Personally, I would much rather not be on it but as compared to life in the desert as shown in the News Films of the advance in Libya, give me Malta any day.

Blotto sent me a bundle of *Bicycles*, and was I pleased to see a picture of the "Sportsman" in one of them? It conjured up some very pleasant memories of that back-breaking road.

A fellow here has three copies of *Cycling*, of December and January, so I have plenty of cycling stuff to look at, and from it all it appears that "bassinettes" are getting more popular. I have seen one tandem on the island and there are new "Raleighs" for sale, though I haven't seen them myself.

Otherwise life here is very quiet, and I'm looking forward to some more bathing very soon to make a change in the monotonous life.

In spite of all the sunshine this climate can be and is just as treacherous and changeable as at home. There are plenty of wet and windy days in the winter and after getting used to the summer's heat it seems to be just as cold as at home, and with no coal or wood produced locally, the only thing to do in the evenings to keep warm is to go to bed, a bar, or put one's greatcoat on.

As the bars are made to let air in they are singularly comfortable places when there is a gale blowing, so one has to imbibe quickly to keep the blood stream moving.

However, I am very fit and well, and looking forward to stamping on 'em up to Llandegla and various other places one of these days.

With best wishes to your Mother, Mollie, yourself and the rest of the A.B.C.

Yours,

SYD.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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—SYD. JONAS.

22nd May, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

Owing to the exigencies of some service or other I have received the November and January parcels from the Club together, and as one was tobacco and the other luxuries in the food line, I am indeed lucky.

Please thank everyone for their generosity and good wishes, which are very much appreciated.

So far I have had all the *Circulars* up to the February one, and have been pleased to see that one or two are out each week and that Halewood can still supply the goods. Doesn't Sarah know there is a war on yet, or if she knows, doesn't she take any notice of it?

I can't tell you any more about this end of it than you can hear on the radio and it leaves very little to write about.

I met Brian Band again, so that is two runs this year you can put down for us. He is now a very much bearded Lieutenant and has some exciting tales to tell, but like a lot of other tales, they will have to wait a while.

I must compliment you on the choice of eatables in the parcels, they are just right, and when I recall that you once spent some time in France, I know why.

With kind regards and all good wishes to the Club and Members,

Yours sincerely,

SYD. JONAS.

---

—BRIAN BAND.

14/5/41.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Very many thanks for the most welcome gift of baccy. I really don't know what I should do without them, as it is practically impossible to get any tobacco here at all. Somebody else sent me a pipe as a X'mas present, so I am very well off now.

Your parcel arrived a few days ago with three months mail, so you can imagine our feelings.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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I saw Syd. last time we were in. He came down for tea, but unfortunately I had to push him out early as we had to move the boat in a hurry! However, I may get another chance of seeing him soon.

I have just had three days' holiday in a rest camp out in the country. It was a training camp for Royal Marines in the good old days of peace, and the Navy use it for tired "Submariners" now. It was perfect there too. Nothing to do all day except lie in the sun and bathe and go walks in the evening.

I have received two *Circulars* also with this mail. February and March, I think.

It seems almost impossible to visualise a Club run in war-time, with bombs dropping and Sammy lying in ditches, etc. Let's hope it will be over soon and we shall have one big Club run with everybody present.

Well, as usual, I can give no news. We have had a lot of good and bad luck lately, but on the whole I think the good luck is winning.

My poor old bicycle is not doing too well. I had the front wheel out to-day and found all the ball bearings missing and the hub in no condition: I lent it to my captain to go to a party on and he must have been trying to do a bit of ramming!

Will you please express my gratitude to the Club for their very kind thoughts and most welcome gifts. When we have settled this business out here we shall come and give a hand at home.

Yours sincerely,

BRIAN.

P.S.—I have got my second stripe at last, which makes me a Lieut.!

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## RUNS.

**Parkgate, June 7th, 1941.**

We regret that no report of this run has come to hand. Your Editor happened to be in Western Wales on this particular Saturday, enjoying the slow walk to the summit of the Bwlch-oer-Drws, ere the glorious and headlong fling to Dinas Mawddwy and the Dovey valley . . . . but you may read of this trip on other pages.

To return to Parkgate, we have been informed that Rowatt, Kettle, Birchall and Connor were present, although our Captain is understood to have scrounged his tea elsewhere.

**Goostrey, June 7th, 1941.**

It is so long since I wrote an account of a run that when the Presider asked me I began to wonder if it were possible. On the previous Saturday I had taken my son Alan to push me round on the tandem so as this run was somewhat shorter I was also prevailed upon to take Keith, my youngest son, on his single. Now I had a bright idea and decided that with our combined efforts it might be possible to produce something of interest. The two youngsters set to work with a will and produced accounts now proving of great help to Daddy.

We started out from home in brilliant sunshine and made our way to our destination through Altrincham, Ashley, Knutsford and via the Whipping Stocks and Dibble Bridge. We were the first arrivals, and Mrs. Knowles ushered us into the parlour where we awaited the next arrival, who proved to be Wilf. Orrell. At six o'clock we adjourned for tea, no one else having turned up. We had hardly started one of Mrs. Knowles' celebrated teas when in walked the Presider, who had been detained at a christening ceremony of his grandchild, and by the time he had started Frank Chandler appeared.

The most interesting remark of the evening and one which "brought down the house," was made by Frank, when he stated that this was a good house and he threatened to come again.

During tea it went so dark that we needed the electric light, and it began to look as if the conditions for the homeward journey would not be so pleasant as on the outward journey, and this proved to be the case. We had hardly ridden three miles when the deluge started and capes became the order of the day. Keith's previous longest ride was 20 miles, and as our outward journey had been 10 miles I decided to keep near the railway in case we wished to invest in home rails. I need not have bothered, because though

he is only nine years old he arrived home as fresh as paint having ridden all the way and asking that we should not go the nearest way.

We were able to take off our capes before Altrincham and arrived home after a most enjoyable ride. The two youngsters are living in hope that in the none too distant future the Anfield will accept them as members.

(The writer is none other than the "Mullah," and we are delighted to see him so much more frequently after an absence of years.—Ed.).

#### Highwayside, June 14th, 1941.

We did hope to-day to be able to leave our new home at 3-0 p.m. and contact with Perkins at Willaston Corner. No arrangements were made, and we just hoped. But our two hopes went unfulfilled. It was after 3-30 when we struck the road, and there was no Perkins.

The wind was westerly, and we made good progress along the highroad, where traffic was scarce, and even cyclists few. Beyond Chester we halted at Mrs. Bell's just for a chat (no time for tea) and then we had to hurry. Waverton came and went, and along the canal straight the world seemed lonely but superb. Beeston's castle rose slowly as the minutes passed, and we disturbed some children's cricket at Tiverton. Ten minutes, and we docked at the Traveller's just after six.

Dave Rowatt was just going, Connor just arriving, and Marriott followed him in to greet the President. Frank Chandler arrived later. He tells us that he is living at Milton Green—how handy for giving drinks when the great days dawn again!

We had great pleasure in extending Peter Rock's kind wishes to Mr. Johnson, and in turn he thanks you, Peter, and wishes you all the very best of good fortune and a safe and quick return. We echo those very pleasant feelings right heartily. The tea was good, and we were well satisfied. Bert Green told of his Whit adventures and his trials in acquiring beds and meals.

Homeward bound, we left Frank Chandler to fend his own way westwards; Bert Green came with us only so far as the Eaton turn, and then the Captain and the Editor

were alone to plough a furrow northwards. A call at Newton Bank revealed that the Randalls were out, and then it was discovered that the Editor could not go home without making himself late for his night duty at a Liverpool service club. Thus the club run continued across the river, until Connor made his lone way homewards while the scribe made ready to keep awake and work until another day dawned.

**Handley, June 21st, 1941.**

Quite a decent turnout for these days—7 members and one visitor. And then some of those who put in an appearance had not been out for some time. It was a real pleasure to have Johnnie Band, Jack Seed and Fawcett with us. In addition, Rowatt, Perkins and del Banco, with his better half to push him out, were present. The only representative from Manchester was the Presider. The day was certainly one to induce the desire to be out and about, for the sun shone brilliantly, and the country looked lovely. Rowatt, as usual, had to go early, but the others lingered, basking in the sun and chatting on all sorts of things, not excepting events on Merseyside. The philosophical way in which what would, a few years ago, have been considered major calamities, are taken by some of our people is a matter of wonder to those of us who have not suffered.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 425.

### FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Aug.	2	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....	.....
..	9	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	.....	.....	.....	.....
..	16	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms)	.....	.....	.....	.....
..	23	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....	.....
..	30	Handley (Mrs. Evans)	.....	.....	.....	.....
Sept.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....	.....

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Aug.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	.....
..	23	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	.....	.....	.....	.....
..	30	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	.....	.....	.....	.....
Sept.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	.....

Full Moon ..... 7th instant

### NOTICE.

*All editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.*

*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.

Masters Alan and Keith Turnor have been elected to full membership.

## TREASURY NOTES.

A slight improvement in cash received this month. Donations to our Comforts Fund are coming in well, but if there are any who have overlooked this worthy object their contribution will be welcomed.

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

R. J. Austin.\*

T. E. Mandall.\*

R. R. Austin.

J. Seed.\*

F. J. Cheminai.

A. T. Simpson.

H. Wilson.\*

## SERVICE NOTES.

There is little news this month other than that we print on other pages. Len Killip was home for a few days during July, and we celebrated with a grand lunch. Len tells some lurid tales of night adventures over Germany. Fred Brewster has been pushed up to Perth, and he hopes to gain his wings soon. We heard of Tommy Sherman in Dumfries some weeks ago (isn't it strange how news gets around, Tommy?)

## SERVICE ADDRESSES.

Pte. J. S. JONAS, S/3765778, R.A.S.C., H.Q., Southern Inf. Bde., Malta.

Cpl. J. R. BAND, 2069385, Royal Engineers, c/o Camp Commandant, Force H.Q., British Forces in Palestine and T. J. Middle East Forces.

L/Cpl. J. E. REEVES, 2067781, 2nd Troop, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, R.E., Middle East Forces.

L/Cpl. W. P. ROCK, 2067653, 2nd Troop, 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Middle East Forces.

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Trooper SAMUEL, T.T., 2nd Troop, "C" Squadron, Cheshire Yeomanry, Middle East Forces.

Lieut. B. H. BAND, H.M. Sub. "Upholder" c/o G.P.O. London, E.C.

A.C.I. D. TURNOR, No. 1 Section, 13 W.I.S., R.A.F., Middle East Forces.

Sgt. R. BARKER, T.74506, C.P.D. Group, No. 6 M.T.S.D., R.A.S.C., Middle East Forces.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR, Mess 3, "H.M.S. Daffodil," c/o G.P.O. London, E.C.

G. FARR, c/o 2 Churton Road, Gorton, Manchester.

### IN THE UNITED KINGDOM:

R.A.F.—DICK RYALLS, LEN KILLIP, ALAN TELFORD, DON BIRCHALL, FRED BREWSTER.

Army—T. SHERMAN, J. R. FER, 40 Magdala Road, Nottingham, E. BYRON, IRA THOMAS, F. W. SMITH.

(Please use home addresses as per Handbook when Service address is not given).

## AN ANFIELD JUBILEE.

Months ago we wrote in these pages that this issue of August would make some celebration of F.H.'s sixty years of cycling. Great plans matured, but when the Master was apprised of them his reaction was a stern negative. Captain Schloss first cycled sixty years ago, and to-day he may be seen pedalling on the roads around Cheadle preceded by his everpresent mascot "The Naked Lady," but he who has wandered the ancient ways of Wales so well tells us that as he has not cycled for all of those six decades there must be no celebration. We bow to his wishes, merely placing on record our admiration of the enthusiasm of one of our old brigade.

Of naked ladies we cannot write much (nor would we commit ourselves to paper if we knew more!) but an accusation has come our way that it was modesty unbecoming which precluded earlier mention of the female unclothed. This we do most emphatically refute, and hasten to say that it was an unfortunate omission, and not an example of our modesty. For the benefit of those who contemplate

rushing to Cheadle in their thousands, we would say that the Naked Lady (so far as we know) is merely a transfer on the head of the bicycle whereby our venerable friend rides his ten miles per hour per day.

### OGILBY'S BRITANNIA ROAD BOOK.

F.H., on other pages, writes of some old ways home from Highwayside and Holmes Chapel—rare information gleaned from an ancient road book. Schloss has come into the temporary possession of a reprint of the famous Britannia Road Book published some time ago by Messrs. Duckham's, the motor oil people.

Very unfortunately, for such unimportant persons as your Editor, the edition was for a very limited and private circulation, and no copies are available for sale to the general public. The Blue Penciller of this *Circular* is intensely interested in the ancient highways of our land, and a copy of the aforementioned road book would be one of his most treasured possessions. Are any readers aware of a channel through which one could be obtained? We would be very grateful to know.

### HOME FROM HIGHWAYSIDE.

To avoid any complications between Chester and Highwayside on the next run to the latter well-known hostelry, please make it clear in the *Circular* that Ogilby's Ribbon Map of 1675 places Highwayside on the London-Holyhead road at 169 miles from London, by Coventry, Coleshall, Bassett's Pole, Lichfield, Brewerton, Stableford, Namptwich and Torperley, but make it clear that there are three ways between Clotton and West Chester :

- (1) by Namptwich cartroad from Red Cap to Waverton.
- (2) by Cotton Heath and Brown Heath but missing Tervyn.
- (3) by Chester cartway and Tervyn.

These different routes will cause intense discussion over dinner. They appear on Plate 23. The two first-mentioned meet at the Gibit. The turn at Hockmill leads to Stableford but it is a different place to that situate on the Holyhead road at 147½ miles.

—AND HOLMES CHAPEL.

Manchester Members on the homeward run from Holmes Chappell are warned on the strength of John Ogilby's Ribbon Map of 1675 (plate 37) that at 166 miles from London after crossing the Da ne Flu, they ought to bear Right on Cranage Heath for Nutsford instead of going straight on by Stublage, Lostock and Grulam for Stretton Chapple for fear of being carried on to Wigan and Carlisle. Failing this precaution they run the risk of being put in the stocks as Vagabonds at Franley. This Franley near Wormton is the well-known township nowadays spelled Frandley not far from Antrobus. Some of the Sign Hands hereabouts point to Knutsford with an extra and unnecessary K.

These warnings were not given by Ogilby but are the work of his interpreter

F.H.

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HERE IS AN AIRPOST FROM ERIC REEVES.

*June 9th.*

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks for your letter of 9/4/41. You wanted to know how long it took to reach here. It has had a long and trying journey to reach here, so I only received it a few days ago. They are, however, a vast improvement on the old airmail and boat services, and reach us in a sixth of the time. Your assurance that our house is all right is very good news because the letters from home are a lot older news than yours. Peter is with me, and is O.K. He tells me that his house has been hit, but fortunately his folks are all right. We managed to contact Arthur Lancaster of the North Road a day before we moved to here, and we sent him away with copies of the *Circular* and *Cycling*. He has rather a novel scheme for returning home when this war is over, cycling over the scene of your last continental tour sounds good to me: our return won't be as free or as enjoyable. Troopships are not exactly an advert. for cruises. I am sorry to hear of your misfortune, but that business is going on just as usual I am quite pleased to hear. Let us hope the war will soon be over and all that business ended we hope for ever. You remember how you used to say "Happy Days! on Club outings, well, looking back on those times I echo your saying and hope for a quick return to them. I received the January parcel not so long ago, and I would like you to thank Harold Kettle and the



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Committee for it. I would write to Harold only the supply of stamps is stopped for an unknown period so I hope he will forgive me. Well, space is getting short, Frank, so I will close hoping for a quick return to the Good Old Game, be it racing or helping. Give my best wishes to Ted and George and any of the boys you may meet.

Well, cheerio, Frank, and all the best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

### HERE IS AN AIRPOST FROM RIGBY BAND,

dated 2nd July, and received on 23rd July.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your Air Mail Postcard of 26th April, which arrived here the 19th of last month. I expect Albert has told you of my change of address. Please thank him for another bundle of cycling journals received. How F.J.U.'s articles in the *Gazette* bring back old memories. I am right out of touch with Peter and Eric now. I wrote E. soon after I came here, but the ——— has not replied yet!

I hear fairly regularly from Albert, so hope he passes the news round, what little there is. Thanks for the news of the local lads. A few weeks ago I just missed contacting Arthur Lancaster, of the North Road C.C. after a year of correspondence with him. Keep the old Circular going even if you have to cut out the parcels. I realise now why our exiled members of peace-time used to sing its praises. Kind regards to all.

Yours,

RIGBY.

—DON BIRCHALL.

21/7/41.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey to the Club my sincere thanks for P.O. received to-day.

I am still holding down my local job with the R.A.F. Embarkation Office and am now back in harness after seven days leave spent down in Hereford with my wife on our jolly old bikes.

We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves although a little disappointed at finding a couple of our favourite pubs under new management and no longer keen to give cyclists the usual warm reception of the past.

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We were, however, compensated by the warm welcome we received at our other ports of call, the glorious weather and the tip-top cycling country through which we travelled.

Once again thanking the Club for their generosity. I will close wishing you all the best.

Yours sincerely,

DON BIRCHALL.

### A LETTER FROM RALPH FER

*23rd July, 1941.*

DEAR KETTLE,

Very many thanks for the P.O., although I don't feel that I am really entitled to it while I still have my semi-civvy job here. We seem to be a long way from the war in Nottingham, apart from the shortage of essentials like beer and baccy, and except for a few damaged buildings there is no visible evidence of that small raid we had. The office building has now been repaired, doors put back and windows replaced, and life goes on on in its usual humdrum fashion.

I have lately managed to wangle occasional Sunday afternoons off, and am gradually getting to know something about this city; it seems to be quite a decent sort of a place, with plenty of parks, forest land and a good river—the Trent—for boating. I miss the fresh air of the seaside towns, but one can't have everything.

I expect to be home on leave next month, and look forward to attending at least one run, provided the train or bus service functions.

Once again, many thanks.

Yours sincerely,

J. R. FER.

### A JOINT LETTER FROM PETER AND ERIC.

*11/4/41.*

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks ever so much for your welcome letter. As is usually the case I had just written and our letters have crossed. At the same time that your letter arrived I also received a Christmas card from George. Somewhat belated but still very pleasant. I would write to him if I could be certain that he is still at home.

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Eric is now with me in this troop and naturally we go around together. We have contacted Tommy Samuel and spent two evenings with him during the past two weeks. We can now count on meeting at least once a week and spend the evening yarning about the Club and delve into the pleasures of the past.

I have given Tommy Arthur Lancaster's address. Actually we are much nearer his place; can almost see it in fact, but Tommy may have more opportunity of a possible chance to get round that area. It was by merest chance that I learned where Arthur is, for I had made previous enquiries and nobody seemed to know the place. However, a few days ago a police car came into camp and during the course of conversation with the occupants I learned that this mysterious place was only a short distance away from us. If I can get in touch with him I hope to persuade him to call down to see us.

Tommy is looking very fit and was very pleased to see us. Last Tuesday night we very nearly missed him, for when we arrived he was just getting ready for a night out with 'Moke,' a big black ———! Rigby has not yet met him although they may meet in town this weekend. Tommy has his address and hopes to have Easter Sunday and Monday off, the lucky blighter!

Eric and I are enjoying being together. We have a little dive of our own and if I did not pull him out of bed each morning I do believe that he would sleep the clock round.

We were both very pleased to receive parcels from the Club about four weeks ago. I finished mine off sometime ago but Eric is still clinging lovingly to a tin of jam and a tin of chicken. You may take it for granted that from now on that all letters for Eric or myself can be sent to our joint address.

We were both pleased to receive the December *Circular* about a week ago. This represents practically the only mail during the past three or four weeks. The Parkgate 'run' struck a familiar chord in my memory and for the moment I fell to wondering whether I had dreamed about it, but no! suddenly I realised it was but a 'carbon copy' of your last letter! It sounded very exciting, for it does not appear to be our turn for excitement at the moment.

I am very sorry to hear that Coventry is again in the news and I hope that our friends there are still safe and well. You too, at home, seem to be getting a heavy share of the 'blitz,' and I hope that all our friends have been lucky enough to escape harm or injury.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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Charles appears to have been very silent for the past few months and I have had little opportunity for writing to him. I hope that both he and 'Don' are still fit and well and hope that you will remember Eric and I to them.

DEAR FRANK,

Peter's part of this letter is rather lengthy, and I can add very little to it. I would however like you to convey my thanks to the Committee and Harold Kettle my thanks for the latest parcel and also the *Circular* for January. Peter made a slight mistake when he said that I am jealously hanging on to a tin of chicken dinner and jam from the Club parcel. These actually came out of a parcel from Lever Bros. In your letters as long ago as early last year you made reference to Ted and George as putting on weight fast. At this rate I shall not be able to tell them from Hubert at a distance. I suppose you still retain the famous "Silf"-like figure so famous for the cheerful greetings to all checkers in the "100" and the famous last word "I could go round again." You may expect these tandem efforts of ours from now on with perhaps a little more regularity. I will close with the usual hope for a speedy and successful end to this lousy war.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

PETER ROCK.

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## RUNS.

Beeston Brook, June 28th, 1941.

The attenders were few in number but they came from the four corners of the Anfield domain—the President and H. Austin from the cottonopolis, Dave Rowatt from Rhos, Marriott and Perkins, after a wind-assisted run, from Wirral, Ira Thomas and wife on tandem, returning to Shropshire after a week's holiday with the last day's run from Bettws. Our evacuee, Chandler, trundled over from Milton Green. A troublesome side wind made it a hard ride for the Manchester pair in both directions, but a cup of tea at Little Budworth was a welcome refresher and put us right for the last few undulating miles to the Brook to find Rowatt departing without tea, the incoming train being late, and allowing little time before catching the return.

What enthusiasm! The choice for tea was limited to beans on toast or eggs—but only one each. Chandler was the last arrival, and the hens must have laid again for, tell it not to the Minister for Food, in came two eggs! Chat around the table came principally from Ira recounting army experiences, and Marriott regaling us with a holiday at the new found farmhouse near Dolgelley, which provides lots of home comforts. Although the side wind persisted for the homeward run our destination was reached soon after nine o'clock, leaving pleasant memories of another enjoyable meeting, and bringing a resolve to make the effort more often.

---

**Delamere, July 5th, 1941.**

This run was not a success. The day was fine, and cycling was pleasant indeed across Wirral's land and then from Chester up and over Kelsall to the Forest and the Fishpool. But when we arrived at the hostelry there was nothing doing, and Mrs. Sheen has sent a postcard advising Powell of her inability to attend to us. But postal delays are great sometimes these hectic days, and the card was not served in time. Bert Green returned to the Cuddington Corner Cafe, where A.49 spans Watling Street, and the Editor followed him there, only to miss the Presider by five minutes. There was fire watching to do at Manchester that night, and it meant an early return. Chandler also has put in a claim for a run, but we saw him not amid the wood and glades of the ancient forest.

Returning home, it was not too bad. The lateness of the hour necessitated streaking so well as we could by the Roman road to Chester, and by Vicars Cross we turned into Wirral and a lone trek home for ten p.m.

---

**Parkgate, 12th July, 1941.**

Short runs in the summer may appear to some that our Club is going to the dogs, but such fixtures do account for a greater number of attendances, and this week we were very pleased with the roll call. Connor and Marriott were due for a spot of sleep following a nocturnal spell of duty. George had his nap in a field near Irby, while the Editor indulged

at home. It was tea-time when Parkgate was reached, and quite a happy party were sitting around the various tables. Uncle Johnny (relating true stories of very narrow escapes); Perkins; Seed; Rowatt; del Banco (on a "farewell" visit ere signing up full time A.F.S.); Preston; Birchall (an afternoon off from the R.A.F.) and Fawcett, who had come all the way from Cilcain, and probably doing more cycling this particular day than the rest of the Club put together. Arthur Williams came in with a bandaged finger, having put it too near to a circular saw.

Preston created the first sensation. He was seen to be complete with something which he has avoided wearing for six years. Yes, lads, it's a first-class fact. After an ample meal there were some partings, but five fine fellows (never mind who) caused a sensation in strolling to the far end of the parade (never mind where or why!). We could almost sense the taunts: "Why aren't they in the Army?" But before many months are out there will be a further decimation of our ranks, and if the Editor has to go things must be getting serious. Would anyone like to do a spot of editing (about 10%, and writing 90%) for our *Circular*?

---

#### Goostrey (Red Lion), July 12th, 1941.

This particular Saturday was one of the hottest ever, and after a very hot run via Prestbury, Birtles, Siddington and Twemlow, I eventually arrived to find tea already under way.

The Presider was at the head of the table with Rex, Bob Poole, Wilf. and Keith Turnor on his left, and Jim Cranshaw, Mullah and Alan Turnor on his right; a few moments later Frank Chandler arrived to square the party and to take his place opposite the Presider.

During tea we were delighted to hear that Bob had been made Sergeant in the Auxiliary Police, also that Jim Read had been seen looking well and fit. After tea Bobby Austin arrived looking very hot and ready for a drink of beer (ginger).

About the heavy storm that overtook us as we left for home I could write a lot, but sufficient is to say that it was needed.

**Little Budworth, July 19th, 1941.**

Certainly the weather was not too promising in the morning, but that can't account for the small attendance—four only—at this fixture, for the sky cleared up nicely in the early afternoon. We know that everybody has something extra to do these days, and there must be many occasions when it isn't possible to spare Saturday afternoon, but it is hoped that those who can come out will make a point of doing so. After all, it's worth while to keep the Club alive.

Dave Rowatt was the first to arrive, as usual, and was discovered about to feed early by the Presider, who reported having seen Chandler flying along near Whitegate, going away from Little Budworth. Perhaps he was having a training spin or perhaps he had a call to make somewhere, but anyhow, he turned up about 6-0 p.m. at the Shrewsbury Arms. Whilst the party was seeing Dave off by his bus, George Connor turned up; that completed the number, and a very nice tea was dispatched. Very soon the party disbanded to make its several ways homewards on a very pleasant evening. By-the-way, the Editor was not out; to anticipate enquiries it may now be said that his absence was not due to wrong information received, but the need for sleep after being on duty all night.

ELIAS writes:—

I attended the run to Little Budworth but went to the Red Lion in error. I had some tea there and called in at the Shrewsbury Arms at 6-55 but I saw no one so came home alone.

---

**Lymm, 26th July, 1941.**

To the writer's remembrance it is more than a decade since we had a joint run to Lymm. The Manchester folk visit the Spread Eagle very frequently; Merseysiders seldom do. For one who did not wish to cross Lancashire, Lymm seemed a long way for an afternoon trip, but an early start and a N.W. wind made the journey easy and pleasant indeed. There were no Anfielders on the high road, and we turned towards Helsby still alone. Frodsham, Sutton Weaver, Preston Brook, all passed, and we came to Daresbury—village of many a happy Club run.

A right turn brought strange roads through Hatton to Stretton, and beneath the colourful sign of the Cat & Lion we were on familiar ways once more. Lymm was not far away, and beneath the wings of the Spread Eagle quite a happy party was assembled : Presider Green, Vice-Presider Austin and Bobby, Captain Connor, Editor Marriott, Chandler and King. The Editor announced that Carver was due for seven, and some doubt was expressed whether he would make it with the wind as it was ; knowing S.T.C., we were sure. At 6-30, our enthusiast from Hull darkened the threshold, and after sundry and hearty handshakes he sat down to a well-earned tea. In these days of not so many miles, it is a fine feat to leave Brough at 11-0 a.m., to make 110 miles by tea time. What a man, and what enthusiasm!

After tea Wilf Orrell and Bill Shacklady, who was embarking on his last week of bachelorship, came in for a chat, and then it was time to leave. Wilf and Bill showed us the way to Stretton, and George Connor left us where the road for Runcorn swings to Halton. Sid and Frank were left to plough a lonely furrow through Helsby, across the Wirral road and home. At 11-0 p.m. they parted, to meet again 12 hours later for the run eastwards once more.



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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 426.

### FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Sept.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	....	....	....	....
..	13	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	....	....	....	....
..	20	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	27	Beeston Brook (Holmes Cafe)	....	....	....	....
Oct.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	....	....	....	....
..	11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30, except Knolls Green, which is 5-0 p.m. prompt.

Sept.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	....	....	....	....
..	20	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	....	....	....	....
Oct.	4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	....	....	....	....
..	11	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand)	....	....	....	....

Full Moon ..... 5th instant.

### NOTICE.

All editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

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.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS :—S. T. Carver, "Anfield," 16, Denesway, Hessle, near Hull; K. Barker, "Waverley," Lower Kinnerton, near Chester; F. Chandler, c/o Mrs. A. B. Sadler, Milton Green, Handley, near Chester; Eric Bolton, R.R. No. 2, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

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## TREASURY NOTES.

Only five this month, two of them new members! I wish to bring to the notice of those whose subscriptions remain unpaid to let me have same as early as possible.

My thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or \*donations.

H. S. Barratt.*	E. Bolton.
J. Fowler.	K. Turnor.
A. Turnor.	

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

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## SERVICE NOTES.

We have had three of the lads home on leave this month. Len Killip managed to scrounge another week early in August. We hear the news of the holiday was quite sudden, for our Len had his car in pieces the night before he was due to travel home. Working through the night hours, he managed to put it together again, and the strange feature of it is that it worked quite well! Fred Brewster, now a Sergeant Pilot complete with a new pair of wings, has left the land of cakes and is now at Coventry once more. He has been posted to an aerodrome nearby and cycles between home and work each day. Ralph Fer and Ted Byron have

been in civvy street for a few days this month, and the occasions have been well celebrated with some splendid lunches. It is unfortunate that the two holidays did not overlap, and Ralph had to go back to Nottingham without seeing the Bombardier.

News from outlying spots is mostly contained in letters published elsewhere in these pages, but we have also heard from Walter Connor, who may, or may not, be within the confines of the United Kingdom. We have rather an idea that he is, but in such a remote spot that it would take a week to get home—if he but had the chance. Walter writes to say that the village has two pubs., so that he is not altogether lonely, but sometimes those two hostelries are dry like quite a lot of others these days. Ira Thomas, still near the East Coast, writes to say that he is going to knock the Editor's so-and-so head off when next they meet. He seems to be unduly affected by something that went into this *Circular*. Norman Heath has joined the Navy but until we hear from him we cannot give his Service address. Please oblige, soon, Norman.

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#### KNOLLS GREEN RUNS.

Will all members who anticipate taking part in the runs to Knolls Green please note that tea is timed for 5-0 p.m. prompt and arrange to time their arrival accordingly?

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#### WEDDING BELLS.

A note comes from Ken Barker while honeymooning near Dolgelley in a delectable spot beneath Cader Idris. As noted elsewhere in this issue, Ken will be living afterwards at Lower Kinnerton, near Chester. We extend our sincerest wishes for a fine future to the happy couple.

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#### "HAPPY DAYS."

This seems to be quite a good title for an account of a trip—party alone—partly with Salty, and partly with the North Road Club—which we indulged in during the early

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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days of August. We were in Wales, the Marches, the Cotswolds, the Midlands, and along the Fosse Way to the East Coast before a day's stay with Carver at Hessle ere the final run home across the Pennines. This issue is about full at the moment, so we will include a more detailed version next month.

### NEWS FROM SHAW.

It is not often we hear from Urban Taylor, and we are pleased to print the following extracts from a letter recently received. Urban, foiled from following his usual tracks abroad, desired more information about the Editor's Dolgelly address. He also says :

" I am sorry it is almost impossible for me to turn up on any run. Monday and Wednesday every week as Instructor A.T.C., Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and/or Sunday Royal Observer Corps. Some night you might find me at home!

During the last few years I have, however, enjoyed a few weekends in the Yorkshire Dales with Maurice Draisey and Sterry Malden, who are both in the north these days.

I am, of course, still interested in the doings of the A.B.C., which reminds me that I paid two years subs. into the local bank some time ago, but have received no acknowledgment nor seen mention in the *Circular*.

If you should see Tommy Mandall please give him my very kind regards. I would indeed like a few hours with him in some country pub. and if we can get the job over before next summer we will arrange some of those gatherings of the good old days.

I hear from Ann Rawlinson of a new bicycle, so I hope to meet him in the course of a week or two, and we will by and by pay a visit to Holmes Chapel, Goostrey and Lymm.

With best wishes to you and the success of the Club.

Yours sincerely,

URBAN TAYLOR.

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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A LETTER FROM LEN KILLIP

15/8/41.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Thanks very much for the postal order from the Club, which arrived the other day and was, as usual, much appreciated.

I got home on leave last week and was glad to see that the old place looks much the same; same old gaps in Lord Street!

Life goes on here much as usual at this place, our efforts being divided between kicking Jerry in the pants, sleeping, and going to the pictures in Kings Lynn!

Well, here's hoping that it will all be over before long; who knows, we may be racing next summer!

Cheerio for now.

LEN.

—ERIC BOLTON

1st July, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

The A.B.C. *Circular* for June has just caught up with me to-day. I am at present in Boston, U.S.A. on a rather extended business mission and as the envelope has been re-addressed four different times I think I absolutely must write a very much overdue note, if only to let you know my permanent address. Will you kindly give the information to Powell?

I can never express how much I appreciate the contact which the *Circular* gives with the doings of the Anfield and I am very grateful that the Club have followed me up so faithfully during the years that I have been over here.

Just writing to you brings up a memory of the finish of your performance in the '12' of 1921, I believe, I followed you and at the time was mostly impressed by the fact that the usually somewhat immaculate Captain Kettle was in a most deplorable condition sartorially.

On account of the complexities of international finance I will forward this note to my home (Kitchener) and ask my wife to enclose a donation in Canadian funds to help in some measure to keep things going and hope it will not be so long before I again can forward a few shekels.

Kindly convey my best regards to the Club, may normal conditions soon be back and the A.B.C. prosper as in times past.

Yours,

ERIC BOLTON.



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—TED BYRON

1/8/41.

DEAR HAROLD,

Again it is my pleasure to have to thank you for the 5/- P.O., which the Club has so kindly sent along.

As you can see from the above address, we are having a few days change of scenery ; we are now at an A.A. Practice Camp for a week, just to polish things up. I know just where I'd like to be going this week-end and that is to Theale for the B.R. 100! Still, perhaps next year.

Remember me to all the A.B.C.

Yours,

TED BYRON.

—FRED BREWSTER

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Please accept my thanks to the Club for the P.O., which I received to-day, having been forwarded on from home.

I also receive the *Circular* regularly and very good it is to read of the activities of the old Clubmates keeping the flag flying under difficult conditions.

As you will see I am up in Scotland for a spell. I should get my wings within the next fortnight and then I hope to move southwards again.

We fly over some grand country up here, but unfortunately, due to lack of spare time have been unable to get in closer contact with it, and I don't mean by crashing either, but then I'm not up here on a sight seeing tour so suppose I must not grumble. Must get on with the good work now. Best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely,

FRED BREWSTER.

—RIGBY BAND

15<sup>th</sup> May, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

On behalf of the Club may I thank you very much for another excellent parcel received safely. The cake was in perfect condition and went down well in the mess as an extra for supper. As you see

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above I have now changed my address, having dropped into a staff job. I am now chief clerk of the Surveys Branch of the above H.Q. It is a welcome change to have an office job in decent surroundings after living like a Bedouin for close on a year. I live in the R.E. Sergeants' Mess billet, which is run like a club and very comfortable. The town here is pretty dead but we have plenty of social engagements, such as dances and dart matches, with other messes, so our spare time is very pleasantly filled. We ran a dance in our mess last Sunday and brightened the place up with a good selection of Jewesses and nursing sisters. Next Saturday we have an invitation to a games tournament at the Signals mess. These "do's" are run on the lines of the old 'Autumn Tints' shows, the games being the excuse for the real business of the evening.

Will you please thank Stevie and Rhoda for the X'mas Card received last week! I have forgotten their address so cannot write direct. The *Circulars* are coming through regularly and are eagerly looked forward to. Whatever you do keep the old mag. going, as it is the best link there is with the good old days. Kind regards to all, the best of luck to yourself from

RIGBY.

—TOMMY SAMUEL

19th July, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

I was delighted to receive two parcels from the Club, dated 27th March and 23rd April. They could not have arrived at a more appropriate time, for we have been out in the field on active operations for six weeks now, so you can imagine how such parcels are appreciated at a time like this. It suffices to say that I never knew I had so many friends as when I proceeded to open the parcel. There was a look in the lads' eyes such as one sees at feeding time for the horses! We have lately been having our first taste of the real thing after 18 months of waiting for it. We were the first British Cavalry to go into action as such in this war, and we worked with the Australians, who are a grand lot of chaps, as tough as they make 'em. We were working mostly in the hills, where there was some wonderful country from a cyclist's view, but to us just plain lousy! At one time we were in a spot some 5,000 feet up and it went so cold at night we had to wear greatcoats, whilst during the day the temperature was in the hundreds. At this spot the French lobbed forty odd 75's over at us, and succeeded in cutting one man's chin. I've never been closer to Mother Earth than I was dur-

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ing that show. However, everything is quiet now, and we are resting up and hoping for a spot of leave, if it can be called leave in this accursed land. Have not seen anything of Peter or Eric for some time, but it's possible they were in this show in the North. Once again, many thanks for the parcels, and kind regards to yourself and the rest of the lads.

Cheerio,

TOMMY S.

P.S.—Will you thank F.M. for his P.C., which has just arrived.

(An Editorial Note.—Dear Tommy, if any of the words above are not yours, you know why!)

—ERIC REEVES.

21/7/41.

DEAR FRANK,

I received your Air Mail Card of 28/4/41 about a fortnight ago, and this is the first opportunity I have had of sending a reply. The writing on it was very cramped and I had to read carefully to decipher some of the words. They were so small you certainly managed your threepennyworth there. The *Circulars* for March and May as well as the handbook arrived recently. Have had another long spell of the wilds, fairly hot as well, temperature 117 being average a couple of days in a khainoin, the temperature must have been about 130 degrees, I don't want any more of these, they make one long for cold frosty English days and incite visions of ice-cold beer or water in huge glasses, capacity one hogshead. Peter is as usual—fit and cheery—but like myself is looking forward to the end of the bother and meeting all the boys again. Tommy's marching feat sounds rather frightening, but I have a perverse idea I would have liked to have tried it with him. Jerry at the moment seems to have his hands full and is giving you a much-needed rest from blitzes. Maybe our own increased egg-laying over Germany may shorten the war a lot. He is getting a taste of the meal to come and let's hope he can't digest it. Space gets short so will say Cheerio. Regards to George, Ted, the boys and yourself, and hoping we meet again soon.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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August 4th, 1941.

DEAR FRANK,

I am sorry to hear that 45 Carlton is no longer habitable, but I am thankful all your family are safe. I did not know of the change of address until Peter told me, he has known it for quite a time but forgot to tell me. Your new address is in a good locality for fresh air, and I sincerely hope it is in a much more safe area. Our mail is still chasing us all over the place and for the past few weeks we haven't had any, with not much hope of getting it for some time to come. I read with a certain amount of envy in the *Circular* of Walter Connor's leave and others of the Club in the Forces managing to attend a run once in a while. We three and Russ and Syd seem to be doomed to stay out here until peace is finally restored. I have written a few of these air graphs to your old address, I hope you get them eventually. Rigby is in another unit now, he managed to get a transfer and I believe he has three stripes now. He did write to me and unfortunately I have mislaid his letter and don't know his address. Please give my regards to George and Ted, including the others you meet of Ours. Russia seems to be able to manage Jerry all right, doesn't she? This will shorten the war a lot, thank goodness. Space is getting very short so I will close, hoping it will not be long to the return of those "Happy Days" you used to talk about. Regards to your mother and sister.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

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### RUNS.

**Parkgate, August 2nd, 1941.**

We regret that no details of this run have been received, and we have no information of those who were present.

**Goostrey, August 2nd, 1941.**

Probably some of our members were away on holiday, but anyhow there were only three of us at the Red Lion for tea, and that on a beautiful hot afternoon. Wilf Orrell was the first to arrive, followed by the Presider and later by Jim Cranshaw. There is really nothing to say about the run—as usual the meal was an excellent one and notwith-

standing the small number the fixture was very enjoyable. Shortly after 7-0 the party broke up, Orrell and Cranshaw for Twemlow and home respectively and the Presider for Wem and a week-end in Shropshire.

#### **Highwayside, August 9th, 1941.**

When Dave Rowatt arrived, early as usual, our friend Johnson was surprised to see him, for evidently the advice of our coming had been lost in post, for it had never reached him. However, Mrs. Johnson did her best and neither Dave nor the other four who turned up—George Connor, Perkins, Chandler and the Presider—were sent away empty. Perkins had had a run round and seemed to have had something of a packet in investigating the roads in the district. Chandler was in his usual form, but it must have been rather a shock to him to have to put up with the plain fare provided. The ride out for all had been dry and pleasant but at 6 o'clock it commenced to rain and continued to do so with great vigour, so far as the present writer had experience, until long after he had reached home, very wet. Well, it'll be good for the potatoes, they say.

(The Editor regrets that the fault of not advising Mr. Johnson rests with him).

#### **Little Budworth, August 16th, 1941.**

As with most Saturdays of my war-time life, it was a toss-up to-day whether I dug the bicycle from its shed and crossed a delightful Cheshire to the Club run, or bedded down for a much-desired sleep. At one, pip emma, in the office and yawning pleasantly, I was certain that the afternoon would yield the shut-eye, for it rained well. But at three, with a lunch inside me and the sun shining, the world was different.

Three-thirty, and I was away. Four p.m. and the eighth milestone (or, rather, where it should be) was deserted. The wind was good, and it did not seem long ere I was watching the sun shine on the red stone work of Stoak Church. Another half-hour and I was admiring the spread of Cheshire from Manley Bank. Down Rangers Bank,

and I came to the Forest. And how good is Cheshire's woodland after rain! Straight over at Hatchmere, right with the road, and another right turn at the cross-roads, brought me to the Forest View Inn, which stands not far from Watling Street.

Across this mighty highway I went, between a darkened forest of fir, and a Halt Sign told me that I was on A.49, and not far from my tea. A lane saved the trouble of going so far as the cross roads, and on it I passed two stone relics of the forest boundary in ancient days. A cinder track led for the last mile to the Shrewsbury Arms, where a presider, a policeman, and a pleasant tea was waiting.

You know who the Presider is, the policeman was Bob Poole, a sergeant in the Manchester specials, and the third of the trio was your Editor, the sole Merseysider to attend. The tea was good. The very kind hostess had a surprise in the form of some steak and kidney pies for us to "liquidate," and down they went with gusto. Lashings of bread, jam and cake, washed down with tea, finished a very ample meal.

Seven-thirty, and we were away again. The Presider and the "copper" were with the wind eastwards again, and Marriott once more ploughed his lonely furrow. It was raining past the Fishpool Inn, but the forest never looked finer, and the descent of Kelsall's Hill was a sheer delight. In Chester I halted to have a word with "Hinspector" Lloyd, and Lockett also graced the scene for a minute or so. They ask very kindly after "the lads," and send their sincere wishes to all.

The wind was very kind to me on the Wirral straight, and in seventy minutes from the cathedral city I was home.

**Parkgate, August 23rd, 1941.**

At 10-20 p.m. on this very misty and murky Saturday I arrived home with sore and blistered feet, and this is how it happened. Ralph Fer, being home on leave for a day or so, and not desirous of cycling, cajoled me into walking with him. The venue was Heswall Cross about four, Ralph arrived there by way of train to Heswall Hills and shank's

pony for the other mile or so. We met in a slight shower, and dropped down the slopes to the lower village before taking the footpath across the golf links and the hard road for the last half-mile to the fishing village.

We were there first, and soon tucking into fish and egg teas. Salty and Preston, with their respective better-halves, and Connor and Perkins soon followed. Arthur Williams, his ginger head a trifle dishevelled, arrived when we had almost finished tea. A financial argument started when Salty started to moan about taxes (as if he only has to pay!) and before the discussion got really acrimonious we thought it better to go. The two tied up ones went home, while the other five walked a half-mile to a pleasant rendezvous at the end of the parade.

What follows is a tale of missed 'buses. Ralph and I hiked it to the Glegg Arms, for him to slip down to Heswall Hills station, but I was late for my conveyance. I decided against running a mile in seven minutes to save a three mile tramp and arrived home sure that I would never indulge in walking again.

Connor and Perkins did not do well, either. Manoeuvres were in progress on the outskirts of Birkenhead, and it was ninety minutes after leaving Parkgate that our Captain boarded the boat for Lancashire.

### **Knolls Green, August 23rd, 1941.**

This run very nearly failed to happen, for on the Friday morning notification was received from the landlady of the Bird-in-Hand that, owing to the prevailing difficulties, etc., etc., she had ceased to cater. However, a request that she should do her best in this instance was granted and, more than that, she will continue to cater for us, provided we feed at 5-0 p.m. This is no hardship in the autumn and winter and it is hoped that those who attend the runs to this house will make a point of arriving before 5-0 p.m.

The Presider was the first to arrive, followed by Bob Poole, and these two sat down to an excellent meal at 5-30. Just before 6-0 o'clock arrived the Master and the Mullah,

together with the two junior Mullahs, so that the party reached the respectable number of six. There was some trepidation as to whether, in all the circumstances, the newcomers could be fed, but there was no difficulty and they very soon had their feet in the trough. The Master was in fine form, celebrating the 60th anniversary of his commencing cycling, and it was a very merry party that sat round the board. Reminiscences of old times were exchanged and the time passed most pleasantly so that most of us stayed longer than we had intended. By-the-way, most remarkably for a fixture in the neighbourhood of Manchester, it rained quite a lot during the afternoon and evening.

#### **Handley, August 30th, 1941.**

It is Perkins who should be writing this account really, but rather than risk the moans at having to pen a few lines in a hurry, these words are being dashed off on a sunny Sunday which promises some pleasant wheeling in half-an-hour's time. Frank, after an earlyish start, careered across Cheshire to the Peckfortons before turning back to the old thatched cottage standing at the side of the Whitchurch road. He would have had something to write about, I have little. Being a trifle late, and having a couple of calls to make in Chester, it was only a splendid wind which enabled me to reach Handley by six, pip emma, just in time to see Johnny Band and Jack Seed passing the ancient church on their homeward way. I didn't even have time to see the early autumn beauties in the Eaton Park.

Across the low threshold of the ancient cottage I saw Perkins, Birchall (in civvies) and Arthur Williams. The table was devoid of food, but not for long, and soon I was tucking into quite a decent spread. Fortunately (very!) I had cleared the table before another Frank darkened the skyline—Chandler, who had cycled the half-mile from his new home to be with us. How very pleasant of him! We did try to buy a piece of bacon on the "never," but there was nothing doing. Do you call yourself a pal, Frank? Porridge, rashers and three eggs every morning are these days making our late Editor feel very pleased with himself, but he must start very early on his daily trenchermanic excursion. He has to be on his way to Liverpool at 7-30.



We had quite a pleasant run home. At 8-30 Perkins and Birchall turned off at the Wirral Stone, whilst Williams and your Editor continued on the old road for our respective firesides.

**Lymm, August 30th, 1941.**

A fine afternoon, thank goodness—bright sunshine and blue sky. There certainly was a strong wind, which made progress rather strenuous for some of us, but then we got the benefit the other way. The turn-out was a good one; eight of us sat round the board at the Spread Eagle. Koenen was the first to arrive and wandered about the village to give an early welcome to later comers. He attempted to greet the Presider as the latter was negotiating the very rough cobbles leading down from the canal bridge, but at that very moment an extra heavy bump caused such a painful contact between the saddle and a tender portion of the Presider's anatomy, that both Koenen and the greeting were unobserved. There are some things that take up all one's attention. Then arrived Wilf Orrell per trike, followed by the three Turnors and later by Jim Cranshaw, who had had his fill of pushing the wind, which had been right in his eye, and Rex Austin, after a very cheerful meal (it's very heartening to have the old school out) during which Shacklady, our latest Benedict, now domiciled in Barnton, near Northwich, joined us. All cleared away early to various duties.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 427.

### FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Oct.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	....	....	....	....
..	11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	12	Committee Meeting at Halewood.				
		Lunch, 1-30. Meeting immediately afterwards.				
..	18	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	25	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
Nov.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	....	....	....	....

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct.	4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	....	....	....	....
..	11	Mobberley (Kennerley's Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	18	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	....	....	....	....
..	25	Prestbury (White House Cafe)	....	....	....	....
Nov.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	....	....	....	....

Full Moon .... 5th instant

### NOTICE.

All editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS :—James Long, 45 Alderley Road, Hoylake.

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### COMMITTEE MEETING.

The Committee for October is to be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on October 12th, after lunch. A hearty welcome is extended to those who would care to make a run of this lunch-time fixture.

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### JACK FOWLER.

As we close for press we hear with the deepest sorrow of the passing of Jack Fowler. Little time remains now for us to pen an appreciation, and a more complete obituary will appear next month.

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## RACING NOTES.

As we have noted on other remote occasions, Jack Salt keeps, with Sid. Carver, our racing flag flying these war-time days. As is to be expected, neither of these two enthusiasts can ride so often as he would wish. Salty recently entered the Manchester "12," which he rode out with 215½ miles. R. Kitching won with 242½ miles. We understand that Jack was quite satisfied. His thirty-odd miles to and from business each day does not give him the type of training which renders really speedy riding possible.

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### SERVICE NOTES.

One hour before this was written we had a visit from Tommy Sherman, very resplendent in dress uniform, and in a hat very much resembling a headgear of the Gestapo. Still, it was our Tommy beneath it, and he was bubbling over with strange tales of life as it is for him now. We would like very much to put some of his yarns into print, and enliven what may well be a dead *Circular*, but we had

better refrain, and wonder only how Chubby Face will settle down again once this "damned do" is over. News otherwise is very scarce indeed, although by a very roundabout way we heard that Peter and Eric have been moved to Iraq. That may well explain why correspondence has been more difficult of late. Walter Connor seems to be enjoying life in a remote corner of these islands, and sport is well mixed with what work he does. Len Killip has been silent for a month, but no news is good news, and probably Len has been very busy in getting his thirty trips up. Fred Brewster is settling down at home nicely, and Ted Byron is getting just as "browned-off" hanging about the Wirral Peninsula doing nothing. Well, we are quite pleased he has got nothing to do in his game! A letter also comes from Norman Heath, who is now in the Navy, and we have pleasure in reprinting it on other pages. Good luck to you all, lads!

Here is Norman Heath's address, and the others are as printed in the August *Circular* :—

JX 288026, N. S. Heath, Ord. Sea.,  
Mess 50, Foretop Division,  
H.M.S. Raleigh,  
Torpoint, East Cornwall.

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### LAKELAND RIDING.

A well-worn Half-inch Bartholomew (circa 1900 A.D.), of Cumberland, has had much use during a recent stay in the village of Troutbeck, Windermere. Cycling from this centre is hilly work with three out of the four journeys home up steep gradients.

All the Lakes are accessible in one day's riding, though some make hard going. A stretch of level road is rare, and unless one tours the outlying country these "lucid intervals" are of short duration.

Haweswater is a lake that one rarely sees; it is very much hidden in the hills away from the main roads and even away from the most attractive walking country. After an interval of well over thirty years I decided one fine morning to go that way once more.

Kirkstone Pass was the first attraction with about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the summit and rising from 500 to 1,500 feet ; nearly an hour for this, followed by a cautious run down to Patterdale by Brotherswater. Memories of Kuklos' famous ride up this side with his then novel 3-speed and ultra low gear and a gale of wind behind him.

The ride from Patterdale at the head of the lake to Pooley Bridge at the foot is surely one of the most attractive roads one could well think of. The whole of that very



ULLSWATER  
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MAIL RAISE 3/12/46

beautiful Ullswater is in full view for its entire length—the background of the hills rising above the water's edge, while away back beyond Patterdale the hills close in from either side to form a picture of composed grandeur and a truly balanced setting.

A further blessing rests upon the traveller, for the road is now easy and the gradients are light. Trees are on either side, and the gentle murmur of the water strolling lazily to the shore is in one's ears.

At Pooley Bridge I rested on the wall, and decided to risk imprisonment by making a sketch ; as this was being finished a policeman rode past with no suspicion in his eye

so I looked again at my map, and found at the distance of one mile a right-hand lane—rough and slightly rising, which brought me soon to the top of the ridge looking down into the Penrith-Askam road and across to Lowther Castle.

Under an oak tree, and in a "judiciously selected resting place" (to quote Martin Conway) I ate my lunch and smoked my pipe and then rode down to the village which is small, simple, smiling. Turning right and roughly southward to Bampton, I found the surface excellent and the going undulating and easy with wide open views. The village of Bampton is widespread and straggling, but pleasant in its layout and broken elevations.

Turning over the small bridge the road climbs out towards Haweswater and the new Manchester dam. Here the old road along the northerly bank is closed, and many of the works of man are found—stores, sheds, dumps, cottages and rails and gates and the great dam itself. The new road skirts round into the woods on the left, and emerges high above the water level with the full view of the great face of the concrete wall.

This new road, built as part of the general scheme, follows the southerly bank and ends, it is supposed, at about the old village of Mardale. At the new hotel which replaces the old Dun Bull of Mardale there is a military blockade, forbidding the further progress of the curious. This leaves about half the length of the lake yet unexplored. The run back to Bampton was mostly free-wheeling, with more time to study the general outline of the lake and appreciate the height of the dam.

Compared with most of the other lakes, Haweswater is somewhat tame. The beauty of the hills, sky and water is there with all its charm of form and colour, but without any arresting feature, and there can be no escape from the presence of the dam which somehow shadows the whole scene.

When I saw it the water level was very low, and had hardly climbed above the main base of the dam—leaving the wall itself clear and high above the surface. Climbing again towards Shap with a switchback finish I reached the Greyhound Inn for tea. A good tea with plenty of bread and jam and cake, and a very, very little butter; true to

his race, the Greyhound had very little superfluous fat. And all for a shilling.

A glance at the familiar milestone which is set on the front door step, and I faced the climb to the summit with rain and wind against me. On fifty-five I managed it all, and enjoyed it; the going down needed some care as there were many army lorries to negotiate.

Short of Kendal I took the lane route to Burnside—Staveley—High Borrows, entering the Troutbeck valley once more and climbing the Vicarage Hill to Low House Farm.

C.F.E.

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### HAPPY DAYS.

If you can cast your mind back to Friday, 1st August, you may recollect it to have been a hot and sticky day, with a north-easter in the way of winds, and everywhere myriads of flies from the cornfields. Salty had a few days off, and so had I. He managed to wangle the Thursday afternoon free, but I could only fix Friday, and we made a date to be at the Red Lion Inn at Llanfihangel Nant Melan on the evening of that first day in August.

Before I could start, several tasks were mine, and it was 11-30 a.m. ere I was ready. At 11-55 a handy train left for Gobowen. Soon after two I was in Oswestry, and I had a lunch of sandwiches within the shadows of the little white-washed inn at Llyncllys. The heat and the haze and the flies of that afternoon made my eyes tired, and when I at last reached Newtown I seemed to be peering through a mist. An early tea was a splendid idea, and the café of the Lion Hotel looked good. It was, and I left an hour later extremely satisfied.

With the wind still astern, I climbed so easily on the road to Dolfor, and for the first time that day I was beginning to enjoy myself. Higher on the road a little camera exercise was indicated on some sheep-dipping scenes; and then on that bleak mountainland beyond the hairpin bend and past the wood I came to the summit.

I always love the valley of the pines, the rift through which the Ithon meanders on its long way to the Wye. War days mean the thinning of those tall trees, but many are still left to scent the air, and their black shadows still stab across the road.

Two miles short of Cross Gates I halted for a shandy, and not long afterwards I was swinging eastwards in the light of a glorious evening on the road to London. About nine I surmounted the last rounded ridge of Radnor Forest, and dropped swiftly down to Llanfihangel-Nant-Melan. I halted outside of the Red Lion, only to discover disappointment. That pleasant little hostelry has changed hands yet again, and there was not room beneath its roof for we two Anfielders this night; despite an earlier letter, too. So back to the Forest Inn, there to book beds and watch for the coming of J.J.S.

Nothing could have been more delightful than waiting in the cool of the evening, and looking at the light receding westwards from the skyline of those hills. Shadows lengthened, then it became all shadow, and I was left alone amid the glory of it all.

Jack arrived about ten, having made Rhayader on the Thursday night, and continued via the Old Coach Road to Yspytty Ystwyth and the Towy valley route to Llandoverly before turning northwards once more. Trying hard, the ten miles from Builth to Llanfihangel took one hour, and our speed merchant was quite ready to call some so-and-so Welshman in Builth a sanguinary fibber. More like fifteen it seemed to him, and Salty took a good deal of convincing that the much maligned man of Wales was right.

I hate to say it, but what seemed to be a promising hotel proved to be a flop. We bought the Forest Inn that night.

New Radnor came very easily next day. The descending road made cycling pleasant indeed, and it was not long before we took some brief minutes to inspect the walls of that strange old town. Old Radnor was next, and we climbed from the road by a steep hill to where the fine edifice stands on its rocky outpost. One hour we spent there altogether, in the church and in the old-fashioned inn—out of hours.

Eastwards again, A.44 makes its way into the magpie land of the Welsh Marches, and in the sunlight the shining white and dull black of those ancient homes gave the countryside a peaceful beauty which for a moment let us think that war was far away. Jack halted in Kington in hopes of a film, and again in Pembridge. While he searched I was obtaining pictures of the unusual detached belfry, and the ancient market place.

Eardisland was another delight, and we sat on the bridge in the shadow of some pines watching the water and whiling the minutes away. Lunch was not possible there, and so we slipped into Leominster for a very pleasant meal. With the afternoon our route lay on the lumpy road to Bromyard, and the climb before the drop down to the Teme Valley and the entry into the Faithful City. Here we deemed it wise to have an early tea.

We still had miles and miles to do. Pershore and Evesham came before the wide street of Broadway leads to Fish Hill, which I walked. (I did not realise until days later that my gears were 75 and 85!) At the top Salty was away, and I, never sure of the distance before the road shoots down to Bourton-on-the-Hill, turned left too soon. The way seemed strange, but I continued until I was looking down on Chipping Camden! What a silly trick, even in this signpost-less land.

I met Salty, who was at the roadside munching sour apples, and together we careered down through Bourton-on-the-Hill to Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Here I was getting hungry, and I mentioned to Jack that we could well consume his bag of cakes with a pint or two of shandy at the inn which stands at a lofty crossroads we would pass. But no! Jack wanted his nosebag for the morrow, and it was Chipping Norton next stop—knock or no knock. I lagged a lot, and Salty for the most part was merely a spot on a much too lumpy skyline. At Chipping we were to meet the North Road Club.

We were first at the venue, but only just, for E. J. Steele—a Bathroader as well as a Northroader—followed us in, and in a minute or so Arthur Smith was knocking back some ginger beer with us. Not long afterwards our party was



completed with the arrival of Captain Ernie Haldane, Len Copping, and Tom Allamby, of tricycle fame.

Happy days, and nights! What a supper was spread at the Kings Arms for us! I think that Salty and your Editor are both quite passable trenchermen on occasions (and this *was* an occasion!) but it needed all our hunger and skill to clear the table in a satisfactory manner. A more pleasant and ample spread had not been before us for a very long time.

(to be continued).

### A LETTER FROM SYD JONAS

23RD JULY, 1941.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Very many thanks for your P.C. of 4th July, which was delivered on 22nd inst., and is, as you say a much quicker method of communication. I also find that people seem to get more actual news on to a P.C. than in several pages of a letter.

I was not surprised to note your new address, and I only wish my people could move as far out, as the old road looks like something that Cromwell knocked abaht a bit!

I note you are swanking about getting to the ferry in 22 minutes, but why not ride Swan Hill! I wish you wouldn't mention places like Landican Lane, the old road to Towyn and the Roman Steps and suchlike. It is not playing the game by a marooned soldier.

I had my summer holidays last Saturday when I had a trip to Gza the only other island of any size nearer than Sicily. There is a 17 mile bus trip to the ferry and the latter half is quite hectic behind a Maltese driver, as the road is full of hairpin bends and swoops from sea level up to about 500 or 600 feet and back again several times.

The Gozo boat is about the size of the "ten to nine," but not so broad in the beam and it is 4d. for a trip about equal to the Liverpool—New Brighton affair and it is a trip reminiscent of Scotland as there is plenty of cliff scenery to look at.

Gozo is a queer place with a lot of perfectly flat topped hills scattered about and the slopes are terraced in the usual manner, and the capital, Rabat, is like a little musical comedy affair with a citadel stuck on a hill in the centre, while the miniature square is bordered with trees which provide some welcome shade.



## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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I would like you to see the ferry boat with a crowd of passengers swarming over the sides trying to get off before the boat ties up and an equally large crowd trying to leap on at the same time, and strange to say, no one falls in the water.

We have just published our second issue of the Brigade H.Q. Magazine. The first number came out in January and the second in July, so you can quite understand that the editorial staff is not over-worked.

I enclose a reprint of one page which I think you will find amusing, although it could hardly appear in the august pages of the *Circular*, but then, you must remember it is only produced for the amusement of the soldiery.

I am sure Charles will be interested, and I can imagine his Buddha-like form shaking with laughter when he reads the Chinese girl's words.

Well, that is about the lot. I am very fit and well and bathing nearly every day as that is about all there is to do.

Give my kind regards to your Mother and Mollie and all the fellows in the Club.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

SYD.

—RUSS BARKER

AUGUST 8TH, 1941.

DEAR KETTLE,

Just a line to thank you and the Club for parcel sent in March and received last week. The contents were excellent and very much appreciated. Things here are very much the same—sand, sky, sun and flies. I had a letter from Rigby to-day. The *Circular* comes through regularly and I together with other Liverpool Club-men here look forward eagerly always to its arrival. Am looking forward to a week's leave next week to be spent on the coast bathing, etc. My first for a year, it should be very welcome change. Well, must close with best wishes to you and all Anfielders wherever they may be.

Yours, etc.,

RUSS BARKER.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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—F. H. KOENEN

11 WHITWORTH STREET,  
MANCHESTER, 1.

9/9/41.

SIR AND EDITOR,

On September 4th, 1941, the Secretary of the Old Timers Fellowship has sent out a notice to its members that a General Meeting will be held on October 4th, 1941, in Slater's Restaurant, 142 Strand, London, to:—

Call the Roll,  
Elect a President for 1941/2,  
Elect a Committee and Secretary

and adds these ominous words :

"As the Fellowship has nearly run out of Funds and Cash, the Committee will be thankful for Donations to a Maintenance Fund." Thus the future of the old gathering hangs in the balance.

G. P. Mills, of the Anfield, has been the last President. Mr. H. W. Bartleet, "Inawood," Beckenham, Kent (familiarily known as Sammy Bartleet) is acting as Secretary on this special occasion, and applications for tickets at 5/- should be enclosed when applying to attend.

The number of those for whom the Fellowship was originally created—thus to keep the old racing men of the Ordinary linked together—has been reduced to little more than a handful, yet one of these, an Anfielder, remains in being as the last President.

Thus a worthy hour for a great decision.

Yours,

F.H.

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—NORMAN HEATH

22ND SEPTEMBER, 1941.

DEAR FRANK,

Have now completed five of the ten weeks' course I am receiving on board this "ship," and having survived the first month's disciplinary training, including squad and rifle drill on the parade ground, am passing on to the more interesting subject of seamanship proper. Needless to say, much of our spare time in the evenings is spent in attending optional lectures or individual studying to keep up-to-date with the instruction.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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Am due for seven days' leave at the end of the course before being drafted elsewhere for a few weeks, followed probably by three months' at sea, after which my further progress will rest with the brass hats.

So far I have had little opportunity of seeing the surrounding countryside, but have managed to pay short visits to several bathing beaches near this establishment, and to make friends with some of the local farmers who are only too willing to supply us with apples, etc., at very reasonable prices.

Though there are nearly three thousand "young seamen" under training here, have not yet been able to contact any cyclists, so must console myself for the time being with reading of the activities of others in the *Circular* and *C.T.C. Gazette*, which are doubly appreciated when so many miles away from home.

Please convey my very best wishes to all "Ours," whether at home or overseas.

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN.

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## RUNS.

Halewood, September 6th, 1941.

This popular winter fixture was started one month earlier for this year of grace, but few took advantage of the run, and Hubert, Stevie, Connor, Marriott and Carver were the only Anfielders present. Peter Stephenson, and Mr. Lawson, a friend of Hubert's, made the party to more respectable proportions.

An after-lunch snooze made things rather late for your Editor, and he arrived at the Derby Arms to discover almost all of the party ensconced in the posher part of the tank. Sid Carver blew in rather the worse for wear, but then who wouldn't after a ride from the environs of Hull? Two pints and the nicer parts of two chickens soon put Sid in better fettle, and we also were not overlooked in the serving of the food. Halewood may not now be so lavish, but still there is plenty for all. Life is still sweet for those who can visit the Derby Arms.

One by one we trickled away, and Marriott, Connor and Carver left the two Stephensons to make their own way to Huyton while they were for the Liverpool direction and, eventually, home.

### Highwayside, September 13th, 1941.

A Saturday afternoon free, for once, I thought a Club run would do me good, so leaving work I retired to the Hawarden Castle for my daily couple and sandwiches. A house by the way we Anfielders never seem to have used, and yet set in lovely surroundings. Off into Chester and a doddle through Eaton Park, a short halt on the Iron Bridge, debating with myself how far round I could make it to Highwayside. My legs feeling lazy soon found the short cuts, and when just past the Cock o' Barton a lane seemed to point its way to Mrs. Evans', I turned to spend a languid hour over a cup of tea and scone. The tea having revived my spirits I rambled along lanes eastwards through Tattenhall and the lee of Beeston with its flock of whirling rooks. Rapidly down to Beeston Brook, up and down once more to the Travellers' Rest, to find Dave Rowatt, Hubert and the 'Master' already taking refreshment. Then in strolled the 'Presider.' We chatted awhile, friend Dave having to break off to have his tea in order to make his return 'bus in comfort. Then we four sat down to our pleasant tea of egg and jelly and good bread and butter, with mine host, ever cheery, pouring out the tea. George was a late comer, having ridden out via Runcorn. Two others we expected failed to materialise but Rex Austin and brother Jack rolled up for a late tea after our repast.

Hubert was for week-ending at Salop: he did his damndest to carry off Bert, but prior engagement prevented that. So the party broke up once more after a long gossip and discussion on the ills of man. Charles, what is the pleasantest thing in life, Bert can tell you.

Then Rex, with his experiences at court. All told an evening well worth while, and I'm sure George and I, though rather weary on the bottom Chester road on a very dark night, thought so. We parted ways at Bromboro.. For George, a ferry trip and for me a pleasant half-hour's crawl via Spital and Brimstage to Heswall-on-the-Hill.

**Parkgate, 20th September, 1941.**

The two Franks, F.M. and F.P., were joined by Sid Carver on the front whilst chatting to Jack Jenkins, of the Wallasey Boro', and later at the café by A. Williams, George Connor, J. Salt and Frank Slemen, of the E.L.W.

Sid was rounding off his holidays and contemplated an 8-30 a.m. start on the morrow back to the East Coast and work.

George has had his medical and owing to some weakness of his feet has been assigned to the Army (he'll probably be put in the P.B.I.) after expressing his preference for the Navy.

As usual, our tea table talk covered subjects serious and hilarious, and the time fairly flew, so much so, that our usual trek to the top of the Prom. was never mentioned and, leaving just after lighting up time, all reached home at quite a respectable hour.

**Mobberley, September 20th, 1941.**

Once again I was able to get out on a Club run which should have been to Knolls Green but at the last minute had to be changed over to the "Roebuck" in "Mobberly Village."

I met the Presider on the way who informed me that he had been able to fix up a meal at the "Roebuck," which consisted of two chops, sausage, beans, chips, mushrooms (1) and tomato, along with toast and butter and plain biscuits to finish off.

When all this was served, Rex Austin was joking about the cost of the meal, but, ye gods! I have often heard it said that many a jest has a habit of coming true, and this one did as regards the cost. I asked the Presider if he would see how much we owed and he came back with the staggering blow of 5/- and 3d. tip. There may be a war on but what was the other 2/- for? Personally I should have thought that 3/- would have been ample plus 3d. tip, of course.

We may have to find another place in lieu of Knolls Green, and if it is the "Roebuck" I hope the Presider arranged for something in the region of 2/6.

Apart from the above I enjoyed the ride out very much, hardly any wind, not much traffic and ever pleasant surroundings.

There was quite a good muster out on this run, namely, the ever-popular Presider, both the Buckleys, F.H., the "Mullah" and his two sons, including the youngest member of the A.B.C., Rex Austin; Shacklady and Poole. I certainly enjoyed being in their company once again. The last three left early, Shacklady for Northwich and Rex and Bob (Coppers) for duty.

**Beeston Brook, September 27th, 1941.**

This, the last of the long distance runs for a month or so, was not a success. Only two managed to have the time to reach the venue—your Presider and your Editor. They did not see each other, as Bert Green had to be back in the Rainy City for a spot of duty, and he was away before Marriott arrived. The scribe waited until the Chester train arrived in case it should contain Dave Rowatt, but at 6-30 there was nothing doing, so he made his lone way homeward once again.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 428.

### FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Nov.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	....	....	....	....
..	8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	15	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	22	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	29	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	....	....	....	....
Dec.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	....	....	....	....

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	....	....	....	....
..	8	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	....	....	....	....
..	15	Alderley (Royal Oak)	....	....	....	....
..	22	Prastbury (White House Cafe)	....	....	....	....
..	29	Mobberley (Kennerley's Cafe)	....	....	....	....
Dec.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	....	....	....	....

Full Moon .... 4th instant

### NOTICE.

All editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

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.

It was decided to hold an impromptu run to Halewood on the second Sunday in each month. Lunch at 1-30 p.m.

### SERVICE NOTES.

First to be mentioned this month is George Connor, who is now residing on the North Wales coast as a member of the Royal Corps of Signals. George travelled about the third week in October and we hope that by now he is settling down quite nicely.

Len has come in for two spells of leave since we last wrote in these pages, and now we are delighted—though no more pleased than Len himself—to record that he has successfully completed thirty-two operational trips over enemy occupied territory as an Observer. He is now due for a change, and he hopes to take an Instructors' course in the near future.

After nearly two years Len was able to meet Walter Connor, who was home for a week, and as recorded on other pages quite a happy little party was staged one Saturday lunch-time. There is no truth in the rumour that Walter has acquired a Scots accent. We leave this to Tommy Sherman, who is expected home again shortly.

Brian Band's letter on other pages is full of fun, and we sincerely hope that life continues so for him. Peter is silent these days, but Eric answers for him, so all is well. Ted Byron is still browned off in his native Wirral, but the slight activity of the other evenings has "improved" the situation somewhat.

Nothing has been heard from the other lads, but no news is good news.

### A GREAT TRICYCLIST.

We print the following from *Cycling*, 2/10/41.

To my great regret I learn that my old Anfield friend, Jack Fowler, has died after a long and painful illness. A charming companion and fine sportsman, he was also in his day a brilliant tricycle rider. He shared in one or two

northern tandem bicycle records, but his greatest achievement was the 50 miles northern tricycle record of 2 hrs. 19 mins. 46 secs. in 1896. This not only eclipsed Toft's previous northern best of 2.31.38, but was well inside Bidlake's national record of 2.22.55. Years afterwards, when Fowler had retired from racing, a re-measurement of the northern courses showed the "50" to be a trifle short, and I understood that all the 50- and 100-mile figures set up on the short courses were expunged. I note, however, that Jack Fowler's record appears without comment in the current N.R.R.A. handbook, and a magnificent performance is thus perpetuated.

G.H.S.

#### IN MEMORIAM.—JACK FOWLER.

As briefly reported last month, it is with every regret that we have to record the demise of Jack Fowler after a long illness. Fowler joined our Club in 1895, and it was in 1896 that he made tricycle news with a splendid ride around the well-used Shropshire Panhandle course of 2.19.46 for the paced "50." This excelled the previous Northern figures by nearly 12 minutes, and was faster than Bidlake's record by over three minutes. These figures stood until it was realised that a serious mistake had been made in measuring the course. An error had been discovered of half-a-mile. R.R.A. figures were immediately expunged but the Northern Association kept these course records on their books, for these old rides had many sentimental associations, and in any case the figures did represent the best rides of some of the finest riders of the time.

From when he joined in 1895 until the turn of the century Fowler put in 35 Club runs, and in the years that followed we saw even less of him. Yet his interest was such that he kept his membership in the Club until the last, and was always pleased to come to Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide to retain his old associations. In March, 1939, many members talked with him at the Liverpool Jubilee Dinner.

### THE LATE JACK FOWLER.

As a youth Jack Fowler used to compete on an Ordinary at the Macclesfield Athletic Grounds, and next we saw him with Steer of Adlington, as Tandem partners. After marrying a member of the well-known Cranage Farm family his wife became a prominent Tandem partner, and when the Cheadle were out on their paced Time Trials for the Clifton Cup, both F.H. and Billy Lowcock were spurred on by the nearness of the rear rider's graceful limbs. To the end Jack used to bring her greetings to Salop where he always joined us.

When Fowler joined the Anfield he rode a Mohawk Tricycle and combined with Hellier and Decker, who rode a Mohawk Tandem Tricycle in a successful Record Attempt. Frank Roskell broke Fowler's Record when he started on the top of Marchamley Hill, if I remember rightly.

Fowler used to be out on most paced road records, including one in France, and later on became a noted member on the Staffs of some of the famous Motor Firms whose Lordly Heads he knew familiarly ere yet they felt the weight of their Crowns.

F.H.

### HAPPY DAYS.

*(continued).*

Last month you left Salty and me at the Kings Arms at Chipping Norton while we were amid the feasting with the North Road Club—revelry which went on until past the midnight hour.

Sunday dawned clammy, but with the wind from the north the going was good towards Woodstock. Salty left early, and he found it so fast that he reached Theale in almost racing time. We did quite well, too. From Woodstock we made for Challow, which I think is not far from Wantage, but I am not sure as I write when I am a mile away from maps. How in heaven's name we reached the lunch venue I don't know, but Arthur Smith was map in hand all of the

way, and even then we made at least two wrong turnings. We crossed the Thames at Newbridge, with a halt at the low-raftered inn which had very little to sell.

After lunch Allamby and Steele were for London, while the rest of the party, including John Sloper, who had ridden from Devizes, pedalled an easy way so far as Faringdon and the Thames road to Lechlade. We had not ridden far, but tea was desirable, and in the garden of an inn we were fed splendidly. Then came the parting. Sloper was westwards for Devizes again, and Arthur Smith took the way to Bibury. We three, Ernie Haldane, Len Copping and your Editor were for Chipping Norton.

Burford's ever delightful village street provided an easy stretch, for, truth to tell, the pace of the energetic North Roaders was beginning to tell on your scribe and his 75 gear. From the river we climbed again, and I managed to persuade Len Copping to walk the next hill. Then came a fling down to Shipton-under-Wychwood, but more hills were beyond. To what seemed the very roof of the hills, that wretched road climbed, and it climbed too swiftly for me. Len and Ernie started singing—good breathing exercises for them, so they said! Good for everyone if you could but do it—but I was left breathless at every successive crest. So to Chipping Norton, where I was very tired, very thirsty, and very wet. Salty came in from Theale a few minutes later.

Monday came, and I was left alone. The others had gone, Salty for home via Tenbury, and the Londoners their way. Where A.44 joins the Stratford road I turned northwards, and some time later turned off for the Rollright Stones. A few minutes later the bicycle leaned against the mossy wall of Great Rollright church, and I was yarning with the sexton. He did the talking, I merely listened. Strange were the tales in the soft accent of that pleasant country. Of bundles of bones discovered in all sorts of queer places within those hallowed walls. For, as he quite sensibly pointed out, more folk have died in Great Rollright these past seven centuries than could be conveniently accommodated within the precincts of that churchyard.

Via Hook Norton I came to Sibford Ferras, and then it was not far to Banbury, along a grand road on which I went swinging with the pleasant help of a south-west wind.



Banbury for lunch was a flop, and after wandering around the town looking at locked doors I acquired a bag of cakes just when it started to rain. Some of these were consumed in the shelter of a garage while the rain set in steadily. Five miles farther, beneath a tree on the sheltered slopes of Warmington Hill, I decided to complete the meal. I still had two cakes left when a young fellow with a bicycle came to me and asked where he was. Five miles from Banbury, I told him. That conveyed little, so I asked where he wanted to go. Birmingham! From the resulting conversation I gathered that he had reached Warwick and desired to make for home via Stratford. Having little sense of direction, he had lost his way, and here he was, capeless and hungry, more miles from home than he cared to be. I passed him the remainder of the cakes.

He turned about, and together we rode and talked through the rain that fell gently on that English countryside. My friend was twenty, and ready for the Army at any time, so he said. In an hour he fell to wondering how far from Warwick he would be, and I hazarded a ten-minute guess. And in that space of time I left him, very careful to find the correct way to Birmingham. For me it was the ever graceful road to Kenilworth, past the ever famous Guys Cliffe, and almost to the red castle. But I turned off for Coventry, along that wide road with its ever hurrying traffic, to seek shelter with Fred Brewster's people in the outskirts of the city. The wind was still south-west, auguring pleasant travelling for the morrow.

*(to be concluded).*

Elias writes :—

**OGILBY'S ROAD BOOK, 1675.**

**BRITANNIA DEPICTA.**

I am envious of any member who has acquired a copy of the very pleasing reprint of this book, and I live in hope of acquiring one some day myself.

Meantime, it may be of interest to members to know that some years ago I bought a first Edition published in

1675 and with all the acquired glory of being well worn and somewhat shaken and two plates amissing. Ninety-eight plates instead of the original 100 have given me at least 98% of enjoyment and I have had a new cover put on to protect the pages and hold them together. The book measures 17 inches by 11 inches. It can therefore hardly be included in the class of road book that one carries about on one's travels.

The plates are of the strip map type with symbolic drawings and conventional signs showing rivers, mountains, bridges and churches with the miles marked off and working from the page foot upwards. The line of road is ranged on the compass setting duly adjusted so that the main direction follows the page upwards.

The schedule of distances is given on separate pages and there is an index.

The frontispiece is well set and the loyal dedication to the Monarch who inspired the work is as flowery as the introduction.

It is generally accepted that the work is one of considerable accuracy, the distances were all taken by the recording wheel and the compass bearing noted. It has been stated that about 40,000 miles were covered in the process of this colossal task.

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### THE WAYS THROUGH WALES.

Now that the absence of Road-Signs robs us of the Names and Whereabouts of all places in Wales and makes us stumble haphazardly through the length and breadth of the Principality, our Editor has had the foresight of securing for 3/32nds of the cost of publication the Two VOLUMES of Wales and all there's to it, by Samuel Lewis in the year of our Lord 1833.

Nothing is left unmentioned for those who care to absorb and the Library at the Pensby Road is to become an open book for our Members. It is 108 years since these Welsh volumes were dedicated to the King and Queen, four Royal Dukes and three ditto Duchesses, King Leopold the First and all their Subscribers at £4 per time.

I must not forestall Anfielders in the joys of gathering all this knowledge. The great Work simply bristles with Maps, and no one could guess the number of Townships, Chapelries, Deaconries, Bishoprics, now laid bare with all their Seals upon them for this KEY is TOPOGRAPHICAL, ORTHOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL and in fact STATISTICAL, and when it comes to its legendary side it is almost MORAL.

Need we say more? I think NOT, except that, when recalling what happened to the beautiful NESTA of PEMBROKE I blush for shame. Those who came with Harry Buck's party to Pembroke, will now grasp for whom all those delights were meant.

F.H.

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### "UNCLE" JOHNNY BAND.

Although Uncle Johnny is seldom to be seen at the runs these days, he is doing more cycling than ever. All his firm's Liverpool establishments were destroyed months ago, and ever since J.C.B. has cycled almost daily to Caldycott to business (what's left of it). Your Editor passes him every morning.

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### AN AIRPOST FROM ERIC REEVES.

25TH AUGUST, 1941.

DEAR FRANK,

Peter and I both received your air-letter-cards of July 3rd, which must have been in a fire somewhere, being slightly charred at the edges. In it you acknowledged my June 3rd letter-card, not so bad considering the long journey it has to reach me at this end. I received some *Cyclings* from Frank Perkins, and one containing a photograph of the dry-wall arch near Devil's Bridge and your article. Peter has two stripes now, and he is still keeping very fit despite the heat. It is really very hot here, and sometimes we get under the weather through the heat. The March parcel from the Club arrived two days ago and to-day I wrote thanking Harold Kettle by air-graph. It was even bigger than usual, splitting the cake between ten we were quite satisfied with our portions. I wonder as I write this if your expected call-up has taken place, and if so how you like it. Jerry is not having an easy task in his new venture, let's hope this is the start of his reverses and the beginning of his end and the downfall of all that he stands for. I don't know

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where George is living, but give him my regards, also to Ted and any of the boys you may meet. Maybe next year you may see us free to enjoy the old pastime in peace. Here's wishing speedy return to those good old happy days and tours. My best wishes to you and your mother and sister.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

P.S.—Your air-letter-card of 21/7/41 is also to hand. Thanks,  
ERIC.

### —RIGBY BAND

21ST SEPTEMBER, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to you and the Club for your letter and most acceptable enclosure of 1st August. As you say you may have no doubt that it will be put to good use. There is little news from this end apart from informing you of my change of address and rank. The latter called for a celebration in the Mess which developed on the lines of the Autumn Tints week round about the 1932-3 era. However, everyone bar the tea-tasters had an enjoyable time despite the violence of the fun and games towards the end of the evening. Cheerio for now and the best of luck to all from

J. RIGBY BAND.

### —ERIC REEVES

DEAR FRANK,

This is just a routine letter to you. I send one as frequently as possible. I use the word routine because whereas your letters are interesting to me mentioning tours and Club news I am afraid that mine, not giving any news and being unable to give you any details, cannot be very exciting to you. All details will be left until we all get together again, the topics then will last us for months. Peter has gone into hospital for a short while but is progressing in his usual manner. It is very easy to get under the weather out here so much so that one begins to accept these spells as inevitable. Halewood days will soon be with you at home again, how I would enjoy those runs now if the opportunity occurred. By the way, if you possibly can will you give my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Stevie please. I wonder as I write if you have received the call up or are you still in civvies. I haven't any news of Rigby except that he is a Serge now and with

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another unit. Our mail has not caught us up yet, goodness knows where it is, an odd letter arrives from time to time but the bulk hasn't shown up yet. Give my best wishes to George, Ted and any of "ours" you meet. This Christmas seems out of the question, but lets hope we can all get together for the next. Must close now, so best wishes to your mother and sister and yourself. Cheerio for now.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

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### A LETTER FROM SYD JONAS

8TH SEPTEMBER, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for your letter and enclosure of August 1st, which arrived at a very opportune moment (the day I received a couple of stripes) and you can guess how expensive that can be!

I am still in the same office but I do a little more work, which isn't saying much and life goes on pretty well the same as usual, bathing and basking, reading and arguing, though I expect we will wake up one day and have to work once again.

I had tea with Brian the other week and he is still very well and fit.

To-day, while bathing, I met a fellow who is in your partner's (and mine) old unit and we had a pleasant chinwag about old friends. He comes from Wallasey and knows Tommy Sherman and is, in fact, on the same job! He also used to work in Martin's Bank Buildings, and was in Leicestershire when I was there, so we had quite a lot to chat about.

The July *Circular* is the last one I have received though February to June are still on the way. We have our own H.Q. Magazine here which comes out at very irregular intervals and is definitely low-brow and scurrilous and certainly not in the same street as our august *Circular*.

Blotto has sent me another pile of *Bicycles*, etc., which are very welcome, and altogether I feel I am certainly not forgotten. My wife tells me that George Newall's nephew has been killed and I was very grieved to hear it, as they had been good friends up in Lancaster and I was hoping to meet him sometime.

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As you most probably knew, my wife had a stripe ages before I ever had any and when I got two I cabled her and told her to pipe down, but I got a wire back right away to say she also had two! The only consolation I have is that mine are dated three days before her's, but what a narrow shave.

From the news I hear you have a quieter time now and I hope it continues that way. One day is exactly the same as the next in this joint and I don't know how many months it is since I saw rain. However, it is exceedingly pleasant and this must be as good a place in which to spend a war as any.

I am a member of the British Institute and it is a godsend. The lounges, reading and writing rooms are perfectly furnished, right up-to-date with modern furniture, cocktail bar and tea room, library and all the best English Weeklies (usually two or three months' old but that is a detail).

The building is one of the old palaces of the Knights of Malta, built in 1571, and once inside one is right away from the world.

There are dances and concerts and lectures in the winter months, so you can see an Army life is not too bad.

I only want to move in one direction from Malta and that is towards home, but for the moment I am making the best of it here and enjoying the life.

With kind regards and best wishes to everyone at home.

Yours sincerely,

SYD. JONAS.

—ERIC REEVES

AUGUST 22ND, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks to you and to the Club for the March parcel which I have just received. This is the first to reach me since last May, and the size and quantity of the contents are as always excellent. The *Circulars* arrive from time to time and they are six months' old when they do come, this does not, however, lessen the pleasure gained in reading of the activities of the members during these difficult times. Peter is in this troop, and he is keeping as fit as ever, our only regret is that it is not possible for us to roll in at a Club run whilst on leave like some of our more fortunate Club-mates. Of the others out here Rigby is a Sergeant-Clerk in another unit. I met Russ Barker quite

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by accident on one occasion, but unfortunately it was not possible to arrange a further meeting. Peter and I managed to see Tommy Samuel on four occasions and that came to an end when we moved to pastures new. During the last three months we have had our share of excitement, but worst of all the intense heat. Temperature averages at least 115 degrees, soaring up to 140 and above on lots of days. We here realise the terrible time you at home have endured in the blitz and admire the way you are carrying on. Space grows small so I must close with thanks to you and the others who are helping to keep the Club alive for the lads in the Forces to come back to after all this is over. Hoping this will be very soon.

Yours sincerely,

J. E. REEVES.

— BRIAN BAND

H.M. S/M. "UPHOLDER,"

25/9/41.

DEAR BERT,

I am going to be lazy and kill two birds with one stone, namely, thanking both you and the Club for your very welcome gifts.

Reading matter and good pipe tobacco are about the only things we are really short of here; in all other things like foodstuffs we seem to be far better off than at home. For instance, there is no shortage of eggs or onions, the only thing one misses is milk, all ours comes either from goats or tins. However, I have been drinking tinned milk for about ten years now, and it hasn't killed me yet.

I have not been able to contact Syd for about a month now as things have been a bit brisk with us lately. However, I did just bump into him in town the other day and was able to have a few words. He has got his two stripes up at last, thus putting him on an equal footing with Gladys.

I had a letter from Rigby not so long ago. He has got me completely foxed now; I used to be able to trace his address down to the nearest country at least, but now I don't know where he is. Anyway, he seems to be enjoying life, and like all good "Pongos" is issuing terrible threats against Hitler and Musso!!

I'm afraid I have very little news of my own doings, as with us "Silence is Golden." However, a slight indication that we have not been completely idle is the fact that the "Driver" (i.e., the Commanding Officer) has just been awarded the D.S.O. and the first

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Lient. the D.S.C. Four D.S.M.'s and about five mentions have also been bestowed with the promise of more to come!

One of these days I hope to be able to tell you a few stories, but that is looking ahead too far!

I am writing this on patrol, and we are several feet beneath the sea, just waiting for the next "sucker" to come our way. It may be to-day, or it may be next week, nobody knows, but we shall be waiting for him just the same.

No more now, as I am wanted to play "Uckers," i.e., Ludo. No, I am not a sissy, it is an old naval game.

Cheerio, and thanks for all the parcels,

BRIAN.

### — RIGBY BAND

9TH SEPTEMBER, 1941.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for the May *Circular* recently received. As it seems ages since I either heard from or wrote to you I shall take this opportunity of giving you what little news I have. Since coming here I have neither seen nor heard from Eric or Peter, although a reply from Eric is well overdue. It is well over a year since I saw Tommy Samuel. While I must admit to not having written to him I follow his progress through his letters in the *Circular* and trust he does the same from mine. Russ Barker and I keep up a desultory correspondence which usually amounts to saying that we are alive and kicking. Albert keeps me well informed of current events and well supplied with *Cyclings* and *C.T.C. Gazettes*, which are most welcome, not only by myself but also by a few other cycling members of the Mess who have not the good fortune to belong to a Club like the Anfield. I still see a good few of the old names in the current results list—lucky fellows. I fear my athletic activities are reduced to afternoon strolls round the neighbouring district and an occasional spot of dancing. For all that I manage to keep fairly fit though I doubt if I could get inside four hours for a fifty. I had a letter from Brian dated the end of last month, and he seems quite pleased with life in general. By all accounts he and his boys are doing some good work in their own line.

That seems to be about all the news I can rake up for now; please give my best regards to all at home and good luck to yourself.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.



## RUNS.

Halewood, 4th October, 1941.

Where was the Editor? Had the Penman of Pensby succumbed to the charms of some wench and gone to the pictures, or did the afternoon nap extend into evening, thus precluding his presence at this fixture. (A footnote, please, Mr. Ed.).

I made this a "round the earth" ride and at the start was terribly slow, perhaps it was the wind, a warm S. Easter, I think, or old age or over-gear, but until reaching Frodsham I was slow.

Here, going down the hill into the town I was passed by a grinning schoolboy whose every action expressed a "Come on, old cock, pedal." Anyhow, I swallowed the bait, went after him and was just catching him on the hill out of the town when he jumped off leaving me to climb alone. At the top, in between gasps for breath, I chuckled at his strategy, but he had unknowingly wakened me up, and I rode Rocksavage with the greatest of ease. Yes, you are right, I was wind-assisted.

The smells of Widnes were soon behind me, and on reaching the Derby Arms found the bar empty, but was soon joined by Stevie, Eddie Morris (with welcome news of Ven, who is quite fit), Hubert and his pal, Mr. Lawson, all wondering what had happened to our Sammy. Six-fifteen, and away up stairs we tripped.

The waitress's entry with two small birds set us wondering, but her entry a minute later with two more, caused Stevie to remark that another one would save a lot of carving. Away she went to return with a message from Sarah that we could have another one, she being disappointed with their size. Wartime or not, I cannot remember us ever having had one bird one man, although we have had more sumptuous meals perhaps. We made short work of four, and thinking of a hungry Editor, kept enough on the fifth to satisfy that blighter should he arrive. 'Twas not to be, however, and we cleared for home just as daylight faded, Eddie Morris by 'bus, Hubert and Mr. Lawson by car, Stevie on trike and Perkins per bike.

My ride was uneventful, and although my lethargy had returned, I was happy in the knowledge that fast or slow, a visit to Halewood is always well worth while.

(Note :—Unfortunately, we had not the opportunity to "succumb to the charms of some wench" and go to the pictures." Has not our correspondent yet realised that no "wench" will look at your Editor twice? No, after a nocturne at a Liverpool Service Club we were just too dozy to contemplate the joys of cycling, even to Halewood. (Ed.)

#### **Goostrey (Red Lion), 4th October, 1941.**

A very pleasant afternoon and with a helping wind I should have made much better time than I did, but I could not help dawdling, it may have been that I was lazy, or that my subconscious mind refused to be hurried through a countryside so peacefully clothed in its autumnal glory.

As, finally, I rode into the yard of the Red Lion I was surprised and exceedingly pleased to meet our old stalwart and friend Jack Hodges, who we all hope to see more regularly in the near future.

Hubert Buckley and his father had travelled out by train and both look well and fit ; with Bert Green and Bob Poole the attendance was six, but I feel sure we can do better still on these alternative runs, a little bit of effort plus the necessary arrangement by a few more members would ensure the numbers which help to make these runs attractive and worth while. Roll up, you Mancunians, and back your Presider.

(Note—The writer is Jim Cranshaw).

#### **Parkgate, October 11th, 1941.**

There is little to record for this run, and our imagination is about stumped, so please excuse the paucity of this report, and, anyway, if you're dissatisfied, please come out and write the account yourself. Only three turned up at the run. Frank Perkins, George Connor and Frank Marriott. We had quite a happy gathering, but what is three among so many?

Mobberley, 11th October, 1941.

Once again I left the Cottonopolis at 3-15 p.m. en route for Mobberley, and on my way out I decided that I would try the new bye-pass at Timperley. I could not have been very observant, as I realised that cycle paths had been provided and I was actually breaking the law by riding on the carriage-way, nevertheless, I managed to get through without being pulled up by the arm of the law, maybe I should summon myself (sez-me!) Well, to get on with the run, I met F.H. just coming up from Mobberley village and enquiring of me the whereabouts of Kennerley's Cafe, where we were breaking fresh ground. I pointed it out to him and then carried on for a ride round the various lanes, as the hour was only 4-35 p.m., much too early to sit about waiting for tea.

I returned about 5-20 p.m. and found more arrivals, namely, the Presider, Jim Cranshaw, Rex and Mrs. Austin, The Mullah and his two sons, and of course "F.H.," who was on pins to get away early. We were kept waiting for quite a while before tea was ready, but The Master could not wait in spite of the fact that Rex Austin offered to take him home by car. Even the Presider pleaded with him to stay but all was in vain.

However, tea eventually arrived, consisting of hot meat pies, sausages, rolls, bread and butter, jam and a few fancy cakes and biscuits. The Presider thought 2/6 was on the high side, perhaps so, but we might have fared worse. However, it is worth another trial, and of course we must remember that new places at the present time are few and far between.

After tea, conversation was chiefly on how to run the country at present, and on the whole I certainly agree with what was said. Rex and I had quite a chin-wag on various police duties, as we had a table to ourselves. The party broke up quite early. The Mullah and family were first to leave, and then Rex and Mrs. Austin for Bramhall, Jim Cranshaw for Stockport, the Presider was making a call at Timperley, and Bob Poole for Moss Side.

(Our correspondent is Special Sergeant Bob Poole, and we would like to know how he "was actually breaking the

law" by riding on the carriage-way even when cycle tracks were alongside. You should know better than that, Robert! Incidentally, F.H. made the day an occasion for a ride, and we understand he was out for some hours, cycling through Cheshire. We do not know how many miles were achieved, and we would be glad to receive more details of what must have been a remarkable performance.—ED.).

### **Parkgate, October 18th, 1941.**

The story of this run could very well start soon after noon in the luncheon hour, when Walter Connor and your Editor waited in Castle Street, Liverpool, for Len Killip. Walter and Len had not met for nearly two years. The rendezvous was the Harrington, and in that hostelry we met Hubert, so a very happy quartette sat down to a pleasant lunch. George Connor was also somewhere about, but beyond the screen, and we didn't see him, and he did not know that we were there! How he muttered afterwards!

Walter had to hurry to another "date," and Hubert transported Len and Frank very near to their respective homes. Len reached Parkgate first, and the scribe shortly afterwards, but they had to wait nearly an hour for George Connor, who was a late and last arrival. Thus once again only three turned up. Len kept the time going very well with exciting stories, and then in the stormy night we had to make our way home. Frank usually keeps with the Merseyside party so far as Higher Bebington, but to-night there was too much of a wester in the way of winds, and so he went straight home via Barnston.

There is only one thing more to be said. Please to avoid the runs falling flat altogether, could a better attempt be made to support them? George Connor is now in Khaki, Frank Perkins can only manage about one in three, and this leaves the Editor as the sole regular attender for the time being. Quite frankly, he has no desire to go to Parkgate each Saturday merely in the faint hope of seeing others. He will carry on for a week or so, and if no increase in the attendance materialises, then Club runs in the future will be by appointment only.

**Lymm, October 18th, 1941.**

A very high wind and torrential rain in the morning presaged, to the mind of the optimist, a fine afternoon, for it didn't seem possible that there could be more rain to come down after the morning's flood. Well, there was very little rain after noon, but the wind—!! Some say that a bicycle is preferable to a tricycle in wind, but I'm glad I was on three wheels, for at times it was impossible to make headway at all, and I would have been blown off a bicycle. Fortunately, these occasions were momentary, and on the whole things weren't too bad, in fact, riding was most exhilarating. On my little round—Bucklow Hill, High Legh, Swinyard Lane, to Appleton for a cup of tea, wherever there was shelter speed was possible, and then suddenly, on emerging again into the open, the wind hit one with almost breath-taking force. From Appleton to Lymm the wind was under the tail, and pedalling was almost too fast. At the Spread Eagle I found Jim Cranshaw and the three Turners; later, Wilf Orrell, who had been working late, came in, and we dispatched the usual excellent meal. The party broke up early, all but Wilf having a sleigh-ride home.

**Parkgate, 25th October, 1941.**

We were unable to be present at this run, and on Monday morning we were asked the reason why. Preston turned up and so did Selkirk, but as these two are very rare birds we offer no apology for the Editorial absence.

**Prestbury, October 25th, 1941.**

Having been detained by business until a late hour, I proceeded to Prestbury by a shorter route than the glorious autumn afternoon would lead me to desire. As it was, I made the best of things and passed by Bramhall Hall, gem of black and white architecture, along Bridge Lane, modernised since its brief notoriety as the spot where a gruesome murder took place, and joined the Macclesfield main road near to a new road house of peculiarly loathsome aspect. This main road, in peace-time a seething mass of petrol driven abomination, is nowadays as quiet as any country lane, and my journey through Adlington to Prestbury was peaceful and pleasant.

Arriving in the old world village, I first visited the Legh Arms, where six Anfielders were assembled, all busily engaged in thirst quenching operations. This accomplished, we adjourned to the White House Café for tea—war-time variety—but nicely served in comfortable and pleasant surroundings. A long chat after tea, a sight of some excellent photographs of Prestbury in the nineties, and an adjournment to the Legh Arms brought the official run to an end. A couple of drinks, and the party broke up; the writer to hurry home, change into uniform, report for police duty and spend a very busy and strenuous night at the scene of the Luftwaffe's latest exploit.

Those present were the Presider and his Vice, Buckley *pere et fils*, Bob Poole and Jim Cranshaw.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXVII.

No. 429.

### FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1941.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Dec.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....
..	13	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....
..	20	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....
..	26	Halewood (Derby Arms) Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	.....	.....	.....
..	27	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....

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Jan.	3	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....
..	10	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	.....
..	11	Halewood (Derby Arms) Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	.....	.....	.....

Annual General Meeting

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....
..	13	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	.....	.....	.....
..	20	Alderley (Royal Oak)	.....	.....	.....
..	27	Prestbury (White House Cafe)	.....	.....	.....

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Jan.	3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....
..	10	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	.....	.....	.....

Full Moon ..... 3rd instant

### NOTICE.

*All editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.*

*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.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Lunch at Halewood on 11th January, 1942. Any member having any matter he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than 21st December.

Change of Address :—Mr. W. Shacklady, 6 Broadway, Barnton, Northwich,

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

This month the Pink Slip will be sent to all whose subscriptions still remain unpaid, and I shall be obliged if those whom it affects will give the matter their early attention.

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

J. C. Band.*	H. Green.*	G. Newall.
E. Buckley.*	N. M. Higham †	R. Poole.
H. G. Buckley.	W. C. Humphreys.*	C. Randall.
J. O. Cooper.*	J. Leece.	C. Selkirk.
J. D. Cranshaw.*	G. Lockett.	J. H. Williams.
C. C. Dews.	E. Montag.	

† and for 1940.

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

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## SERVICE NOTES.

First this month is the recording with very great pleasure the news that Fred Brewster has now been granted a commission, and is now a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F. We are delighted indeed, and will wager that he looks very resplendent in his uniform. Fred may go to Canada within

a month or so. Next in the commission direction may be Len Killip, who refrained from making his application when on operational duty. We have not heard from him lately. Dick Ryalls also keeps very silent, but we hear on occasions that he is quite all right.

Ira Thomas also keeps to himself these days, but as we think that we owe him a letter, his silence can be excused. This same applies to Norman Heath, and our apologies are hereby extended to them both.

On other pages is our first letter from Dudley Turnor, and also the not-too-good news of Peter's second dose of malaria. Does anyone know anything of George Farr? He left his landlady's address with us when he went out to the M.E. with the R.A.F. and we have heard nothing more from him. The reference in Peter's letter to Rigby's present station may lead to much guessing. We have not the remotest idea, but perhaps those who have had actual experience of those climes can tell.

Walter Connor has been silent since he returned to the Navy, but we understand that a rendezvous has been made in a Northern city between him and Tommy Sherman. Tommy saw us quite frequently on his last leave, and he sends his kind wishes to all. Our most recent recruit from civvy street—Captain Connor—is still "lounging" amid the pleasantries of North Wales. As we complete these notes Ralph Fer comes home on leave from Nottingham, and we hope to have several pleasant outings before his train steams eastwards from Merseyside once more.

#### GEORGE CONNOR.

On November's last Saturday our Captain came to see us after a five weeks' stay with the Signals at Prestatyn. George is very fit, and likes the life (or so he says!) He sends his kind wishes to all.

#### FRED BREWSTER.

As we close for Press Fred Brewster writes to say that he is now on embarkation leave for ten days. When he reports again his destination will be—heaven knows where—but he will keep us informed of his whereabouts.

**"HAPPY DAYS."***(concluded).*

The storm-clouds scudded swiftly above what is left of Coventry's ancient city on that Tuesday morning. The wind was south-west and blowing a gale. I was to travel north-east-wards: could any prospect be brighter? It was almost eleven ere I had bidden goodbye to Fred Brewster's people before riding into the city to find the Leicester road. Hull was 140 miles away.

The rain had ceased; the roads were drying; the sky was brightening; everything looked good. Speeding along on about 85, it did not seem long before I came to the Watling-street, searing its straight way across Britain. High Cross was not far away, and although this meant a short detour, I climbed the slight hill to see where the Romans had made their middle of England. At High Cross I was on the Fosse Way, and in my mind there was a hope that I might be able to keep to this old road so far as Lincoln. I could then continue northwards to the Humber ferry and reach Sid Carver's home at Hessle for the night. The gale helped me to keep that idea in mind longer than I should have done.

Along the wide highway I reached Leicester in fine style, and was soon on the straight beyond. Ten miles out, looking back I could still see the spires of that ancient city at the end of the road. Some people say that the Fosse takes a straight line between Exeter and Lincoln, or near enough to it, but in my mind there lingers an idea that the Fosse Way takes a definite swing northwards for the first twenty miles to Newark from Leicester.

The wind seemed to veer too, and the end of it all was that I took a hiding crossing towards Nottinghamshire. The sky darkened, and the rain came pelting down while I had a late lunch in a café some miles beyond the Durham Ox crossroads. It was 4-30 p.m., and still raining when I rode into Newark. First to be discovered was the time of the last sailing for the night across the Humber. This could be done at the L.N.E.R. station, but I had to wander around for minutes before I found that. The clerk was not good at the time-tables. I was little better, and it was well-nigh 5-30 before I knew that I would have to average "12's"

all the way to the Humber without time for tea. That knowledge flattened my scheme of things, as I did want to see something of Lincoln, and wander amid that venerable city's ancient streets for at least ten or fifteen minutes.

An alternative was to ride into that gale (now N.W.) along the Great North Road, and you will know that it has a definite north-westerly tendency northwards of Newark. From Bawtry I could reach Thorne and Snaith and Hesse—about midnight, and with a ride of eighty miles. No! In the end I had a leisurely tea, a change of clothing, and rode sedately in the 6-50 rattler to Doncaster. Here I re-booked to Hesse—on the return basis—and knocked at the door of Sid Carver's home just after 9-30.

Wednesday meant a lazy day, and it had passed lunch-time before I looked at the bicycle. In the afternoon I managed to cover the miles to Beverley, and spend a pleasant hour beneath the lofty roof of the Minster there. At six I was "home" again with every prospect of an enjoyable evening with Sid, Madge and mighty Michael.

Next morning saw me rattling again towards Doncaster, and at eleven ack-emma, I was riding out of Donkey westwards, heading for the Pennines. Near Barnsley the hills came, and what hills! I struggled in the saddle for a bit, but soon was reduced to walking. The steep pitch past the Lord Nelson was the worst, and after that there was a real fling down to Penistone before the last lap to the roof of England. The Flouch now boasts old and new, and a mile beyond I halted at the Dog and Partridge for a mug of their famous tea. To the summit the wind seemed to get stronger.

Very disgustedly I had to pedal down the miles to Woodhead, and even on the remaining road through Longendale. Wheelfolk climbing the other way were riding much more easily than me. I wondered why Mottram should be perched on that wretched hill, and on the setts down to Stockport my cup of misery was full to overflowing. The sun was not shining in that not very pleasant town. Smooth roads through Gatley brought better spirits and Altrincham, and I was soon in Lymm for a late but much-needed tea.

I felt better after that. Earlier I had every resolve to seek the nearest way home via Warrington, but that feeling had gone. Through Appleton I came to the Cat and Lion, and past the workhouse I reached the Chester road near

Sutton Weaver. The wind had dropped then, and it was quite easy on the Wirral bye-pass. From Little Sutton I came to Hooton, and it was just closing time when I was passing the Wheatsheaf Inn at Raby. At 10-30 I had "docked" with the home folks just wondering whether I would seek my bed there that night, or next.

F.M.

### TOMMY SHERMAN LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

"If you happen to meet in the street a soldier in battle-dress with the word 'Commando' on his shoulders, you will know that he is one of Britain's Storm Troopers . . . ." So wrote the military correspondents of our daily newspapers about a month ago. But Frank Marriott and other newshawks, and people on the inside, knew that S.S. Commandos have been in existence for over twelve months.<sup>3</sup>

The mysterious deeds and adventures of myself that he has written about in the *Circular* were given in exaggerated and detailed form to the general public, so now there is no reason why the *Anfield Circular* shouldn't scoop the lot and give you some inside information.

First of all, each Commando has its own badge, and these do not all incorporate the word Commando. My own bears the rather ominous letters S.S., and is the subject of much speculation by small boys, i.e., Sausage Squad; Sanitary Squad; and by the more imaginative of them, Suicide Squad. Actually it simply means Special Service. Troops volunteer for the S.S. from every regiment, and when accepted go to "Death Valley" somewhere in the Highlands for a hardening course. In my Commando there are representatives of forty different regiments.

The training is as given in the newspapers, and each man is taught to be an individual and to use his initiative. Therefore, you get a discipline more like the Colonial Troops, and the lowest private in my "troop," except on parade, addresses me as Tom.

There is one, a professional boxer, who never calls me anything but "Sarge," and if I address him he stands to attention, gets very flustered, and mutters; "Yes, Sarge, sir-please-sarge-sir-no-sarge!"

In my troop we have two Irishmen who are the best of pals, but they fought against each other in the Spanish Civil

War. Whilst there aren't any real cyclists in the whole Commando each troop has the same spirit of clubdom that one found in pre-war days.

We even have the freak counterpart of our Editor, he's always eating, recites Shakespeare, doesn't drink or smoke. He is known to the boys as the Orderley Angel.

The Second-in-Command is called "Blood and Thunder," for it is he who thinks out all our mad tricks. He saw the film "North West Passage" a fortnight ago, and since then we have been on a six-day trek and swam a couple of rivers in full kit. One of the boys says that if he (the 2nd I/C) sees "Hopalong Cassidy" he'll expect us to fire 15 shots from a .38 without reloading!

Well, that is a rough outline of my doings, and it only goes for me to say now that we're all browned off with inactivity after all this special training and hope for the day when we lead the attack in the West.

T.S.

(There you are, Sammy, let's hope that this satisfies you and you stop nattering at me!)

(Editorial Note.—Tommy, with his journalistic experience, should know by now that an Editor is never satisfied. What about some more, sometime, Chubby-face?)

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### THE AUSTRIAN HOUSE-PAINTER.

"Could it, by any kind of possibility, have been he? I wonder. A house-painter. Ein Hausmaler. Now I wonder."

He must have gone on like that, with little laughs all to himself, for at last his wife put down her work and said very severely, "It's growing on you, Joseph, and I've noticed it for some time. Talking to yourself, I mean. Where did you run across your house-painter, and who is it you're imagining he might have been? You can't be thinking . . . Oh, quick, for goodness sake, tell me." And this is what he told her.

It's extraordinary it never came into my mind before, for everybody knows he was once a house-painter. I met him in the old days in Austria, and I've never forgotten him, if only for his dreadful outburst on women and children.



He looked like a travelling workman, but he'd no tools on his back, and as we walked on together I asked him what his trade was. He replied, and rather sharply too, "Ich bin ein Maler." I remember his exact words because of what he said next. For when I pressed him and went on "Ein Hausmaler, meinen Sie wohl?" he replied, "Ein Maler. Ja Ja wohl, Ein Maler."

I was struck with that. Here's a workman I said—for I used to talk to myself even in student days, you see—a workman who thinks of himself as an artist. You might call him a house-painter but no he's a painter. I remember wondering if you were likely to meet chaps like that in any country except the one whose capital is Vienna. But now, have you forgotten what he said to Neville Henderson? It's in the White Paper. "I am by nature an artist. I want to end my life as an artist." Ein Maler.

Now can we get at the exact place I met him? Can I reconstruct? From Bregenz, at the end of Lake Constance, through the Vorarlberg to Innsbruck, then up the Zillertal past that Hausknecht's cottage, whose wife thought Innsbruck as far away as Berlin, then over the Brenner Pass (Brenner, mind you!) down to Bozen, the Ortler Group, and Trafoi. It was there I met the Nurnberger who ran me back to Munich. Now it was somewhere after Bozen I met my painter. Wasn't there a place Sterzing? Yes. Between Bozen and Sterzing, then—perhaps Sterzing itself, for the name seems to stick. Would this be too far from Braunau and Linz, which Harold Nicholson says was his area before the Vienna days?

I should have forgotten him altogether—remember it's thirty years ago—if it hadn't been for the women and children thunderclap. As I came across him there was a young boy walking by his side, about fifteen he would be. Of whatever I said the boy took no notice, but he followed every movement of the painter's lips, like a dog—an extreme case of hero worship, I remember thinking. But the chap was certainly something of an orator, for when I asked him if he really liked wandering from place to place—didn't he want to settle down and get married and have children of his own like other people?—he suddenly let off the most passionate fusillade I've ever been under. "Women and children!" he shouted at me. He was a Socialist. Was he

going to work out his brain and his fingers to the bone to keep some woman and her brats? Other men—they were fools and weaklings, all of them. He wasn't like other men—did I think he looked like one of them?" I really thought the fellow was going to strike me.

Another thing : he was a man of very abstemious habits. No, not an absolute teetotaller—I never met one in Austria. We came to a little Gasthaus with the usual wood trestles and benches under trees, and he called for a bottle of Pilsener and poured out a glass for each of us—for he had subsided as quickly as he'd blown up, and now was perfectly courteous rather charming, in fact, but not in the least friendly. You know how slow I am over drinks, but the boy and I finished a long way first. When at last his was done with and I beckoned the waiter across he stopped me quite courteously again, but again without any friendliness. "Danke," was all he said. One glass after a long and very hot walk. I never remember that happening with any other German.

His age might settle it. It was in 1909. What does the book say? Born at Braunau, in Austria, on April 20th, 1889," so in August, 1909, he would be in his twenty-first year. Now I should have put my Socialist painter at about twenty-four. But yet that could easily be wrong, too. Working-class people look older you know. Some kind of side-whiskers, I think, too; dark hair—no, not over his forehead; face quite marked—"riven" would not be a bad word for it; shabbily dressed but very neat; yes, I think our 24 might easily have been his 21. The height was all right—about mine, say, 5-ft. 7-ins.

Didn't I exchange names? No, I did not. And I couldn't very well have offered him my card. Still, I might have asked his name. But the fact is, I didn't. Now why? Why didn't I ask him his name? A little touch of snob-bishness at the last, you think? It is possible. But perhaps there was more in it than that, a whole lot more. At least I'm sure we didn't shake hands at parting. There was that shouting about women and children, and then I've always disbelieved in the ascetic who is a fanatic. The fact is I disliked the man very much, and I hoped I should never hear of him again.

F.H.K.

**IN MEMORIAM—W. T. VENABLES.**

With every sorrow we must record the passing of W. T. Venables ("Ven"), which occurred at his Wray home late in November, just one month after his seventy-eighth birthday. We had not seen Ven. for some months, as the battering Wallasey received last winter very wisely caused our veteran to seek pastures safe and new, and he found a new home in Lancashire.

In happier days Ven. was a regular attender at the runs, and on more than one recent year he gained the attendance prize with Dave Rowatt, who writes:—

"All my memories of Ven. are pleasant—he was a good companion and I was brought close in touch with him by our mutual friend Ted Edwards, and when Ted died we did our best to advise and help Mrs. E.

I last heard from Ven. 14th October—quite happy and bright and in reply to mine telling him that several of the Club men were asking after him. He said "give my kind regards to my well-wishers and others, would dearly like to be able to get to Highwayside and other fixtures."

The Club was represented at the funeral by E. O. Morris, G. B. Burgess, G. Molyneux, A. T. Simpson and W. Simpson.

(Editorial Note.—We regret the brevity of this appreciation, and it is our hope to include next month a fuller article by one of our older members).

**A LETTER FROM TOMMY SAMUEL**

21/9/41.

DEAR FRANK,

I'm writing to thank you and the Club for the Postal Order which I received last Monday, at a time when I was almost on the rocks, due to rather a hectic binge with the local British Police. I also received a July copy of the *Circular* yesterday, and your "Week in Wartime Wales" brought back memories which two years monotony of foreign

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service has tended to eradicate somewhat. It seems more like twenty years since I was out on the open road on our "red-peril." I had the shock of my life the other day when I saw four husky looking chaps each astride a French lightweight each complete with sprints and tubs.

I am afraid I haven't much news for you. We are still living a sort of nomadic existence, living in olive groves—it's not such a bad life as it sounds. I personally prefer it to barrack life, in the summer anyway. It's much cooler and there's no spit and polish—the bane of my life, I may add.

I haven't seen the Engineers for quite a while now, occasionally I hear reports of them being in our neighbourhood, but they are very elusive, but I expect I'll bump into one or other of them soon, we always have a rendezvous in case we are near each other.

I had nine days' leave a couple of weeks back, and enjoyed it immensely, although I found it quite difficult to get used to sleeping between four walls, and the heat was terrific, we spent most days on the beach and the nights going to shows—the nearest cinema is about 50 miles away from here. I am sorry this is such a short letter, but it's getting dark now, and when it goes dark we start making our supper—the most important meal of the day.

I hope you are fit, my regards to all of the lads.

Cheerio,

TOMMY SAMUEL.

—DUDLEY TURNOR

(UNDATED).

DEAR MR. MARRIOTT,

Many thanks for the July issue of the *Club Circular*, which I have just received. On reading through, I noticed that you remarked upon the absence of news from me—so far I have written four letters to you, two before and two after an excellent parcel was received from the Club, to whom I will again express my gratitude.

Beyond the fact that all our mail does not appear to be getting through, I am unable to explain why my letters should not have reached you. I am afraid that I am unable to appease your desire for news concerning the M.E., as my job is such that, any leakage of information as to our whereabouts or our work is considered a crime—for which I would not like to face the circumstances. By the way, would you kindly forward me Peter Rock's overseas address, as there is quite a possibility that I may have the chance of seeing him in the near future. It would be a pity to miss him just because I have no idea what he looks like—at least I don't ever remember meeting him.

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You'll have to excuse my writing in pencil as ink here is very hard to get, and those who do get it stick to it like glue.

I'm glad to see Dad (Mullah) has been doing his stuff again—of course not forgetting his new partner Alan. I hope that doesn't mean that I have the sack—as I am looking forward to spending many happy days with the A.B.C. Looking back, it is not hard to see that I have not made many runs with the Club—but those that I have made bring back many happy memories. I am afraid I will have to leave you now as duty calls, so here's hoping that the near future will see us all in a speedy reunion and to those over here with me: "Here's to the return ticket!"

Yours sincerely,

DUDLEY TURNOR.

(This is our first note from Dudley—Ed.)

**ERIC REEVES—**

OCTOBER 12TH, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

I was very surprised and pleased when Peter came to me about a fortnight ago and gave me a £1 P.O. you had sent me from the Club. He did show me the letter and since then this is the first opportunity I had to reply. He is convalescent at the moment and has the letter with him so I do not know the date it was sent. I do wish to thank you and the Club very much for the generous gift. You wanted to know which we preferred, parcel or P.O. For myself and for Peter I think we prefer the P.O. This will be much easier for you I should imagine, so we will all be happy. I do feel that I would like to do something in return, however, we can only hope to pursue the activities of the Club administration and helping in events with greater energy when all this bother is over. This summer has I believe given you a much needed rest from bombing raids, and I hope this happy state continues until the end of the war. Even if this did happen you have had more than your share of raids at home. Christmas greetings are a trifle early but I will take this opportunity of wishing you and the rest of the members a very Happy Christmas and Brighter Prospects for the New Year. I must close now, wishing you good hunting and happy cycling.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—WALTER CONNOR.

THURSDAY, 23RD.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my thanks to the Club for the P.O. which was awaiting me when I arrived back on board. I had a remarkably good

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time whilst on leave, so you can well imagine how acceptable the money will prove.

The weather has been beautifully clear lately but extremely cold. In the mornings the temperature has dropped below freezing point and I'm beginning to wonder what I'm going to do when winter comes along.

The scenery here is even more beautiful than I had at first thought. Autumn has made everything richer and deeper in colour. The ever-changing effects at sunset are indeed a delight and a new source of wonderment to me. I wish I had with me some Dufay-colour films and a decent camera. Strangely enough I don't really appreciate my very lovely surroundings as I ought, but possibly the circumstances in which I find myself at present aren't exactly conducive of that light-hearted holiday feeling.

Again, many thanks and my best wishes to all members.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER CONNOR.

—ERIC REEVES

25/10/41.

DEAR FRANK,

It is a month since I last wrote to you and about the same length of time since I received a letter from you. We have been stationary for a short time and mail is arriving in small quantities with fair regularity. I hope to spend a few days with Rigby shortly. I had a long typewritten epistle from Sid (Carver) which was very cheering. His young son is growing rapidly, riding his little trike is his latest achievement. Sorry to hear of Walter's episode but I am pleased that he is O.K. after it. The *Circulars* arrive from time to time, late but always welcome. The account of an excursion to a Lymm run was instrumental in bringing to mind pleasantly hard rides on chilly Saturdays to enjoy a pleasant meal and a chat with dear old Bert Green. Remember the Yorkshire excursions, Frank? I do with pleasure of a fitness hard to get back after this lot is over. Give my regards to one and all as you meet or write to them.

Received a card from George not so long ago, is he still leaving Club runs early with a shy smile, or has Cupid turned to other targets. I was surprised to read of Don's holiday with his wife, didn't even know he had married until I read this. Best wishes to your Mother and Mollie, and may you all enjoy continued safety through this coming winter. Must close now, wishing you Good Luck and Happy Days.

Sincerely,

ERIC.

## —PETER ROCK

31/10/41.

DEAR SAMMY,

Please excuse the delay between the receipt of your letter and telegram and the despatch of this missive. You will realise that on receipt of that awful news that various other letters had to take precedent. I received your telegram fourteen days after despatch when we were returning from our most recent adventure. There was no chance of sending mail whilst we were on the move and I had to wait about eight days before I could write home.

Your surmise in an earlier letter was quite correct, and besides seeing much more sand we have also had the opportunity of seeing some very fine scenery. It was to some extent reminiscent of Switzerland, although the valleys were broader and passes less frequent and lacking that rugged grandeur. The curse of it was that the valleys were infested with malaria to which I have succumbed twice to date. I am in hospital at present recovering from the second attack. Eric has been fortunate enough to evade the female "skeeter" to date and there is very little danger now.

You must thank Harold and the Club for their continued generosity and consideration. I can assure you that the Postal Orders were most unexpected and we are indeed grateful for them. I realise the great difficulties in the way of obtaining the necessary commodities for parcels and deeply appreciate the thought which prompts these gifts.

I recently received a card from George and by some strange coincidence had written to him at approximately the same date. Your trip to Mid-Wales filled me with envy, and brought back vivid memories of "happy days" spent in that same area. Of these a camping week-end with Albert spent at the confluence of the Lledr and the Conway stands out as a time of great memories and of a degree of fitness which caused Albert much discomfort and culminated with a win in the Club "50" the following week-end. Yet again there was a trip over Trawsfynydd during which we met a boring blighter from Birkenhead who elected to accompany us for the remainder of our tour. What a terrific "blind" ensued until we took advantage of the leafy banks of the Eden and laughed gleefully as our unwanted friend sped past Dolgelly-wards in vain endeavour to catch us. No doubt these days will come again, but until they do your letters will never cease to be a constant source of envy.

I trust that you are well settled in your "new" abode. I met Stan Shakeshaft two months ago and he was naturally interested that you had become a neighbour. When I come out I am due for



seven days leave and although I have given notice of my intentions to spend it at the city where Rigby is stationed, it is usually cold and wet where he is in winter time, so I may try to get to Cairo again, and see if I can contact Russ Barker and two of my brothers-in-law who I believe are stationed there.

I have missed the opportunity of spending my leave with Eric, through this illness, but I have also missed the temporary embargo which was placed on Cairo so I may try my luck there. As regards leave all other places fall short of that smelly city and even there a week is hard to fill.

Please remember me to your Mother and Mollie. I hope that all of you are fit and well. Best wishes to the Club and yourself.

Your pal,

PETER.

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## RUNS.

We hate to say it, but runs from the Merseyside angle could hardly be flatter. At Halewood, on the first of November, only Perkins and Stevie could manage to attend, and a perfectly good rabbit pie went begging (at least so they told your Editor). Our printer could very probably say a deal more about this run, and we leave the rest to him.

To continue, at Parkgate the next Saturday, only your Editor and Frank Slemen graced the table. A week later Arthur Williams rolled along from nearly next door, found himself alone, and beat it back home again. On November 22nd, things were better. Rich, Marriott and Perkins had quite a nice tea, and for the discussion which followed we had the pleasure of Billie's girl friend, delightful company indeed. November 29th was a blank again. Such is the record for November, 1941, and we can hardly hope for anything better until the happy days dawn again.

### Goostrey, November 1st, 1941.

A really pleasant autumn afternoon—plenty of sunshine and a strongish wind with quite a cold bite in it. Whilst the leaves are nearly all gone the country still looks very beautiful and it was a real pleasure to bowl along before the wind. Unfortunately, rain came later—mine host of



the Red Lion told us that rain invariably follows a white frost—but it was of no weight or duration.

Five of us—the Manchester Vice, Bick, Jim Cranshaw, the Presider and Bob Poole—arrived in good time and had a very enjoyable meal. Bick was in fine form, describing among other things, his experiences with evacuees, actual and projected, with that inimitable directness and picturesque expression of his. Duty of one kind and another demanded an early start for home, and the party broke up in good time.

**Lymm, November 8th, 1941.**

No doubt there was good reason for the absence of all members except the Presider, but it seemed a pity that more didn't take advantage of the very fine afternoon to get out into the country a bit. After a very enjoyable run round, the Presider arrived at the Spread Eagle in good time and waited hopefully until after 6 o'clock for companions who didn't come. Then he ate his hot-pot in solitary state, contrasting mentally the gloom of the present with the jollity of other meals at this place, and soon resumed the pig-skin for home.

**Alderley, November 15th, 1941.**

As the Royal Oak was a new house to us, it was pleasing to find that no less than 7 members turned up on this run. The afternoon was fine and those who rode found the going most enjoyable. The house has been re-bushed and is very smart and comfortable, the meal well cooked and served and the price reasonable, so that we shall undoubtedly visit this place again. Round the table the conversation turned from current topics largely to reminiscences of ancient and sometimes very ancient, days. Bick and F.H. apparently competing in the endeavour to throw their memories back. After the meal a sitting in the smoke-room and then home through darkness not too dense.

**Prestbury. White House Cafe, November 22nd, 1941.**

Towards dusk on this pleasant if blustery afternoon, six Anfielders, almost in separate units, converged on the village of Prestbury, which is situated on the river Bollen

and surrounded by well wooded but higher country, studded here and there by pretty villas, giving a most pleasing aspect to the traveller.

The White House, which once again was our venue for tea, has no licence, so that having reported our presence to the proprietor we crossed the road to the ancient house of Legh, where ale is served precisely but very comfortably in a room snugly placed behind the bar. Our host for the evening, a Mr. Smith, joined with us for one before tea and finally gave us the word "ready."

The tea of excellent quality was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and later we returned to our posts (pots) across the road to spend the remainder of the evening.

Our President and his Vice were first to leave for home, later the Master, Bickley, Hubert and J.D.C. walked leisurely to the station, where the party split, two for Cheadle Hulme, one for Macclesfield and one by road to Stockport.

#### **Mobberley, November 29th, 1941.**

A wire received Saturday noon—"Called away. Sorry. Kennerley, Mobberley"—left the rendezvous for this date in the air, and in view of past experience in finding alternative accommodation in this neighbourhood, it gave the Presider pause. He wandered round this fine afternoon, reaching Kennerley's Cafe at 5 p.m. and left there, attached to the door, an invitation to follow him to the Bird-in-Hand, at which point he hoped to intercept anyone coming from the Wilmslow direction by bus. Arrived at the Bird-in-Hand he was surprised to see a Manchester Wheelers car, followed later by another, and to learn that that club had a run there. Their turnout was two only, and the Presider was allowed to join them. Whether or not any other members arrived at Kennerley's Café is not known, but no other appeared at the Bird-in-Hand. After an excellent meal, home was reached in a light and pleasant evening.

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