

THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JANUARY - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

JANUARY 1946

NUMBER 478

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

- 5 Halewood (Derby Arms)
- 12 Tarvin (Bleak House)
- 13 Annual General Meeting, Halewood
(Derby Arms). Lunch, 1-0 p.m.
- 19 Woodbank (Yacht)
- 26 Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- Goostrey (Red Lion)
- Lymm (Holt's Café)
- Buxworth (Navigation Inn)
- Prestbury (White House Café)

FEBRUARY—

- 2 Halewood (Derby Arms) Goostrey (Red Lion)

FULL MOON, 17th inst.

Editorial Notes

A Happy New Year to you all. May all your miles in 1946 be happy ones, and to all those still in uniform may you soon be back home again and turning them round twice as fast as ever you did.

You would notice (or perhaps you wouldn't) that we changed our type face to Times New Roman just twelve months ago. We were delighted that *Cycling* followed our example ten months later. We are again bursting forth in a new guise, having been granted a little more paper and hope you like the change.

We acknowledge with thanks X'mas Greetings from Hubert Buckley in Karachi—"To all Members of the Anfield Bicycle Club—Wishing all a Happy Christmas and the very best for 1946."

From Albert Preston, with the M.E.F. :—"To all Anfielders, with best wishes for Christmas and the New Year."

From Lionel Price, in answer to one of ours a year ago, threatening to write something for the *Circular* :—"A greeting to dear old Chem," and sorry to hear Hubert is on the sick list and wishes for a speedy recovery.

From Sid Carver, regretting inability to join in with us this X'mas and apologising for not being on the Lincoln trip, as he was away from home.

From Norman Heath, of the Stokers' Union (beg pardon, Stokers' Training Establishment) Devonport :—"With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all of "Ours." "

From George Connor at Catterick :—"Christmas Greetings."

COMMITTEE NOTES

4 The Laund,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting of the Club is to be held on Sunday, 13th January, 1946 at 2-0 p.m. at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood. It is to be hoped that as many as possible will attend.

Change of Address. E. Haynes, 308 Market Street, Droylesden, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

Windrush,
Glenageary,
Co. Dublin,
December 14th, 1945.

Dear Sir,

A friend of mine sent me on your December monthly journal, in which I saw with regret the death of that wonderful cyclist, G. P. Mills. In view of the last paragraph, although not a member of your Club, as an old colleague of G.P. I thought I would like to fill in a few gaps.

G.P. was originally an Engineer, M.I.M.E., and when I first made his acquaintance he was Works Manager of Humber's Beeston works. This was in the early Nineties, when the cycling boom was at its zenith, and the Beeston Humber was to Society and Royalty something what a Rolls Royce is to-day.

About this time there was a project to amalgamate the Humber and Raleigh Companies, and G.P., with some other big noises in Humbers went over to the Raleigh, and in 1896-7 G.P. was responsible for the new Lenton factory, covering over six acres (pretty big for those days). The amalgamation did not materialize, but G.P. stayed on with the Raleigh as Works Manager. I joined the Raleigh in '97 and was in the works in charge of the Repairs department until 1902, when the Company sent me to Dublin, and I lost touch with him in consequence. About 1903 the motor cycle began to boom and the Raleigh Company took up the production and made a very nice 2½, for which G.P. was responsible and on one of which he characteristically set up a motor cycle record for the Lands End to John o' Groats route. Some time after this he left and was with the Belsize Motor Co., and subsequently, together with the late Frank Shorland (another wonderful rider) went to the Clement Talbot Motor Co. In those days he was an officer in the Bedfordshire Volunteers before they merged into Territorials and on the outbreak of the 1914-18 war he offered his services and came out of it with the rank of Lt.-Col. This by the way was not his first visit to France, and it may be remembered that the first Bordeaux to Paris Race was won by G.P.

Yours truly,
S. GUY,
*late Dublin Manager of
The Raleigh Cycle Co. Ltd.*

TREASURY NOTES

A poor finish for the year with only three names to record. My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or* Donations to the Comforts Fund.

C. F. Elias.* L. Price.* W. C. Tierney.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Treasurer.

RUNS

Parkgate, 24th November, 1945

A fast ride out in the gathering gloom enabled me to reach Parkgate by 5 p.m. Whilst passing along the front I observed the majority of houses and shops lit by candlelight, and guessed some serious fault had cut the electric supply. The café was no exception and each table had its own candle.

I was part way through tea when Peter Stevie and Tommy Mandall arrived, followed closely by Ralph Fer, and much later by Syd Jonas, who had been home to see his people.

Our usual yarning occupied an hour or so (during which time the electric light was restored) and then a move was made for home, Syd for Chester and the others towards Barnston, where Tommy and Ralph stopped for a drink, leaving Peter and Perkins to carry on, this scribe being hooked by the youthful but artful sub-editor right at the parting of the ways.

Halewood, 1st December, 1945.

As this was my second Club run in nearly three years the Editor thought perhaps that it was about time I did a spot of writing. He "gripped" me and in a weak moment I said I would oblige.

I was home for the week-end on a "48," and had purposely chosen this particular week-end in order to attend the run. My memories of previous Halewood runs, especially the December ones and the question of transport—Halewood being accessible by bus and train—were the reasons for prompting me to do so.

I caught a bus at the Pier Head and was pleasantly surprised when I was joined by Harold Kettle, Don Birchall and Ken Barker. Ted Byron was reported "off the port," but he did not make that particular bus. The run showed every promise of being a real Anfield gathering and the early promise turned out to be a reality.

There was quite a gathering when the bus contingent arrived and I was delighted to see so many Anfielders back to the fold again. Ralph Fer was there, "pushing the boat out," and I gladly accepted his kind invitation to have one, just for old times sake. Stevie and Mrs. Stevie had just arrived, and so had Tommy Sherman, home on leave from Northern Ireland (lucky fellow). Tommy and I have arranged a private Club run for early in the New Year in Bangor. This was just like old times again and the Editor began to entertain doubts about the number ordered for as several more were reported to be on the way. Eric Reeves and Peter Rock, both recently demobbed, arrived, looking as though the going had been pretty tough, followed shortly by Jack

Pitchford and Ira Thomas on a tandem from Salop with Peter Stevie acting as a guide through the streets of Runcorn and Widnes. I was pleased to see Ira riding again after his spell in hospital. Later we were joined by ex-Bombadier Byron, now just plain Mr. Byron (he prefers the latter I believe,) Salty, Syd Jonas, Frank Perkins and Tommy Mandall. One familiar face was most conspicuous by its absence and that was our dear friend Hubert, whom I learned was in hospital. Members will join me in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Twenty members in all were present and we need not have bothered ourselves about there not being enough food to go round, for although only 11 or 12 had been ordered for, Sarah provided us with a most delightful and substantial meal, well up to the very high standard of pre-war Halewood fare.

Unfortunately the party had to break up early as the non-cyclists had buses and trains to catch. Eddie Morris was away on the early train and owing to some doubt about bus times, the bus party missed the direct bus by a few minutes so had to walk to the main road to catch another. Jack Pitchford and Ira were week-ending at "ill 'ouse" and the cycling section and Ralph Fer stopped to have a couple more for the road before setting out.

Altogether it was a very happy gathering of old friends and I imagine the attendance was the biggest for some time and I trust it will be the forerunner of many more such runs. It made me realise in no uncertain manner that the spirit of the Anfield is still very much alive in spite of the war and a debt of gratitude is owed to all those members who have kept this spirit alive during the six years of war.

SALOPIAN SAUCE

After a week of rather mild weather, Saturday dawned cold, wet and miserable, but when Jack called for me the rain had stopped and after fixing our positions on the tandem we set off with the wind on our shoulder. On climbing Acton Reynold I noticed for the first time an obelisk set in the park and up to the time of writing I have been unable to find out what it commemorates and it calls for a special visit sometime.

The inner man was knocking as we entered Whitchurch and by a lucky coincidence it was opening time, so we called at a hostelry adjacent to the Fountain, where we consumed our sandwiches, washed down with a pint of Wilderspools—terrible stuff. The other occupant of the room was an elderly gent who was bemoaning the fact that the younger generation were a lazy lot, more intent on watching sport than participating in it, his remarks did not apply to our sport, I thought.

On resuming our journey our wheels sped over those familiar roads that have caused much pain and suffering to many, many Anfielders, on through Spurstow and Beeston: the hill out of Beeston gave us an excuse for a walk. Crossing the lights we traversed the lanes through to Cotebrook, where, turning left, we made for Delamere and Frodsham, the roads were quiet and the afternoon was still damp and dreary though the rain had held off. We had arranged to meet Peter Stephenson at Frodsham in time to catch the 5 o'clock transporter, and we were congratulating ourselves when our usual fate befell us, the back tyre gave up the ghost. Many and varied were the expressions used, but deeds, not words, were imperative if we were to meet Peter and the

5 o'clock transporter, but it was a forlorn hope. However, we did meet Peter, and he escorted us towards Runcorn; going into Runcorn we were startled by a clanging of bells accompanied by a swish of tyres and the terrible twins—Peter Rock and Eric Reeves, with Syd Jonas—passed us at a speed which promises well for next season.

Our party now numbered six and we were soon at Halewood, and on entering the tank I was greeted by Eddie Morris, who, making a quick appreciation of the situation, promptly pushed a tankard into my hand, after partaking of the beverage I looked round at the select company. George Connor, on leave, looking very fit; Don Birchall, who told me that he had obtained a Serviceman's ambition, to be billeted on his own doorstep; Ken Barker, Ralph Fer and Tommy Mandall against the bar, with Salty and Stevie keeping their end up. Ah, who could this immaculate debonaire Adonis be? Why, Tommy Sherman, home from Ireland on leave. Tommy is a three-pipper now. Well done, Tommy.

At the appointed hour we were marshalled upstairs to do or die as true Anfielders and sat down to a most excellent meal, between the courses I noticed Frank Perkins and our worthy Treasurer, who was flanked by Swift and Tierney. Shortly before 7-15 a general exodus began and after a sojourn in the bar Tommy Mandall, Peter Stevie, Pitchford and Ira Thomas proceeded to another local and met Stevie and Mrs. Stephenson, and there we had quite a pleasant session before leaving for Huyton.

Next morning Stevie ran us out in the car to meet Hubert, and we found him none the worse for his stay in hospital. Time was short and after Hubert had pushed the boat out and with our help it went out a bit farther, we returned to Huyton for lunch before making the trek back to Salop. The return journey home was uneventful, and we arrived home after pushing a stubborn wind out of the way and so ended a most enjoyable week-end.

Goostrey, 1st December, 1945.

Having a preference for making the outward journey if possible in daylight, the writer left home early and journeying by the customary route, reached the Red Lion at about 3-40 p.m. The day was not one to lure me into a lengthy addition to "make up time," so I was contented with a leisurely potter by Twemlow, Rose Cottage Lane and then right to the parallel road and back past Bates's to the tea venue. I gained access and sat by the fire to await the arrival of whoever might be keen enough to turn out on this unappetising day.

It was not long before Stan Wild arrived and although Mrs. Knowles apprehensively opined that not many would turn out on such a day (it's only virtue—a negative one—was the absence of rain), there were seven to wolf and appreciate the very excellent meal provided by our hostess. Mrs. Knowles' achievement since 1939 is one of which to be proud, especially when we think of the caterers who have given up the ghost, discouraged by the immense difficulties created by rationing.

After tea the fireside claimed us and the conversation and warmth were so seductive that it was with great difficulty that we broke away, Stan being the first to go.

The writer was privileged to make the greater part of the homeward journey in the company of Harold Catling and George Taylor and it was interesting to note the behaviour of oncoming motorists when they saw our three lights. Some few reduced their candlepower ; one gentleman at first diminished and then presumably when he saw that we were only humble tricyclists, crashed on the full glare. Harold seems to have evolved a sort of war of nerves method of dealing with the glaring headlight hog. It seemed to me that his idea when assaulted by these travelling searchlight merchants was to simulate optical obfuscation and slant across the road as if to edge the car into the field. That was my impression, but of course I might have been suffering from O.O. myself as I had had a couple of " best milds."

The homeward journey was very easy, being wind assisted and to me the run had been very worthwhile.

Present were the President and Messrs. Catling, Taylor, W. and B. Orrell, Wild and Hodges.

Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms), 8th December, 1945.

A bleak rendezvous but well worth while, even into a north-easter of some force.

When Buckley and the Sub. arrived they found Hodges, Catling, Wild and Taylor sitting around the fire " thawing out," as the wind was of that nature that gets into the bone.

Stanley was not well and was in fact as deaf as the proverbial door post, however, good food was soon forthcoming and as the President arrived we were on the move to the inner room to get our feet in the trough.

Over tea our worthy President and Jack Hodges indulged in some pernickety reminiscences. The suggestion that the " Setter Dog " might cater for our needs at some future date was whole-heartedly and feelingly carried ; those of you that know this district will agree I feel sure.

Stan Wild was first off and must have made good his few minutes start as he was not overtaken before Macclesfield, which was quite on the cards by a certain two members who had the help of a ten horse engine.

The remainder of the party we suppose took a more rational view of things and enjoyed their run down to Macclesfield and home.

Warrington, 15th December, 1945.

The first arrival was Rigby Band, fifteen minutes before opening time, quickly followed by the Presid^ENT on tricycle. Rather than appear too eager to sample the wares of the Lion Hotel by sitting on the doorstep they took a stroll along Warrington's main street and returned to make a dignified entry into the Smoke Room. Rex and Bobby Austin arrived soon afterwards, the former appearing to have cycled by his mode of dress. However, appearances are sometimes deceptive and this occasion was no exception. Next to arrive was a real cyclist, Tommy Mandall. Proof? You should have seen him put his first three beers away.

Shortly after 6p.m. the party was completed by the arrival of the Reeves-Rock combine. By their pleased expressions each seemed to have done the other over ; perhaps they had ! The Stephenson section were reported indisposed,

so only seven members sat down to an excellent meal—judged by present-day standards.

Bobby Austin, as junior member, was promoted acting-unpaid-sub-captain, and ably fulfilled the duties of that officer. And so the party broke up. The President to plough a lonely furrow to Ashton-on-Mersey, the Austins an easier one in the same direction and the four Liverpool gentlemen, led towards that notable city by Tommy Mandall.

“Operation Endrick”

Peter Rock describes a recent tour with Eric Reeves

November, with its traditionally dull weather, seems an odd time to choose for touring. In our case it was more or less forced upon us. Both Reeves and myself were demobbed on the same day, November 7th, and for a long time previously had contemplated a fortnight's cycling as a means to regain some measure of fitness.

In true military manner we made a plan and named it “Operation Endrick.” It took into consideration the time of the year and present dearth of suitable accommodation. Ned Haynes had kindly invited us to stay with him at Tewkesbury, and we had also intended going on to Porlock to operate from there for a few days.

Later we revised our plan and decided to operate solely from Tewkesbury into the Cotswolds and the Forest of Dean.

Neither of us were very fit from a cycling point of view, so three or four days were spent in cycling from home on short runs into Wales and Cheshire.

On the day of our actual start we decided to take the bull by the horns and reach Tewkesbury in one hop. Our luck was in, as on the day of my ride to Norfolk, a following wind blew with obliging strength and good progress was made. It was nine a.m. when we left home and our first halt was for ‘elevenses’ at Grindley Brook. Here we gave a little topographical assistance to an Army convoy bound for Hitchin. The weather, which had been dull, brightened as we crossed Prees Heath, and it was hard to realise, as we noted the tints which still remained along the tree-lined Wellington road, that Autumn had indeed gone.

Our first efforts in search of a mid-day meal met with little success. Peplow, Crudginton and Waters-Upton were tried but without satisfaction.

At Wellington we had better luck. The meal was quite satisfactory and soon we were plodding steadily up Dawley Bank under dark, lowering clouds.

Bridgenorth was quiet and empty. What a change from the canvas town thronged with the youth of the Black country in Summer months. At Quatford a young town of mobile pre-fabs, has sprung up. Nestling in the valley by the quiet waters of the Severn were countless little caravans. From many of them thin spirals of blue smoke curled lazily upwards. It would seem that here

at least housing was a problem which had temporarily been solved.

Our pace was steady. So far there had been none of the half wheeling for which we are jointly notorious, and by common consent the stiffer climbs were walked.

In a gloomy little roadhouse at Fenns Green we obtained tea. It was a poor effort, yet sufficed to carry us through Kidderminster to Worcester. Here we chanced on a chip and fish saloon, where chips were eaten accompanied by our reserve sandwiches.

A short distance along the Tewkesbury road, drizzle increasing to rain forced us to cape for a while. The wetter we became outside the drier we felt inside, and after stopping at a wayside hostelry to remedy this dire state of affairs we were able to uncape for the remainder of the journey.

At eight p.m. we reached Tewkesbury Cross to find Ned waiting to guide us to the cheery warmth of his home. Here we sat down to a meal, the proportions of which would almost have dwarfed Halewood even in pre-war days.

The following day we rested. It was only the fourth occasion in the past six years when we had jointly topped the century, so a general feeling of legginess was understandable. Instead of riding we walked around the town. I had my camera at the ready but the weather precluded its gainful use.

Our first visit was to the King John Bridge at the Northern end of the town. Close by stands a fine old half-timbered structure, Ye Old Black Bear inn. It was too early for opening time so our interest was perhaps a little less than it might have been.

Later we visited the Abbey with its fine Norman tower and searched out the various places of interest mentioned in Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"Operation Endrick" will be continued in next month's issue

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool 1.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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- 2 Halewood (Derby Arms)
9 Lymm (Spread Eagle). Tea at
5-30 p.m. (Committee Meeting)
16 Tarvin (Bleak House)
23 Woodbank (Yacht)

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- Goostrey (Red Lion)
Buxworth (Navigation Inn)
Walker Barns (Setter Dog)

MARCH—

- 2 Halewood (Derby Arms) Goostrey (Red Lion)

FULL MOON, 17th inst.

TREASURY NOTES

A good start for 1946. My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or* Donations to the Comforts Fund.

With the prospects of a Racing Programme this year, the Prize Fund has been revived. Will Members making Donations please let me know to which Fund (or both) their contributions are to be allotted?

1945

A. Howarth
C. Selkirk

G. Lockett
J. R. Walton

C. Randall

1946

C. Aldridge
S. del Banco*
R. Barker*
H. S. Barratt*
F. Beckett
F. Chandler
K. B. Crewe
W. A. Connor
A. Crowcroft
J. H. Fawcett*

W. J. Finn*
E. D. Green
E. R. Green
H. Green*
E. Haynes
W. H. Henderson
G. Lockett
L. Oppenheimer*
F. Perkins
R. Poole

H. W. Powell
J. E. Reeves
W. P. Rock
J. J. Salt*
G. Stephenson*
P. Stephenson
G. G. Taylor
T. A. Telford*
J. R. Walton

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

The following Members have been appointed Delegates for 1946 :—

Road Records Association—P. C. Beardwood, F. Marriott.

Northern Road Records Association—E. Haynes, S. Wild.

Road Time Trials Council, Liverpool District—W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt.

West Cheshire Time Trials Cycling Association—W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt.

Handicapping and Course Committee. The following Members have been elected :—

R. J. Austin, H. Catling, E. Haynes, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, J. J. Salt, S. Wild.

“ 100 ” Committee. The following Members have been elected, in addition to the Handicapping and Course Committee :—

F. Marriott, J. Pitchford, I. Thomas.

Changes of Address :—E. Byron, Silverdale, The Runnel, Leighton, Neston, Wirral ; W. Connor, Westella, Dowhills Road, Blundellsands, Liverpool 23 R.D. ; J. R. Walton, Bowerley, Langcliffe, Settle, Yorks.

S. J. Buck, 3, Park Road, West Kirby, Wirral.

Application for Membership.—Mr. L. Pendlebury, 2 Uplands Road, Flixton, proposed by H. Green, seconded by R. Barker.

J. R. FER,
Hon. General Secretary.

HUBERT ROSKELL (1898-1946)

We Anfielders have just sustained an irreparable loss in the passing of our dear old Clubfellow, Hubert Roskell, who died on the 22nd January in hospital, where he had gone for observation. His end, happily, was sudden and peaceful ; a lingering illness and enforced confinement and suffering has been spared him. A stalwart of the old brigade, his genial presence will be greatly missed. It is hard to believe he is no more, but he will live in the hearts of his friends, who will long cherish his memory.

Hubert was gifted with real sterling qualities which made him justly popular everywhere. His was a charming personality radiating *bonhomie* and affability. An entertaining conversationalist and raconteur, with a keen sense of humour, one derived pleasure in his company listening to his flow of speech and reminiscences. He was large-hearted and generous, a sincere and staunch friend and a grand travelling companion. He enjoyed life and the good things thereof. A philosopher, seeing good in everything and everything for the best. Possessed of endless energy, he loved movement and chafed under restraint. He was a most enthusiastic cyclist and took a whole-hearted interest in the Anfield Club.

Hubert joined the Club in 1898, along with his brother Frank. The possessor of a useful turn of speed, he quickly jumped into the front rank of road racers, winning his first Anfield “ 50 ” with a good margin. In 1899 he took a prominent place in all the Club’s “ fifties ” and other fixtures, and in that year partnered by his brother Frank on a tandem bicycle, was successful in securing

the N.R.R.A. unpaced 50 miles Northern roads record. At the end of 1899, Hubert left Liverpool to take up an appointment in the Argentine, later going to Mexico, and remaining abroad for some few years. On his return to Liverpool he resumed his cycling activities with the Anfield Club. Meantime, however, he had put on considerable weight, but his enthusiasm for the sport was such that he set about getting fit—a task requiring no small effort—and rode through a 24-hours' race in which he gave a very meritorious performance (3rd with over 300 miles.)

Early in the first great European war, Hubert volunteered for service on the French Front as a Red Cross Ambulance driver. He served in that capacity in the neighbourhood of Verdun during the heavy fighting raging in that region, and had many thrilling experiences there. Hubert's modesty did not permit him to talk of his personal exploits, and it may be news to many members that Hubert was decorated with the French *Croix de Guerre* for signal acts of bravery on the battlefield under fire. It was there that he got dubbed with the cognomen "Tiny" by his comrades.

In later years Hubert took to motoring, but he never abandoned his interest in the bicycle. He continued a regular attendant at Club runs and followed the Club's doings with keen interest. He was devoted to the Club and was always ready and willing to give practical help and valuable advice where required.

The funeral took place on Friday last, the 25th inst, at the Garden of Rest, Thornton, near Crosby. The weather was most inclement, which deterred many members and friends from attending the ceremony and paying their last respects to our departed friend. Hubert's remains were laid reverently to rest in the presence of the following Anfielders:—Frank Roskell (brother), W. H. Kettle, G. Stephenson, Dave Rowatt (who had come from Rhos-on-Sea), F. J. Cheminai and G. Molyneux. Also J. T. Smith, Walter Simpson, several business friends and others.

To Frank Roskell we extend our sincere expressions of sympathy in his sad bereavement.

Adios, Hubert! Que descanse en paz!

HUBERT

There is a newly-dug grave at the Thornton Garden of Rest, but in my garden in the pretty Dorset village he liked so well I have marked out a small space—only about two yards square. In the centre I shall dig a hole in which I shall bury a few of his intimate possessions, including a little badge, with a frilled edge, bearing the legend "Anfield." Above I shall plant a shrub of Rosemary, and there will be a little plain wooden cross marked "Hubert"—but in my heart there will be inscribed the memory of the best brother and friend a man ever had.

F.R.

A. G. WHITE

We regret to record the death of "Pa" White, a Past President of the Club.

He was ninety years old and collapsed on St. Pancras Station after attending a meeting in London.

He went South in 1907 and joined the N.R., of which Club he was a Life Member.

CORRESPONDENCE

Westella,
Dowhills Road,
Blundellsands,
Liverpool 23
Tuesday, 22nd.

My Dear Stevie,

Would you please convey to the Club and the anonymous donor my most sincere thanks for the postal orders received early this month. My acknowledgments and thanks to the Club are rather belated as the P.O. was posted to me last July, but unfortunately it was addressed to my old ship *Daffodil*, which was sunk last March off Dieppe. Despite having left my address at numerous camps and barracks and finally at Chatham when I was demobbed, the letter and enclosure found its way back to Harold Kettle!

As you may be aware I am again a civilian and 'workin' for me livin' — quite a change after Service life. Much to my regret my new job does not allow me to attend Saturday afternoon runs at present, and I will not be able to support the Club in the way I would like. However, it may not always be so, and I would like to place on record my appreciation of the many kindnesses shown to me in the past six years.

Also may I take this opportunity of wishing all Members a very happy 1946.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER CONNOR.

RUNS

Woodbank, 22nd December, 1945.

It was to be the first post-war Wirral run. You remember in past years we always fixed a run prior to Christmas on Wirral side. Hooton Hotel or Black Horse, Heswall, being the favourites. This year we broke new ground. The Yacht, Woodbank, told us they could give us a "do." It turned out a bit expensive but as it was the means of the gang getting together, who cares? Twenty all told, fifteen members, four ladies and one friend. Mr. and Mrs. Stevie, Sid and Peggy del Banco, Rigby and Eva Band, the Salty's, friend George Brobyn, of the Birkenhead North End, at my invitation. An ardent and hard working cyclist. Members Peter Stevie, 'Sammy,' Perkins, Rock, Reeves, Byron, Fer, Ken Barker, Harold Kettle and Tommy Mandall and friend Harold Stevie. We gossiped over our meal and then the unfortunate one's departed. To leave the rest to enjoy a lively and noisy evening. We had a lively quartette to amuse us, pianist, banjo, vocalist, and last but not least, the 'charladies serenade' by the mop and pail virtuoso. A skilled performer. Also later in the evening the inevitable comedian and quite first class, if he had only left the last one out. Then after prodigious efforts on the part of landlord and selves we fought our way to the bar and back with sandwiches, and then the closing anthem and home. Poor old Ted dying on his feet, the last we saw of him he couldn't make up his mind whether to ride or walk.

Rendezvous made for Christmas Eve, and so to bed.

SALTY.

Buxworth, 22nd December, 1945.

As the usual Christmas chores had to be performed before I was allowed out, it was latish before I started, but there seemed just time to vary my route from the stereotyped, so I journeyed through Bramhall and Poynton to turn left for Ward's End and Pott Shrigley. It was now quite dark and not a little misty as I rode through the brickyard and up the hill to Charles Head.

From here it was an easy run by Kettleshulme and Whaley Bridge, and I reached the Navigation without caping up, albeit a trifle wet and more than a trifle late. We were seven; perhaps not so innocent a bunch as the seven of the poem, because Don Shaw was here with friend Smith Parker, not to mention Stan Wild and Bert Bracewell. The number was made up by the President and his Vice and exile Ned Haynes, now back in Manchester after an absence of 5½ years. Tea was a cheerful meal, and soon after its completion Stan Wild, to celebrate his recent election to the Presidency of the Cheshire Roads Club, bought drinks round, and promptly vanished on urgent but unspecified business. Then the fair Brenda brought a round on the house, Rex told an innocent story about a WAAF, and others told—well, others not so innocent—and soon it was time to go. It was much clearer now, and the drizzle had ceased, and we got home a lot quicker than we had come out.

Sandiway, (Blue Cap Inn), Boxing Day.

Once again a Club run report comes to you from the heart of Norfolk, one hundred and fifty of the best from the pleasant and ancient Cheshire inn where Anfield foregathered in splendid force last Wednesday.

My bicycle is here in East Anglia, and as I was not in the manner of mind to borrow—still less to ride—a bicycle thus far, I liberated two gallons from my February allowance and ventured forth in the flivver. Perhaps, though, I had better amend my remarks by saying that I would have loved to ride to the Blue Cap on a bicycle, the snag was in the getting home, as I had a date.

Ralph Fer and Frank Perkins awaited me at Rock Ferry, and I was late. Never mind why, as the reason would be too interesting to too many. Cheshire was splendid this sunny morning. We left the main roads at Stanney and dodged to and fro in laneland until we came to Manley Bank, where I had to do a bit of nifty gear work. The road climbs into the forest here. Rangers Bank was an adventure and a delight, and the switchback to Hatchmere was quite the nicest thing of a very pleasant day. A.49 came by Cuddington station, and it was not long before we slid in aside of the Blue Cap at Sandiway.

Outside, chatting together in the sunshine, we found Jack Hodges, Stan Wild, Bert Bracewell and Peter Rock. Peter was very felicitous of Eric, and lo!—talk of the devil, the sloe-eyed one sweated into view, having accomplished the trip from Rock Ferry in 1½ hours. And as we have believed loads more yarns from those self-same lips, we might as well believe that one.

Inside there was a galaxy of Anfield talent such as we have not seen since the clouds of strife darkened our happy land. Hubert was talking with Mr. Bick and Eddie Morris. Salty was lashing the glasses around, and Tommy Mandall was catching them. We were as pleased as Rex to see Bobby Austin around. It seems ages since the Austin heir swiped the last vestiges of a meal from the tea table at Harwarden on Easter Monday, 1943. Bert Green, Ned

Haynes, Harold Catling and Jim Cranshaw completed, so far as we can remember, the Manchester contingent. George and Peter Stephenson, brought a pair of trousers each out from Huyton. Friends present were Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Cranshaw and Mrs. Stephenson and son, Harold completed the family turnout. As I read this over, I count (including myself) 25, but I am sure that I counted 27 on this delightful day, because we had an argument about it. If I have missed two names from the roll call, please accept my sincere regrets, and write and tell Powell that you were there.

This was Anfield's first visit to the famous Blue Cap Inn for many years at least, and I for one have never been across its threshold before. I hope to go again. The meal was good, excellently served and reasonable. I am pleased about that, for having purchased a goodly share in the Yacht Inn on Saturday without being forewarned, I was not in a position to have shares of two pubs on hand.

The only snag was that the meal was somewhat late in being served. This made some of us champ at the bit a little, we were thinking of other things to come. Eddie Morris had a date for the evening, so to save some of his time we hitched his wagon to our star so far as Willaston corner.

And that is about all that we can say to-day. We were almost last to arrive, and certainly first to leave, so you would expect the Editor fellow to select his staff more carefully. We hoped he would, but his was the old, old story. And so was mine : " Why pick on me ! "

Parkgate, 29th December, 1945.

This run was the first I had attended by bicycle for three weeks, I was, therefore, quite content to take my time and hope that I didn't meet anyone on the way. When I arrived quite a few Anfielders, prospective Anfielders and one or two wives were scattered about. There was Rigby Band and wife, Sid del Banco and wife and Salty and wife in occupation of a big table and by the eager look in their eyes they were ready for the meal. While waiting we were entertained by several offspring, Andrè Salt and Young Barker playing prominent parts. Ken Barker himself and Ralph Fer, very quiet for once, were seated near the fire. Ken told me that C.F. and F.D. Elias had already had their meal and left. I had just started mine when Cyril Selkirk and elder son came in and joined his wife and youngster who had just been introduced to us by Jack. Most of us had finished when Peter Rock and Eric Reeves arrived from Chester but were refused tea because the caterers had a party on. They stayed till we left and then fled home for a meal I presume. The Bands, Bancos, Fer (one) and self were all invited to Salty's for a chat and Ralph and I dashed (sorry, I mean rode) on ahead to warn the folks at home of our intended invasion.

We had a very enjoyable evening and at one point, thanks to Andrè, we were all reading fairy tales ! We had to split up about nine in order for the bus party to get home. Ralph and I left and were together for some distance where I swing right for Birkenhead and he left for the nearest pub I suppose. The ride from the Pier Head to Hill House was as enjoyable as ever and I crawled home at half-past ten.

Halewood, 5th January, 1946.

Stevie says it's six years since I wrote up a Club run, so I suppose I have no kicks coming.

I can only remember visiting Halewood twice before, once via Widnes and once direct, but I certainly did not remember the route. The moths had been at my plus fours and had created many holes, so that they were quite unwearable. It was a filthy night, raining hard and very dark.

This little preamble is inserted for the sole purpose of placing on record some of the extenuating circumstances in which I swallowed my pride and came out by car!

The Derby Arms was located after a little difficulty, and a brief reconnaissance revealed Ralph Fer keeping the fire warm. Rigby Band and Syd del Banco arrived looking fit and wet, and were followed by Harold Kettle, who had caught the next boat. George Stephenson and Tommy Mandall arrived by car, and with Len Killip made up a party of seven, who sat down to tea. Stevie had ordered at the last minute for six or eight, and we were reminded at intervals during the evening of the exactitude with which he had estimated the attendance.

We had a very pleasant tea, although the price seemed to me to be a little high even for these days. Talk drifted from topic to topic, as it will on these occasions, but the cyclists decided to set out fairly early, in view of the inclement weather. The motor-borne party, which now included Ralph, continued the discussion downstairs over one or two for the road. Visibility was poor in places, but the chariots were eventually driven home in safety.

Tarvin, 12th January, 1946.

A strong wind in the afternoon meant hard work, but I chanced it and had an easy run out. Eric Reeves had just arrived when I reached Bleak House, and we went in together and ordered. Frank Marriott was next to arrive, having chugged up for the A.G.M. (Must be a good job when one can take a week-end from Thursday until Wednesday.) We were just finishing when the two Peters, Rock and Stephenson, put in an appearance, and they were followed by Syd Jonas who, in spite of his smart be-flannelled get-up, had ridden out. Tommy Mandall came in about the same time, and the party was completed at the last minute by Crime-does-not-pay Lockett.

Syd Jonas was first away after tea, and Peter Stevie left to ride home solo. Frank went to play with his Rolls, and Eric, Peter Rock, Tommy and Ralph Fer saw the Copper safely home. Eric and Peter behaved fairly well until approaching Sutton, when Tommy and Ralph mutually agreed that a spot of internal lubrication was called for. The wind was still too strong when we emerged, and I had better draw a veil over the last couple of miles after I left Tommy. Suffice to say that he afterwards reported being in a similar condition, but we do *not* blame the beer.

A.G.M., Halewood, 13th January, 1946.

Our first post-war gathering to discuss annual affairs proved very satisfying in all directions. Old friends met again after varying periods. New friends were made and Manchester and Liverpool really got together.

The report of the meeting will appear in the new handbook at a later date, so there is no need to give details here, excepting that 28 members sat down to a most excellent post-standard meal, the 29th member, Sammy Marriott, not requiring his tank refuelling. I think we are quite safe in presuming—especially as he wore “bags”—that he didn't blind all the way from Norfolk on a bike.

Everybody was exceptionally pleased to see Mr. Cheminais, looking very fit, out with our late old pal “Uncle Hubert.” W. E. Cotter is another member whom we don't see much of nowadays, but who made the journey from Pulford. Len King was present and he looked quite fit and has now got a satisfactory outdoor job. F. Chandler, another stranger, was also there.

Younger members present included Russ Barker, Ned Haynes, both now unharnessed, along with Stan Wild, Harold Catling and George Taylor from Manchester. From the Birkenhead and Liverpool area came the “Terrible Twins”—late, as usual; Syd Jonas, Rigby Band, Ralph Fer—our new “Sec”—Sid del Banco, Arthur Birkby and Len Killip—our latest recapture.

The President once again attended the greatest number of runs, in spite of his illness, and we take this opportunity of once again congratulating him. Other members not yet mentioned were Tommy Mandall, Messrs. Powell and Kettle, Frank Perkins, Ken Barker, George Molyneux, Eddie Morris, our re-appointed Editor and myself.

Conspicuous in their absence were “Salty,” down with the ‘flu and Rex Austin, who was in London at the R.T.T.C. meeting.

It was obvious that there is a lot to do this year but with all the voluntary help offered at the meeting it ought to be done in true Anfield style.

P.T.S. (Sub.-Ed.)

Woodbank, 19th January, 1946.

It was not a very encouraging afternoon when I set out for the Yacht. A mist was beginning to lay its blanket over the countryside and the recent slight fall of snow, combined with the frost at present whitening the landscape had made some rather treacherous patches on the roads in the vicinity of the old homestead, so the “barrer” was called upon to do its duty. However, it wasn't bad at all once on the road.

I made the direct journey with a stop at Two Mills to light the old briar, and then an early arrival at the venue. A short walk down Woodbank Lane to warm the old feet, and into the café.

As I had to be home early I was busy at the trough when Killip and Leece arrived. It was the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting Leece, and I hope we shall be seeing more of him in the future.

Salty and Peter Stephenson were the next to show up followed by Syd Jonas. Kettle and Blotto completed the attendance.

As the others were starting the meal I departed on the ride home, which accomplished in good time—without prejudice to the first “50” !—although a thick mist between Chicken Corner and Clatterbridge slowed me down to nearly walking pace.

Kettle had very kindly invited those present to accompany him to his home for a “bit of a do,” and, I am sure, this would finish off the day very nicely. My early presence at home being required, I was prevented from being one of the party.

Buxworth, 19th January, 1946.

As the weather reports were to the effect that there was snow in the High Peak, it was with some trepidation that I essayed the journey to Buxworth, which is situated just across the Derbyshire border and high enough to be affected by the prevailing arctic conditions.

It was bitterly cold, but the climb up High Lane filled me with a comfortable warmth, and as I passed along the pretty tree-lined approach to Disley I gazed with pleasure at the misty heights of Lyme Park with the Cage a hazy blur in the receding afternoon light.

The roads were frosty in places, but all told they were in much better condition than I had anticipated, and I made excellent progress to the Navigation, where I arrived at 5-20 p.m. The inn looked a picture with its lights piercing the gloom in most inviting fashion.

I just preceded Bert Bracewell and Laurie Pendlebury (a prospective member) both of whom complained of cold feet, and whilst I was not complaining, mine were not warm, so we entered the inn together and were soon gathered round a most cosy fire. Already ensconced in front of it were Jack Hodges, Ned Haynes, Jack Ward and Russ Barker, and it was reported that Harold Catling and George Taylor had arrived and had gone for a walk with the object of (a) tracing the source of the High Peak Canal, or (b) finding a suitable place to deposit their tandem trike. We refused to believe that the High Peak Canal was connected with (b).

With the arrival of the Presider (an affectionate unofficial term for the highest official of the Club) and Rex Austin, which coincided with the return of the tandem-trikists, we soon got our feet into the trough. The meal was superb. An excellent helping of potato pie, followed by Christmas pudding, cheese, butter and biscuits, sweet cake and a huge pot of tea, served by the ever-efficient Brenda, put us in the right mood for a long session in front of the fire.

Rex's *pastel* pull-over caused a lot of comment, but in time we became used to it. In summer I am afraid that Crooke's lenses would be necessary to dim its technicolour brilliance. The whole gamut of the cyclist's favourite subjects was run, and 8-0 p.m. came all too quickly, and we trooped out in a body to commence the ride home.

By reason of a slight fault in my lighting set I was delayed in starting, and was glad to find that Harold and George with the tandem-trike were waiting for me, after having a little trouble with their chain-gear. We had an interesting ride home, during which their chain became unshipped on a couple of occasions due, said Harold, to the fact that George had trimmed the cogs of the free-wheel for the gear. George replied quietly that the cogs were all right, and that as Harold had fitted the chain the trouble *must* have been due to his inefficiency. And, interspersed with a little photographic chat, in like manner all the way home. I *should* have liked to hear what George and Harold said to each other on their recent Highland camping holiday when their one and only tin-opener was lost!

Those present were the Presider, R. J. Austin, R. Barker, H. Bracewell, H. Catling, N. Haynes, J. Hodges, L. Pendlebury, G. Taylor, J. Ward and S. Wild.

Pulford, 26th January, 1946.

I had arranged during the week to meet Salty in Chester and not bother going to Pulford. It was only in the *Circular* as a fixture through the carelessness of the Editorial staff—but when Jack didn't turn up and I had just about drunk all the tea at the Randall establishment I decided I had better go to Pulford and call at Jack's on the way home. I didn't stop at the Grosvenor Arms but rode straight through to Lavister, where I saw Ralph Fer, Sid, del Banco and Len Killip at Darland House. I only had a cup of tea, but the others had a boiled egg, and it was nearly half-seven when we left. We rode at a nice pace to the Yacht, where I was in need of food and Ralph wanted a drink. Sid, didn't stop so we went in and I ordered a plate of sandwiches and Ralph got some drinks to help them down. Soon after a quarter to nine we decided we would have to leave if we were to reach Salty's at a decent hour, but as I again got hungry it must have been half-past nine when we arrived, to be told that Jack was already in bed having to go to work on the morrow.

Apparently Jack was too disgusted at this bad news and hadn't got the heart for cycling. Who'd blame him? After a very enjoyable and very welcome cup of tea and cake Ralph and I left for home. We parted at the five lane end, and I was quite content to take my time to Birkenhead, through the Tunnel—not very nice on H.P.'s—and home for half-past eleven.

Birkenhead N.E. Dinner.

Four Anfielders were present at this admirable "do." Eric Reeves and Peter Rock, looking very "posh," while Salty and Stevie, junior, were in pluses. We all met at Sid, Jarvis' shop in Rock Ferry and Sid, came with us. Jack and I left our bikes at the station and all five went by train. We found the Café and then went for a drink, after which we had a good meal, followed by speeches and the prize distribution, at which Jim Roberts figured very prominently. After this we were entertained by the "Three Aces," who were quite good. Then there was dancing and we eventually broke up after a pleasant evening out.

“Operation Endrick”

Peter Rock describes a recent tour with Eric Reeves

(continued)

On the morrow the day was cold as we set off in leisurely manner towards the Northern edge of the Cotswolds. Bishops Cleeve claimed our attention for a while, with its fine old church and half-timbered cottages. From Cleeve our way led by pleasant by-lanes through Woodmancote and Southam with its fine old manor house.

Elevenses were obtained at Cheltenham. I have often heard tales of Cheltenham being the Mecca of gouty generals and choleric colonels. It is indeed the case and our observations afforded no little amusement.

Our intention was to follow the valley of the Colne down to Bibury. It was disappointing to find visibility so poor that no view of the river could be obtained before reaching Withington. In this village stood a grand row of

cottages, reminiscent of Arlington Row. The weather was still dull but with the aid of a tripod they were put on record and we proceeded down narrow lanes through timbered parkland to the Roman Villa at Chedworth.

Here the route seemed at variance with the map, but only on account of the way along the river being barred by a large hostile notice—"Private. No Road." A detour was made, climbing steeply from the river to the tiny village of Yanworth. Hunger was now becoming apparent so we made off to North-leach by the nearest possible route.

When we felt at peace with the world once more we leisurely toured around the village. The delightful architecture of its fifteenth century church was most inviting but we turned away to toil along the dreary Fosse Way until Bourton-on-the-Water was reached.

Once again the dull November weather made it difficult to appreciate the warmth and beauty of the Cotswold Stone, which seems to glow with mellow tone on a bright summer's day.

Bibury had of course been shelved for a later date, and we found the quiet charm of Lower Slaughter more appealing than the sophistry of Bourton.

From Upper Slaughter, disfigured by wholesale conservancy operations, we went by narrow lanes to Guiting Power. It was while crossing the Wolds nearby that we almost fell into an ambush. There were beaters in the fields and a shoot was in progress. Behind the low stone walls which lined the way farmers crouched stealthily watchful, intent on a goodly bag of wood pigeons. Up to the present the volleys had been too distant to disturb us, but when we observed a barrel pointing over a wall at some little distance ahead, and a flight of pigeons on a course converging with our own, we hastily rang our bells, bringing the farmer from concealment and simultaneously wrecking his sport.

The light was failing as we climbed up through Guiting Wood and the violent descent to Winchcombe was thus robbed of much of its beauty. It was disappointing to wander through this ancient town, once one of the main centres of the thriving Cotswold wool industry, without being able to study the wealth of interest there. We decided to return by day and made a hasty beeline for Tewkesbury.

On the fourth day a change of locality was decided upon. Our way led over Telford's bridge spanning the Severn at the foot of Mythe hill, on towards Ledbury. A little way along the road we chanced upon a gypsy caravan with its shabby occupants disconsolately huddled over a tiny roadside fire. The morning was cold and we gladly welcomed the warming exertion as we changed a wheel of a decrepit car belonging to a farmer's wife bound for Tewkesbury. The tints still lingered in roadside coppices. It seemed that the fury of the October gales had missed these parts, or at least, been much gentler than in Cheshire. Mistletoes hung in great bunches in the trees of roadside orchards. No doubt much of it is cultivated, but here and there great bunches hung from wayside oak and ash, far from any habitations.

Near Bushley we turned southwards and by quiet lanes Newent with its much restored Market Hall was reached. Even now we were not giving these quaint old towns and villages the attention they deserved, but what a change from our 'touring' tactics of ten years ago. Newent offered nothing by way of

refreshment, so on by quiet lanes to Lea, turning right for a fast run in by main road to Ross.

A quick survey soon showed that the restaurant first noted seemed most promising. It was not a good meal but it sufficed, and a further half-hour was spent viewing the town. Eric was becoming impatient that we had been skirting the Forest of Dean since leaving Newent. I had wished to visit Goodrich Castle but contented myself with a distant view from the Wye near Verne Bridge. For a while we followed the road where it kept close company with the turning Wye. Near Lydbrook we turned abruptly to the left towards the Forest. Here and there grass grown waste heaps marked the places where free miners had once toiled. Lydbrook seemed grimy and uninspiring, as indeed most of the Forest towns and villages do.

On climbing clear of the mining area we now found ourselves on the threshold of the Forest. Speech House was our next objective as we pedalled down past alternating thickets and clearings until the Dean road was reached.

Here we started with the best of intentions to ride up the hill towards Speech House. What the exact gradient is I cannot say but according to the map the road climbs close on three hundred feet in the course of one mile. We battled on up the steepest grade but with about four hundred yards to go a halt was called by mutual consent.

Much of the Forest was marred by ugly Army salvage dumps, so we hastened on in search of sustenance. At Little Dean a C.T.C. house looked most promising, but all we could get was an assurance that when the good lady could spare the rations she catered. This day was an off day.

It had been our intention to return by way of Mitcheldean. The weather was cold and our best hopes for food were in keeping to the main road, so we set course for Gloucester. Near Westbury we halted to consume our stock of rations. It was a move dictated by past experience but our caution proved unnecessary, for soon we struck lucky. A large house stood some distance from the road with huge signs informing us that meals could be obtained each and every day. We needed no second invitation and soon obtained a pleasantly satisfying meal.

The light was failing when we started again into a bitterly cold breeze blowing from the direction of Gloucester. We stamped hard on our pedals to produce a warming glow and made good time to the outskirts of the city.

Eric's lamp gave a little trouble but soon we were on the road home. The breeze was still in our faces although hardly strong enough to hinder us. We were now making a steady "sixteens" and even Coomb Hill failed to break the rhythm of our pedalling.

In a short while the lights of Tewkesbury loomed through the misty darkness and another short mile saw us home again.

to be continued

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MARCH - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

MARCH, 1946

NUMBER 480

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

| <i>Tea at 6-0 p.m.</i> | | <i>Tea at 5-30 p.m.</i> | |
|------------------------|--|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 9 | Lymm (Spread Eagle). Tea at 5-30 p.m. (Committee Meeting) | | |
| 16 | Mold (Dolphin) | | Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms) |
| 23 | Sandaway (Blue Cap) | Joint Run | |
| 30 | Woodbank (Yacht) | | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |

APRIL :

| | | |
|---|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 6 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
|---|-----------------------|---------------------|

FULL MOON, 17th inst.

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

Easter Tour. Accommodation has been reserved at Llanrwst, and Members desirous of participating in the Tour are requested to notify the President or myself as soon as possible, stating their requirements.

Timekeepers. Messrs. R. J. Austin and A. Lusty have been appointed official timekeepers for 1946. My apologies to these two members for omitting to have this information published in last month's *Circular*.

Change of Address. T. T. Samuel, 5 Sefton Court, Otley Road, Leeds 6.

J. R. FER,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES

May I remind those making Donations to indicate whether for Comforts or Prize Fund, otherwise they will be placed to the Comforts Fund.

My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations.*

R. J. Austin*

R. R. Austin*

H. Bracewell

H. Catling

J. R. Fer*

J. Hodges*

T. E. Mandall*

E. O. Morris

G. B. Orrell*

W. Orrell*

E. J. Reade

E. Snowden

S. Wild

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Congratulations to F. H. Koenen and W. Orrell on being made Life Members of the Club at the A.G.M., and apologies for omitting this in last month's *Circular*.

We have received a letter from Hubert Buckley in Singapore thanking the anonymous donor for the Christmas gift. He hopes to sail for home in three or four months time and in the meantime sends his best wishes to all for 1946.

RUNS

White House Cafe, Prestbury, 26th January, 1946.

This report must necessarily be sketchy as much water has run over the Mersey banks since the above fixture took place and my memory is not of the longest. I must mention that I am writing it as a substitute for the victim who was originally detailed for the task, and who has, I suspect, decided to show his contempt for our sub captain's authority by defaulting.

It was a miserable day, the whole of the Cheshire plain being shrouded by a moist precipitation. Three of us arrived at the White House together to find several of our clubmates gazing in admiration at an enormous aluminium coal bucket displayed in the window of the village hardware shop. The bucket would have held at least half a hundredweight and the mere thought of so much coal brought back reminiscences of war time luxuries such as coal fires and dried egg omelettes.

The opening of the Black Boy brought an end to such nostalgic thoughts as we crossed the road to sample the Stockport water retailed under a well-known trade name. Look at the labour and transport it would save if the brewers (?) would allow landlords to fill up the empty bottles with their own tap water instead of returning them to the brewery to be refilled with tap water (or worse).

It was six o'clock before we returned to the White House to make short work of a nicely served and very tasty tea over which many and various topics were sagely discussed. Bromide paper developers and fast time trial courses were popular subjects as also was the principle of using freewheels on tricycles. This latter subject arose as a result of Jack Hodges' discovery that a tricycle was easier to handle at speed when fitted with a freewheel. I am aware of that fact too, and do most of my touring on a freewheeled tricycle, but quite a few of the company were opposed to it—as a religious principle almost, "Behold, for it is written in the Book that he who debases his tricycle with a freewheel shall be condemned to everlasting fire" seemed to be a weightier consideration than the observed fact that a trike with a low-g geared freewheel is at a considerable advantage in hilly country.

Our party broke up at about 7-30, the majority of us heading Cheadlewards led by the Presider, replete with every conceivable type of lighting and discharging considerable quantities of acetylene gas into the moist, night air.

Present were : Messrs. Austin, Catling, Green, Haynes, Hodges, Shaw, Taylor and Wild.

Halewood, 2nd February, 1946.

On arriving at the Derby Arms I found Eddie Morris, Ralph Fer, Len Killip and Stevie propping up the bar. A phone call from Tommy Mandall intimating that he was in bed with the flu disposed of one of the "regulars." Harold Kettle turned up as usual and I think he was the first cyclist to do so. Sid del Banco and Ted Byron completed the party for the time being and at six o'clock we were requested to go upstairs.

As we were finishing the meal in came Peter Rock and Eric Reeves, followed by a tall, pale wraith who turned out to be Stevie junior who looked as though he had "had it."

As he had been out from Huyton to Chester and back since 2-30 and spent a considerable time at Charles Randalls' gorging himself on hot mince pies and tea, followed by a tear-up with the terrible twins, no wonder he looked a bit wan.

The party broke up gradually and by eight o'clock everyone had departed.

Goostrey, 2nd February, 1946.

I had not been out for some time owing to various other ties which I have had at home this last three months, however, I was determined to make the journey on this day although I did hire the rattler for the afternoon. On arriving at the Red Lion about 5-10 p.m., I found Bick and Jim Cranshaw already taking things easy, while Don Shaw was busy washing his hands at the rear, (maybe there is a shortage of soap at Bramhall).

It was not long before we had a nice party around the table, enjoying Mrs. Knowles' usual excellent tea. The Presider arrived rather late, having had trouble with a leaky tyre. Soon after tea was over the Presider commenced making enquiries as regards who was taking part in the Easter Tour and I have no doubt he will have a good muster this year.

Conversation drifted on to various topics, so many that I could not listen to all. I was pleased to see an old friend of mine of "Siddington Bank" days and I am glad to hear that he is a prospective "Anfielder."

I must mention that it was good to see Ned Haynes, back again in his usual office as Sub-Captain (Manchester Branch).

At about 8 p.m. we started to make a move homeward. Incidentally the usual 8-5 p.m. from Goostrey to Manchester has now been put back to 8-18 p.m. and I was home as quick as I was when it was (sometimes) at 8-5 p.m. and I had time for a pint in the bargain.

Members present were as follows : Bert Green, Bick, Jack Hodges, Rex Austin, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Ned Haynes, Jim Cranshaw, H. Catling, Don Shaw, Bert Bracewell and prospective member Laurie Pendlebury, Russ Barker and Bob Poole.

Lymm 9th February, 1946.

The route from Cheadle Hulme to Lymm is not inspiring so to while away the tedium of the journey I (abusing my readers' good nature) shall pass on two widely different incidents related to me by chance acquaintances made along the road.

I had not travelled far before I overtook a very heavily clothed cyclist, very evidently "taking a packet" on a glittering, very fully equipped bicycle of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* type who, as I drew level told me that the wind was very strong although he had a three speed gear. Not being in a hurry, I fell in alongside and after the usual fatuous inquiries as to my reasons for riding on three wheels when two were easier to push, he slipped smoothly into that evergreen topic—the sins of motorists, anent which he told me the following tale.

Several years ago, somewhere in North Wales he was riding along a quiet road when a motor, wickedly driven, edged him into the ditch. The fall gave him a severe shaking and broke his lamp. When he picked up himself and bicycle the motor had vanished. A little further along the road, however, he came on the same car standing outside a tea place. Inside he found the driver, an elderly man about to take tea and upon accusing him of dangerous driving, my friend said the reaction was most remarkable. The motorist led off by calling his victim by a name that impugned the chastity of his mother and followed up with an expression (luridly worded) of his great disappointment that he had been unable to round off the job with a spot of manslaughter. My road mate mentioned the police and the answer was that the police could not touch the would be homicide as he was a mental case. This decided the cyclist and he departed in search of a policeman. He had not gone far when he was overtaken by the self-confessed lunatic who had cooled off and who expressed his deep regret for causing the injury and presented the aggrieved one with a cheque value three-and-a-half guineas. This, he said, was a tangible expression of his repentance.

My friend rounded off the tale with "there's no doubt he was a perfect gentleman."

We parted at the Sharston and after several calls I continued and in the fullness of time arrived at Broomedge where I popped inside the Café and asked for a pot of tea. Whilst awaiting the arrival of my beverage another roadfarer arrived and after a little desultory chat about the floods, he unloaded the following improbable story.

He said that during the war, in a munitions factory where he worked there was a wonderful German machine. From his description it would seem that the only thing lacking to make it as good a Teuton as any of the herrenvolk, was the power to "Heil Hitler."

Some time in 1943 a bearing disintegrated and the machine ceased to function. It was found impossible to replace the part in this country, but after about five weeks a bearing was obtained from Germany.

If the incident ever occurred I should think that both machine and spare part were obtained from a neutral stockist.

Arrived at the Spread Eagle I found a goodly company in possession, and soon we sat down to a three-course meal. There was no tea and although Stan Wild, who was a near neighbour, said nothing, he must have felt the deprivation very keenly ; and so did I.

The first sitting was composed as follows : The Presider (that " popular gent "), Messrs. Kettle, G. and P.T. Stephenson, Taylor, Bracewell, W. Orrell, R. Barker, Killip, " Blotto," Wild, Catling, Cranshaw, K. Barker, Fer, Mandall, Ned Haynes and Hodges.

When we had finished eating there occurred a sudden irruption caused by the belated arrival of Salty, Eric Reeves and Peter Rock, who had been deflected from their course by floods at Acton Bridge. Our number was thus raised to twenty-one.

My opinion (for what it is worth) is that this joint run was a great success. The leaven of returned members seemed to impart a new virility and the atmosphere was supercharged with enthusiasm. Let us hope that this was the beginning of a renaissance of the A.B.C. as one of Britain's greatest Clubs.

After the usual potations we broke up and went our several ways, I, in the congenial company of Jim Cranshaw, who was my pathfinder. Along the meandering lane which connects Lymm with Bucklow we came up with Wilf and Stan but parted again just past the Swan, where Jim and I took the road to Rostherne, Ashley Castle Mills and Handforth to Cheadle Hulme, where we separated, Jim to seek Bick and I to find my way home—nicely wet, but quite satisfied with the end of a well-spent afternoon and evening.

Tarvin, 16th February, 1946.

This write-up was imposed upon me by way of a penance for attending another run by car. For the benefit of Peter, Eric and Salty, who were being energetic down Shrewsbury way, this significant fact had absolutely nothing whatever to do with my ride back from Lymm the previous Saturday !

I was expecting Tommy Samuel to arrive down from Leeds during the afternoon, and in due course he turned up, disguised as one of the—I quote his own words—"brutal and licentious soldiery." We thought that it might not be unreasonable to attend an Anfield run together, and when my brother-in-law had finished with my car, set off at considerably more than "evens" in the direction of Tarvin. At the roundabout where the Upton by-pass crosses the Northwich road, a barricade reminded me that Stamford Bridge was down, but a convenient A.A. man assured me that it was "all right now." So we pressed on, past several more barricades, all with signs saying "No Road—Traffic Diversion," and our faith was eventually justified as we rumbled over the Bailey bridge so obligingly provided by the Pioneer Corps and others.

We were the last arrivals at Bleak House, having been beaten to it by the President, the Hon. Secretary and sundry odd bodies in the shape of Peter Stephenson, Ken Barker and Sid. del Banco, not forgetting Len

Killip, bless him. There seemed to be some very excellent meat pies available, and after our tiring journey these went down very well. As we were split up among three tables my impressions of the conversation are somewhat scrappy, but I know Bert Green was very interesting on the exploits of some of the old time Club members. I think it was partly intended to spur on us young chaps in the way we should go. There was universal amazement that anyone should be able to ride round the "100" course, let alone do 4.32 (or whatever it was). Peter Stevie was being somewhat scathing on the subject of a new brand of brake—remind me not to get any, Peter.

In due course the party broke up, the President having quite a lot of road to roll up before Manchester was reached. Tom and I had a date with Ralph at the "Yacht," so gave him a bit of a start. At this hostelry time passed quickly and pleasantly, though I don't remember much of the conversation apart from the subject of bicycles, folding, paratroops for the use of, and their habit of living up to their collapsible name if one omitted to tighten up a certain wing nut. Most upsetting, I should imagine.

We made a fairly early move for the road, as I was driving! I suspect that Tom may possibly have thought of baling out for the 48th time, but be that as it may. Ralph was observed to cover the distance from the Yacht to Wallasey at a speed in excess of "evens," a fact which augurs well for the coming season!

Buxworth, 16th February, 1946.

Leaving my toil in the City of Murk, the weather was anything but tempting. After lunch, however, there was a break in the clouds and I left with a following wind twiddling down and 'up' Oversley Ford and so to Wilmslow and by Dean Row to Macclesfield. Change of plans here prompted by following wind and false sense of fitness took me up the Cat and Fiddle. By the time the Setter Dog was on the bows I had been rudely impressed that original plan would have been better. After the stiff climb the run down to Buxton loosened up the aching limbs and from Buxton onwards it was "in the collar" even downhill.

Lathering into the Navigation I found Stan, Bert Bracewell, Laurie Pendlebury and Harold Catling (minus George and contraption). All were seated around the orb and ere I had recovered wind in strolled Pastel Packing Rex.

An excellent tea, capably served by Brenda, with conversation flavoured by views on Applied Chemistry and the misdemeanours of war-time employees was dispersed in something like record time. It was then time for Stan to hear the "Call of the Wild," and, taking Harold along, he departed.

After partaking for the road the remaining four seemed loath to leave, and discussed lawsuits and libels awhile, eventually facing the night and the gentle ride to Hazel Grove, where Russ struck off for Handforth and home, the other wheels turning for Bramhall.

Those present were R. J. Austin, H. Bracewell, R. Barker, L. Pendlebury, H. Catling and S. Wild.

Woodbank, 23rd February, 1946.

This was a quiet, uneventful run, remarkable only for the strength and coldness of the wind which blew from the North.

The new Hon. Secretary and Peter Stephenson were the first arrivals, and Tommy Mandall and Jonas dead-headed in the yard, right on opening time.

While the quartet were consuming pints, Elias came in, and when the edge had been taken off the thirsts the five went in to a goodly meal.

The anthracite stove had very fortunately been stoked with a mixture of coal and coke and so gave off more heat than on the last occasion we met there, so we enjoyed our meal in comfort and sat round the fire to dispose of the contents of the teapot.

Ted Byron came in at about 6-45 and Elias departed for Hadlow Road in order to catch the train and so save a very unpleasant ride and struggle with the elements.

The remaining four found their way back to the tank and passed a convivial hour or so by the fire and did not depart until they were quite sure there were no hailstorms or rain about.

We would like to have seen more Members out but what we lacked in quantity was more than made up on the quality side. "Ta—ra—ra—ra."

"Setter Dog," Walker Barn, 23rd February, 1946.

Our return to the "Setter Dog" after a period of nearly three years was an unqualified success.

Eight members and two friends were present at tea. Two members, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves, were particularly welcome after their fifty mile ride under wintry conditions. Messrs. Swindles and Newton, friends, coming amongst us for the first time, should not be deterred; we become more bearable on larger acquaintance.

Mrs. Goodwin did her very best for us but needed some explanation re Anfielders' habits; for on seeing Bert Bracewell, Swindles and the writer in the yard, had concluded this was the "Club" and promptly put on the eggs, brewed the tea, etc., although it was only five o'clock. When we explained that 5-30 p.m. meant 5-30 p.m. (alas, some of "Ours" read 6-0 p.m.) she was content to await the arrival of that hour and incidentally the greater part of the usuals, Bert Green, Ned Haynes (the two Liverpudlians already mentioned), Rex Austin, Stan Wild and Mr. Newton, another friend. Some of "Ours" we understand were carrying Anfield colours in other fields, notably the T.A. dinner.

After tea a move was made to the bar parlour, where several interesting subjects came under discussion.

About eight o'clock a general move was made into the farm-yard to collect our machines. The night was dark, starry but cold, in fact, the President's gas lamp was found frozen, so he had to fall back on his lighting set.

Peter and Eric were off like shots as we started down the hill to Macclesfield, the first few miles of the half-century they had in front of them. We did not envy them as we said "good night" at Mac., our road being in the direction of Manchester. Ned and I saw nothing further of the others, but we hope they arrived home safe and sound.

"Operation Endrick"

Peter Rock describes a recent tour with Eric Reeves
(conclusion)

On the Saturday Ned led the way. The hamlets of Gretten and Didbrooke were visited in order to view the ancient cottage at the latter-named village.

Time was taken for a photograph of this delightful example of early timbering. The hoary beams of its ancient Cruck-framing now stand within the general design of a normal gable end. Unfortunately our inspection was limited to the exterior and our journey resumed. Stanway was soon reached but its celebrated hill was skirted in preference for the run by pleasing parkland to Stanton. The sombre November light detracts something of the warmth of the mellowed Cotswold stone yet these villages are a never ending source of delight to the wanderer.

To Snowhill, the next village of our choice, the way was by a narrow precipitous track. Often on the climb we paused to gaze back but grand though the vista was it remained closely limited by the low mists of this November morning.

Little time was required for the short, steep fling down to the village. And little time was lost in refreshing ourselves at the tavern there. In the saddle once more the run down to Broadway was not without its thrills. All had fitted gears in the low sixties; Eric's front forks were decidedly temperamental on steep descents and a couple of bad ripples in the road surface, on the steepest decline, came close to upsetting us as we pedalled furiously towards Broadway.

On arrival, lunch was not quite ready so we sat in the warmth of the dining room watching the oddly assorted flow of traffic passing our window.

The meal was pleasant but altogether too little and, as so often customary with cyclists, we fell to discussing prospective tea stops.

The general scheme of things remained much as it had been during the morning run. For a while the slopes of the escarpment were studiously avoided but on reaching the village of Willersey we turned boldly upwards again. By steep and narrow lanes the summit was reached to the east of Broadway Tower. This time the descent was gentler and we pedalled quietly and easily into Chipping Campden.

The stately tower of the old perpendicular church first claimed our

notice. Later the Almshouses and the Woolmarket were also studied, but heavy drizzle cut short our ruminations to set us on our way to the tiny thatched village of Ehrington. "Yabberton," or "Yubberton" as this village is known locally, is famed far and wide as the acme of rusticity. They do not put the pig on the wall to see the band go past—not quite—but hearing that summer lasted as long as the cuckoo stayed with us, local legend asserts that they promptly caught one to cage within wattle hurdles in order to have perpetual summer. There are numerous other legends which illustrate their alleged lack of guile in most colourful manner, but the thing that impressed me most was the simple charm of a village quite removed from our usual conception of Cotswold architecture.

At Mickleton the tea house which has served Salty and others of "Ours" so well in the past gave yet again of its best to us. The rain had stopped during the time we were indoors and we resumed the journey by pleasant lanes to Church Honeybourne. This quaintly named village has a more interesting counterpart in the neighbouring Low Honeybourne, where stands a tavern of great antiquity complete with cruck-framed gables.

The light was too poor for photography, so a mental note was made as we passed on towards Evesham. Time was now short and the town filled with Saturday shoppers claimed only the attention necessary for a hasty hail and farewell on our homeward way.

The main road soon palled and a convenient turn took us rather half-heartedly in the failing light by grassy tracks through miry farm yards to reach Bredon's lower flanks. Darkness was now upon us and the fleeting glimpses of half-timbered villages through the gathering gloom resolved the venue for yet another day's riding. We were now entirely in Ned's hands, twisting and turning by innumerable lanes to reach the Tewkesbury road a mile short of our destination.

Ned again released himself for our Sunday journey. It was a cold blustery day and the cautious plan of facing the wind on the outward journey was adopted. The ride was along the gentle undulations of the Ledbury road to where it climbs the southerly shoulder of the tree-clad Malverns.

When we reached this point Ned and Eric were all for riding and being in the rear I had little choice but to follow suit. Even the sharpness of the morning and the biting edge of the Nor-West wind could not prevent us from becoming unduly warm. On we laboured, up and up, around bend after bend being fooled and foiled at every turn. Even after more than a mile of sluggish gradient the summit still eluded us and it was decided by popular consent that we were warm enough.

A brief halt was then called followed by a gentle walk to the summit. Some little distance farther on we were rewarded by a grand view of stately Eastnor. In summer-time the foliage is too dense to obtain a satisfactory view of the lake and castle but today the thin stark traceries of denuded trees served only to frame the view.

The Ledbury road was now abandoned in favour of the Ridge way which slowly ascends the Malvern Chain. It was a pleasant ride indeed along the tree-lined track thickly carpeted by autumn leaves.

All too soon the road was reached again at a point below Hereford Beacon and British Camp. This day we were not feeling archaeologically minded, for it was far too cold for loitering. The inner man was now calling again and fortune served us well. At Upper Wyche we chanced upon a restaurant which appreciated our needs and served an excellent hot lunch.

We now felt equal to the tussle with the keen wind again and after a short, sharp battle along the ledge road Malvern town was reached. The streets were strangely deserted save for a sprinkling of service men and women from nearby training establishments.

The same air of peaceful quietude prevailed throughout the journey by quiet roads to Upton-on-Severn. Here the mood was spoiled by the incongruity of the modern single span bridge over the river, which forms a singularly unfitting foreground to the quiet old town beyond.

We were in lazy mood and it required only the steady drizzle which now fell to turn us homewards while it was yet light.

Of the second week little need be said. Primarily we were on holiday and as the weather now deteriorated much time was spent in resting. On the Tuesday, however, we did venture out only to run into cold, dank fog at Cirencester. The journey home was accomplished in visibility of little more than thirty yards.

The Wednesday found us browsing around an antique shop, where we received a most informative talk on the history of early English porcelain of the Dr. Wall period. I don't think that I have ever felt so nervous and apprehensive as when handling the costly pieces of Worcester porcelain which we were invited to inspect.

Throughout the whole of this time the dealer maintained his commentary with an enthusiasm and lucidity which was frankly amazing.

We remained with Ned as long as time would permit: our reluctance to leave necessitating a train journey to Derby on the Saturday in order to join the week-end party at Lincoln.

This was, despite inclement weather, the type of tour which we have all too rarely experienced before. For once the overriding needs of fitness were subjugated to the desire to know a little more of the places which we visited. The result was successful and truly delightful.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



APRIL - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

APRIL, 1946

NUMBER 481

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- | | | |
|-------|--|------------------------------|
| 6 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 13 | Lymm (Spread Eagle). Tea at 5-30 p.m. (Committee Meeting) | |
| 19/22 | Easter Tour, Llanrwst (Victoria) | |
| 20 | Tarvin (Bleak House) | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 27 | Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms) | |
| MAY— | | |
| 4 | Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |

COMMITTEE NOTES

5, Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

Easter Tour. As the discerning will discover on perusing the list of fixtures printed above, headquarters for the Tour is to be the Victoria Hotel, Llanrwst. The charge for dinner, bed and breakfast will be about 12/6 per day. Saturday, lunch has been booked at the British Hotel, Bangor; Sunday, lunch is booked at the Pengwern Arms Hotel, Festiniog. 1-30 p.m. in each case.

L.T.T.C.A. The Club's application for affiliation has been accepted, and J. E. Reeves and W. P. Rock have been appointed Delegates.

New Member elected. Mr. L. Pendlebury, 2 Uplands Road, Flixton, has been elected to Full Membership.

Applications for Membership. Mr. J. Newton, 5 Grosvenor Road, Urmston, proposed by R. J. Austin, seconded by H. Green. Mr. R. C. Swindells, 198 Urmston Lane, Stretford, Manchester, proposed by W. Orrell, seconded by H. Green.

Change of Address. S. H. Bailey, 20 Langdale Road, Wallasey.

Amongst the documents of which I took possession on assuming office are a number of Club *Circulars*, dating from March, 1906 (the first issue) to 1928, and 1936 to 1945. There are also a number of copies of the Annual Report and Accounts for 1907 to 1939.

These are available to Members who wish to complete their sets, absolutely free of charge, on application. All I ask is that postage will be refunded. Let me know your requirements, and I shall do my best to satisfy them.

I would point out that, owing to the vast amount of space these historic documents occupy in the Ancestral Home, they will not be kept for very long, so please let me know as soon as possible.

J. R. FER,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL NOTES

By the time this issue reaches you Norman Turvey will have left Ackworth to take up a new post as Secretary of Royal Wanstead School, London, so we shall see even less of him than we have seen since he left Birkenhead in 1927. His new home will be on the edge of Epping Forest, so he will have some good new country to explore. No doubt he will find some congenial companions in one of the London Clubs, and so end the long years of solitary cycling he has indulged in for the last 19 years. Good luck, Norman, and good riding. We wish your new job was nearer Merseyside, instead of farther way.

Dudley Turnor was married on 9th of March and we extend our hearty congratulations to the happy pair. Since then Dudley has been sent out to Austria. Just like the R.A.F.

AUSTIN CROWCROFT

We much regret to announce the death of another of our older members.

Austin Crowcroft was born in Yorkshire and when in his teens rode the Ordinary. So enthusiastic was he that he rode it every day to and from the warehouse in which he was employed; when one considers that the streets of Leeds were then paved with large granite setts and that the tyres of the Ordinary were solid and not much of them, one realizes how great his enthusiasm for cycling must have been. Moving to Manchester, he joined the old Cheadle and then, in 1906, the Anfield. He took full part in the various activities of the Club, attending runs and tours regularly, and racing in the Club handicaps as a long marker, until, by reason of heart trouble, he was forced to curtail his cycling and take to petrol. But his interest in the Club remained to the end.

In his time he was a popular man—tall and debonair; he took great care of his personal appearance and was usually referred to as "The Smart Set." He was jovial and fond of the social side of Club life. In 1934 he had a seizure which deprived him of the sight of one eye entirely and of the other partially, and left him in a highly nervous state.

At the end of 1943 he had another seizure, from which he made a remarkable recovery and for about 18 months he again had some pleasure in life. But in February this year his health completely broke and he passed away on March 1st, at the age of 76.

RUNS

Halewood, 2nd March, 1946

Before moving to take up a new abode in London, I felt I really must have a final visit to one of the haunts of my evil youth and to see as many of my co-criminals as still remained and as cared to show up. Not being the man I was, I have given up the Pennine crossing with the risk of a west wind giving me anelluyan 'ammering, so it was Dewsbury for me, and thence by Rattler under instead of over, and so to the White Lion, Stockport, for lunch.

A sedate pace with bitter North wind landed me at the old rough and ready café at Warrington for a mug of tea and then on to Halewood by 5-30 p.m. to be met by George Connor, on short leave from Catterick, and del Banco. The inner door opened just after the clock struck and on penetrating the tank I for one felt keenly how very empty that far corner by the bar was: indeed, one almost felt Hubert's presence and I say it in all reverence. Others came, Ralph Fer, Killip, King, Tommy Mandall and a couple of Stevie's and then dear old Harold Kettle, whom I hadn't seen since before his illness. Not a great number of survivors from the 1923-1926 era—in fact, four in all. Let's hope next winter will see Halewood attendances back to the 30 mark with a goodly spattering of greying heads turning up again.

The duck was generous and succulent and etceteras more than ample. And then after a short call below, Peter and I set about it and rode steadily and non stop all the three miles to where his father and Mandall were waiting to waylay us. It was a moderate and dignified session and then on to Hill House to be welcomed by her usual method by its hospitable chatelaine. Bed after muchee-much-talkee-talk at 12-20.

My return trip on Sunday was ruddy cold but uneventful to Dewsbury. There I was mighty thankful for a fixed gear, as I found frozen roads like glass, and so had to proceed very warily all the way to Ackworth—10-45 p.m.

So Hale and Farewell, and when I shall see any Anfielders or attend an Anfield run again I know not. I only know I hope the next year or so will see the old Club's fixtures and activities back to those I enjoyed so much 20 years ago and the high standard of policy of those days maintained. I was tempted to say "reverted to," but perhaps that would be too contentious!

N.T.

Goostrey, 2nd March, 1946

Of all the catering establishments on the Anfield runs list none, to my mind, can surpass in excellence of food and warmth of welcome the Red Lion, Goostrey.

One feels on entering this cosy inn that one is received, not as a casual customer, but as an old and tried friend of Mr. and Mrs. Knowles.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of pleasant anticipation that I set forth on this first Saturday in March in the company of prospective members Pendlebury and Swindells. In spite of the cold wind, which was behind anyway, there seemed to be a promise of Spring in the air which, judging from newspaper reports, was denied to our Southern friends.

Following a pleasant route composed chiefly of ratholes and lanes, we eventually arrived at the venue at 4-50 to find, of course, that we were easily the first arrivals.

Jim Cranshaw and Jack Newton (another prospective) were next, followed very closely by the President, Wilf Orrell, Stan Wild, George Taylor and Ned Haynes, all in a bunch. Jack Hodges, Bren Orrell and lastly, Harold Catling, completed the outfit, Harold, being the thirteenth

had, for his sins, to wait for his tea until a vacancy occurred at the table. As a consolation for this he appeared to have about twice as many cakes as the rest. Must try this coming late business ; the Eccles cakes *were* good.

Then followed the usual session round the fire for those fortunate enough to get near it, and the homeward trip through the clear, cold night, to arrive home well satisfied with this method of spending our Saturday leisure.

Lymm, 9th March, 1946

After the deplorable weather of the previous week, this was really one "out of the bag" ; cool, maybe, but brilliant sunshine prevailed, the wind was merely a zephyr, and I realised that at last Spring was on the way. It required no effort at all to leave the fireside, pump up the tyres and proceed by way of Bramhall and Woodford in the direction of Knutsford. With plenty of time in hand, a potter round the lanes in the Pickmere area seemed indicated and the next ninety minutes were very pleasantly spent. These are some of the most delectable lanes in Cheshire, much neglected by cyclists, and time slipped by very rapidly—so much so that I had to get a move on to reach the "Spread Eagle" for 5-30.

Of course I need not have worried (or hurried) for it was almost six o'clock before our party of eighteen (including two prospectives) sat down to the usual ample meal. The principal, in fact, the only topic of conversation seemed to be the somewhat lurid pullover, worn by one of our older (and presumably more sedate) members. There was certainly nothing sedate about the pullover ; it was definitely lurid ; and whilst all were agreed that it would be warm in winter, opinion was almost equally divided between the opposing views that it was either a sartorial success or a damned disgrace. There were strangers with us in the dining room, and one charming lady caused a diversion by staging a dead faint—and it is only as I write that it occurs to me that the notorious pullover may easily have been the cause !!!

Be that as it may, the Committee promptly disappeared to commit whatever it is that Committees commit, whilst the rest of us waited in the lounge for their reappearance. This was not delayed unduly, and the homeward journey was uneventful, except that Rex's massive gas lamp showed that there was still nothing to beat this old-fashioned but efficient form of illumination.

Those present were the President and his two Vices, the Treasurer, the Secretary, the Captain and his two Subs, the Racing Secretary, Bert Bracewell, Harold Catling, Len Killip, Tommy Mandall, Wilf Orrell, Peter Stephenson, Stan Wild, and prospective members, Laurie Pendlebury and Reg. Swindells.

Mold, 16th March, 1946

Leaving myself plenty of time to reach Mold by expending the minimum amount of energy I pushed aside the chilly breeze and managed a good eight m.p.h. At Queensferry I stopped for a chat with Dick Corris, of the

Century, who was bound for a Yo-Ho week-end at Llanrwst.

Continuing up Ewloe Hill which—to my great amazement—I managed to ride, I dismounted at the coal mine for a smoke and to get the frost out of my feet. On again to Alltami, where I turned right into the lane which comes out on to the Northop-Mold road. This lane leads to one of my favourite view points ; a splendid panorama of the Clwyds is obtained here.

Attaining the said Northop-Mold road I turned left to the Cross Keys Inn and so into Mold.

Leaving the "barrow" in the yard of the Dolphin I went to see what was doing in the metropolis until opening time. This object was soon achieved, and so back again to the hostelry to find Peter Stephenson just arriving. He had been for a day's outing via Llandegla, Ruthin and Denbigh.

In the tank we were joined by Tommy Mandall and Frank Perkins. At zero hour an adjournment was made to the dining room and our feet were in the trough when Syd Jonas added to our small number.

A discussion of events and humorous happenings of other days ensued, enlivened with a word picture of barrack-room procedure by Syd Jonas. Would somebody please explain to him the difference between a wash basin and the top tube of a bicycle ?

After one or two for the road, operations were resumed. Leaving Peter to put a battery in his lamp we proceeded up the hill out of Mold expecting him to catch up with us very soon ; in fact we thought he was near to us before we reached the summit, but by the time we were as far as the mine there was no one in sight so we waited until about nine o'clock before we moved off again. At the time of writing the mystery of the missing cyclist has not been solved. I can only assume Peter took the Northop Road and by-passed us, in which case he would get ahead of us while we were waiting.

A fast and otherwise uneventful ride home followed. Syd Jonas leaving us at Sealand Corner for Chester and Tommy Mandall at Two Mills for the bottom Chester Road ; Perkins and del Banco continued on through Willaston, parting company at Clatterbridge.

Wildboarclough, 16th March, 1946

The cold spell continued, and I left home shivering, with as much warmth in my body as could be found in an icicle. But such is the wonder of our pastime that ere Cheadle was reached a little body heat was generating nicely, and as Dean Row was negotiated I was positively glowing.

The wind still came from the south-east but with much less force than of late and the going was good. After passing through Macclesfield at 4-30 p.m. I took the road towards Sutton, eventually turning left to climb to Saxon Cross, the road reaching a height of 1,181 feet above sea level and crossing the shoulder of Shuttlings Low before dropping precipitously into Wildboarclough a mile short of the Crag Inn. The 'Matterhorn' of the Cheshire Highlands presented a magnificent spectacle to-day, a sprink-

ling of snow stressing its cone-like contours with excellent effect.

The ride along the Clough was, as ever, sheer delight, and I reached the Stanley Arms just before 5-30 p.m. to find Jack Hodges, Harold Catling, Russ Barker, Stan Wild and Jack Newton, comfortably ensconced in front of the fire in the tank, and I was not long in joining them.

The Presider and his Vice appeared at 5-45 p.m., which was the signal for the battle to commence, and seven sat down to Stanley's superb, sumptuous and satisfying spread. After the tea-pot had been replenished several times—the reader will note, possibly without surprise, that Rex Austin and Jack Hodges were present—a marvellously mellow feeling was engendered, so much so, that with amazing gusto, we found solutions to all the post-war problems that have troubled the best brains of the cycling world for so long ! O, the tonic of *T. Assamica* !

Then at close on 6-30 p.m. in walked the Flixton contingent, Bert Bracewell, Laurie Pendlebury and Reg Swindells, after staggering up Standing Stones, and everybody believed them when they said they were hungry—even Stanley, who had their tea on the table in the twinkling of an eye ! And thus our number came to double figures.

The Presider was the first away, soon to be followed by Jack Hodges, and it was not long before there was a general break-up. On going outside we found the hills bathed in the soft light of a glorious full moon, the peak of Shuttlings Low being clearly discernable, and the Cat and Fiddle Inn silhouetted against the eastern skyline.

The drop down the "Cat" was somewhat cold, but from Macclesfield, with the wind on our tails, we gradually warmed up, and under conditions which made lamps superfluous, completed a most enjoyable return journey.

Two accounts received of this Run and we hadn't the heart to reject either.

Sandiway, 23rd March, 1946

—Ed.

As I wanted to call at Chester and there was a westerly wind blowing I decided that Liverpool would be the easiest way out.

As I was fairly early and very thirsty I stopped at Tarvin for a cup of tea at the Rambler's Café. When I arrived at the Bluecap I met Jack Newton, a Manchester prospective member, and he told me that the few that had arrived had gone for a stroll. I had just parked my bike when Salty swept in followed by our Salop friends, Jack Pitchford and Ira Thomas. About three minutes later a beaming gentleman named Rex Austin, rolled in. Sometime around here Don Shaw and Len Killip also arrived. By mutual consent we entered the tank to find the President, in the chair, with Ralph Fer, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Jack Hodges, Russ Barker, eagerly gathered around. I forgot to mention that our Chief Inspector and his subordinate, Lloyd and Lockett by name, belched up in a Morris Twelve just as we were going in. By this time members were coming in right and left. There were Syd Jonas, Ken Barker, Laurie Pendlebury, Bert Bracewell and Swindells, Stan Wild, and last, but by no means least, Rigby Band. We were just going in for the meal when I

bumped into one of my schoolmaster friends so I had to have a couple of drinks with him ! The meal was quite good, considering that nearly twice as many turned up as ordered for. The party broke up rapidly and I can't say who was first or who was last to leave. However, the Liverpool contingent, about eleven in all, left together. The pace to begin with was quite enjoyable and it enabled Eric Reeves and I to discuss Differential Calculus, of which subject I know, well, just nothing. Then about two or three miles before Kelsall a tandem with a very clumsy crew and a poor light shuddered past. Peace ceased abruptly. I just saw Salty's and Peter Rock's rear-lights shudder and Eric Reeves bawled something about "it's on," and the four of us took up pursuit. The tandem was easily dropped, but that was only a beginning. We whistled down Kelsall, the four of us bashing low "sixties" for all we were worth. Up the Tarvin by-pass things got really hot with Eric and Peter Rock up in front. Then Peter dropped behind with Jack and I went forward in a mad effort to beat Eric to the top and then away down the other side to the bridge. Eric and I kept the lead and up the other side we still managed to keep going, doing bit and bit. We waited for Jack and Peter at Vicar's Cross and all the thanks we got for our courtesy was a lot of cheek. We rode at a more reasonable pace to Rock Ferry, where the others turned off and I arrived home about 10-45, having made arrangements to meet them at Whitchurch for lunch on the following day. Although this really has nothing to do with the run, we did meet on Sunday and we had a very nice lunch at Whitchurch, then over to Llangollen for tea, where we left about seven to go over the Horseshoe and the Llandegla moors and home, stopping at the Nag's Head at Willaston for a drink.

Sandiway, 23rd March, 1946

Although not commissioned to report this Run, I enjoyed it to such an extent that I feel impelled to place on record (always supposing the Editor accepts my contribution, which is extremely doubtful) my impressions. Also, the Liverpool Sub, when he collected, informed me that there were 23 present, and I'm trying to remember them all.

I set out in plenty of time, and as the weather was beautifully spring-like and the wind astern, dawdled easily through Stanney, Stoke, Mickle Trafford, Delamere Forest and Cuddington. The first time I had cycled those lanes since long before the war, and they were as delightful as ever.

Arrived at the Blue Cap well before zero-hour, and was shortly joined by the "twins," Eric Reeves and Peter Rock. Jack Hodges and Syd Jonas were next on the scene, and just before the doors opened Ernest Snowden, accompanied by Ken Yardley, of the M.R.C., paused on their way to a T.A. "do." As the shutters were just then removed, a move was made indoors, and people started to accumulate in such numbers that it was almost impossible to sort them out. Bert Green was very solicitous about my state of health after the previous week-end's nightmare trip to Shrewsbury—or was it just sarcasm? Come to think of it, others appeared rather more than ordinarily concerned. It was only after long and concentrated scrutiny that I was able to recognise that erstwhile lean upholder

of the law, Bert Lloyd. A short course of 50's would do wonders with that corpulence.

The meal was highly satisfactory, and the two Salopians, Jack Pitchford and Ira Thomas, were first away, followed by Cestrians Lloyd and Lockett, with car (correct me if I'm wrong). The Wirral contingent and Peter Stevie started together, and passed the Abbey Arms *en masse*, but just before reaching the top of Kelsall a tandem stupidly passed us. Syd Jonas, who was with me in front, couldn't resist and went in pursuit, followed by the "twins," Jack Salt, Peter Stevie and Len Killip. The next thing was that my gas lamp popped out, and while I was lighting it Ken Barker passed with Rigby on a "barrer." I managed to stay with them until the Stamford Bridge Inn, where Syd and Len hailed us, Syd having burnt out a bulb—serve him right. Ken and Rigby couldn't wait, so three of us had a final and one for the road until closing time. We escorted the gallant officer to the roundabout, and left him to grope his way back to Camp in the dark. Len left me at Rock Ferry, and I reached home at 0015 hours on Sunday, to join a card party until 2 a.m., but that's another story.

I would only add, in conclusion, that the wind having helped me on the way out, obligingly died away for the homeward run.

And here, in alphabetical order, are the 23, I think :—Rex Austin, Rigby Band, Ken Barker, Russ Barker, Bert Bracewell, Ralph Fer, Bert Green, Jack Hodges, Syd Jonas, Len Killip, Bert Lloyd, Geoff Lockett, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Pitchford, Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, Jack Salt, Don Shaw, Peter Stephenson, Ira Thomas, Stan Wild and prospectives Newton and Swindells.

The opening run of the Tricycle Association (Northern Section), Sunday, 24th March, 1946

One of the best days that Spring could offer was the good fortune of the northern tricyclists for their Opening Run held at the "Royal Oak" at Alderley, and the yard of that hostelry contained more trikes than the writer has ever seen before at a single muster, well over seventy members and friends making the fixture a resounding success.

C. E. Green, of the North Road Club, but a well-known Lancastrian for all that, was in the Chair, and after an excellent lunch, he called upon Nevill Whall, the C.T.C. Secretary, to propose the health of the Northern Section of the T.A. This Whall did in his own inimitable and witty style, with many quips at the expense of tricyclists in general, and with the suggestion of the use as a collective noun the word "queering" (derived from the adjective "queer") to describe a body or party of our cultured cult, thus : a queering of tricyclists !

Rex Austin responded on behalf of the T.A. in similar vein, and in brilliant fashion gave Whall as good as he had given. Other speakers were Ernest Snowden, L. E. Wishart, the national T.A. Secretary, J. Spackman, of the Century Road Club, and the present holder of the Tricycle Trophy, and Harry Wilson, who, in characteristic style, offered a trophy to the Association.

Snowden presented the prizes won during the 1945 season, of which the Mersey Roads Club had a large share. George Taylor was the only Anfield representative to take part in this phase of the proceedings. Finally, Ken Yardley, of the Mersey Roads, was presented with a suitable memento of his excellent service to the T.A. during the troublous war years.

In addition to the Members already mentioned, the following were present also :—Messrs. H. Green, J. Hodges, H. Catling and S. Wild.

Fifteen Years of Anfield Land

Gone like a dream, but what a chapter of vivid memories ! Looking back to the winter of 1930/31 I was still very much a novice for all my four hard seasons racing and Club riding. Every new course I sampled was very much of a wilderness whereas in a year or two a new course meant nothing to me. My entry into the Anfield fold changed all this. A company of widely travelled and experienced cyclists soon brought me to heel and Club runs were found to be a little different. Frequently it was the fore-taste of a grand week-end. Over the Welsh border, Salopia and Montgomery. Southern Cheshire had its moments too, but I think all my Club mates will agree Wales and Salop were our first and most constant loves.

It was as an Anfielder I first and lastly tasted the joys of Youth Hostelling. The early thirties found a number of us interested in this movement and becoming members we used them to the full. Llansannan was our favourite, Miss Sumner our hostess, and who can say we didn't make the most out of life.

The Club run to Mold or Flint on the Saturday afternoon and after the Dolphin's fare a two hours' run down the valley towards Denbigh and then over the hills. Do you remember, Syd, the moonlight nights, the white cottages, bathed in that friendly light, the fast run down into the valley ? In those days the beech woods were still untouched. One rode into a fairy-land of dappled magic. A walk along the river side track and we were at the door of our hostess. A fine old farm, with everything to make the tired hosteller comfortable. We tried other hostels, but no, Llansannan first, at any other it meant you did the chores till 10 a.m. and half-a-day wasted. Do you remember our tandem bash to Idwal Cottage, Ginner, on a Saturday afternoon only to have our Sunday spoilt by having to do the chores for climbers, who were only going to hug the fire for the day ?

Then do you remember, Charles, the year you trained me ??? Our weekly Tuesday night ride to Denbigh and back ; it certainly got me fit !!

Wales again. Christmas rides to Bettws-y-Coed, days like summer.

Penmaenmawr in brilliant sunshine. Bangor, Caernarvon, Festiniog. It was at Bettws one Christmas that the only brave man in the party was to be found. He braved the wrath of all by carving into the pineapple lying in solitary state.

Another Christmas Eve it snowed so hard that my wife and I put off our projected trip till the morrow. By midday the snow had cleared, so out came the tandem and the wife whispered brave words—"we will ride straight through." Fifty odd miles before us and clear roads sounded good but our hopes crashed as beyond Mold the roads were ice-bound. We walked apace and to our pleasure we found clear roads. Skirting St. Asaph we were unlucky at the Waterloo, and as it was becoming dark we decided to push on into the inky blackness of the Bryn-y-pyn. Thank heavens for the dynamo, says I. Llanfairtalhairn for tea, the landlord thought us crazy, no buses running, roads icebound, nevertheless the evening found us on our way over the top to Llanrwst. We couldn't feel the ice so we tore down hill and left up the Conway to Bettws, our dinner well earned.

It was after another Welsh Christmas that, along with others, I was introduced to the Bridge Inn. The foretaste of many merry week-ends and Sunday evenings. Those who cared could stay after tea and partake of the fun, and did we enjoy it. Silent Ruthin watched us after midnight making our way to the Bwlch-y-Parc, the arduous ascent before the rapid drops to Mold and the Wirral; all of us parched, hoping fruit drops from a slot machine at the Two Mills would cure our thirst.

Then there was the season when we all became physically minded. Visions of Charles, Ginner and Don trying to outdo one another, anywhere from the shoulder under Moel Arthur to the stockyard at Oak Villa, Prees.

All those Autumn Tint Week-ends at Llanarmon. Week-ends, when it was Syd Jonas' privilege to lead us a merry dance. It was Sammy's article on the Bwlch-y-Fedwen that brought all this to mind. Do you remember, Sammy our ride to Cann Office prior to our first call on the Greyhound, Farndon?

Then Salopia. Battlefield corner has its memories. Mrs. Meredith's, Gordon in his prime, Manchester Wheelers '50' round the triangle and being unable to eat the fare ordered for the evening meal. Young Dick soon attended to that. Who could wish for better on a dry winter's day than the rolling, fast Shropshire roads.

Then the immigration to more westerly and northerly Salop. Tandem runs late on a Saturday evening to Mrs. Goughs. Fred Brewster and I ravening for the luscious spread. Tales of old Gough and his gadgets to catch the hay thieves. Also one remembers the Herbert Arms, Kerry. What training spins they were; what country, what packets, and still more delightful, what recoveries!

Camping week-ends by the Vyrnwy. The day we laughed at the rain across the valley only to be drenched the next second by the fast moving showers. An ideal site, facilities for swimming from the crack to veriest

novice. Tandem and solo week-ends down to more southern Shropshire to my mother's at Hopesay. A divine little cottage in one of those out of the way valleys one reads about. A church, a shop and two or three cottages, the farm and the Squire's house.

Suppers at the farm at Broome with my mother's friends. Legs of chicken the like seen never before or since. Bred in Gargantria verily, and eggs to match. Waking in a morning to a covering of snow with a long ride before us, of a necessity lengthened by the amorous Derek. May he rest well.

We haven't finished with Shropshire yet; Whitsun and our '100.' Shawbury at Whitsun and you woke to the best of nature's sounds and scents. The trials and tribulations of the Whit Monday morning, a wish so nearly attained to be frustrated once again. Still, the best men always won, good luck to 'em. May they always do so.

Club runs on Saturday afternoon, the best ever, Mouldsworth, Farndon, Highwayside, Pulford, Mold and others fitted in between. Our ever faithful Halewood. What scenes of mighty eating. How my stomach wabbles at the thought of it. Goostrey, its counterpart to Mancunians, Lymm, Acton Bridge, and now I wonder if Sandiway will be a regular house for us. Club races, none better throughout the country. A hard course, but it brought out riders like Bren and Pitchy, Ned, Geoff, Ted, George, even Ginner and 'Erb. had their day. Ridden in the cheeriest way by all, no one can say they were not enjoyable, no matter what the packet and no one took a worse one than the writer at his first attempt. I could tell by the day whose chance was best. Wind in the east, a pedaller's day, saw Pitchy to the fore. With a snorting N.Wester, Bren was at his best. With the no-matter, however, strong Wester, always kind, yours truly came forth. Then Geoff, Ned and Ted came and at that period before the war, looked like replacing the old hands—Bren, Pitchy and Salty.

Charles and his how many 24 hour events? Fourteen, I think. They were long to us, how much more so to dogged Charles.

Week-ends in Edinburgh and Richmond for record attempts. Escorted and transported thence by Harold Kettle, Bert Green, Hubert and Stevie at one time or another.

The first attempt, Edinburgh—Liverpool, was successful, the last over the same route on a wretched day with Peter Rock on the back with me no go.

We've still time Peter, but let's hope for a wind behind next time. From Richmond all attempts were successful. What ham and eggs at the Bishop Blaize! But this fare for supper and breakfast, before an attempt, didn't seem to work as I was horribly ill just after 50 miles.

Then an Anfielder in London and very lonely, but pleased to find kindred spirits do exist in the South. Bath Road, Calleva, Middlesex and Hounslow clubs all made me welcome. Week-ends at Theale, Wheatley,

Saturday runs just as at home. Waddesdon with the Bath Road might have been Mrs. Holding's, Prees, on an Anfield week-end. Week-ends to Andover, Aubrey's Cafe, where we stayed after one B.R. '100.' Opening runs to Worthing, etc. They certainly opened you; from Esher to Worthing one mad tear. Not bit and bit but just one continual attempt to drop everyone. Needless to say I was often dropped till the end of day. Getting wise in my old age.

Now, the war over, a poor attempt at racing on my part, but I want to ride in the first post-war Anfield '100' you see. To ensure this I had to keep in contact though mighty hard at times. So all you fellow Anfielders with such memories as mine, and I have tried to recall, roll up and do your bit.

A Happy New Year to you all.

SALTY.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; Under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool 1.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



MAY - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

MAY, 1946

NUMBER 482

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

4 Halewood (Derby Arms)

11 Mold (Dolphin)

18 Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms)

25 Woodbank (Yacht)

1 Club "50"

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Goostrey (Red Lion)

Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)

Buxworth (Navigation Inn)

JUNE—

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

New Members. J. Newton, 5 Grosvenor Road, Urmston, has been elected to full membership; R. C. Swindells, 198 Urmston Lane, Stretford, Manchester, has been elected to full membership.

Change of Address. N. Turvey, 10 Cambridge Park, Wanstead, London, E.11.

Club "50." This will be run on the usual Course, start at 4-30 p.m. The Racing Secretary will be glad to receive offers of assistance.

Whitsun Tour. Headquarters will be the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, and accommodation has been reserved. Members wishing to stay there are requested to notify me as soon as possible, either by letter or on a Club run.

Committee Meeting, May 6, at 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, at 7-0 p.m.

J. R. FER,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

EDITORIAL

Frank Roskell writes to ask us to thank the Committee and individual Members for their kind letters of sympathy in his great loss. He is sorry he cannot answer them all as he is flat on his back in a plaster cast with spinal trouble. The cure is likely to be rather a long job but the hospital people hold out every hope of a complete recovery in time. The address is Beckford Lodge, Warminster, Wilts. We are sure everyone will join us in our hope of a speedy and complete recovery.

The "100."

Salty has asked us to put in a request for help on Whit Monday, namely, offers to take over any given spot. The Meifod turn and Llandrinio fork are already booked, and he is open to receive letters with offers so that he can draw up a schedule of helpers by name. The matter is now getting urgent, so do not delay.

RACING RESULTS

West Cheshire " 25."

| | | | |
|---------------------|---------|-----------|---------|
| P. Stephenson | 1.11.18 | E. Reeves | 1.12.12 |
| J. Salt | 1.11.24 | P. Rock | 1.14.5 |
| Fairbrother fastest | 1.3.47 | | |

A hard morning and enjoyed by all but your humble. In fact I still don't believe the timekeeper. Young Peter showing signs of keeping up the Club's good name.

West Cheshire " 30."

An awful cold, windy morning, but the lads proved that ill conditions do not count. Cliff Fairbrother repeating his " 25 " win with 1.16. Ours as follows :—

| | | | |
|---------------|--------|---------|--------|
| Eric Reeves | 1.25.0 | J. Salt | 1.28.0 |
| P. Stephenson | 1.28.5 | | |

Peter Rock a non-starter.

Private trials were ridden by a number of Members, the Manchester lads plus Peter Stevie holding a " 25 " before the Goostrey run. On the same week-end Salty did a trial with the Birkenhead North End. 1.12.34 being his effort. A struggle, he says.

Please note that our Club has to provide two Stewards for all Liverpool T.T.C.A. and West Cheshire events. The next one in the Wirral being on the 12th inst for L.T. & C.A. " 50."

Training " 25," April 6th.

Four Members participated in this unofficial event and times were—

| | | | |
|------------------|---------|----------------|--------------------|
| R. Barker | 1.14.30 | E. Haynes | 1.20.0 (punctured) |
| P. T. Stephenson | 1.17.0 | H. Catling (T) | 1.30.30 |

The course was approximately one mile long and conditions were fairly hard.

RUNS

Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses), March 30th, 1946.

I awoke this morning to find a thick mist around the house and this appeared to be the beginning of a warm day, and so it turned out to be. By dinner time I was cogitating how much clothing to leave off, having in mind the old proverb " Cast not a clout till May is out." I fear the rest of the Anfield have no qualms about this matter, because I discovered that, with the exception of a friend and myself everybody had open neck shirts and shorts. I had a solo ride until Siddington cross roads were reached, where I lingered awhile to watch a Manchester Club's 25 T.T. Russ Barker joined me here and when the last man had gone through we carried on to Congleton, overtaking W. Orrell on the way, who presently left us, presumably to join the President at North Rode for a cup of tea. On the other side of Congleton whilst walking a hill we were overtaken by Peter Stephenson, who proceeded with us to the venue.

By about 5-45 p.m. ten members and friends sat down to a tea consisting

of a boiled egg, jam and cakes and tea. One noticed that Stan Wild sat in close proximity to the tea urn, no doubt taking upon himself the unofficial position of tea taster. Jack Ward, who came late, seemed to come off very well in the food line. Must try it myself and see what happens.

After several discussions, from how to marshal crowds at football matches to the latest bicycle with car lighting, an early start was made for home, leaving S. Wild and myself in sole possession of the tea room. After a chat around the fire on Club matters we left about 8-0 p.m., Stan to spend the week-end in Derbyshire and I to make my way home, and so ended a very enjoyable Anfield run.

Those present were H. Green, S. Wild, W. Orrell, H. Catling, Russ Barker, G. G. Taylor, P. Stephenson, J. Ward, E. Haynes and R. Swindells and J. Newton, prospective Members.

Woodbank (Yacht), 30th March, 1946.

R. Fer sat huddled in the corner seat of the tank at the Yacht when I walked in or rather stumbled in. I saw his eye light up, and up he jumped and bought a beer; he told me then that the new custom of the Club was for absent Members to write up the first Club run they attend, so of course that explained the special treatment. However, to be back at a Club run again is a pleasure, and I hope to be able to attend a lot more after a month or so. The food question at the Yacht seems to be quite good and the little sojourn in bar after tea is an excellent idea. Williams, of course, had his usual excuse that he had forgotten his money, so he scrounged his drinks off all and sundry. We left the Yacht about nine-thirty and I won't describe the types of cycles that the boys had, but I expect the next six months will see a great change in the bicycle situation.

Those present at the run were H. Kettle, T. Mandall, R. Fer, the two Sids., L. Killip, Byron, Salty, K. Barker and A. Williams.

Goostrey, 6th April, 1946.

The Captain has presumably inflicted the job of writing this account on me because I failed to take part in a certain highly secret ride on this particular afternoon (more later on this subject). It's a pity he didn't ask me the previous week, as I would cheerfully have filled the whole *Circular* with the account of my day's wanderings around Morridge and the Manifold Valley. The present effusion will probably be briefer, as I had to work on this beautiful Saturday morning, but managed to make a start early in the afternoon. With some colour film in my camera for the first time in nearly three years, and brilliant sunshine, the obvious procedure was a Cheshire lane route in search of blossom. (The search proved unsuccessful, the almond blossom being past its best and apple and cherry not yet out). However, I made my way by Urmston, Partington, and the outskirts of Lymm to Appleton and Stretton, where a depressing sight awaited me—literally hundreds of perfectly good aeroplanes in process of reduction to scrap. Whilst realising that this is an inevitable aftermath of war, I still hate to see a couple of million pounds quietly disappearing before my eyes.

Leaving the stricken field, I recollected that Harold Catling had once told me that at Anderton, in the suburbs of Northwich, was a very special canal lock, the only one of its kind in the country, in which portions of the canal (water, barge, and all) contained in iron vessels, were raised and lowered by hydraulic rams or electric winches. Having a keen interest in all peculiar pieces of engineering (including tricycles) and some time to spare, this seemed a good opportunity to look for it. Proceeding through Comberbach, I duly arrived in Anderton. This village might justly claim to be the Venice of the North, as it seems to have at least three canals.

One of them (name unknown to me) is considerably higher than the others, and I set out to follow this as best I could in the direction of Barnton. The pursuit provided considerable variety, by road, towing-path, and stoney field-path. (The canal goes through a tunnel, but non-amphibious cyclists have to go over the top, and find themselves riding along the edge of a near-vertical fifty-foot bank with the Weaver Navigation, deep and wide, ready to receive them at the bottom.) All this was very pleasant and interesting, and I was keen to continue the search as far as possible, but I gradually brought myself round to the realisation that it was a quarter-to-five, that tea was always punctual at Goostrey, and that I had ten miles to cover, including some walking and rough stuff (not to mention the celebrated Northwich setts). So reluctantly I headed eastward. Once past Broken Cross, the going was better, though the West wind which had slowed me down in the early afternoon did not seem to be so much in evidence now. Perhaps it was of the kind, frequently mentioned by the Presider, which follow you round. (In the early 1930's, C. G. Grey, editor of *The Aeroplane*, used to refer to British transport aircraft with "built-in head-winds." Cyclists knew what he meant.) As a scientist (*sic*), I feel that the explanation of these phenomena is to be found in the theory of relativity. The continual motion of the cyclist through the air gradually induces a permanent movement of the air in the opposite direction (in other words, a head-wind). Tricyclists should be able to take advantage of this by riding backwards (which should be quite safe with a little practice) for a few weeks, until the movement ceased, and then proceeding forwards again having so to speak got their second wind.

Well, I had better cut short this scientific discourse and get to Goostrey, where I finally arrived a few minutes late, to find other late arrivals straggling in and the early birds already feeding. Probably the less said the better, for several reasons, about how some members had spent a considerable part of the afternoon. Suffice it to say that they had made some attempt to determine their speed over a measured length of road. Two stalwarts, Peter Stevie and Peter Rock, had come a considerable distance in order to take part. The results were not widely publicized but one gathered that Cartwright need not lose much sleep over them.

Tea was consumed in comparative silence apart from the laughter when Stan Wild arrived very late, caused by Mrs. Knowles' remark that "we shall have to make more tea now." This seems to set the seal upon Stan's reputation, though in all fairness it should be said that the previous week

at Dane-in-Shaw, your humble scribe more-or-less held his own against him, in spite of Stan's better strategic position (next to the tea-pot). We gathered Stan had seen part of a football match, a proceeding which did not seem to meet with much approval.

After tea, the meeting divided into half-a-dozen separate discussions, all on different subjects, and as I couldn't follow more than two of them at once, I shall not attempt to report them. Perhaps moved by a desire to make a start in daylight, the gathering broke up early, soon after seven o'clock.

Present were : the Presider, R. J. Austin, two Orrells, R. Poole, S. Wild, N. Haynes, P. Rock, P. Stephenson and friend, R. Barker, H. Catling, G. G. Taylor, and prospective members J. Newton and R. Swindells.

Easter Tour—19th to 22nd April, 1946.

Friday

For what better weather could one have wished to start a holiday? Friday was glorious, yet we were untroubled by any great volume of traffic as we rode westwards in Wales.

At Ewloe the first apple blossom of the year was seen blushing shyly against the hardier white of damson and pear. In the fields young lambs gaily gamboled ; we viewed them as a potential source of increase in the following year's meat ration. Such are the workings of a cyclist's mind.

The ever-welcome golden fluid tea had failed to materialise at our usual halt. It was necessary to carry on to Halkyn before elevenses were obtained.

On the road again our policy remained strictly non-aggressive until a bunch of "tailers" had been acquired. A burst of fast pedalling down the Rhualt successfully disposed of all but a tandem, which in turn was left behind on the steep incline into St. Asaph. Never before have we realized so completely just how vital seconds can be. "Time" coincided with the preliminary froth removing, obviously a very fine sense of timing had prompted us to slake our thirsts at a most propitious moment.

We were still feeling happily above such mundane matters as food when we set forth along quiet lanes to Bryn-y-Pin. It was Eric's first ride this way and my recollections of this delightful route had been dimmed by the war years. Many times we were tempted to stop in vain endeavour to record our impressions through the more tangible medium of celluloid but often the grandeur of the scene defied the camera's efforts. Each bend brought forth its own surprise view, perhaps sunlit trees overhanging the leafy lane, or billowing clouds of snowy cherry blossoms shrouding a hillside farm. Perhaps just a stream or rivulet with peaceful meadows where lambs played or cattle grazed with that placid calm which sets them above the frantic enthusiasms of mere man.

All too soon this delightful way slid behind as Llanfair Talhaiarn greeted us. A hurried search revealed little prospects of food at this stage. We were not really anxious for sustenance nor did we bother until the winding valley revealed Llangernieu. This little village had been temporarily submerged by a wave of Lancastrian trippers and it was

necessary to wait awhile until the hungry horde was disposed of. We had barely settled in before another thirsty cyclist materialised in the form of Don Shaw. He had wandered over by way of Bwlchan and Llansannan.

With thirsts slaked and appetites dulled but not entirely appeased, on we pressed to where the road reaching its zenith hangs poised on the very brink of Snowdonia. Below lay Llanrwst, drowsing in pale evening sunshine. Beyond Conway's quiet waters Siabod with supreme detachment dominated the scene. To the West the Glydders flanked the view, while central, yet farther away, the jagged teeth of Snowdon's triple peak were silhouetted in dull purple against the pale blue of the evening sky. For five, perhaps ten minutes we paused in articulate appreciation of the grandeur of this scene.

A quick rush downhill furiously pedalling, and the mountains were lost as the slate grey walls of Llanrwst closed about us. In the square we found the President walking to work up an appetite which no doubt in a misguided moment he had thought would be amply appeased.

For myself I remained hungry all week-end, but for the memory of repletion at Festiniog on the Sunday. In the house we found Peter the younger, who had swarmed over from Dinas Mawddwy. Ned Haynes and Harold Catling had arrived and Rex Austin came in with Jack Hodges as we were unpacking. Len Killip had travelled over with del Banco, while Pendlebury arrived shortly before dinner. Tommy Mandall and Ralph Fer had put in a training spin but after a few beers had revived them they recovered by degrees and were able to sit up and take nourishment in small quantities (no large quantities being available). Reeves and Rock completed the party.

Little need be said of the doings of the remainder of the evening. The good-humoured affability and generosity of our host compelled many of us to seek the solace of morpheus at an early hour.

Saturday

Saturday morning dawned dull and damp. Breakfast, such as it was, was available soon after nine o'clock and, by dint of much crafty ogling and mute eloquence, enough was taken on board to last most of us, well, at least half-an-hour. When the nags were hauled from their stable the weather was of that exasperating type in which one is uncertain of the wisdom or folly of donning a cape, with the promise of heavier rain to come. But did that daunt the Black Anfielders? No, a thousand times no! Well, at any rate, not much.

Thirteen bicyclists and one tricyclist set course in a body along the west bank of the river to Bettws. Five minutes were sufficient to loosen up the legs; a small voice was then heard to murmur from the rear "When do we attack?" On the next up-grade a body of fit men broke away from the peloton—two Peters, one Ned, and one Eric. They were last seen going well and climbing steadily. The remainder stayed fairly well together until Bettws, when those who were encaped stopped to uncape, the others continuing.

The long climb up to the Swallow Falls and beyond further sorted out the field. The largest party of five consisted of Don Shaw, Laurie Pendlebury, Ralph Fer, Syd del Banco and Len Killip, and they stopped just below Capel Curig on the order "On Capes." The drizzle had become a little more intense. During this halt they were passed by Jack Hodges, who, with a glint in his eye, was tucked in behind another party of cyclists containing one lady member. Harold Catling and Tommy Mandall were doing a strong ride way on ahead, and soon Bert Green came pedalling past.

The main party pressed on, doing some in-the-collar work up Nant Ffrancon. The writer has not, in his recollection, ridden through this pass before, and was favourably impressed with what could be seen of the rugged scenery. The view was not extensive, as the clouds were well down on the hills, a fact which certain members were to confirm later in the day.

After a time a halt was called for a cigarette in the shelter of a convenient building, the reason for the existence of which was shrouded in mystery. Rex Austin rolled up, reporting that he had passed Bert Green at Capel Curig, where the latter was chatting to the A.A. man. The President arrived soon after, cheering on his merry men with the first hand news from the A.A. that the rain "was going to last several days, and a good thing too."

A move was suggested to Ogwen Cottage, which according to Rex was but a mile up the road, and a hungry seven set off. It was a long mile, even for a Welsh one, but the little house by the side of Llyn Ogwen was eventually reached. The door was locked, bolted and barred, but after giving a fair imitation of the knocking in "Macbeth" an entry was effected and a bridgehead established.

A somewhat nervous and absent-minded waitress seemed to have difficulty in interpreting the wishes of the party, but after much patient explanation above the chatter of a party of rock climbers, bread and jam, cakes, and pots of tea appeared on the table. Don Shaw was not to be satisfied with these trifles, however, and fortified himself with sardines on toast.

Time was getting on and the rendezvous was the British Hotel in Bangor at 1-30. There was no doubt about the rain now, and the run down through Bethesda was fast and wet. Harold, Tommy and Jack Hodges were finishing their lunch when the main party arrived, having "crashed through" without stopping for sustenance.

Two o'clock came and went without any sign of the "fast party." These four had planned out a somewhat optimistic schedule which took in Beddgelert and Caernarvon. They would perhaps have arrived on E.T.A. at Bangor had it not been for an unexpectedly hard fight against a headwind, which terminated with lunch at Caernarvon at a quarter to two. Their ride back to Llanrwst took in the coast road, with a climb of the Sychnant thrown in for good measure. We heard strange stories of Eric falling off his bicycle, but this it seems was a matter not of inherent instability, but utility toe straps and bars on the boots.

The party at Bangor had differing views as to the road back. Ralph and Tommy were interested in proving a theory. They reckoned that the ride out had been hard, but in order to prove this conclusively it was necessary to ride back the same way and find it easy. They did. Bert Green, Rex Austin and Syd del Banco went round via Conway and the west bank of the river. Don Shaw discovered an easier and quicker way of his own. The remaining four, Jack Hodges, Harold Catling, Laurie Pendlebury and Len Killip, also had a theory.

It all started when someone produced a map. This showed that if you started at Aber, a series of dotted lines marked with the magic words "Roman Road" would take you across the mountains to Ro-wen in the Conway Valley. There was obviously no more suitable way back.

The local parson in Aber was somewhat hurried on his way to the chapel and at first informed us that we could not travel that way. But at the mention of the Roman Road he was enlightened and volunteered the information that we should go straight up the road, but should "be very careful after the mountain gate, as the track is not well marked and with the mist on the mountains may easily be lost." We accordingly pushed the machines up the little road which grew steeper and rougher till the mountain gate was reached. Here we turned left and climbed with the mountain on our right hand in the hope of striking the track. From here there was a very fine view down the valley, with the sea and Anglesey beyond. In a short time a wall was reached, which seemed to lead in approximately the right direction, and this was followed. Eventually the track, which was nothing more than a sheep track, petered out in a wilderness of large boulders and furze bushes, populated only by wild ponies, but with ever abounding hope the party pushed on, manhandling the bicycles (and the trike!) with the thought that the track might be identified on reaching a col ahead. Matters were made more difficult by the fact that the col, the surrounding mountains and, in fact, all objects outside fifty yards or so, were for ninety per cent. of the time obscured by cloud. This was hard going, with boggy conditions which left the shoes in a sodden state.

The pylons of the electricity grid were close on our right hand at this point, and for the benefit of those who may attempt the crossing in this direction in the future it is thought probable that these landmarks continue on a line corresponding fairly closely to that of the ancient road.

Surmounting the last obstacle, a barbed wire entanglement left behind by the Army, the col was reached, and it was thought that we had at last found the Roman Road. We were standing on a definite track which could be seen running along the mountainside on a rather higher level than the route we had taken. After a short breather, we moved on to the crossing, where several tracks appeared to join. A slight lifting of the mist showed on the right a vast expanse of bleak mountain, the view to the left being obscured by the shoulder of a hill. A track was found which bore slightly left, and it was decided to follow this. After a time, during which the track had gradually descended, a breath of wind blew away the

mist for about thirty seconds and revealed a small town in a valley on our right. A few minutes later another disturbance showed us the sea, Anglesey, the coast, and we knew that we were on an eminence overlooking Llanfairfechan. Discretion now told that, disappointing though the outcome had been, the best plan was to continue our descent to the coast road.

The way got very steep, and just as we were reaching an even steeper part we were startled to hear a voice coming from behind a wall, informing us that we couldn't go down that way, but recommending another and better wall to our left. This soon led to the road and Llanfairfechan. The distance between Aber and Llanfairfechan is perhaps a trifle over two miles, and it had taken nearly three hours, but it was good fun and worth the effort.

Enquiries for tea in the town proved fruitless, as it was by now six o'clock, but Jack Hodges exercised his persuasive powers at a small house along the road with excellent results. The good lady claimed to be a pure Celt, coming as she did from the Cevennes in Southern France, but in view of her later expressed conviction that Moorish blood flowed in her veins the purity of the strain seems open to doubt. Be that as it may, she served up a good tea, which provided a foundation on which the remaining miles back to Llanrwst via Conway and Trefrew could be viewed with something approaching equanimity. The miles rolled off pleasantly and without undue effort in the gathering dusk, the rain having ceased, and the hotel was reached some time after nine. Bert Green had been somewhat worried about his lost sheep, and in another half-hour would have thought of contacting the police; however, all was well, and a rather late dinner rounded off a very fine day.

Sunday

The weather on this day was a great improvement on Saturday's, and we all took the road in happy mood albeit a trifle undernourished. The lunch venue was the Pengwern Arms, Ffestiniog, and most of us looked forward to a levelling up of our missing calories and the event justified our hopes. Rex Austin, Sid del Banco, Len Killip, Harold Catling and Jack Hodges "elevensed" at the house beyond Pont-y-Pant which has a large granite column outside. The lady had at first refused, but our Vice-President's blandishments were too magnetic to be withstood and we did very well. Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer and Laurie Pendlebury took sustenance in the village. Walking and riding, we gained the top of the Garddianan Pass and on the descent to Blaenau occurred our first mechanical mishap: Rex's back tyre left the rim and the resulting burst tube was rather too bad for roadside repair. However, Peter Rock came into the picture and executed a "get you home" operation which enabled Rex to reach lunch not very late. The fates seemed unkind to the victim as he was already suffering from a bad ankle; but he bore his misfortunes stoically and even cheerfully. Later in the day he managed to get a 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ tube, which was, of course, too large but got him back to Llanrwst.

The lunch was all we have come to expect from the Pengwern Arms.

Don Shaw had been recalled to England on business but his place was taken at Ffestiniog by Jack Salt, who had put in a big ride from home and after lunch set out to return to his base—evidently a very fit J.J.

Most of us returned via Beddgelert and Bettws and seven of us met at the cottage on the left outside the first mentioned place. We were unlucky at this place for tea only was the order of the day. With the exception of the President and Jack H., who had proceeded via Penrhyndeudraeth, Portmadoc and Tremadoc, I think the party had travelled by the shorter route. Tommy and Ralph had cut out all the easy stuff and had returned to Llanrwst via Eidda Wells and Penmachno—riding the whole of the way down that fearsome precipice.

Present deponent just staggered to Pen-y-Gwryd in time to see Ned Haynes and Eric Reeves streak past from the Llanberis road. I don't know what route had been followed during the day by the fast pack—Ned, Eric and the two Peters, but there is a suspicion in my mind that they had circumnavigated North Wales.

After dinner a session in the bar (on which a whole page might be written) brought bedtime and innocent sleep for all good Anfielders at Llanrwst.

Monday

If this report is to be in time for the May *Circular* I must only guess what happened to the Members of other parties which departed homewards from the Victoria on Monday morning. The majority of them were for the Corwen Llangollen route (influenced perhaps by the possibility of (or necessity for) a second breakfast at Glasfryn).

Messrs. del Banco, Catling, Haynes, Killip and Pendlebury however turned North to climb slowly and painfully out of the Conway valley. Once over the top it was easy going as we travelled seawards. The two Merseysiders soon struck off to the right along a stoney track leaving three Mancunians to the hard high road.

A combination of luck and skill won us a very fine lunch at the Kimmel Arms, St. Asaph, and we faced our last real bonk with Austinian figures. The South-west wind was a great help and we were soon through Holywell and bashing along the Queensferry-Helsby road.

As tea-time approached we made many inquiries but had no luck at all—the roads were crowded with sporty cars whose occupants seemed to have insatiable thirsts. At Frodsham it had become obvious that there was to be no afternoon tea for us and we reluctantly gave up the search and applied all our energies to completing the journey home before our lunch became completely exhausted. Laurie continued along A.55, whilst Ned and I turned right at Daresbury and were carried by the kindly wind to a late tea at Didsbury and the end of a most enjoyable Tour.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lanes., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JUNE - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

JUNE 1946

NUMBER 483

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- 1 Club "50." Start at 4-30 p.m.
8/ Whitsun Tour. Headquarters :—The Lion, Shrewsbury. Tea at the
10 Raven, Whitchurch Heath, on Saturday, 8th.
15 Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms)
22 Woodbank (Yacht) Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms)
29 Utkinton (Smithy Farm)
- JULY—
- 6 Halewood (Derby Arms) Goostrey (Red Lion)

TREASURY NOTES

My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or *Donations to the Comforts or Prize Funds.

March—

| | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| J. R. Band | F. D. Elias |
| S. J. Buck* | L. Killip |
| E. Byron | J. Long* |
| F. J. Cheminais | A. Lucas |
| C. F. Elias* | F. Marriott* |
| C. F. Elias, Junr. | L. Pendlebury |

April—

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| S. H. Bailey† | W. M. Robinson |
| W. C. Humphreys† | J. G. Shaw‡ |
| D. C. Kinghorn† | H. Wilson* |
| F. Roskell | |

May—

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| P. C. Beardwood | J. Newton |
| F. E. Bill*† | J. Pitchford |
| J. E. Carr | D. Shaw |
| H. L. Elston | R. C. Swindells* |
| G. Farr* | A. Williams |
| F. C. Lowcock | |

† also for year 1945

‡ for year 1945

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

Change of Address :—H. V. Rourke, 10 Victoria Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool 23.

W. J. Jones and W. L. Rich have been struck off the list of Members for non-payment of subscriptions.

J. R. FER,
Hon. General Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

S/Ldr. F. A. Brewster,
No. 14 R.C., R.A.F.,
Melton Mowbray,
Leicestershire,
14/5/46.

Dear Stevie,

Please convey my best thanks to the Club for the P.O.'s which arrive so regularly.

It is very nice to know that although I have been away from the Anfield so long, I am not forgotten.

I have been back in England some few months now, first at Bury St. Edmunds and now at Melton. I was in Chester for one night sometime ago, meeting my wife from Canada, but lack of time prevented making any contacts except with Bert Lloyd, with whom I spent an hour or so.

I spent a very pleasant time in Canada and hope eventually to return there, but before I do I want to be able to meet once again my old friends of the Anfield, and from looking at the membership list make some new ones too.

I am afraid I am very much out of touch with everyone, and I'm ashamed to say entirely through my own neglect, which I intend to remedy by getting down to writing a few letters.

I am staying at the Kings Head Hotel here and extend a hearty welcome to any Anfielder who happens this way. I can always offer a good meal and the odd pint, to any who care to come.

Please give my best regards to Rhoda and the boys and also all of the Anfield, as and when you see them.

Once again may I say how much I appreciate what the Comforts Fund has done for those in the Forces and how much I have enjoyed the *Circular* during the past few years.

Its new guise makes it even better and I must congratulate you on a wonderful job.

Sincerely yours,
FRED BREWSTER.

Acknowledgments of P.O.'s have also been received from Bobby Austin at Cranwell, and from W. H. Elias, who hopes to be released from the Fleet Air Arm on June 3rd, and sends his thanks for the gifts, and the spirit behind them, that have followed him through his Service life.

HERBERT (BERT) BRACEWELL

Members will learn with sincere regret that Bert Bracewell died in Manchester Royal Infirmary on Monday, May 6th. He had a serious illness some four years ago, from which he never recovered fully, but of late he seemed to have regained much of his verve and vigour and the news of his passing was a great shock to us all.

I met him first in 1932, when with several of his friends from the C.T.C. he joined the old Cheadle Hulme Club, and tasted for the first time the joys and sorrows of the time trial game. Towards the end of the following year the Cheadle Hulme was obviously in decline and most of its active members joined other clubs. Some came to the Anfield ; but Bert chose elsewhere, and joined the Cheshire Roads Club.

He was an active member of that club until his death, participating in time trials on bicycle, tandem and tricycle, and withal was an enthusiastic tourist. He was known and liked by many Anfielders and when, twelve months ago, he expressed a desire to join the Club, he was welcomed enthusiastically. He found in the Anfield a peace and happiness which he seemed to miss elsewhere ; and from a cycling viewpoint the last twelve months were amongst the happiest of his life. He attended many of our runs, and his passing will leave a big gap in our ranks.

His body was cremated at Manchester Crematorium on May 11th, when the President, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury and Reg Swindells represented the Club. Mrs. Austin attended on behalf of Rex, who was in London. His widow asked that his ashes should be scattered somewhere in the Cheshire that he loved, and Stan Wild (President of the Cheshire Roads Club) paid this last sad tribute of respect to departed merit at Twemlow on Sunday morning last.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his wife and two young children.

RACING NEWS

Express " 50."

A cold and, in parts, misty morning, found the usual four in this event. Peter Rock overslept and missed his breakfast and was forced to retire at 32 miles. Peter Stevie also overslept and suffered from under-nourishment for a growing lad. Eric did a fine ride and Salty is gradually coming to form. Result :—

J. E. Reeves, 2-21.

J. J. Salt, 2-26.

P. T. Stephenson, 2-34.

East Liverpool Wheelers " 50."

A speed morning found the Racing Secretary improving three minutes on his time of a fortnight previous. Eric Reeves fell back after his bright

start in the Express "50." Russ Barker was not able to make it owing to domestic reasons. Peter Stevie's down tube decided to part company with the bottom bracket and at 15 miles he had to desist. Times of riders :

Salty, 2-23-35.

Eric Reeves, 2-25.

Cliff Farebrother a worthy winner in 2-8-17.

Noted round the course : Peter Rock and Len Killip.

MERSEYSIDE MOUNTAIN TIME TRIAL

5th May, 1946

An innovation for English cyclists, the fruition of a long standing wish of the writer, took place on the first Sunday in the month. About two years ago I suggested to Pat Walsh, of the Walton C.A.C., who had so successfully run the Liverpool Combine during the war years, that the time was ripe for a mountain time trial. Breaking all traditions of the time trial game as understood, a course in North Wales to try the fittest of riders and at no fixed distance.

A committee of Merseyside cyclists was banded together and after a great deal of hard work it was decided to centre on Llangollen with circuit embracing the Horseshoe Pass, Nant-y-Garth, bye-passing Ruthin, the long uphill miles to Cerrig-y-Druidion and a fast run in home via Corwen.

An entry attracted by the novelty, as representative a field as one could wish for, leading time trialists and massed start experts, and a preliminary try out before the Manx Mountain Race. A full field tackled the circuit on a cold, windy, Sunday morning. The Horseshoe Summit found Fleming in the lead in 19 minutes, closely followed by Maitland and Farebrother. All our local riders at this point were riding steadily and comfortably. The Nant-y-Garth most efficiently marshalled into the lanes bye-passing Ruthin and out on to the Cerrig road. Even wind assisted this was to be a hard 14 miles and those who rode this stretch in comfort proved to be the men doing the rides. H. Lloyd, E.L.W., passed your humble on this stretch going great guns. The fierce drop and corner into Llanfihangel safely negotiated only to be marred by my chain misbehaving, which necessitated a halt and change with manual help. Away again up into Cerrig with smiling Peter at one crossing and Eric with a drink, most acceptable, but the ensuing miles into Corwen into a tough nor'easter over the roughest stretch of road on the course, called for more than liquid refreshment. The worst dose of the knock for years made my legs exceedingly wobbly and many minutes were lost on the run in to the finish. I could have wolfed anything and certainly did as I sat on the kerb at the finish ; all Peter Stevie's grub went in next to no time.

This event has certainly come to stay and is a welcome addition to what is a boring calendar of 25's and 50's.

Noted round the course : Ralph Fer at head of the Horseshoe, Peter Stevie at Llandegla cross roads, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves at Cerrig-y-Druidion, Len Killip at the finish.

Ratios of gears used were well thought out, those with four speeds having a definite advantage. Fleming used 65, 72, 81 and 86. His top might even have been 92, it was usable in many places by a man as fit as he. The Midlanders favoured a low, nearer 70. Then they have the true hill-climbing style as developed in recent years, Fleming being a real sitter-in of saddles.

J.J.S.

RUNS

Halewood, 4th May, 1946.

Once again a fully-fledged civilian I arrived at 4-30, feeling a little stiff and sore from the trip, but not, dear reader, from cycling—oh dear no ! Those who have ridden in a utility bus will know exactly how I felt.

However, a brisk walk soon banished any cob-webs and developed a reasonable thirst. First on the scene was Tommy Mandall, on a familiar mount which in the dim past was the cause of much suffering to the writer. Eddie Morris and Ralph Fer, with superb timing, arrived ex-rattler, as the hatches were opened.

This small party was quickly reinforced by Harold Kettle, who rode out, and George Stevie, as rotund and beaming as ever. Daintily, and as gentlemanly as possible, glasses of mild and mixed were consumed until our demeanour was disturbed by the tornado-like arrival of a cyclist, in the shape of Len Killip. "What's yours?" he was asked. Unashamed and without hesitation, he replied "A pint, please."

Thereupon a deathly hush fell on those present, and midst gurgles and halts for sharp intakes of breath Len recounted the tale of his ride round Acton Bridge. This might have excused his order, but adding insult to injury the offending tankard was borne upstairs, its contents helping to wash down enormous quantities of salad and trifle. And writing of trifle reminds me that at this juncture Peter Stevie arrived in time to finish off a couple of dishes of the aforementioned concoction.

The food was up to the usual Halewood standard, and rather a contrast to Tommy Mandall's and Ralph Fer's story of the Easter week-end.

Len Killip for his sins was detailed to collect the shekels, and with the Hon. Secretary the writer departed via the 7-15 bus, which fortunately was upholstered.

A few beers in a Liverpool hostelry, reminiscences, and so home.

Goostrey, 4th May, 1946.

Our Sub-Captain caught me in one of those weak moments that we all experience when he requests—"Will you——"? How can one be hard-hearted and refuse : so here's to it.

After wandering through the lanes via Dunham and Millington, the "Swan" was soon reached, and again quite shortly so it seemed, Knutsford. (Am I getting fit or was it because of the breeze on my tail?)

On passing the wall decorations opposite the Legh Arms on the rise beyond Knutsford I once more admired them, as I always do. One of the

adages there—"No gain without pain"—seems to apply very closely to all time trial aspirants! On reaching a lane near Peover Eye the sun and time in hand were tempting enough to lead me to sit on a bank and smoke, and lo! Jack Newton hove in sight and was also persuaded to sit in the sun.

And shortly we found our way to the "Red Lion" after a journey without apparent effort. Caught our Presider and Jim Cranshaw closely watching the process of making cows sit on the milk bottles. Mrs. Knowles came fully up to her high standard: I believe at 5-50 p.m. there was little more than a table full of empty plates, a mute appreciation of our hostess's good fare. I for one felt Austinian. There is little I can speak of the after-*tea* conversation, as quite soon I had to push off to keep an appointment at Delamere. Members present were as follows:—President Green, Messrs. Austin, Catling, Cranshaw, Haynes, Hodges, Newton, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Pendlebury, Swindells, Taylor, Wyld.

Mold (Dolphin), 11th May, 1946.

It is many years since I sampled the hospitality of the "Dolphin," and as the R.A.F. had at last handed me my cards I decided to see whether I could recapture some of the atmosphere of the old days.

The weather was kind and after rattling my way along the interminable setts of Liverpool's dockland I emerged at Birkenhead's southern extremity to be greeted by the fresh green of the road which leads to Wales.

A following wind wafted me in grand style to Queensferry, where I spotted a group of irons outside a café. Hardly had I stopped when the trim figure of our Hon. Sec. emerged and graciously invited me to share in an orgy of tea tasting.

We chatted with Prescott and A. N. Other about past exploits until their departure reminded us that Ewloe still lay ahead unconquered.

The arrival of Tommy Mandall delayed our departure by another tea, and at 5-30 we reluctantly tore ourselves away. Ralph's perfect modesty and retiring disposition caused Tommy and myself to take the lead. We didn't talk much, no doubt each was conjuring up visions of tables groaning with the weight of all sorts of choice food.

An exhibition of nimble pedalling by Tommy and some graceful free-wheeling by the other two saw us into Mold and the Inn yard where a trike (answering to the thrust of Blotto) and several bikes testified to the presence of more of the brethren.

Yes, there they sat, Syd Jonas and Harold Kettle disdainfully aloof at a table in the far corner. At another table sat the remainder of the common herd, Len Killip and friend, Arthur Williams, Tommy Sherman, Syd del Banco—apparently everything edible had been consumed. With tender solicitude we were informed that nothing was left, but bolstered up by the courageous personality of the Hon. Sec. we sat it out until a rather saucy serving wench asked us whether tea had been ordered. With a withering look Ralph informed her that *he* had ordered the entire banquet and demanded another plate of bread and butter forthwith, which seemed to

shake the astonished damsel so much that we had no more back chat.

The meal of fish and chips was, I think, enjoyed by all and an hour or so was whiled away in the tank. The topic of conversation touched on a variety of subjects and during Chester Cup anecdotes by Syd Jonas and Tommy Sherman I was very conscious that the audience was fascinated by the latter's brilliant flamboyant Bond Street tie. I cannot recall the exact pattern but the smile of rapture on his face (most of which was visible above a magnificent flowing moustache) as he fondled this amazing decoration was good to behold. It reminded us of Sammy's historic blue "plusses," which, rumour has it, were subsequently dyed brown by order of a "higher authority."

Harold and Len Killip and friend were first to move off, leaving the select party of six to pedal gently homeward. The journey was uneventful, but the sight of a trike rocking madly down Ewloe, pursued by three bikes in very close proximity must have startled the rather staid inhabitants, as they were still staring when Arthur Williams and myself passed more sedately some hundreds of yards in the rear.

Roll on next week, it's good to be back again.

Wildboarclough, "Stanley Arms," Saturday, 11th May, 1946.

Over a number of years I have experimented with the idea of getting from Macclesfield to the Stanley Arms with the least possible amount of effort. Many of the numerous ways of approach have been tried but my conclusion is that given equal conditions the direct route up the Cat and Fiddle—Buxton road, besides being the nearest may be considered the easiest according to ones method of attack.

My plan for this particular afternoon was to walk the first section as far as the canal bridge, (the first part being easily the roughest if not the steepest) then to ride the remainder by easy stages. It was whilst carrying out the first part of my plan that I was overtaken by one whose reputation on hills is enviable.

It was too late to dart down a back street or disappear into a urinal and so let the danger pass, so making up my mind that the second part of my plan should not be interfered with, I tagged along with my clubmate arriving at the Stanley Arms with time to spare and in not too "whacked" a condition.

Ned Haynes had ordered for nine and in due course he collected the surprisingly low sum of one and ninepence from eight of us, as follows: Bert Green, Taylor, Newton, Wild, Hodges, Barker, Pendlebury and Cranshaw.

We sat on after tea yarning as is our wont until the sun started to dip and then a move was made to collect our bikes, no tricycles or tandems being out, then to commence the drop down into Macclesfield and the flatter parts of Cheshire.

Three of us stopped halfway down to look into the cause of why a

certain back tyre failed to hold the requisite amount of air necessary to ensure peace of mind to the rider and only after repeated trials and then not one hundred per cent. successfully did we locate the cause of the failure.

We resumed our journey with just sufficient time to make home before lighting up and I for one "made it" with just one short stop at the Legh Arms at Adlington.

Little Budworth, 18th May, 1946.

The weather having been good most of the week, I decided to take Saturday morning off and make a day of it. Ready bright and early (for me), but did not fancy starting in a cape so had elevenses at home. The rain stopped shortly after, and the sun was making a valiant effort to do its stuff as I set off. Sticky wind along the top road, and the last half-dozen miles into Chester with full compliment of Turkish bath equipment. Removed same by Stamford Bridge, and arrived at Tarvin more than ready for lunch.

A most satisfying meal of beef steak pudding and trimmings, while the rain sheeted down. It had not stopped when I left soon after 3, so donned oilskins again and paddled slowly up Kelsall in low gear, where I turned left over the Yeld and then along muddy tracks through the Forest. Removed the outer covering again, and then through Norley to Smithy Farm for a mug of char with meat pie, etc. Further on, encountered Bert Green, who had fed early and was on way south for a week's tour. Hope the weather improves for him.

The Shewsbury Arms was adorned with Ned Haynes and Jack Newton, looking lost, also a notice on the door "open 7-30" which may have been responsible for their forlorn appearance. However, we at last managed to force an entrance at the rear, and there was Salty comfortably esconsed in the only easy chair, after an afternoon at the cinema at Chester. Tommy Mandall arrived before long, muttering about the wind and the notice on the door. Judging by his remarks, I should say he took a poor view of both.

Laurie Pendlebury, Stan Wild, Rigby Band, Syd Jonas (staggering), Peter Rock, Eric Reeves and Reg. Swindells completed the muster, and the serving maids were kept busy for quite a long time cutting up and pouring out. Stan Wild's capacity for cups of tea was at length satisfied, and as all the eatables had been consumed a move homewards was made.

The Merseyside contingent kept together as far as the Yacht, only losing Syd at Vicars Cross. Even the promise of sandwiches at that hostelry did not tempt him to ride so far out of his way. Then followed a pleasant interlude until the usual time, and a comfortable ride home.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lincs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



JULY - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

JULY 1946

NUMBER 484

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 6 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |
| 13 Warrington (Lion). Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m. | |
| 20 Utkinton (Smithy Farm) | |
| 27 Woodbank (Yacht) | Walker Barns (Setter Dog) |

AUGUST—

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 3 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Prestbury (White House Café) |
| 3/5 August Tour. Newport (Barley Mow) and Bath Road '100.' | |

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

Committee Members are requested to be on time for the Meeting on July 13th, in order that Dinner may be served as near 6-0 p.m. as possible.

August Tour. Members desirous of participating in the Tour to Newport should notify the President, who has the arrangements in hand. Those visiting the Bath Road '100' make their own arrangements. Members attending the alternative fixtures to Halewood or Goostrey should book their own meals.

J. R. FER,
Hon. General Secretary.

RUNS

Woodbank, 25th May, 1946.

Syd del Banco and Len Killip met at the "8th" and travelled easily to Queensferry on a pleasant afternoon. Some fortification was called for, which took the form of a couple of pints—of tea—after which the pair felt sufficiently strong to ride to the Yacht via Chester. The going was hard along the stretch past the dog racing track, but the temptation to get off and "go to the dogs" was successfully resisted.

The arrival at the Yacht coincided with that of Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton. The trip to the Yacht is a long ride for the Manchester folk, and we were very glad to see them. We marched in the direction of the bar in order to celebrate, but were foiled by a notice saying "open at 7 p.m." The bar was not untenanted, however, quite a large party being therein assembled. Before leaving for the dining room, there were present,

in addition to the four previously mentioned, Cyril Selkirk, Len King, Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer, Arthur Birkby and son, Tommy Sherman, Peter Rock, Arthur Williams and F./Sgt. Don Birchall. C. F. Elias arrived a little later, soon after zero hour.

The meal was up to the usual Yacht standard, although the quantity was slightly restricted owing to the necessity for sharing a pie made for ten among fifteen people.

Salty and Ted Byron came in after tea, and a movement started in the direction of the bar, which was now open. There were all the makings of a convivial evening, but Peter and the writer had thoughts of attending the East Liverpool Wheelers "50" on the morrow, and left early.

It was very pleasing to see so many members on this run. The Woodbank fixture is obviously popular among the Merseysiders, and with good reason.

Buxworth, 25th May, 1946.

Although it was a perfect day (*i.e.*, it wasn't raining) the company assembled at the "Navigation" was small. We were but a quartet. Most of the absences we understood, but it was most unfortunate that, on this particular day, the turnout was so far below normal. In keeping a promise made on the occasion of our last visit our hosts had put on a really special tea. A veritable skyscraper amongst high teas. Despite our depleted ranks we were not dismayed and, led by that notorious trencherman Stan (Teapot) Wild, we attacked the meal in the traditional Anfield manner. The reputation of the Club was upheld and by 6 o'clock we were chatting round a depleted table.

Our discussion was mostly about the pleasures (mostly retrospective, like those of time trialling) of touring in the Scottish Highlands. We were agreed that accommodation and food, road surfaces and gradients, combined with the vagaries of the weather to make considerable demands on the natural cunning and resource of the tourist. That those demands are amply repaid must be accepted in view of the fact that many of us had not failed to pay several return visits to those damp and rocky regions.

We left for home soon after seven, riding in a compact body to Hazel Grove, where Ned took the boulder strewn track to Droylsden and the rest of us potted gently through Bramhall Park.

Present were Messrs. Catling, Haynes, Hodges and Wild.

CLUB '50'—JUNE 1st.

Flaming June—though the only flaming part of it was the language used by various members when referring to the weather. You should have heard Tommy Mandall's remarks, at intervals from 2-45 p.m., when sitting disgustedly in cape and sou'wester outside the Yacht, until I left him sometime in the early hours at the Glegg. I thought he was crowing too early when he boasted, before dinner, about how his cuteness in calling at the Durham Heifer for a quick one had saved us from a wetting.

The outside of the Peacock was adorned by several members when we arrived, a few of whom had come by cycle. Bob Poole had actually

walked all the way from Chester railway station ; Tommy Sherman ditto, though rumour has it that he is contemplating procuring a bike before long. It is also rumoured that he had the offer of a machine for this event but declined at the last moment. Can it be that the weather had anything to do with this decision ? Surely not ! Where is " that tie," Tommy—I hope it hasn't shared the fate that befell Sammy's celebrated blue plusses in days of old. The slim figure of Bert Lloyd was to be seen throwing feeding cans into his car, preparatory to a trip up the course. Various people were playing with bikes, taking off mudguards, turning wheels round and generally tuning-up their steeds. Len Killip, wise man, brought his machine by car, while Russ Barker provided transport for the Manchester contingent.

Tommy and I gate-crashed for the riders' pre-race snack, and after an excellent crab salad we felt sufficiently fortified to tackle the ride to Bickerton. Passing the start shortly before zero hour, Bert Green, Rex Austin and George Molyneux were observed, together with Syd Jonas heavily disguised as a Scout Master (sorry, Army Officer).

Quite a gathering at Bickerton—Bert Lloyd, Bob Poole, Tommy Sherman, The Mullah and son Alan. It was apparent that there would be no records broken, as the riders were all just on evens or outside at that point. Peter Stevie evidently thought the course short, as he went nearly to the Red Lion before turning. Jack Salt, on the other hand, complained that we had made him go too far. The last man through, George Taylor, was barely recognisable beneath his mud pack (a front extension, George, is worth its weight in gold on a wet day).

Our duty well and truly done, Tommy and I set off for the finish, pausing as previously related, at the Durham Heifer. Reached the finish just after Ned Haynes, who did fastest time. Congrats, Ned, and to you, Len, for knocking the handicap. Also to the others for making a 100% finishing list.

While the riders were removing the mud, and making themselves as respectable as they could, a short session in the Tank put us in the right mood for enjoying a satisfying dinner. The worthy and hard-working Captain was able to relax, having brought his labours to a satisfactory conclusion. Bert Lloyd departed to put his offspring to bed, his place being taken by his 2nd i/c, Geoff Lockett. Can't say I altogether approve of police surveillance as a rule, but in this instance they behaved with commendable discretion.

After dinner some went, but the remainder settled down to enjoy the fare so adequately provided, only breaking up when the tap ran dry at the customary hour.

This account would not be complete without mention of the fair sex, who so charmingly graced our company at various times during the afternoon and evening. Mrs. Lloyd was an interested onlooker with Bert's car party (I hope she saw to it that the Guinness was dispensed in the proper quarter). Bob Poole had a deal of responsibility, in looking after Mrs. Haynes and sister as well as his own better half. Mrs. Randall

was in evidence before dinner, but why she didn't drag Charles along I don't know. We should be delighted to see him. Len Killip's sister brought her husband along to share the triumph of the Killipses. George Stevie brought his wife in a car, and I was glad to see that she is in such good spirits after going through a rough time. That handsome Valentino cum Romeo, the bloke with the dimples, seemed to make a decided hit.

The following members were present, apart from the riders: Rex Austin, Rigby Band, Harold Catling, Syd del Banco, Ralph Fer, Bert Green, Syd Jonas, Harold Kettle, Bert Lloyd, Geoff Lockett, Tommy Mandall, George Molyneux, Jack Newton, Bren Orrell, Jack Pitchford, Bob Poole, Peter Rock, Tommy Sherman, George Stephenson, Ira Thomas, Alan Turner, The Mullah, Arthur Williams.

WHITSUN TOUR—8/10th JUNE, 1946.

"Ten-thirty at the 8th"—such was the arrangement made for the commencement of the first post-war Whit Tour, and promptly at that hour Len Killip appeared, the remainder of the gang, Syd Blotto, Tommy Mandall, Ralph Fer and Tommy Sherman (yes, with a bike at last) being already assembled. Without further to-do the party moved off, sedately owing to a mistaken impression that the latest returned wanderer needed careful nursing. Certainly he had a B.17 narrow saddle, of whose virtues he held forth at frequent intervals throughout the week-end (I didn't say weak end), but after all was he not a Commando?

The lanes route having been voted into favour, we left the Whitchurch road outside Chester and rode non-stop to Aldford, where the two Tommys commenced delaying tactics. More talk of — saddles, while the local vintage was sampled, and then on to Shocklach, which proved U.S. as regards eats. Thrapwood similar, so we had recourse to our iron rations, with something to wash down same.

On through Hanmer, where the hill was walked by mutual consent, and Bettisfield, to Wem, but even this latter place couldn't provide sustenance, so that nothing remained but to crash through to Shrewsbury, where we hoped for tea. Alas, we were too late for that, and had to curb our impatient stomachs until dinner.

Elias arrived about the same time as ourselves, and others noted at dinner were Syd Jonas, Bert Green, Jack Newton and Jack Salt. Also Jack Beauchamp (Bath Road) and his wife, who were unable to eat at their caravanserai, the Britannia (though I don't think that was the exact word they used to describe their hotel). After a more or less satisfying meal we decided the service was too slow, so sallied forth and eventually found ourselves opposite a tavern with a fearsome bull or summat chained over the door. We had by this time contacted a few of Beauchamp's club-mates, and fraternised quite successfully. On being thrown out, something in the air suggested fish and chips, and a discreet inquiry or two led us eventually to the source of the appetising odour. I expected Salty to have two helpings, but was rather surprised to find the Sherman doing likewise. These — saddles must make one hungry.

Tentative arrangements made for the morrow and back to the Lion, passing Peter Rock and Eric Reeves in search of food. Frank Marriott in possession, the remainder of his car party consisting of sister Mollie and Mrs. Salty. Talk and talk, and after exhausting the night-porter's stock, to bed.

Up betimes, sort of, and a fairly respectable mixed grill gave us sufficient calories to contemplate the 19-miles ride to Welshpool almost with equanimity. About to start when Beauchamp appeared, and hurriedly departed to turf a brace or two Bath Roaders out of bed. Along the road Eric Reeves remembered that he had not yet fallen off his bike, so proceeded to do so very thoroughly. His knee was "bloody but unbowed." Further along the road, Bert Green was thoughtfully pouring out a cup of tea for me, only it turned out to be not for me. A good spot for elevenses, and the two Clubs had an enjoyable and well-earned rest, basking in blazing sunshine. Half-an-hour later we had the capes on, and kept them on for most of the remainder of the week-end. Blotto was heard to say something about a "short, sharp shower in Shropshire."

Welshpool was reached safely, and a really good meal was soon on the table. Our hostess was to be congratulated on being able to satisfy the appetites of 24 at a few hours' notice. Sammy brought the ladies along (having discovered that even *his* car goes better when the petrol is turned on), and made himself very popular by securing the entree to the tank, though he soon shewed that his first effort was not intended to be taken as in any way creating a precedent. Even the offer of large bribes did not shake his adamantine will.

The party returned by devious ways, and a very select group enjoyed tea, sandwiches and cake at Worthen, where they were joined by Ned Haynes and wife, Ira Thomas and wife and youngster. The Sherman thought of going back in young Thomas's side-car, to get a rest from his — saddle.

During the evening, the writer had the pleasure of meeting H. S. Barratt and E. Buckley for the first time. Eddie Morris, George Newall and J. H. Williams were at dinner: I don't know which brought the others out but they all arrived by the same car. Rex Austin also showed up, having been on duty in the morning watch-holding for a lot of "barrers."

Bowing to extreme pressure, the hard-working Sec. found himself saddled with the job of running the sweep, so, just to get a bit of his own back he —, but that's going too far ahead. Anyway, his thanks go to Mrs. Salt for cutting up the start card (hope the scissors are none the worse) and to Mrs. Beauchamp for drawing the "horses." (Put it down to No. 49, Mrs. J. B.).

Still raining when Tommy and I came downstairs to rustle up an early breakfast on Monday, and though the "corned dog" and frozen marg. were none too appetising the tea was welcome. Then a slog into the wind the Chirbury turn and a chat with Ira Thomas, who had doubted our ability to make it, while I hoisted the red flag. Having satisfied himself that we knew exactly what our duties were, Ira departed to join Jack Pitchford in endeavouring to poison the bodies with some weird con-

coction brewed to the accompaniment of muttered incantations, imprecations and what-have-you. Before our vigil ended Tommy was envying me my leggings, but even with them I was more than glad when the last man had turned and we were free to get moving.

Buttonholed by the living skellington, Rex Austin, on reaching the Lion, who gave me the winning riders and was anxious to know the sweep winners. Eddie Morris drew Maitland (33/-), the aforesaid hard-working Sec. had Skinner, of the Walton, who won the handicap (20/-), Elias was the holder of the 2nd handicap winner, Bowes, of the Solihull (15/-), and Armstrong, of the E.L.W. had drawn the 3rd handicap winner (10/-). This last-named was none other than our own Eric Reeves; hearty congratulations Eric. And just because Eric thought he was on too long a mark, he had to crash *again* during the race. Salty and Russ Barker completed our team, though I don't think either of them was enjoying himself at 90 miles. What did you say your number was, Jack?

The afternoon turned out gloriously sunny, though there was a very strong north-west wind. Some cycled home, some by car, and it is rumoured that a few patronised the rattler, but I wouldn't know anything about that.

Other members officiating round the course were Frank Chandler, Peter Stevie (who sportingly interrupted some very important training to give a hand), Bren Orrell (starting steward and chief holder-back-of-crowds), George Taylor, Harold Catling, Charles Randall (first time out for years), Bert Lloyd (bringer-out of aforesaid Charles), Albert Lusty (time-taker at 50 miles).

And if anyone wants to know when was the last wet Anfield "100," I'LL TELL 'EM!

WHITSUN PERSONALITIES

Faux Pas—After making certain adjustments to the innards of a certain contraption vaguely resembling a car, a certain Anfielder-cum-motorist could not induce even a murmur from the darned thing. A party of real cyclists passing at the time sportingly offered a push, and encouraged by splutterings (but not from the engine) shoved it half-way from Shrewsbury to Welshpool. However, displaying a flash of subtle brilliance our motorist remembered that he had forgotten to switch on the petrol again.

What a man! And who could it be?

* * * * *

Indignant—at being offered a checking card, Frank Chandler in a loud voice proclaimed himself "A ruddy Marshal not a miserable Checker."

* * * * *

Crashed—on Sunday morning and during the "100," it was a scarred Eric Reeves who finished with a smashing time of 5-4-19, and kept the Club colours flying. Well done, Eric.

* * * * *

Anxious—to take advantage of the railways before fare increases

materialise, five members were seen on Shrewsbury station. Makes a nice change, doesn't it?

* * * * *

Reminiscences—in the Lion lounge, could be heard from young-old-timers Buckley, Barratt, Newall, Williams, Morris and North-Roader "Whiskers in the Wind"—G. H. Stancer. Those were the days.

* * * * *

Elicited—after a gruelling cross-examination, the information that genial Len Killip had been awarded the Air Force Cross. Congratulations, Len.

* * * * *

Ladies—present, were Mrs. Salt, Mollie Marriott, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Ira Thomas, "Petronella," and Mrs. Beauchamp, spouse of Bath Roader Jack Beauchamp.

* * * * *

Disguised—behind several chins and a creditable corporation, one-time sylph-like editor, Sammy Marriott. Now catering expert, sardonically giving orders to all and sundry, with thumbs dangerously stretching braces.

* * * * *

Conspicuous—by their absence for various reasons, known and unknown—George Stephe, The Connor Brothers, Ted Byron, Sid Carver, Rigby Band, "Ginner" Williams, "Wayfarer" himself, Harold Kettle and Harold Powell.

* * * * *

Lucky—in the last minute sweep.—Eddie Morris, C. F. Elias and Ralph Fer.

* * * * *

Joined—that small select Secretary's section—Tommy Sherman. Threatened with expulsion, however, following a 'half-wheeling' incident. By the way, where was the techni-colour tie?

* * * * *

Enthusiast—President Green, piling up the miles, contemptuous of motorists, dispenser of teas to tired tricyclists and tothers travelling to Twelshpool.

* * * * *

Sarcastic—but not without affection, were greetings between certain riders and Charles (Henry Cotton) Randall, alias the "boge-man."

* * * * *

Shucks to the chassis!—avers Rex Austin, it's the body that counts. Displaying a lapel full of badges, Rex appears more rotund and beaming than ever.

Little Budworth, 15th June, 1946.

This day was typical of the "summer" weather to which we are now well accustomed.

We had contemplated a day run to include the "Shrewsbury Arms" on the return journey. Even Eric's tumbling enthusiasm quailed before such a miserable day; the latest hour and most direct route being chosen.

Near Chester the rain eased and capes were doffed. The weather obstinately refused to clear and to add further discomfort Kelsall had been liberally plastered with miniature granite boulders in lieu of the normal chippings.

The meal was in progress on our arrival and we were quite surprised to find one solitary Manchester man, the President to wit, valiantly keeping his end up against a small select but voracious body of Liverpool gentlemen.

As is often the case nowadays the meal was disappointing, distinctly so we found on receipt of the bill.

The main topics of conversation were the weather, coupled with the '100' and the August tour. It was necessary to cape up once more for the homeward journey, all Liverpool gentlemen following closely behind the Secretary's silver swallow snifter. This wonderful device resembles a bicycle in almost every particular but has some sort of water-divining arrangement incorporated, which works excellently despite the fifteen per cent. cut. Its efficiency was amply proved at Kelsall where the bottom of the barrel was drained. At Vicar's Cross the "swallow" remained set on a course for Chester, accompanied by Tommy Mandall. Peter Stevie and Tommy Sherman turned right to lead Eric Reeves, Len Killip and Peter Rock home by way of Backford and Little Sutton.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 3 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Prestbury (White House Cafe) |
| 3-5 August Tour. Newport (Barley Mow) and Bath Road "100" | |
| 10 Warrington (Lion). Committee Meeting, 5-0 p.m. | |
| 17 Hatchmere (Tudor Cafe) | |
| 24 Woodbank (Yacht) | Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses) |
| 31 Halewood (Derby Arms) | Goostrey (Red Lion) |

SEPTEMBER—

- 7 Club "50"—Start at 4-30 p.m.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address. Norman Turvey, 22 Draycot Road, Wanstead, E.11.

Club Tie. Mander & Allender, 5 and 7 Dale Street, have a supply of Anfield Ties at 6/6 each for those interested.

Stan Wild reports that he saw Grimmy at Fallowfield the other week. He looked very fit, is still very interested in the old Club and asked to be remembered to all his old friends.

Ira Thomas reports seeing Charlie Windsor recently (late of the Dickens Arms at Loppington). He sends his regards to all Anfielders, especially Buckley, Rex Austin, Bren Orrell and Beardwood. He is keeping fit and was sorry to miss the "100" this year.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES

It is intended to hold the second Club "50" on September 7th. Will all who intend to support this event please notify me by August 30th?

First Club "50," June 1st, 1946. It is very pleasing to be able to report a Club event after the long lean period occasioned by the war years.

Seven enthusiastic members entered the lists, rode and all completed the course. A fine performance in itself on such a poor day. The wind

and rain were not conducive to speed and the toughness of conditions and course were reflected in the following times returned by Rex Austin :

| | H'cap. | Actual Time 50 miles | Spurstow 32 Miles |
|--|-------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. E. Haynes | .. 4 mins. | .. 2.28.21 | .. 1.29.10 |
| 2. P. Stephenson | .. 10 mins. | .. 2.39.46 | .. 1.31.20 |
| 3. R. Barker | .. 3½ mins. | .. 2.31.59 | .. 1.27.50 |
| 4. L. Killip | .. 12 mins. | .. 2.31.56 | .. 1.29.50 |
| 5. J. J. Salt | .. Scratch | .. 2.31.20 | .. 1.29.10 |
| 6. G. Taylor | .. 12 mins. | .. 2.49.38 | .. 1.35.10 |
| 7. J. E. Reeves | .. 2 mins. | .. 2.28.31 | .. 1.28.30 |
| 1st H'cap Prize .. L. Killip Nett Time 2.19.56 | | | |
| 2nd E. Haynes 2.24.21 | | | |
| 3rd J. E. Reeves 2.26.31 | | | |
| Fastest Time Prize, E. Haynes 2.28.21 | | | |

Our congratulations go to Ned Haynes on a splendid effort, and to Len Killip, whose time was within three minutes of his previous best.

Commiserations to Russ Barker, who faded after seeming to have the event in his pocket ; also to all others, especially to Jack and Eric, who have Father Time to contend with, and Peter, who finds a fifty a long way for one so young.

Thanks to all who supported this initial effort in such a grand manner. Notably Rigby Band at No Man's Heath, Ira Thomas and Jack Pitchford at Hinton Bank, Bren Orrell at Bickley Post Office and Sid del Banco with Harold Catling, at Ridley Green.

Ralph Fer and Tommy Mandall were at Bickerton and Bert Lloyd, with the help of Tommy Sherman, supplied the riders with copious draughts of liquid refreshment, popping up at frequent intervals around the course.

Others around the course were the President, assisting Rex Austin at the start and finish. Harold Kettle, Jonas, Williams, Molyneux and Jack Newton. Stevie, and Mrs. Stevie, now recovering from her operation, were at Ridley Green stirring Peter to greater efforts, also the Mullah and Alan Turnor on tandem.

Bob Poole, Laurie Pendlebury and Mrs. Salt, Poole, Haynes and sister were also noted. Geoff Lockett put in a late appearance, having been on duty. Mrs. Lloyd with son and Mrs. Randall accompanied Bert in the car. Len Killip also had family support in sister and husband, also a friend. This so far as I recollect, completed the gathering, but I tender apologies to any whom I may have overlooked.

Please support the second " 50 " in like manner and we may be assured of its success.

P. ROCK,
Captain.

THE O'TATUR'S GOLDEN WEDDING

Eighteen-ninety-six—17th June—Nineteen-forty-six : Fifty years married. That's "The O'Tatur's" record ! Murphy is known to practically all the older Anfielders and to many of the younger ones, if not in person then by name and reputation as a good friend to and an admirer of the Black Anfielders.

Knowing the Golden Wedding Anniversary was due in June I was considering crossing to Dublin to offer my own congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Murphy in person as well as those of the Club, and receipt of a Golden Invitation clinched matters, so Mrs. Mac and I duly arrived in Dublin one showery Sunday morning. We were met by The O'Tatur with his car and escorted to the Central Hotel, and here was evident the first of the many kindnesses and attentions shown to us by Murphy and his family. Dublin Hotels are very full : nevertheless a room was available for so long as we wanted it. We, however, did not want to stay in the city for long ; endless trouble had been taken by Murphy and his family to find accommodation in the country for us—accommodation not too far out, as we wanted to be within accessible distance of the Murphy family.

The Golden Wedding Party was a delightful affair. There were over 60 guests, among whom I must mention one, Jerry Garland, with whom I was delighted to renew old acquaintance. There were sheafs of congratulatory telegrams and messages, too many of them to read to the guests, but I was honoured by being permitted to read a message from the A.B.C. sent to me by the President for personal delivery, it read :—
 "The President and Members of the Anfield Bicycle Club send Greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and Heartiest Congratulations on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary. They remember with great pleasure meetings in the past and days spent together on the road—days of fresh air, in the rain and in the sun, and hope that Mr. and Mrs. Murphy may enjoy many happy peaceful years in their sunset time."

The morning after the Celebrations Murphy turned up at our hotel with his car, and after a few minutes conversation, left us, saying, "There's the car ; here's the insurance certificate—you'll find petrol coupons attached to the certificate. The car's yours for as long as you stay ; call for me at 2-30 to-day and I'll take you around. Good morning," and he was gone!

Nearly all Murphy's petrol for June, as well as vouchers contributed by others—to whom sincere thanks, was put at our disposal and enabled us to get about in Co. Dublin and Co. Wicklow, re-visiting places I had been to years ago and seeing fresh scenery. The following day we moved out to Enniskerry ; the Powerscourt Arms could not take us, but we found accommodation at Silverdale Hotel. Murphy and I called in at the Powerscourt, and Mr. Tallon, on seeing me, said, "I've seen you before." "Yes," said I, "that was in 1913" ! Exploring the country round Enniskerry for a week we returned to Dublin and spent our last night in Ireland with the Murphys before sailing home by "direct steamer" after twelve days' enjoyment and renewal of old acquaintanceship—of

kindness everywhere and of marvellous feeding. Passages both ways were all that could be desired, but we were very fortunate to go when we did, as I believe the crowds since then wanting to cross are tremendous.

F. D. McCANN.

CORRESPONDENCE

22 Draycot Road,
Wanstead, E.11,
Phone WAN 1732

Dear Stevie,

I thought this letter might make an interesting par. for the *Circular*. I have received a very cordial welcome from the N.R., and am riding fairly regularly in the team now. Most of those at the runs are speedy youngsters, so sometimes my middle aged legs have to twiddle faster than is decorous or comfortable! Of course I can always let myself be dropped but I didn't join a club to go riding alone, and anyway, what sort of an Anfielder would I be if I let North Roaders drop me without a ruddy struggle! Didn't I once beat Charlie Randall in a memorable Club 100!

If I can be of any use to the Club as representative, delegate or otherwise at any time I shall be pleased to help. I see my absence from this year's Anfield 100 was 'not noticed' despite my having attended every one since 1923—" *Sic transit gloria Anfieldium.* " Perhaps it's just as well, as I sloped off to Chipping Norton with those renegade North Roaders!!

Ever,

NORMAN TURVEY.

July 8th, 1946.

Dear Norman,

I write to give you a hearty welcome to membership of the North Road Cycling Club. I sincerely hope that you will find many happy hours in our company and that the association will be of lasting mutual benefit. Your proposer, as you know, was Arthur Smith, and I was pleased to support him. Your election was unanimous and recorded with acclamation.

As the Treasurer I must ask you for the shilling entrance fee and 25/- subscription.

I am glad to learn that you are happily settled in a place where you can establish yourself. You must let me have your address in due course.

Mrs. England joins me in good wishes to your wife and, of course, to you.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY ENGLAND.

RUNS

Woodbank, 22nd June, 1946

A dull day so far as the weather was concerned, and with the run but 11 miles away I set off on the tricycle to Mold via the shorter way and back to the Yacht to find several members present but sitting outside, as opening time had been put back to 8 p.m.

A rare visitor was Jack Seed, looking fit and blooming, and Frank Chandler, who was holding forth on the iniquities of landlords in not opening at the hour the law permits and at closing before the duly appointed minute.

I had met Arthur Birkby at Queensferry and he was off week-ending with his brother in the Corwen area.

Others present at the Yacht were Kettle, Fer, Mandall, Jonas, Ken Barker, Sherman, Arthur Williams and Jack Newton, who had done a good ride and forsaken his Manchester run.

All sorts of ways were tried in order to wheedle a pint out of the landlady, but there was no beer forthcoming and after a good meal we set off for the Nags Head at Willaston, which was reputed to open and close early in these beerless days.

We were successful, and had a couple and went on to the Farmer's Arms at Raby, but this little place was filled to overflowing with thirsty motorists and the beer went off just as our advance party reached a strategic position at the bar.

A quick withdrawal was indicated and an advance column was despatched post-haste to the Seven Stars at Thornton Hough and such was the speed with which the move was carried out that not a motorist arrived there before we had occupied the counter at the bar.

A couple of pints were disposed of and by this time we had dug ourselves in and secured seats, listening meanwhile to Tommy Sherman's tales of what happens in the Mess on Guest Nights—a very rough lot of young gentlemen he must have mixed with, to be sure.

Closing time came all too soon and away we went, Tommy Mandall bound for the country life at Heswall and the remainder walking the Sych in time honoured fashion.

I feel sure there were ten members out, and writing this a month after makes me wonder if the tenth man was Salty or Elias.

Wildboardclough, 22nd June, 1946.

On a dull, muggy afternoon, I was gently urging my tricycle towards the traffic lights in Cheadle when, with great ostentation, another trike and a single flashed by me with the speed of the famous Reg. Harris finishing sprint. I felt rather sat upon, but recovered on seeing that the tricyclist was Harold Catling and the bicyclist George Taylor, and realised that the sprint was but a "gallery." The lights held us up, and as George

had a call to make in Cheadle Heath (some "black market" alloy, I believe), Harold and I agreed to proceed slowly, assuring George that he would catch us again before we had reached Macclesfield.

So Harold and I carried on conversationally, until as we passed down Dean Row, loud and somewhat ribald remarks reached us from the rear. The volume of sound was too great for the quiet and unassuming George, and surely enough, on glancing round we found that he had been joined by Reg Swindells and Laurie Pendlebury. Thus we became a quintet.

On reaching "Treacle Town" it was unanimously agreed that the party indulge in the ever-pleasant custom of a "cup o' tea." To our disappointment, owing to the coincidence of the St. Barnabus "Wakes" the cafe was closed and we were turned empty away. It was decided, therefore, to make for the "Leather Smithy" at Langley. At least, that is what Harold, Reg and I thought George and Laurie had agreed upon, but on reaching the aforementioned "pub" they were conspicuous by their absence. It later transpired that George and Laurie had patronised the milk-bar in Macc. and had been successful in obtaining the desired beverage. As for us, we waited for a long time at the "Leather Smithy" until it became quite apparent that we should not be served in time to reach Stanley's by 5-30 p.m., and we had to go empty away.

From Langley we took the severe climb up to Forest Chapel, always a grand route, although the poor visibility to-day gave no reward for the energy expended. Bert Green and Russ Barker were awaiting us, and after George and Laurie had joined us we sat down seven strong to Stanley's excellent tea. We ate and ate and ate (and drank and drank and drank) and Stanley was continually refilling plates with bread and butter and the tea-pot with the ever-delicious brown fluid. Incidentally, George is approaching the Austin-Hodges class for stealthy tea-tasting. I believe that he secretly swills tea all week in order to keep in form for Club runs.

Conversation was interesting, but the main topic was Jack Hodges' enterprise in going for a tour in Norway, in which country he was at the time of the Club run. In fact, he had made the writer green with envy by sending him a post-card of the incomparable Stalheim Hotel, and his feelings will be well understood by anybody who knows that superb spot. Tricycles and touring in Scotland also came within the purview of the conversation, but somehow, grand though the Cairngorms and Skye may be, they seemed pretty "small beer" in comparison with Scandinavia!

The party rode home *en masse* as far as Cheadle after a very enjoyable run in spite of the dull weather.

Present:—The Presider, R. Barker, H. Catling, L. Pendlebury, R. C. Swindells, G. G. Taylor and S. Wild.

Goostrey (Red Lion), Saturday, July 6, 1946.

This is a special occasion for me, Hubert was back from the far east and having acquired his father's Enfield was ready to sally forth on his first club run for some time.

Round about three-thirty o'clock, the convoy left Cheadle Hulme,

the Grand Old Man setting the pace, eventually to make port at the Red Lion in time for beer.

Mrs Knowles wonders what the country is coming to as she declares she has been selling beer since she was five years old (?) and never known to fail until now. She did not fail to serve us, so that's that.

We had a good muster at tea which was fully up to the Goostrey standard but we are a little apprehensive about the future. Anno Domini tells its tale.

After tea we sat about talking for some time then a start was made for home. On the way we gate crashed a notice "Regulars Only" so we had to be satisfied with one apiece at the Queens on suspicion.

Hubert left us at Alderley to make his own way to Macclesfield and the G.O.M. and myself made Cheadle Hulme and home with daylight to spare. A most enjoyable run.

Halewood, 6th July, 1946.

A glorious day and a stranger on the doorstep. The stranger—Arthur Williams. The doorstep—25 Woodchurch Road, and most important to the stranger, the hour—Dinner-time. A few sweet words in my mother-in-law's ear produced for Arthur his dinner, and then turning his guile upon your humble, I was persuaded to take from its cotton-wool wrappings my R.R.A. and give it an airing as far as the Derby Arms. This necessitated delving amongst the moth balls for some cycling kit. All this duly accomplished we sallied forth to catch the 4-15 boat from Woodside and slowly ambled our way through the busy streets of Liverpool to the quieter stretches of Menlove Avenue and Hillfoot Road, finally arriving at Halewood a few minutes before opening time.

Tommy Sherman, complete with cycle, fitted with what he termed a B——— Saddle (which I am given to understand does not mean Brookes either) was awaiting in the yard, hands deep in pockets, surveying a monstrous padlock he had secured his cycle with. What a Doubting Thomas.

On moving indoors we were joined by Ralph Fer, he having travelled out by rattler: a few seconds' wait and the hatches were opened and our lips moistened with a few glasses of mild and mixed. Our party slowly increased, first Arthur Birby, then Tommy Mandall, followed by Len Killip and Harold Kettle, and last, but not least, dapper little Frank Perkins. A few more gills and thence upstairs to a meal of the usual Halewood quality though somewhat lacking in quantity due to the continued war-time rationing.

Our return to the tank was disappointing, the beer, etc., being off till 9 p.m., so to the road and home, being joined *en route* by Peter Stevie, making his way over to Wirral for the morrow's Time Trial event. In ones and twos our party dispersed, the writer arriving home about 8-45 after quite an enjoyable run, the first by lightweight cycle for about four years.

Warrington, 13th July, 1946.

Warrington is *not* a beauty spot, and to a new hand the approach to the centre of the town from Latchford is not exhilarating—to an old hand, with memories of the old uneven setts, the tramlines near the side of the road, and the narrowness of the road, present conditions are so relatively good that the short journey is bearable. But it is possible, by putting in a very few miles, to shorten the unpleasant part to less than a furlong, at any rate for those approaching from Manchester way.

Take the main Chester road to the "Swan," then right to the "Kilton," along the Knutsford—Warrington road to Swinyard Lane, through Appleton to the "Cat & Lion," and then right to Stockton Heath. Here turn sharp left towards Frodsham and then right over the Ship Canal bridge; until you reach the level-crossing there are no setts and in about 200 yards you find the "Lion." That's the way I went on this day—there are many variants. I found Eric Reeves waiting, and soon we were joined by other members of the Committee, and held our meeting in comfortable and convenient surroundings. Half-way through the meeting Frank Marriott projected himself into the room like a bombshell, and to our great satisfaction informed us that he had left Norfolk for good that morning. Business over, we adjourned to the dining-room, where we were served with a satisfactory meal, with every indication that we were welcome. The meal despatched, a small committee went into the yard to try to help Frank Marriott to get a gallon into a pint-pot—in other words, to see if we could suggest any means by which Frank, Harold Kettle and Tommy Mandall could be squeezed into a car, the back portion of which was filled nearly to the roof with luggage and the fruits of the earth, one of the front seats occupied by a spare tyre, the luggage grid piled high and the sides of the bonnet festooned with bicycles and other things. By the use of a few miles of string, the outside of the car was further decorated with some of the contents of the interior and room was made for the Treasurer, but poor Tommy had to make other arrangements. (By the way, we were sorry to hear that Tommy has to put himself into the hands of the surgeons for a while, and hope he'll soon be about again, quite fit).

The ride home to Manchester was easy and without incident, but I hear vague stories of something having happened to what one might quite properly refer to as Frank's pantechnicon.

Utkinton, 20th July, 1946.

"Turn left just past the Headless Woman, and continue straight on, until, in the western lee of the hill, you will find the farm." So ran the instructions which were given to me for reaching the venue of to-day's Club run. It sounded very pleasant, a place for tea beneath a Cheshire ridge, and so it was.

Frank Perkins called for the other Frank (Marriott) soon after 2-30, and together we made our way out of Birkenhead. Drifting down the Wishing Gate Hill was a pleasure which hadn't been mine for nearly three

years, and how I revelled in that grand view across the fields of ripening corn.

Willaston Corner came—and went, for we did not stop—at 3-20. Frank regaled the minutes, miles and me with stories of a rough stuff trip behind the Bwlch-y-Groes, and it wasn't long before Chester skylined ahead. A call for a cape—"delivery in a fortnight"—and we were away again, across Bailey Bridge and so to the Headless Woman. The last miles were in lane land, and we soared gently and pleasantly to the farm.

We thought that we would be first, but Jack Hodges and Peter Stevie were earlier. Jack was full of stories of cycling in Norway and Sweden, and it wasn't long before nostalgia set in. Jack was taken aback by the view of Naerodal from the Stalheim Hotel, and it didn't take much thought for me to be back there again, watching the morning sun rising to shine into the fine valley. Jack rode to Stockholm, too, and we hope that he will recount his experiences in the *Circular*.

One by one the others trickled in—Len Killip, Peter Rock, Arthur Birkby, Rigby Band, George Newton, Eric Reeves, George Molyneux, Bert Green, Stan Wild, Syd del Banco, Tommy Sherman and Ralph Fer. That, I think, is all, sixteen who thought it a grand idea to ride to the Club run this pleasant afternoon.

Another thing I liked was the tendency to stay for a chat after the meal, and not to "beat it" immediately the eating was accomplished. It was 7-30 before a move was made homewards, and grand riding it was. Arthur Birkby and Syd del Blotto—bashing 'is barrer—made very steady pace-makers, and I for one was very thankful that a scrap did not ensue. We crossed the Gowy by Egg Bridge to reach the Whitchurch road by Waverton. Outside of Chester we parted company. Arthur, Syd and Eric traversed Wirral by the bottom road, while the others made for the Yacht for a quick one before reaching home at varying times between 10-30 and midnight.

TREASURY NOTES

The Comforts Fund is now closed and the question of the allocation of any balance has been left to the decision of the next A.G.M.

My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations to the Prize Fund.

JUNE

A. E. C. Birkby

*A. Lusty

G. Molyneux

*F. D. McCann

G. Newall

W. C. Tierney

J. Ward

JULY

*Anonymous

CORRECTION

Owing to a printer's error the name J. E. Carr in the May list of subscriptions paid should read J. Egar.

W. H. Kettle,
Hon. Treasurer.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



SEPTEMBER - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

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SEPTEMBER, 1946

NUMBER 486

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- 7 Club "50." Start at 4-30 p.m.
14 Warrington (Lion).
Committee Meeting at 5-0 p.m.
21 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).
28 Woodbank (Yacht). Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).

OCTOBER—

- 5 Halewood (Derby Arms). Goostrey (Red Lion).

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

Autumnal Tints Tour. October 19/20 is the week-end arranged for this Tour, the venue being the Glyn Valley Hotel, Glyn Ceiriog. Although these Notes are being written only ten days after the Committee decided on date and place, I have already received reservations for the total accommodation available. If, however, any other intending participants will notify me immediately, I shall do my best to fit them in somewhere.

Change of Address. W. G. Connor, 11 Preston New Road, Southport. W. Orrell, "Orrwood," Twemlow, Holmes Chapel, Crewe.

Membership—Transfer. J. H. Williams has transferred from Honorary to Full Membership.

Historic Documents Dept. With reference to my offer made early this year, it is hereby notified that my stock of old *Circulars* and *Handbooks* will be held until the end of September, after which date all copies not earmarked will go towards alleviating the fuel shortage at the Mansion.

J. R. FER,

Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL

Congratulations (belated, but sincere) to Ted Byron and Walter Connor on becoming proud fathers of a son and daughter respectively. We got the news just too late for inclusion last month.

CORRESPONDENCE

22 Draycot Road,
Wanstead, E.11.
25/8/46.

Dear Stevie,

I've just got back from a 94 mile ride to attend a North Road run where Mentmore near Leighton Buzzard was the venue—47 miles to the lunch place is really a bit of a you know what, so anyway I came straight back after the meal—out and home in fact.

The purpose of this letter is that at last, after 25 years of wanting to, I visited the Kings Head at Ivinghoe and met mine host, Mr. Seabrook. I regret to say he did not recognise the Anfield button but did cotton on to the North Road badge underneath it. That acted as an introduction and we had a very pleasant chat about some weird blackguards who call themselves Owls and about certain mysterious initiation rites : of W.P.C., Percy Charles, Urban Taylor and a certain obscure bloke called Austin : details of the initiation process didn't seem to fit that pillar of the past—Harry and so I imagine it was that Austin chap we sometimes hear of from Manchester—Rex, I think his name is !

Anyway Mr. Seabrook was most cordial and sent his regards to all who have visited his portals. He bears no one any ill will and is prepared to let bye-gones be bye-gones. Grand days I should imagine—will they ever come again I wonder.

By the way, I may do 47 miles before lunch but I am not riding in the North Road *team*. My letter last month said I was riding " with them." It was printed " in the team." Which is the better—my writing or your proof reading ? !

My love to Rhoda and chin chins to you and Peter.

Ever,

NORMAN TURVEY.

Dear Mr. Editor,

During a recent week's holiday in Dublin I was able to contact Finn, of " Ours " and the I.R.C.

I had memories of this Irishman away back in 1922/23, so when we decided on Ireland for a week's holiday in August I wrote him, making some enquiries regarding a 12-hour championship to be held on Sunday, August 18th, which I thought would be of interest : however, I understand that owing to lack of support it was cancelled.

Finn, however, came round to our hotel towards the end of the week and we spent a delightful evening together. It seems he had been on holiday, touring in Galway or somewhere in the north-west corner of Ireland and had only returned to find my letter waiting for him on the Wednesday.

He sends his hearty greetings to old friends, mentioning your good self, Charles Randall, C. H. Turnor and Co.

He is fit and well and hopes to be with us for the "100" next year.

Yours truly,

JAMES D. CRANSHAW.

RUNS

Woodbank, 27th July, 1946.

First arrivals at the "Yacht" were the Hon. Treasurer and Blotto, closely followed by Sid Carver and Rigby Band. Sid was on a fortnight's visit to his home town and had borrowed (and incidentally reviled) a bike for the occasion. Tommy Mandall, Arthur Williams and the Hon. Sec. completed the party of seven which adjourned to the dining room direct; the bar was closed for obvious reasons.

Ken Barker arrived at the tail end of the meal and Ted Byron just as the main party were leaving, Kettle and del Banco having made an early start. The party split up on the high road, some for home and some to seek the proverbial cup of gold, pint of ale or other equally elusive prize.

Walker Barn, 27th July, 1946.

Seeing that the run was Walker Barn, I had been planning all week a trip out round Flash Bar and the valley between Quarnford and Gradbach.

But when Saturday morning came the Monsoon seemed to have set in properly and the direct route was the order of the day.

Leaving Macclesfield I was struggling up the long gradient past Eddisbury Hall when I was overtaken by Stan Wild.

On arriving at the Setter Dog at 5-20 we found we had just been beaten at the post by the President and Jack Hodges, fresh from his trip to Norway. We at once retired to the tap room to await 5-30 and more arrivals. Opening time coincided with the arrival of four more—Catling, Taylor, Haynes and Rex Austin.

Mrs. Goodwin seemed very much distressed to find more than ordered for, but after a little persuasion by the President and Sub. quite a good meal was put on the table.

Over tea the conversation was mainly about Jack's trip to Norway and whether Stan's reputation as champion tea drinker of the Manchester section was justified.

The party broke up early and after a short stop at the Bull's Head with the V.P., the writer arrived home at a most respectable hour.

AUGUST TOUR—BARLEY MOW, NEWPORT.

Saturday, 3rd August.

The Exile and the Secretary lunched at Bleak House—a comforting meal—in fact the last meal they were to enjoy until the morrow. Having waited some little time for Sherman and Killip, who were half-expected

but did not materialise. Carver and Fer wended their way—a gentle way—to the Bull's Head at Clotton, which—whisper it not in Gath!—was open! Here over a pleasant pint, Carver thought it an opportune moment to mention that Randall, having already lost one bicycle, is in imminent danger of losing another, for when Carver called at the crenellated mansion round about noon, he found Randall's bicycle in the garden but no one in the house. Beware, Charles, these are priceless days.

To break the time before tea proper, we decided on plain tea—a mere snack—at Bickley Moss. There, *mes enfants*, we made our first mistake, for the good lady actually inquired if we desired a *real* meal (and doubtless there were eggs for the asking), but we, in our great innocence, refused, preferring to wait until our second R.V. with the younger brethren at Fairlawn. Fairlawn! If food and film stars were on a sliding scale—something of parallel perfection—we longed for Rita Hayworth, but received a couple of “extras”! Not even a speaking part, though the wind was in Fer's willows. Then came the Commando, brought safely in on the beam by the R.A.F.'s dead reckoning—and so the rescue party fiddled while Sherman and Killip fed—wisely—yes, but not well.

And so to Prees and rounds of pints until 20.30 hours. In the quiet and gentle hush of evening, the Shropshire lanes are lovely—passages of charm and hidden mystery—dim-lit, hinting at lovers' meetings and stolen kisses. 'Tis pity that their wistful twilight knew no peace. Half-gallon waves washed the beaches of the bowels and crashed their irresistible way into the empty caverns that we once called stomachs. (Dial T.U.M.—*Sunday Express*, please copy. Anything Mr. Nathaniel Gubbins has ever written about his stomach is a masterpiece of brilliant understatement. Refer—R. Fer, Secretary, A.B.C.). And so to the Barley Mow where an anxious Presider had mentally decked himself as Bo-Peep. Weren't those ham sandwiches good, Ralph?

Sunday.

It was once my privilege and pleasure to pen a few inadequate words on certain sartorial excellences achieved by one Byron, H.R.S. and 24 record holder. Alas, dear Ted, it is indeed “Ichabod” for you—for Fer and Sherman appeared both gorgeously arrayed in things of beauty, curiously fashioned from a cunning weave imported from a certain misty isle. But if the dog-ribbed apparel was not austerity, neither was the breakfast. A veritable repast, my masters, in these days of utility digestions and with this delectable collation just a recent memory, we departed *en route* for the Plough, Wenlock Edge, a hostelry we thought but one short mile from Much. But more of this anon.

A couple of miles from Bridgnorth the inevitable happened. A long slope was just too much for Killip's peace of mind—and away he went, but not alone. When the “hectics” were over, we were three. The Presider and the Secretary, as befitted their dignity, were not with us—and that was where they did it on us. While we waited—and waited in the pleasant high town, they discreetly travelled another way, and when we again

caught them we were most indignantly asked where the hell we'd been. Such injustice !

Scene : Village street, Much Wenlock. A party of cyclists entering.

Carver : I care not what thou sayest, pal, whichever way the route may lie, the road goes up.

Killip : 'Twould be as well to ascertain (enter a merry Aircraftsman). Ho, chum, whither lies the Plough that men do say lies somewhere on the Edge.

M.A. : Good my master—'tis but the thick end of a league on yonder hill.

Sherman : A league ! A league, says't thou. My kingdom for a jeep !

(Merry Aircraftsman departs laughing and a merciful curtain descends on a miserable Sherman.) But it was worth working for even though it was the thick end of two leagues—the best lunch in a long time—lovely ale, and a recommendation for tea in Bridgnorth should we chance that way. Brockton—Ditton Priory—over Brown Clee's shoulder—Chirbury North—up the hills—down the hills—"What a view"—"Must have a picture"—"What a smashah." Yes—a wonderful afternoon with a hot sun and a fresh breeze—and so to Bridgnorth. The recommendation turned up trumps—a very pleasant meal—a gentle meander with Sherman's envy of Killip's free-wheel being satisfied by the easy method of "trying" his position—twinkling lights and the Barley Mow again.

Harold Kettle was waiting—but, as Killip put it "even the Prodigal Son got a terrific line in priorities"—so all was well. Ham sandwiches—ale—reminiscences—get Tommy Sherman to tell you about a certain Lady and a certain castle sometime—and then, all too soon, midnight's chimes became a lullaby.

Monday.

Food. Most important—definitely. We settled a modest score and bade a fond farewell to Newport—and on to the beloved and belaboured road to Crudgington. The Raven was our goal, but near Hodnet some scurrying—and *this* time it was the Presider (again) and the Treasurer who did it on us. While we waited they supped (tea) and then went another way. Guile and low cunning ! IT was shut at Prees—so once again we arrived in a thirsty state, too parched to parley. Lunch was quite good—and incidentally, we heard that the Newport road from the Raven is to be "de-controlled" shortly.

Bickley Moss brought afternoon tea and some Cheshire Roaders (a king's ransom in cameras on the tea table)—so when both Beeston Brook and Tarporley refused to yield food, the Presider took his leave of us and branched right for Utkinton with homeward bound company. Kettle had gone left for destination unknown—and so we were four.

Bleak House was very bleak—deserted, in fact, but we managed a "something" nearby before diving into the lanes. Through Mickle Trafford—and then—glory be !—a pub—open ! But no ale, so we sat round drinking rum, pleasantly diluted. The last prime being contested, we came at last to smoke and smell on the Chester Road.

Journey's ends are sometimes joyful—sometimes not. There was something of both elements, I think—but it was grand to be back on the well-loved roads with the well-loved friends. I'm only sorry that Peter, Eric and Jack could not be with us—but I hope their journeyings met with equal fortune. And now a personal note—"How's that saddle, Rodney—m-m-m-m-m?"

SID CARVER.

Halewood, 3rd August, 1946.

It has always been considered by the Editorial staff that all Runs should be reported on in spite of the smallness of the attendance. With this in view and the writer being the only one at the Run, at any rate up to 6-30, I am penning an account of it. Leaving home after breakfast on the three-wheeler I rode to Chester and had morning coffee at my usual habitat situated at the top end of Lower Bridge Street on the right-hand side going down. This place is open on all mornings at 9-30 and is very useful to early starters. Thence I trundled to Kelsall and called on Mrs. Everet at the Abbey Arms and booked lunch for the morrow. I had intended getting lunch at the Crown and Anchor at Northwich, but not having been there for a few years I had taken the precaution of carrying a "nosebag." This paid, as I found Mr. Tyson had retired from hotel keeping and gone to live at Upton, Wirral, and that the present occupant had nothing to offer in the shape of food. I was pleased to find that the abominable stone-sets had for the most part been tarred over, but why portions should have been left can only be explained by those (if any) who understand the inner workings of the minds of local authorities.

At the Slow and Easy at Lostock Gralam I bought beer to wash down the lunch, and then as instructed by the Secretary rang up Sarah and told her I was on the way. Proceeding via Knutsford and Bucklow Hill I arrived at Lymm for afternoon tea at the Dingle Café. This might be used as an occasional rendezvous by our Manchester men, the place is roomy and the fare average. The covering over of the sets on the direct road into Warrington was a pleasant change and in due course the Derby Arms was reached. It was a very dry house however, drier than I have ever seen it before. The meal consisted of cold chicken, bread and butter and tea, no sweet, for which 5/- was charged. Most of us well remember during the 1914-18 period the charge at Halewood for dinner was 2/- and it was only when the Club suggested to Mrs. Land that goose, duck and chicken, etc. were worth more, that the price was raised to 2/6. A very great contrast to these days. A quick ride home through the Tunnel brought a pleasant day to a close.

F. CHANDLER.

White House, Prestbury, 3rd August, 1946.

Stan Wild and I travelled dangerously towards Cheadle. The roads were teeming with hordes of intoxicated motorists. The source of their intoxication lay not in alcoholic beverage. They had merely imbibed of

the holiday spirit and the highway was in the hands of that most dangerous class of road user the impatient, overloaded holiday-bound amateur car driver. For the most part these people are sober and careful road users but the presence of a fair sprinkling of sporty 'pass the next man at all costs' drivers creates chaos amongst the ranks of the not-so-skilled.

We had barely left the main road when away ahead we saw a speeding tricyclist. Non other than the youthful Hodges. By dint of great effort doing 'bit and bit,' we managed to keep him in sight and eventually caught him. We had difficulty entering Prestbury because of the great number of cars parked in the main street of that most popular village. The some-time occupants of the vehicles were more interested in Prestbury's catering establishments than in its old church and even older Saxon chapel. The White House and the Bollin Café had both barred their gates against the invasion and we were forced to leave the village in search of food.

A simple but satisfactory meal was obtained in Adlington. No other Anfielders were encountered but as we were not accommodated at the official venue there may have been other attenders besides Messrs. Catling, Hodges and Wild.

(Catling, Hodges, Newton, Wild and Poole supported this fixture.—Ed.)

Bath Road "100," 5th August, 1946.

Syd Jonas reports having attended, together with Salty, Rex Austin and Percy Beardwood. *Query:* Does the Tabucchi man receive *two* runs for this fixture, one for an Anfield fixture and one for the Bath Road? Quoting from Syd's account of his return from Theale "We touched 70's to Evesham and Worcester and I was in Hereford Station at 8-32, eight minutes ahead of schedule and was just ready for the soup, steak, chips and peas, plums and custard, cheese and coffee at 9-0 p.m." No wonder he refused to leave the Army when he should have.

Warrington, 10th August, 1946.

After a really dreadful morning the rain ceased about lunch time and I was fortunate enough to arrive at the Lion without having to resort to a cape. Others were not so fortunate. I had a reasonably cushy ride with a following wind but a not very interesting run, mostly through the flat parts of Lancashire and a long stretch of the East Lancashire Road. However it was good to be out again on a run and this time as a civvy for the first time in nearly five years. That is why I have to write up the club run, apparently a recent innovation.

I arrived at the Lion rather earlier than I had anticipated (the wind was stronger than I had thought) and the Committee was then in session. I waited and very soon others began to arrive, Sid Carver and Tommy Sherman being the first. Sid was on holiday and it was good to see him again after so long. Len King and Jack Newton were next and then the Committee, their business having been attended to. It was good renewing old acquaintances and making new ones as I still have to meet some of our latest members.

The meal was very good judged by present day standards and I hope we shall continue to have runs at this hostelry as it is one of the few that I shall be able to attend until such times as I get a home in the Wirral again. The party divided up into two tables, the President, Stan Wild, Jack Newton, Sid Carver, Ned Haynes and George Connor at one, Ralph Fer, Tommy Sherman, Len King, Len Killip, Harold Kettle and Harold Catling at the other.

We sat yarning until turned eight o'clock when it was decided to break it up—I having at least 32 miles to do and most of it into the wind. Mine was an unaccompanied ride and the wind on the East Lancashire Road was anything but helpful, reminding me very vividly of the finish of a certain Warrington "100" on the same road some years ago. But it was all worth the effort and discomfort and I arrived home with a feeling of self-satisfaction and of having spent an enjoyable day among old friends of the road.

Hatchmere, 17th August, 1946.

Made a call at Chester on the way out, to inquire as to the possibility of obtaining spares ordered some months ago, and was informed that I had missed Eric Reeves by half-an-hour. Thank goodness—I thought, but just then the other half of the half-wheeling duo appeared. However, he had pity on my two disabilities, left leg and right leg, and I managed to stay with him quite comfortably. Peter told me he lost 5 lb. in weight during his recent tour with Eric, and I was not at all surprised. But it turned out that this was due to failure in the commissariat rather than their joint and individual efforts to drop each other.

Six Merseysiders were sunning themselves on the grass outside the Tudor Café, Harold Kettle, Frank Perkins, Tommy Sherman, Rigby Band, Eric Reeves and Tommy Mandall, the last-named still waiting to go in dock. We wandered in and occupied two tables, wondering what had happened to Manchester, but before long Jack Newton rolled up, followed by Bert Green, Stan Wild and Harold Catling. The meal was tastefully served, but lacked the wherewithal to ride a long way. In other words, "there weren't enuff t'eat." Four of us managed to reach home by calling at Whitby for bags of chips, which provided the necessary calories. And very nice too.

Woodbank, 24th August, 1946.

Rain was falling as I started out for Woodbank, but there were signs that it would soon stop. A quiet potter through the lanes, past the A.A. gun site at Raby where sounds of activity in shape of hammering and sawing indicated "squatters" although I didn't see any visible signs.

Once through Willaston the rain ceased and I packed my cape away with the promise of a fine afternoon ahead.

Along the Top Road the sun appeared through the clouds, picking out the fields in patterns of light and shade and lighting up the rain drops on the corn stooks.

I was the first arrival at the Yacht, closely followed by the Secretary, suitably attired for the monsoons. The Treasurer, Peter Stevie, Tommy Mandall, Rigby Band and George Connor (now demobbed) were the next arrivals—these with del Banco then repaired to the fleshpots. Tommy Sherman and Arthur Williams soon completed the attendance of nine.

A very satisfactory meal was served—and I was ready for it. The Yacht is certainly one of the best places we have on our runs list.

Conversation ranged from the Autumn Tints Tour to the "25" on the morrow, and George informed us that he had completed his demob leave and would be starting "werk" on Monday.

A move was made *en masse* homewards. At Willaston corner Harold continued along the Top Road whilst the remainder turned for Willaston where we left Ralph and Tommy Mandall. A heavy shower caused us to cape up past Willaston, but it didn't last very long. At Clatterbridge the party again divided; del Banco keeping straight on for Bebington and the others turning left for the "Sytych" and their various ways home.

Halewood, 31st August, 1946.

A late start caused me to use the Tunnel (instead of the more pleasant way by boat) to ensure my being on time.

Kettle arrived while I was locking up my bike, and inside we found Eddie Morris, Fer, Marriott and Mandall in the lounge, looking rather depressed.

Our enquiry as to the cause thereof, revealed that the bar was closed until 8 p.m., so, willy nilly, they were T.T.

Promptly at six, a move was made upstairs, the number being brought to eight by P. Rock and Arthur Williams.

The meal was very nice and the lack of the usual cake was made up by an extra dish of trifle dexterously portioned by Marriott.

Our after-meal chin-wag was hilarious, Jinner excelling in his recital of happenings in the Far East. His description of a fire in camp with the huts becoming ashes in five minutes, the incidental near-panic and salvage of some of their belongings by the chaps in various stages of undress, brought tears to our eyes.

A more serious discussion followed, and then the main pack, all for the Wirral, were ready to follow the early homing birds, Morris and Kettle.

The journey through town was uneventful and all would be safely home by 10.0 p.m.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



OCTOBER - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

OCTOBER, 1946

NUMBER 487

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- 5 Halewood (Derby Arms). Goostrey (Red Lion).
12 Warrington (Lion).
 Committee Meeting at 5-0 p.m.
19 Tarvin (Bleak House). Prestbury (White House Café).
19/20 Autumnal Tints Tour (Glyn Valley Hotel, Glynceiriog).
26 Utkinton (Smithy Farm).

NOVEMBER—

- 2 Halewood (Derby Arms). Goostrey (Red Lion).

COMMITTEE NOTES

5, Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

"Tints" Tour. A meal has been ordered for 9-0 p.m. on Saturday. Will all those attending the Tour endeavour to be there promptly?

The Champions' Concert. This will take place at the Royal Albert Hall London, on Saturday, November 30th, commencing at 7-0 p.m., tickets 5/- and 3/6. Any member wishing to attend should notify me, enclosing remittance, not later than 31st October.

Membership Transfer. E. Snowden has transferred from Full to Honorary membership.

Committee Meetings. All Committee members are asked to notify me before the next Committee Meeting, whether they prefer meetings at Warrington on Saturday, or at Liverpool on the second Monday in the month.

J. R. FER,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL

In spite of the note on the back page of the *Circular* asking for contributions to be in the hands of the Editor not later than the 25th of the month, to enable the Magazine to be got out in good time, we only had one account of a Club run—and that one a Manchester run written by a Liverpool member—on the 25th of September. At the time of penning

these notes—October 1st—we have only two more in. It is quite impossible to get the *Circular* out in reasonable time under these conditions, so it's up to you !!

Tommy Mandall had his operation on Tuesday, 24th September, and the Editor and Peter went to see him on Saturday. He looked comfortable and as well as could be expected so short a time after the ordeal. He had a letter from the Secretary and Frank Marriott in Scotland to cheer him up.

Frank accuses Ralph of letting him in for drinks at 1/4 a bottle and then going round to the Sawdust end when it's his turn to pay and getting off with 1/1 a pint. And the next time it's Frank's turn to pay, there is only whisky !

The long man also moans about the Secretary's broken promises. The road to the Isles was to be the worst on record but turns out to be "marvellous and grand." The promise of three miles of free-wheeling down Glencoe turned out to be a grind at 5's. But in spite of the wind and rain the pair seem to be having a grand time. No doubt we shall hear more of it in due course.

Tommy Mandall was looking very well when we saw him again last week-end and leaves hospital on Tuesday, 8th October.

Congratulations to Rigby Band and his wife on the arrival of a son and heir.

Peter Stephenson joins the R.A.F. on 21st October, and we wish him "Good Luck and Happy Landings."

Len Killip is leaving for Ruislip to take up an appointment with the British European Airways Corporation, and we hope he will be happy in his new job. We can ill afford to lose these youngsters at this time.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES

The Second Club "50," September 7th, 1946

We were very pleased to welcome Tommy Sherman back into the "fast pack." The Skipper himself also decided to 'have a go,' and to everyone's amazement, including his own, proceeded to return fastest time.

Nine were entered, two—Russ Barker and George Taylor—in error, thus making the field seven, as in the first '50.' All started and completed the course, although Salty had a spot of bother in Chester, which caused him to start late, his time being returned as a private trial.

The weather was good by 1946 standards but the wind was strong,

making the going tough at times. The President held the watch and returned the following times :—

| Order of Start | H'cap. | No Man's Heath | Hinton Bank Turn | Bickerton Turn | Spurstow Turn | Bickley P.O. | Actual Time 50 Miles | Nett Time 50 Miles |
|------------------|----------|----------------|------------------|----------------|---------------|--------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| J. E. Reeves | 1 min. | 40 mins. | 55.20 | 1.17.0 | 1.29.2 | 1.49.30 | 2.25.30 | 2.24.30 |
| P. T. Stephenson | 9 mins. | 42 mins. | 58.30 | 1.21.30 | 1.33.30 | 1.56.14 | 2.37.4 | 2.28.4 |
| J. J. Salt | Scratch | 41 mins. | 57.50 | 1.20.0 | 1.31.30 | 1.52.40 | 2.28.57 | 2.28.57 |
| E. L. Killip | 7 mins. | 40.30 | 56.15 | 1.18.30 | 1.31.10 | 1.52.25 | 2.29.12 | 2.22.12 |
| W. P. Rock | 3 mins. | 39 mins. | 54.40 | 1.16.0 | 1.28.20 | 1.48.35 | 2.24.15 | 2.21.15 |
| T. Sherman | 8 mins. | 44.30 | 1.1.30 | 1.25.0 | 1.39.40 | 2.0.17 | 2.36.22 | 2.28.22 |
| E. Haynes | 2½ mins. | 40.30 | 56.10 | 1.18.0 | 1.30.45 | 1.51.10 | 2.26.11 | 2.23.41 |

| | | | |
|--------------------|--------------|-------------|---------|
| 1st H'cap Prize | W. P. Rock | nett time | 2.21.15 |
| 2nd " | E. L. Killip | " | 2.22.12 |
| 3rd " | E. Haynes | " | 2.23.41 |
| Fastest Time Prize | W. P. Rock | Actual Time | 2.24.15 |

As will be seen in the intermediate times, the 'terrible twins' had a great tussle. Tommy Sherman recovered well after a very slow start, while Ned Haynes put in his customary strong finish.

Thirty-six members were present, our best turnout this year.

Great work was done by Frank Marriott, Arthur Williams, George Molyneux, Bren Orrell, Wilf Orrell, Jack Pitchford, Ira Thomas, Harold Catling, Don Birchall and Bob Poole, who between them marshalled more drinks than I had ever seen in one '50.' My thanks to all other helpers: Bert Green holding the watch, Harold Kettle at Spurstow, Ralph Fer and Tommy Mandall at Bickerton, and Sid. del Banco at No Man's Heath. Chandler was also noted at the last-named point, on his way for a week-end in Salop.

Others at the start and finish or noted around the course were G. Connor, Rigby Band, Elias, Birkby, S. and W. Threlfall, L. Pendlebury, Jack Newton, Rex Austin, C. Selkirk, Ken Barker at Ridley Green and Jim Cranshaw doing trojan work conveying the fair sex to various vantage points around the course.

Once again the Peacock Hotel catered in knowing style, twenty-six members and friends sitting down to a pleasant meal, which rounded off a very enjoyable afternoon.

Ladies present were Mrs. Haynes and sister, Mrs. Poole and Mrs. S. Threlfall.

In recent weeks members have competed in local events, namely :— the West Cheshire T.T.C.A. "25" on September 15th and the Liverpool T.T.C.A. "25" on September 23rd.

West Cheshire "25." Fastest Time :

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| C. Cartwright (Manchester Wheelers) | 1.1.52 |
| (Ours) J. J. Salt | 1.8.55 |
| J. E. Reeves | 1.9.23 |
| P. T. Stephenson | 1.12.41 |

Liverpool T.T. "25." Fastest Time :

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| R. Sidlow (Walton C.A.C.) | 1,7.31 |
| (Ours) J. J. Salt | 1,11.26 |
| J. E. Reeves | 1,11.? |
| W. P. Rock | 1,12.34 |
| P. T. Stephenson | 1,18.? |
| T. Sherman (punctured and retired) | |

Conditions were exceptionally tough in the Liverpool event, competitors receiving the full force of a south-westerly gale in the return journey.

Times returned by 'Ours' were very creditable, and I feel sure that 1947 will see a return of the keen competition which was disrupted by the war years.

P. ROCK,
Captain.

OVER THE LARIG GHRU

By STAN WILD

Of all the mountain crossings in the British Isles, the Larig Ghru passage appeals to the imagination of the pass-storming cyclist more than any other. Its fascination is easy to understand when one has viewed the sinister outlines of the Cairngorm Mountains from Aviemore on the Great North Road and learned that through a clearly discernible cleft a rough, boulder-strewn track penetrates the high fastnesses of this mighty range to connect Strathspey in Inverness-shire with Royal Deeside in Aberdeenshire. Another attraction is the fact that of the seven mountain peaks in Britain with a height of over 4,000 ft. (all of which are in Scotland), four are situated in the Cairngorms inside an area of roughly eight square miles, and it is between these giants that the "Larig," reaching a height of nearly 3,000 ft., crosses the wildest expanse of country in the Highlands with no human habitation for 20 miles. Obviously, it is a route that only the fit may traverse, and all authorities stress that it should not be crossed in bad weather, never alone, and a minimum time of 12 hours allowed.

I first heard of this formidable pass nearly 20 years ago, when the correspondence columns of the *C.T.C. Gazette* were full of lurid accounts of horrible crossings, particular emphasis being laid upon the cruel nature of the boulder fields near the top of the pass, and the absolute necessity of removing pedals and mudguards (if they were to survive) during the journey. Ever since, the "Larig" has attracted me, and in the spring of 1944 I knew the time had come to accept the challenge or to be full of regret for evermore.

Unable to find a companion to accompany me, I determined, if necessary, to make a solo crossing. And so it was.

Thus, 10 a.m. on the first Sunday in June found me leaving Linn o' Dee, some six miles up the valley from Braemar, after having spent a pleasant

evening at a lodge on the Royal estate of Mar Forest in the company of two Aberdeen climbers who knew the Cairngorms like the backs of their hands. They did their best to deter me, even mentioning that a young student had gone out a year ago and had not been seen since. No, not even the body! However, I replied that I knew what was ahead, and whilst I might be unhappy during the crossing, I should certainly be unhappy if I did not attempt it.

There had been plenty of rain during the preceding days, but I commenced in beautiful sunshine, and rode for three miles along the rough and muddy road to Derry Lodge, where the track started, and followed the Luibeg Burn for nearly two miles along a fairly level and not too rough a path. Then the burn was crossed by a rickety foot-bridge with several planks missing, and I commenced to climb the shoulder of Carn-a'-Mhaim, where the 2,000-ft. level was reached in a little over a mile. It was a stiff climb, especially with a bicycle, as rocks and small boulders were constantly in the way, making the going most uncomfortable. In fact, all the way across there was no comfort with a bicycle, whereas on most similar crossings, whatever energy has to be expended, it is simply a question of wheeling the machine along. I eased matters by strapping the cranks to the chain-stays, a tip I recommend if a free wheel is used, as it saved me a lot of inconvenience.

The Cairngorm Massif.

Of course, I had had no intention of making this strenuous journey in bad weather, but, alas! the sun had flattered to deceive, and soon after leaving Derry Lodge clouds had swept over the sky, to be shortly followed by heavy drizzle. As the striking cone of Devil's Point came into view, the rain set in with determination, but, luckily, the views were not greatly impaired, and as I descended to the Dee there was a glorious prospect in front of me. On my right was the mass of Ben MacDhui, behind the Devil's Point rose the height of Cairn Toul, and away in the distance between the peaks of Braeriach and the *massif* of Cairngorm was the seemingly impenetrable barrier of the "Larig," and as I looked a cloud lifted, and there was the nick itself.

By 1-50 p.m. I had covered about nine miles, and reckoned that I was two miles from the top. A stop for some sandwiches was indicated in order to fortify me for the final climb, but owing to the rain coming on harder than ever and reducing the food to pulp in my hands, I carried on after only a 15-minute break, hoping to have a longer stop at the summit. The track now climbed steeply, and although I had been wearing a cape for an hour or so I did not perspire, owing to the extreme coolness of the day. There was a grand view looking down the valley the way I had come, but in the main I kept my eyes steadily forward towards the ever-narrowing cleft, which was the top.

The rain poured down relentlessly and I was so wet I did not care what happened. I no longer tried to avoid bog, but simply waded through it. My shoes were saturated, and already, in extricating a foot from bog, I had split the back of my left shoe, and it was tied round my instep by

means of a piece of string. The track was rough and stony, and the bicycle had to be continually lifted over, and steered round, rocks and stones which seemed to have an affinity for the pedals.

The Dee disappeared under a wall of rocks, and as I climbed I found that the top of the wall constituted the floor of the first of the notorious boulder fields. These stretch for approximately three miles, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on each side of the pass. Frankly, I stood aghast at this first field of boulders. I had read a lot about its character, but, really, it begged description. I could see no way across with a bicycle, but with a sickening feeling in my stomach I realized that it had to be done. As I gazed across the boulders and up at the gigantic cleft into which the pass had narrowed, I felt that I was on the threshold of Hades, and that, for my temerity in desiring to cross such a pass with a bicycle I was going to suffer greatly in the immediate future.

I was unable to carry my machine owing to the cape, but by dint of much lifting, slithering, and striding, with an occasional jump (the last-named action with my heart in my mouth), I not only made progress, but continued to make progress. It was hard graft, however, and my peace of mind was not helped by the fact that long before the summit was reached my shoes were falling to pieces, and so bad was the going that I could not see how they possibly could last to Aviemore. They were quite stout shoes, but after walking ankle deep in bog for miles, the sharp edges of the boulders were literally cutting them to pieces, so sodden was their condition. During the final climb the Pools o' Dee were passed, three clear tarns connected by underground streams which percolate through the boulders to form the Dee.

I reached the summit (2,771 ft.) at 3-15 p.m. and the boulder-fields still stretched away in the distance, but I had achieved the seemingly impossible and had covered half of them, and away through the gap lay the fair green valley of the Spey, a mere 10 miles away. However, the second half of my journey had to be reckoned in hours and not distance. Verily did this enchanting vista appear as a glimpse of paradise to a soul passing through purgatory.

The rain still came down like "stair-rods," and there was no shelter at all, so I pushed on firmly over those pestilential boulder-fields. Occasionally there appeared to be some semblance of a smooth path in the distance along which I could surely wheel my bicycle in comfort, but no, on each occasion it was a mirage and the path was stony and rocky as ever. Two miles down from the top I came to a small burn, which is marked on the map as a ford. Owing to the heavy rain it was in full spate, rushing and roaring along, and I wondered how it was going to be crossed. It did not take me long to realize how it was to be done, because there was only one way, and that was to plunge into the burn with water swirling round my knees and over the hubs of the bicycle and wade across. It is significant of the conditions that I felt no wetter when I reached the other side!

Into Rothiemurchus.

Henceforward the track was like a running stream and the air was filled with the roar of a score of rushing burns in full spate. I seemed to be in the land of the lost, but I plugged steadily on. And then I saw a tree and was glad ! For this was the outpost of Rothiemurchus Forest and meant that I was nearing civilization again. I passed through a forest of dripping trees, and crossing the burn at the Cairngorm Club foot-bridge, was soon at Coylum Bridge, which I reached at 6-30 p.m., 8½ hours after leaving Linn o' Dee. I was soaked to the skin, and if ever I felt like a good bed it was that night, but Aviemore was full, so after having a good supper at a C.T.C. house and arranging for breakfast there in the morning, I repaired to the youth hostel and slept the sleep of the just. My shoes had miraculously held together, but on the morrow I had to purchase a new pair, which entailed the sad surrender of nine clothing coupons.

To sum up, I must say that nothing I had previously heard about the severity of the " Larig " had been an exaggeration, although I proved to my satisfaction that it is not necessary to remove pedals and mudguards. My time of 8½ hours was good, but, paradoxically enough, had the day been better I should have taken a lot longer, as more time would have been spent in stops *en route* and in photography. I took most of my " shots " from under the cape over " open sights." It is a magnificent crossing, and I should certainly like to do it again.

A last word. It was foolhardy to cross alone, a sprained or broken ankle being the easiest thing in the world to sustain whilst crossing the boulder-fields. I did not see another soul all day, so it will be well understood that such a mishap would have had serious consequences.

RUNS

Dane-in-Shaw, 24th August, 1946.

It was Bramhall Show to-day, traditionally wet ; but the early morning promised well. Alas, true to tradition rain began to fall shortly after lunch, and I delayed my departure until there was a break in the clouds. Bramhall village was crowded with people and cars—reminiscent of Northwich in the old days and of Billy Cook on his tricycle crashing through regardless of the havoc caused by his side wheels—and I took some time to get through. Then it was by the familiar route by Dean Row, Brook House and Vardentown to Birtles and Siddington, and my progress seemed slow. However, I found that I was rapidly overhauling a much younger man, albeit mounted on a tricycle, and I felt much happier when I caught Stan Wild. Through Congleton we passed sedately and then Stan simply flashed away (in B.L.R.C. riding style) up the hill. By now it was raining heavily, and fortunately for me the level crossing was closed, so I managed to catch up, and to put my cape on. We were at the Coach about 5-40 p.m.—only Jack Hodges was earlier—but we were soon joined by the President and Harold Catling, Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton ; and Hubert Buckley, suitably disguised as a gentleman, completed our number.

We had an extremely good meal at a reasonable price, and a great contrast to the meagre food and excessive charges at Hatchmere the previous week. In spite of the agreed desirability of more joint runs in the summer, it seems that until more suitable venues are available, we in Manchester should not neglect our tried and trusted catering houses, but continue to maintain their goodwill by regular attendance. As catering goes these days, it is nice to be sure of a welcome and a good meal.

The after proceedings were enlivened by a recrudescence of the eternal argument between Jack Hodges and the Presider about WORK. Jack holds the view that work is the curse of Adam, to be performed and finished with as quickly as possible. Bert, on the other hand, feels that the ordered business existence is the ideal way of living and that the idea of retirement is simply ghastly. Both, of course, have carried their ideas into execution—Jack got out as soon as he could and Bert still continues when most men have sought a life of slippers ease—but most of us thought that both are extremists and that a course between the two is the ideal.

Outside it was still raining, and most of the party pushed off; but Rex and Stan walked with Hubert to the main road before resuming the pig-skin. The heavy rain made the journey something of a trial and both were glad to reach home for a bath and bed. By the way, the loudspeakers were still producing music for dancing at Bramhall Show; but who was dancing in the incessant rain is more than my brain can conceive.

Goostrey, 7th September, 1946.

Three Liverpool members—Tommy Sherman, Len Killip and myself—decided Halewood was too near for a Club run the week prior to the Club "50," so we decided to drop in and have a look at our Manchester friends at Goostrey. The order of the day was easy, Tommy was to call for me at 2-30 and we were to meet Len at Sutton Weaver about 3-30. We caught the 3 o'clock transporter, but while that contraption was carrying us across the Mersey Tommy discovered that he had a puncture, and the tyre went down too fast to ride up to Len on. "Never mind," said I "We'll have it fixed in five or ten minutes," but I had never before seen Sherman mend a puncture. Our Captain struggled for about ten minutes trying to get the tyre off without taking the wheel out. Now this tyre was very tight so Rodney took the mudguard off to help the situation. Well, to cut a long tale short, I butted in and got the tyre off, found the puncture, slapped a patch on, bashed the tyre on and pumped it up—anyway, pumped, but would it go up? Would it B.17.N likely. Someone had nipped the tube and another puncture had resulted. I wonder who that someone was? I could guess, couldn't you, Tommy? Well, to ease the situation more our great warmonger took the bag off and we soon had the next puncture mended and once again we pumped and once again the (B.17 very narrow) tyre wouldn't go up. Anyway, I at last had my way and we took the frame off the wheel—no, not the wheel out of the frame—that's much too sensible a thing for our Berry and Bentley Wallah to do.

This time the weakness was an old patch which had rotted. So we repaired this third hole and eventually got everything back—even the air into the tube and got on our way to meet Len. I don't think we were much more than an hour or two late, but much to our delight our patient friend was still waiting—and he didn't grouse! The rest of the ride was uneventful apart from being through a thunderstorm which commenced at Lostock Graam and finished sometime after we arrived at the Red Lion. The rain was so heavy that most of the lads were still sheltering in the shed where they had taken their capes off. But eventually the hungry Gentlemen from Liverpool, no longer able to wait, dashed across to feed, with the Manchester Men on their heels. When we had all sat down there were fifteen of us, namely: The President, Mr. Buckley and Hubert, Ned Haynes (who had been round the triangle), Wilf and Bren Orrell, H. Catling, G. Farr (back again), J. Hodges, Rex Austin (on a pair of very posh wheels), Stan Wild (late, as usual), Jack Newton and we three. The meal was as plentiful and tasty as anyone could wish for and here again our champion excelled himself.

Conversation ranged on all subjects, but we had to get home and so a start was made in fine weather. The ride home was very pleasant, although we had to navigate floods which had developed from the storm, but then, weren't Commandos trained to ride through water? Ah well, after getting lost—Sherman again—we eventually bid Cheerio to Len at Sutton Weaver and Tommy and I were able to ride at a reasonable speed for the first time since we teamed up with our speed merchant some hours previously. A banana on the Transporter and Huyton was soon reached, where I said cheerio to Tommy after making plans to meet him in the morning—for we were to go out with Len again. I think Tommy remembers that Sunday between Ruthin and Mold or was your memory as bad as your legs?

I don't think Sherman's dignity would have suffered half as much had he written this run up as requested. What do you say?

Utkinton, 21st September, 1946.

The last Saturday of Summer, 1946, was, by recent standards, a glorious day. The sky was a leaden grey and the wind was rather cold but it wasn't raining. The Manchester Sub-captain and I regaled ourselves on this first rain free Saturday for six weeks by turning out on my triple geared, triple braked and triple tracked tandem.

We travelled well, into a slight but persistent zephyr, by Oversley Ford, Peover and Middlewich to Winsford. Here Ned's very laudable desire to get to the tryst with our Liverpool Clubmates was our undoing. Whilst ascending the slight rise out of the fair village of Winsford Ned applied himself to the pedals to such purpose that he pulled the rear handlebars off! We paused awhile in order to refit the bars before proceeding to the Fishpool, where we turned left.

Neither of us were sure about it but we were agreed that there might be a short cut to Smithy Farm avoiding the run down to Cotebrook.

Knowing the farm was on top of a bank we took the first uphill road to the right. And lo ! our luck was in, for the lane wound up what must surely be the biggest bank in Cheshire. Enquiry at the top revealed that it only remained for us to descend the bank by another lane, turn right and climb another bank to reach our goal. Although we arrived at Smithy Farm with almost an hour to spare we were soon joined by another tricyclist—that plural namesake of Johnson's cat, the redoubtable Jack Hodges. Despite his gnarled exterior Jack has a heart of gold. I have no doubt that many miles earlier he had rapidly overtaken and had been about to pass us but, recognising the toiling tandem tricyclists, had tactfully followed at a discreet distance so as not to discourage or embarrass us.

Before long there were seven Mancunians ready to accept Mrs. Badrock's invitation to start right away. This was done and we started without the company of any of our Liverpool colleagues. We were soon joined by our worthy Treasurer, who proved to be the last arrival and the sole Liverpool representative.

An excellent meal was followed by interesting accounts of life abroad by our post war Continental and Scandinavian tourists. We missed that element of competition at the table usually supplied by our younger Liverpool Clubmates and speculated as to the reasons for their absence. Was it too far or not far enough ?

It seemed cold outside and Ned and I worked hard on the tandem in an effort to get warm and were just beginning to feel better when the lights of Manchester loomed ahead and, braking fiercely we managed to check the vehicle in Didsbury. We were surprised to find that we had completed the journey in an hour and forty minutes ! There must have been magic in Mrs. Badrock's tea.

Present were : The Presider and Messrs. Catling, Haynes, Hodges, Kettle, Newton, Pendlebury and Wild.

Woodbank, 28th September, 1946.

We met in penny numbers. I found Harold Kettle in Woodbank Lane fiddling with his brake. Arthur Birkby and son waiting patiently outside the Yacht. Then Ted Byron, post haste from Irby. Blotto with trike next, followed by Rigby Band and Geoff Lockett, on a flying visit from Chester. It was the first meeting of "promising novice" and the Copper since pre-war. Yours truly had spent the afternoon watching football at work.

SALTY.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; Under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



NOVEMBER - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

NOVEMBER, 1946

NUMBER 488

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

- 2 Halewood (Derby Arms).
 - 9 Woodbank (Yacht).
 - 16 Tarvin (Bleak House).
 - 23 Chester (Peacock).
 - 30 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
- (Tea at 5-0 p.m.)*

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- Goostrey (Red Lion).
- Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses).
- Buxworth (Navigation Inn).
- Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).

DECEMBER—

- 7 Halewood (Derby Arms).
- Goostrey (Red Lion).

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

Committee Meetings. The November Meeting will be at the Lamb Hotel, Nantwich, on Sunday afternoon, 10th November. Lunch at 1-0 p.m.

The December Meeting will be at W. H. Kettle's office, Liverpool, on Monday, 2nd December, commencing at 7-0 p.m.

Change of Address. E. Byron, 11 Porto Hey Road, Irby, Wirral.

E. Snowden, 55a, Dorset Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

3090580, AC/2 Stephenson, P. T., Hut 21, Wing 2, No. 7 R.C., R.A.F., Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

Tommy Mandall wishes to thank all those Members who have written to him or called to see him while he was in hospital or since he has been home. He is getting on all right, but slowly.

J. R. FER,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES

"Pink Slips" have been sent to those whose Subscriptions are outstanding, and I trust they will meet with a satisfactory response. My best thanks to the following for their Subscription and/or Donation* to the Prize Fund.

August :
W. R. Oppenheimer H. V. Rourke T. Sherman*

September :
G. Farr W. T. Threlfall K. Turnor
I. A. Thomas A. Turnor E. Webb*
S. T. Threlfall D. Turnor*

October :
U. Taylor

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

RUNS

Macclesfield Forest, 28th September, 1946

Summer certainly set in with a vengeance to-day, and although I had an indoor engagement I cancelled it with a discreetly worded telegram; though at what cost to my friendly relations with my prospective host, time alone will show. Well, that being disposed of, I was free to get away on the bicycle through Dean Row and Butley to Macclesfield, which I found in the throes of a holiday week-end fair. Resisting the temptation to have my fortune told by one of the numerous importuning ladies of mature years and repulsive aspect, I threw a nifty dart and won 2/- before the stall keeper barred me. This cheered me out of all proportion to the sum involved and I got on with it. Passing the Ryles Arms I soon reached Cluelow Cross and took the left turn at the bottom of the hill before Allgreave. Hereabouts I passed a lady who was picking blackberries; a little further along I stopped for a smoke and she came along carrying two large bags in her hands. Always trying to be affable, I remarked: "Good afternoon; you seem to have a good haul of blackberries." "Blackberries be damned," sez she, "it's me b—y shopping."

There was a crowd at Stanley's, but he had reserved a table for us. There was the Presider and his Vice, two Orrells (and right glad we were to see them both), Harold Catling and George Taylor, George Farr, Stan Wild, Hubert Buckley (in a lather of perspiration—you need to get the miles in, Hubert, me lad) and finally Eddie Haynes and friend. 'Eddie must be in an advanced stage of physical decrepitude—he had actually needed the assistance of a mere slip of a girl to push him out on the tandem.

We had the usual good tea, enlivened by cheery conversation—and I don't think George Farr knows even now why we all laughed when he asked Catling if he could use a slide rule. There seemed little disposition

to linger and most took the direct route through Macclesfield ; but the Orrells went down the Clough and Eddie and his sister-in-law went by Buxton. Rex and Stan (who was week-ending) walked quietly to the Cat together and parted near the Shepherd's Cottages ; Stan for Mrs. Bassett's at Hulme End and Rex for home by Buxton and Long Hill. It was a perfect evening for the trip to Hulme End, and Rex cursed the T.A. " 25 " the following morning, which prevented him from joining Stan. However, that is another story, and the ride home was most enjoyable.

Halewood, 5th October, 1946

Business, and other reasons, dictated that I should not even look at my machine for a fortnight, so it was with pleasure and much relief that I realised the run was a mere jaunt to the Derby Arms. Doubt reigned, however, as to my ability to make it in one bound, and I scheduled a pleasant rest and talk at 'Alfway 'Ill 'Ouse, 'Uyton.

Evicting the " squatters " from my plusses, clearing cobwebs from the chainwheel, and inflicting some self-punishment pumping tyres, were routine preliminaries to the inevitable Saturday afternoon drizzle. But were we not " tough guys " ? Scorning the use of the cape we were once again " back in the adjective saddle." A favourable wind, and the intermediate stop was comfortably reached.

Here, the Stephenson family were indulging in that favourite Saturday afternoon pastime of " Kip." George stirred and greeted me with one or two grunts of varying tones and Peter with his usual alacrity (?) put the kettle on. Last, but by no means least, Mrs. Stevie was on the scene, her usual cheerful self.

A welcome cupper char, and, to cut a short journey even shorter, Peter and I encaped and soon arrived at the rendezvous. The " old man " followed at a safe distance in the super " jalopie."

And now, Anfielders galore, bikes by the dozen, the clink of glasses and loud laughter from within. Alas ! no, unfortunately that was just a dream of the past, and inside were eight sombre embryo gentlemen. Subdued by the " No Beer " notice, and each with his thoughts of " where were the others ? "

Harold Kettle, with well over a thousand runs to his credit, still managed to ride out ; Eddie Morris came by the rattler as usual, as did Ralph Fer, who had come straight from " werk," and looked so much like a gentleman he wasn't recognisable at first glance. Ralph had been to visit Tommy Mandall in hospital and we were pleased to hear that the " overhaul " had been successful, and Tommy would be out in a couple of days. George Connor had ridden from Southport, proving that despite marital commitments it is still possible to shed the shackles for a day. Len Killip motored to what will be his last Club run for some time. We hope it won't be long, but he is taking up a rather high sounding appointment in civil aviation and we wish him good luck and every success in this new venture which takes him South.

Contemplating buying a bicycle, was ex-racing man—rower—bowler—snooker champ.—jovial George Stevie *et fils* Peter, who managed to appoint himself chief scraper-upper of apple and custard dishes. The eighth was the scribe who maintained his usual incessant boring "natter," but in an unguarded pause for breath was diplomatically ordered to record the doings. Definitely a slip-up this, but in view of a reported dearth of "copy" in the Editorial department, this is purposely a long-winded effort.

The food was up to the usual standard. Your potential gourmets should give Sarah's a trial: chicken, beef, salad, lashings of apple and custard, home-made cake, and plenty for all. I saw Ralph Fer with some food on his waistcoat which is practically unobtainable. We must visit Glencoe sometime.

Ah! well, all good things come to an end and we were quickly on our varying ways. Encaped but satisfied, George and I wound our way through Liverpool's suburbia to ANFIELD, where, after uncaping, I bid him "good night," leaving him to a lonely, but no doubt thoughtful, ride home to Southport.

Goostrey, 5th October, 1946

There was not much one could write about this run other than the excellence of the viands supplied to us by Mrs. Knowles, an excellence which amidst the crash of other standards has remained stable throughout the war years and more difficult still, has survived (so far) the rigours of peace. Touch wood!

The writer left home under a sulking canopy of rain cloud and managed to avoid "caping up" until just beyond Badger Bank, when it became imperative to don his poncho.

In the yard of the Red Lion were several earlier birds, including Laurie Pendlebury and his young hope—he is probably bringing up the child in the way he should go. Let us hope he will not depart therefrom.

There sat down to tea the Presider and Messrs. Wild, Newton, Catling, Taylor, Hubert: Bren and Wilf Orrell, Farr, Haynes, Pendlebury and Son and Hodges.

The conversation was more or less sparkling and there was some good humoured cross-chat.

An early departure of some of the party depleted the company and the residue had a short session. It would probably be about 7-30 p.m. when the five of us left. Bert Green and Jack Newton diverged early for Knutsford, Hubert left us at Alderley Edge and Stan and the writer parted at Grove Lane, Handforth.

Despite lousy weather conditions the run was enjoyable to this Anfielder.

Warrington, 12th October, 1946

"And no ruddy postcards either, else you'll fair cop it." In these words was completed, in the celebrated Huyton accent, the ultimatum which compels me to set down these phrases.

As usual, my ideas for the day came to naught, or nearly nothing, anyway. I had visions of treading a delicate way through the fading finery of Delamere Forest, with an Autumn sun shining, and a bright wind whispering from the West. Lunch was to be well, where ever I could get it. But things didn't work out in that manner. The wind was from the East, the sun didn't shine, and I discovered—or could it more accurately be said that they were discovered for me?—several odd jobs to be done.

So let it be recorded—and completely without any vestige of shame—that I rode straight out, out through the loveliness of Liverpool, the horrors of Huyton, and so, in the fullness of nearly two hours from Liverpool Pier Head, rode into the yard behind the Lion Hotel at Warrington. I was there mulcted, and mulcted is the word, of threepence. How pleasant are the suave, slippery tones of the individual who tells you to "Put it in there, chum. It'll be much safer." And then, once your bicycle is nicely stowed, how quickly the polished tone roughens to a demand for threepence. I don't think he even said "Please!"

And so, late as usual, to Anfield company and the Committee Meeting. When everyone was hungry, Bert Green very nicely declared the meeting closed, and we all trooped down to meet the others, and altogether counted 17:—Bert Green, Harold Kettle, Ralph Fer, Rex Austin, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Ed. Haynes, Salty, Stan Wild, Syd del Banco, Harold Catling, Frank Marriott, Tommy Sherman, George Farr, George Connor, Peter Stephenson and The Mullah. We were all very pleased to see everyone, and had quite a happy party. Stan Wild was reminiscing with George Connor and Frank Marriott about Switzerland in general, and the Gemmi Pass, and Zermatt and the Matterhorn in particular. We missed Jack Hodges to give us his ideas of things. Stan has been to the Alps recently, and all we can say is that we would like a job such as he has. Fortnights in Scotland and Switzerland in each year!

We had quite a lot of back chat from Ralph Fer about the terrible time he had in and to and from the Hebrides with the Long Fellow. It seems that Ralph, despite being about half the size of the other chap, insisted on fifty-fifty whacks in the grub stakes, and it was only because there were loads of food that any progress was made at all. There was quite a sniff of nice new Harris stockings and we are trying to get organised with either of the Hebridean Holidayers to see what can be done.

After quite a nice meal of chicken and trappings one by one we went our ways. Eric and Peter and Salty went home the Cheshire route. The Manchester lads had some wind to push out of the way, and Frank and George led Peter Stevie and Tommy Sherman out of Warrington by the Cronton road. I tucked in behind.

Autumnal Tints Tour, 19th/20th October, 1946

Fine and dry when I left home on Saturday morning, and after a call at Chester I pushed on to Wrexham, which seemed rather crowded. While parking the bike at the Wynnstay Arms, I was informed that lunch was

rather problematical, owing to the influx of people for the match. "What match?" I asked. The contempt in my informant's voice was painfully evident when he enlightened my abysmal ignorance, and said that the Scottish and Welsh teams were at that moment having lunch there. I'm afraid I was more concerned about my own lunch to display the right degree of awe, and found my way to the dining room to see what my chances were. Less than half-an-hour later I had seen off an excellent lunch, and after waiting a short time in case Rex turned up I set off for Glyn. Having made a tentative arrangement to see Frank and Salty for tea at the West Arms, I didn't pause until there, but there were no more teas that day so retraced my steps to Glyn.

The last couple of miles were in a thin drizzle, and I was very glad to find a seat by the fire where I soon put away a welcome afternoon tea. Salty arrived as I was finishing and joined me, and Blotto was not long after him. A thirsty Blotto, so we did something about it in the tank, leaving a rear guard of Rex, Ginner Williams and Eric Reeves in the lounge. From then on, there was a constant stream of arrivals, mostly in oilskins—George Connor, Peter Rock, ditto Stevie, Frank Marriott, Tommie Sherman, Harold Catling, Stan Wild, Laurie Pendlebury, Urban Taylor and friend Mossey, the last two by car. Came 9 o'clock and still no President or Treasurer, so we repaired to the dining room and "got stuck in." These two laggards arrived shortly afterwards and completed a rather noisy party.

Our host produced a very interesting relic during the evening—an old visitors' book with the following entry under date 29th June, 1901 :—

F. Roskell, W. R. Toft, D. C. Rowatt, H. M. Buck, S. J. Lancaster, J. M. James, E. G. Worth, and again, 8th April, 1906 :—H. Roskell, F. Roskell, H. W. Keizer, E. G. Worth.

If these old stalwarts enjoyed themselves as much as we did then they had a tolerably good time.

Most of us went to bed after our usual time, and it was about 2 a.m. when the last of the revellers departed to a virtuous couch.

Sunday morning with a thick mist on the hills, and that Autumnal feel in the air, though the photographers would have preferred some sunshine. A good breakfast, pay the reckoning, and away to an early (almost) start. Several small parties with varied ideas as to the best way home, and six of us climbed Allt-y-Bady (ask Salty for the pronunciation) to Llangollen for lunch. Blotto decided he'd done enough walking for one day—his barrer didn't take kindly to the descent of the Allt—but Salty, Ginner, Sammy and Connor decided on the Horseshoe.

This scribe, having a few days rest from his exhausting labours in Liverpool, returned to Glyn via Chirk. I hope the others didn't get too wet, but about 4 o'clock, when I was having tea in front of the fire, the sky opened and it rained until the evening.

And that, dear reader, is the end of a most successful week-end.

Tarvin, Bleak House, 19th October, 1946.

I am afraid there is very little to report about this run, because there were only two members out—Ken Barker and J. Newton. One being inside Bleak House and the other out. On arriving at Tarvin about 5-45 I was surprised to find the café empty and the good lady informed me that they were closing in a few minutes, because of a visit to a theatre, so I quickly ordered a modest egg, toast and tea from a very varied menu card.

Soon after my entrance several motorists nicked in and this appeared too much for the boss-cum-chef, who promptly ordered one of the girls to lock the door and draw the curtains. On enquiring if any Anfielders had called, I was told that a gentleman had been earlier on, and from the description, I took it to be our worthy President going to the Autumnal Tour. When I had finished my tea one of the girls mentioned that somebody wanted to see me outside and I found Ken Barker at the front door. It appeared that Ken had been delayed with a puncture the other side of Chester, and being under the impression that Bleak House closed at 5-30 had partaken of food at Stamford Bridge and then carried on to Tarvin just in case anybody was out. After a short chat, Ken went Chester way and I the other. I found the going rather hard for me and I was not sorry when the Windmill was reached at Over Tabley, where I had a shandy and a brief rest. On taking to the road again I fitted a battery lamp instead of the dynamo and appeared to make better progress, nevertheless it was 10 p.m. when home was reached.

BERGEN TO STOCKHOLM, 1946

My readers (if any) will perhaps excuse the frequency with which the first person singular occurs in the following attempt. The truth is that I am totally inexperienced in the writing of long articles such as this and I have found it very trying.

Foreign parts have not known me since 1918 and as those who toured abroad up to 1914 will remember, the whole business was delightfully simple in those halcyon days and comparatively free from irksome regulations. How very different to-day.

The writer left Newcastle Tyne Commission Quay on board the M.V. *Austria* at about 9 p.m. 15th July and arrived at Bergen at about 8 a.m. on the 17th July, having made brief calls at Stavanger and Haugesund. The weather was fine and sunny and the sea calm and I missed no meals.

The highlight of the voyage was the *hors d'oeuvre* table, which was in very sooth a sight for sore eyes—I think several of the weaker passengers were hurt in the rush.

As I handled my own luggage I was first through the Customs, without even a question or attempt at examination. I think they must have known that we have nothing worth smuggling.

It was not my intention to linger in Bergen, although doubtless there is much of interest in this old Hanseatic town. My plan was to take another boat up North to the Sogne Fjord as far as Laerdal and work my way to

Oslo. With this in view I looked about for a shipping or tourist office, eventually finding the Bennett Reiserbureau; and there met my first reverse. The very civil English speaking official told me that the morrow's boat had been "booked up" for months. My alternative plan was to train to Voss and start cycling from that well-known tourist centre. I was able to get my railway ticket and also book an hotel at Bennett's and after a very mediocre lunch at the Hotel Bristol, 4-25 p.m. saw me leaving Bergen by rail.

Throughout the journey the scenery is on a grand scale and although I passed nearly four hours in the carriage there was never a moment lacking in interest.

My hotel was the Fleischer, a large and well-known place. The food was nothing to write home about and the charge seemed stiff.

In the morning I left Voss in sunshine. Bearing left outside the village the road passes under the railway bridge. The surface worsened, also the weather. There was intermittent rain. The scenery compensated however, and I was very satisfied with life. I passed the Tvindefoss waterfall and the Fossestrands-Elv, both very fine waterfalls when one hasn't seen other samples. The road in parts runs through narrow defiles and really in good weather must be worth lingering on. After lunch at a small café at Uphem (I think) where they charged the equivalent of 4/6 for a very ordinary meal, I arrived at Stalheim and there, so far as scenery is concerned, met one of the high lights of my tour. From just below the hotel I looked down into the magnificent valley known as the Naerodal, a thousand feet below. The road descends in a series of zigzags which make walking difficult owing to the gradient and the horrible surface. From the hotel whichever way one gazes the view is grand and impressive.

I descended to the valley and loitered on towards Gudvangen, where I intended to take the steamer to Fretheim. Perhaps "loitered" is the wrong word, for every moment I spent in this glorious valley was packed with appreciation. Gudvangen was reached at 4-30 p.m. and I found that the boat had left at 2-30 p.m. I had no regrets for I was loath to leave this wonderful valley and so I fixed for the night at the small Gudvangen Hotel. Most of the time not spent in eating or sleeping I was watching the play of sunshine on the snow and the fugitive clouds wind-chased among the mountain tops. The food was very good and plentiful at this hotel and here I made my first acquaintance with "gjeitost," the goat's milk cheese which to Norwegians is almost a religion. I did not like it.

The small steamer *Naeroy* left Gudvangen at 2-30 p.m. the next day with me aboard. The weather was cloudy with occasional bursts of rain chasing us along the Naero Fjord, from which we proceeded to the Sogne Fjord and then doubled back to the Aurlands Fjord and to Fretheim, where I landed. These fjords are like nothing I have seen before; mostly the mountains rise sheer from the water to tremendous heights. Wherever there is a small tract of land not steeper than a house roof, people have settled and eked out a laborious existence. Yet they seem contented in a dour sort of way.

Leaving the boat at Fretheim I was soon on my way to Myrdal where I proposed to spend the night. I had lunched on salt fish aboard the *Naeroy* and as I sawed my way up the Flamsdal, I became very thirsty. Reaching a small wayside café a drink was clearly indicated and I went inside and imbibed. Whilst the lady of the house, an elderly, well dressed, pleasant looking woman, was serving me, I asked about the noted Vatnahalsen Hotel at Myrdal, where I hoped to rest that night. She smiled and shook her head and said that the place had been "brennt" by the Wehrmacht. So I stayed at this place, the Berkrans Kafé, and it was very good, although the plumbing was primitive. The charge was very reasonable.

In the morning I was soon on the way, mostly foot-slogging, up the Flamsdal. And let me say here that I have run out of adjectives, sufficiently superlative to describe the scenery. Sufficient to say that this valley vied with anything that had gone before. Always going upwards, mostly walking, on a vile road surface and in mixed weather it says much for the natural surroundings that I was quite satisfied with my journey. In one place the road tunneled through the mountain side. The road and I arrived simultaneously at the end of the Valley. Far above, at the top of a great precipice I could see the snow galleries through which runs the Bergen-Oslo railway. From the top of this precipice a river dashed headlong into the valley below. The road wound steeply in a number of hairpin bends up this wall, the *Flamsdals-kleiva* and I trudged laboriously up. About half-way up I came across two elderly *Solveigs* industriously knitting, what time their charges, the cows munched the herbage in places where the gradient was not quite one in none. Arrived at the top I found Myrdal Station and went inside to ask the road, for I had missed my way through gratifying a desire to photograph the top of the waterfall. An English speaking official was brought to me and I asked him the way to Finse. He replied briefly, "Go by Bergbahn." I replied as briefly, "not Pygmalion likely." So pityingly, he told me the way, and, full of that pride which goes before a fall I pushed on.

I passed the hotel which the Germans had burned and went by two small lakes. A small party of tourists passed me, going towards Myrdal, then a youth driving a primitive *wain*, after which for many miles of wind and heavy rain I was "alone, all, all alone." The terrain became fantastically wild. I passed through a region of rocks and then the road, if one can call it a road, wound dizzily along the edge of sheer drops. Once I tried riding and skidded in the loose stuff to the very edge where I got off suddenly on the off side and looked down. I became convincingly foot-borne and pushed on. My boots were soaked and full of water and I was wet to the skin. Came to a stretch of snow which sloped steeply from above almost to the edge of the road and then down into space below. I edged carefully along the few clear inches and was glad to reach the other side. Wet, cold, knackered and hungry I reached the few buildings which is Hallingskeid and made for the railway station which is a dank, dripping, cheerless cave inside the snow galleries. I had done 15 miles, practically all walked and Finse, my goal for the day

was 13 more miles away. Where I now sat was 3662 feet above sea level. My idea was to take train to Finse and stay the night and I enquired the train time. There was no train until the next day. I asked about accommodation and the blessed youth who was my interpreter arranged for me at the Fjellstova Hotel, a wooden building a little below the railway.

I went inside the place and after a large *Pilsener* was shown to my bedroom where I changed into dry underclothes, etc. and went downstairs to cower over the wood-burning stove. While so employed the door was flung open and a young man, followed by an elderly lady burst into the room. The youth addressed me in English and, after some conversation I asked him if he was English. He replied no, he was a Dane. He spoke my tongue because he had heard about me at the station when he and his mother detrained. He was a very fine youth, well-read and speaking four or five languages. He was employed in the "Ministerium" at Copenhagen. We had much conversation before, during and after dinner. He had a touching faith in the certainty of the ethical regeneration of mankind in his lifetime. He was 24! I fed exceedingly well at Fjellstova and for once I regretted my very limited capacity. The Danish couple stayed talking until the very last moment and had to run for the 9-25 p.m. train to Bergen.

When I went to bed I found a fire had been kindled in the wood stove and a supply of fuel left. A clothes frame placed by the stove enabled me to dry all my wet things.

In the morning I enjoyed a glorious breakfast including a good pot of tea. The sugar spoon bore the legend, "A present from Arnsid." The bill was very reasonable. I caught the 9-15 a.m. train at 9-48 a.m., and was able to see from the comfort and security of the carriage the improbability of my having been able to reach Finse by cycle, for the road was mostly many feet under untrdden snow. Moreover, I had learned that the only hotel was closed as the summer season had not yet started.

The weather had changed to bright sunshine which continued with one short break until the end of the tour.

I left the train at Gjello in the Hallingdal and rode joyously, notwithstanding the bad road surface through Hol, Aal and Torpe to Gol. The scenery along the route was very fine but more domesticated than among the mountains. Had good billet at the Salstad Hotel. Again, the food was excellent and the price reasonable.

It was after 10 a.m. the next day when I pulled out of Gol in sunny warm weather. The road surface rapidly worsened, being a mixture of loose stuff and corrugations. I jogged happily along, up hill and down dale. The views were very fine. The Bromma Lake was passed and I came to Nesbyen, where I turned aside to the "Folkmuseum." Back to the main road and along the Hallingdal, I found sustenance at a "Pensionnat"—time about 12-30 p.m. Wasting no time I soon was in the saddle, but progress was very slow. Bad as the road had previously been it rapidly became worse. Arrived at Gulsvik and the northern end

of Lake Kroderen and the going became worse than ever, but the glorious sunshine, the blue lake and the mountains made up for the hard going. In parts it was necessary to walk and even the motors were crawling.

At Organvik I had done 100 k.m. and the signpost said it was 39 more to Honefoss where I had wished to stay that night. So I modified my ambition and decided to stay at the next hotel. The road here left the lakeside and turning left rose steeply through the forest. Mostly walking but occasionally riding I made slow progress, but during one of my spells in the saddle I suddenly went up into the air and fell heavily, but such was the depth of the loose stuff that I was not even bruised. Soon afterwards I arrived at the Bergland Café, Sokna, where I stayed the night. Again the food was excellent and the charge reasonable.

In very sunny, warm weather I took the road at 10-30 a.m. along a still unreformed road, and shortly came to a Youth Hostel. I went inside and found one Ivar Johnsen, who spoke English. We had a talk over a bottle of beer and I received literature about the movement. When I reached Honefoss it was dinner-time and I had a very good and plentiful lunch and pushed on. Climbed laboriously out of Honefoss and through Sundvollen, along the shores of the Tyri Fjord. The road became sett-paved and reared up. In bottom gear I moved gently upwards. The sun was very strong and I was trying to conserve my moisture, when with a great grunting a hefty middle-aged Norwegian on a bicycle came barging past. So I gingered up and sidled alongside and we sweated a duo.

At a small wayside café he signed me to stop. Producing a large bottle of beer from his capacious bag, he beckoned me into the house and ordered a bottle of soda water. He wouldn't hear of my paying. We drank the soda water and the beer. Dashing outside to his cycle he returned with a large bottle of wine and we absorbed some of that and then took the road.

Reaching the top of the hill (1000 ft.) at Sollihogda we freed down a perfect stretch of tarmac and he got away. I came across him some miles further on, standing outside a small house and he signed me to stop. He went inside and came out with an old lady. Diving into his wonderful bag he produced a pair of new boots—size about 9. He finished his conversation and we bid the lady "adieu" and prepared to start. But I noticed a hobnail in his front tyre and pointed to it. He pulled it out very gently and there was no leak. With a whoop of joy he mounted and was off instantly. There was another hobnail, this time in the rear tyre—and it had punctured it. He laid his machine on the grass and got out his tools. There were four pairs of pliers, three screwdrivers, a hammer, a fair sized bottle of benzine, lashings of patching rubber and other things too numerous to mention. He removed his tyre with the aid of two screwdrivers and made a quick and good repair. He piloted me into the Karl Johans Gate, Oslo and after swapping names, etc., we parted.

At Bennetts I was able, although it was Sunday to book a room at the Hotel Ansgar, where I stayed two nights.

Most of the motor cars and some of the cycles I met near Oslo were decorated with birch boughs in honour of the heathen festival of mid-summer.

I had a look round Oslo on the Monday and called in the Ungdornsherberger (Youth Hostel) Headquarters and had a chat. Very noticeable were the boats and motor cycles and other things displayed as prizes in the lotteries.

Leaving Oslo on Tuesday morning in dull weather, I went along the Bunne Fjord and then through Lian to Spydeberg where I ate at a small road house, very well and cheaply; then on through Askim Mysen, to Orje, the frontier town. Here I put up at the Lies Hotel, a small but very good hotel.

Here I made the acquaintance of one, Arvid Berg, a Customs Officer, who spoke very good English. He had been in the Navy during the war and knew England very well. The food at this place was very much better than at Oslo and the charge was low.

I met Arvid over a very good breakfast and then he went out on patrol duty. The Customs Office was across the street and the official on duty was very easily satisfied and in a short space of time I was a wheel and on my way to the frontier. The road, which was of course loose, climbed through a forest of pines and firs. I was sorry not to have seen Berg to say goodbye for he was a fine chap, not very tall, but blonde and handsome of feature, very friendly and intelligent and withal fine company. However, I pushed on for about 6 k.m. and there beneath the overhead sign announcing the frontier was smiling Arvid awaiting me. I was off in a twinkling and we had a long confab during which he told me of some of his encounters with smugglers, and their ways. Through the forest, along the line of the frontier is cut a narrow ride and this was patrolled by both Norwegian and Swedish Customs men. It was found necessary to clear it every three years. I photographed him (overexposed) and carried on, after goodbye and a handshake. Soon I was at Han and the Swedish frontier Customs house. The ordeal was quite easy and I was soon away and heigho for Stockholm. In Norway the rule of the road is "keep right." In Sweden it is the same as our own and exactly at the divide I had changed over and felt much more at home.

Reaching Tockfors, the first Swedish village (for Han is only a frontier station and nothing else) I got off to gaze into the first shop window I came to, whilst so absorbed a voice behind me said, "I know that's an English bicycle." I turned and saw a tall, well dressed man standing smiling behind me. He asked me where I had come from and where I was going and I told him. He said, "come into this café and we'll have coffee and cakes and talk things over." Inside the café he ordered the food and drink and to my surprise pulled out some small coupons, a number of which he gave to the girl with the money. Noting my expression he asked me if I had my coupons. On hearing that I had not he told me that the Customs people should have supplied me. To cut a long story short, he took me to the house of a friend with whom he was staying and on

putting the case to his host, who was a very big man in the place, the Customs office was phoned and a young official was despatched per cycle with my "coupons." In the meantime my good angel who was a Huddersfield man in the employ of the British Council took me back to the village where I bought a Bergen rucsac and oranges, apples, pears and bananas. In the village post office we got a postcard and stamp and he wrote to an hotel in Stockholm, the Hotel Terminus, booking a room and committing me to the care of the admirable Critchton of receptionists—Herr Stromberg.

I got my coupons, thanked my benefactors who came to the village to see me off and hit the road feeling on top of the world, for surely my good star was waxing. That evening I arrived at Arjang, where I put up at Widens Hotel, a beautifully appointed place, h. and c. in the bedroom, but strangely enough, no bathroom. The food was very good and plentiful, but from now on I was to find that bread, butter and meat were in short supply and for these I had to surrender coupons, also there was not much sugar.

The next day, Thursday the 27th June, I got away soon after 9 a.m. in glorious sunshine. The road passed through up and down country, through forests and by lakes and occasionally small farm settlements—hardly villages. In this country I have seen nothing like it. I enjoyed every minute of my journey. At about 1 p.m. I got food at a café, the first I had seen since Arjang. Inside I saw among other plants, a pot hung from the wall and a creeping plant which had spread for many square yards over the wallpaper. On through Langserud, Nysatly and Grums to Karlstad, outside of which I encountered my first cycle track. No one seemed to use it, nor did I. And so I arrived at Karlstad that beautiful small town on the huge Lake Van. This clean town with its wide streets bathed in bright sunshine and a fine clean river flowing through it seemed to me one of the finest places I had seen for many years.

I put up at the Hotel Ritz, a "posh" and very well appointed hotel. After tea in the bedroom, I went walking. All Karlstad and his wife seemed to be out taking the air on their "cykels." The bicycle has a definite and assured place in the lives of the Swedes and it is well catered for on the railways and buses. The motorists also drive with great consideration for the safety of the less stable vehicle—very different from Norway.

After a restless night owing to the heat, I rose at 7-30 a.m. and was out at 9-30 a.m. and after a visit to the bank, was soon on the road, reluctantly leaving the "City of the Sun," as I believe the Swedes call it.

I soon struck some very hard going, bad surface and long, steep hills. But the weather was warm and sunny and I had no need for haste. Came to Kristinehamn, a bright, clean little town mostly devoted to making turbines. I couldn't find anywhere to eat, so passed on and climbed and climbed. It was irritating for when over the top I daren't let her go because of the vicious surface. I was rapidly getting that feeling under the navel that is known as the "knock," when I met a student and accosted

him in English and glory be, he replied in my mother tongue. He told me that some 8 k.m. on was Karlskoga, where I should acquire the essential fuel. He furthermore wrote me a note in Swedish which started: "Be good—," which I was to present to some one in the town. He said that in Karlskoga I should find a "Rochdale," or "Konsum," which is Swedish for "Co-op" and so it came to pass. My note was presented to a magnificent animal in blue uniform, armed with a large sword, a Swedish "copper," although it seems slightly sacreligious to call him that. He put me on the way to the "Konsum," where I very adequately fortified the inner man and went my way.

My next town was Bofors where munitions are made and I had been advised that it is thought bad form to go nosing round there with a camera. So I sneaked through without stopping. Outside, the road runs uphill through dense forest and there were unpleasant noises very reminiscent of 1940. So I pushed on over gritty, bumpy roads but through glorious wooded uplands. There are several sanatoria in this district. I arrived in the evening at Orebro, a fairly large town and found sanctuary at the Stora Hotellet, a very fine and well appointed *caravansera*. I had done about 76 miles, but in power output I am sure it was equivalent to 100 miles at home.

On Saturday, 29th June, I pulled out of Orebro at about 9 a.m. Outside the town there was a cycle path which was rotten, but the road was very good. All the local cyclists seemed to be registered. The path soon ceased and for awhile the road was very good. I made good progress and was soon at Arboga (59 k.m.). It was too early for lunch, so I decided to lunch in Koping. After Arboga, the road was paved with setts for mile after mile. They were better than Manchester setts, but still they were setts. Then it suddenly degenerated into holey macadam and I reached Koping and again it was setts. In the main street I found a café and lunched moderately on cakes and tea, but when I went down to pay I saw the shop window was packed with cream cakes. Great dollops of cream in various forms. I bought a boxful and went outside the village to wolf them. Oh, boy! Even now I drool at the mouth when I think of them. I reached Vasteras and passed through and came to Enkoping, a little tired and calorie deficient. Asking for a hotel, I was directed to the Stadholettet, the poshest hotel in the important hamlet of 6600 souls. Now I had gone so far without a reverse and it was with perfect confidence bred of unbroken success that I barged inside that magnificent edifice. I had done 130 k.m., had sweated profusely, needed a haircut and was generally dishevelled. But the man at the desk was of that comfortable rotundity of figure usually (but quite wrongly) associated with the milk of human kindness. I demanded a room. He bridled with indignation and the pot bellied son of a burnt dog actually refused me—me, for sixty years a citizen of no mean city. You could put his hole of a village in Northenden and lose it.

He directed me to the Hotel Gastis, where I had quite a good room, h. and c. and private balcony, but nothing to eat. The reception clerk

suggested eating at the Stadhotellet, but my reaction froze him. Eventually a much chastened man ate humbly at a small nearby café.

Sunday morning after eating cheaply and well at my small café I hastened to shake the dust of Enköping from my wheels and bumping over real cobbles entered on the last stage of my cycling tour. The day was grand and sunny and it was but a handful of kilometres to the Queen of the Baltic. Outside the village and across the main road was a sign bearing the word "Control" and I scented "massed start." Enquiry established the fact that it was even so. So I proceeded and a mile or two further on I found a crowd. In a little while a car came tearing along in a cloud of dust, announcing by loud speaker the approach of the cyclists. Shortly afterwards there came a solid block of cars and motor-cycles raising clouds of dust and behind them came the riders. They were moving at a good speed against the wind on a very poor road surface. It was morning and they came from the East, so that my photograph taken *contre jour* is very impressionistic.

I toddled on in grand weather through pleasant, but uninspiring country until I reached the shore of Lake Malar. At a delightful café by the lakeside I lunched in the open air.

Entering Stockholm through fine suburbs along a damnable road, entirely devoid of surface and enquiring of a policeman the way to the Vasagatan, I found the Hotel Terminus and a haven for three nights. Here my cycle tour ended.

You shall not be bored by my wanderings in unique Stockholm, nor by my journey per electric railway to Goteborg, nor the Inquisitive Lady who surmounted the language difficulty and got to know what she wished. Nor yet the Savoy Hotel at Goteborg where I was expected to get my food at the Grand Hotel, but I was getting to the thin end of my finances and had to eat in cafés.

I left Goteborg on Saturday, the 6th July and after a very fine passage arrived at Tilbury on Monday, the 8th. The sea was a bit choppy and there were more dinners than diners, but present deponent missed no meals, neither going nor coming back.

The holiday was, to me, an unqualified success and is now a priceless memory.

"What does he know of England, who only England knows?"

J. HODGES.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Comforts Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1.

CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lanes., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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THE ANFIELD CIRCULAR



DECEMBER - 1946

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

VOLUME XLII

DECEMBER, 1946

NUMBER 489

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

- 7 Halewood (Derby Arms).
- 14 Woodbank (Yacht).
- 21 Mold (Britannia).
- 26 Sandiway (Blue Cap). Lunch at 1-30 p.m.
- 28 Parkgate (Deeside Café).

(Tea at 5-0 p.m.)

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

- Goostrey (Red Lion).
- Dane-in-Shaw (Coach & Horses).
- Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
- Buxworth (Navigation Inn).

JANUARY, 1947—

- 4 Halewood (Derby Arms).
- Goostrey (Red Lion).

COMMITTEE NOTES

5 Clare Crescent,
Wallasey.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after lunch at Halewood on 12th January, 1947. Any member having any matter he wishes to be included on the Agenda, should let me have particulars not later than 20th December.

Boxing Day. Lunch has been arranged for 1-30 at the Blue Cap, Sandiway. Will intending participants please notify me as soon as possible, as accommodation is limited.

Change of Address. L. King, St. Loyes Training Centre, Fairfield House, Topsham Road, Exeter.

There will be an informal fixture on Sunday, 15th December, when lunch will be provided at Mrs. Bates', Goostrey, at 1-0 p.m. 2/- for Ordinary Lunch, 3/6 for X'mas Feed. Members going to notify Rex Austin which they require.

J. R. FER, *Hon. General Secretary.*

TREASURY NOTES

The "Pink Slips" produced results, but there are still some Members who have failed to respond. My thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations.*

H. Austin
F. Beckett
J. D. Cranshaw *
J. O. Cooper *
W. E. Cotter
E. M. Haslam

H. Kinder
L. King *
W. H. Lloyd
J. Seed
C. Selkirk
J. H. Williams

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

EDITORIAL

Peter Stevie has been home on a "48" and looks very fit. He seems to be enjoying life at Bridgnorth and sends his regards to everyone. Salty is threatening to go down for a week-end to see him. Peter would be very pleased to see him or anyone else if they drop him a line. The Crown is quite good for lunch and beer.

Salty also reports Albert Preston home and sporting three chevrons.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor,
Anfield Circular.

ROBBIE'S APPEAL

Would any brother Anfielder like to help me in the task with which I have been entrusted (namely, the raising of £20,000 within the next few months) by sending me several sacks of used foreign and colonial postage stamps, the money derived from the sale of these being added to the donations that are rolling in. Don't all speak at once, please—but the more the merrier.

British Victory Stamps will also be given a hearty welcome.

Yours cordially,

W. M. ROBINSON,
Regional Appeals Officer.

United Nations Association,
10 Gt. Charles Street,
Birmingham 3.

RUNS

Utkinton, 26th October, 1946.

A dismal day found seven Anfielders pedalling their devious ways to the Cheshire Uplands. The Presider, Eric Reeves and Tommy Sherman were already warming their toes by the kitchen fire when Salty arrived. Jack Ward followed shortly after and then while we five were tucking in the Mullah and Son appeared.

It had been an afternoon for easy riding, too dull and grey to wander far from the direct route. A detour to Queensferry for papers, a halt by the wayside to watch the German version of our game of soccer, half-an-hour to follow watching my fellow workmates giving their interpretation of the rules. A halt for spares at Percy Carter's, then via Christleton and the lanes to our rendezvous at the Smithy.

No night for lingering this, and so we soon departed. The three Merseysiders leaving Bert and Jack to a puncture, the Mullah still eating, eager to get to their respective firesides.

Halewood, 2nd November, 1946.

Due no doubt to the inclement weather, six members only were present at the Derby Arms, and of those only two came by bicycle.

It was a particularly nasty afternoon after what had promised to be a nice but cold autumn day. But it wasn't to be, and about three o'clock the rain started and it continued so until after eight o'clock. I had been to Wallasey to collect my bicycle and my route was the quickest way through Liverpool. In my pocket I had return bicycle and passenger tickets and was sorely tempted to make use of them and miss the run, but casting temptation aside—for was I not an Anfielder—I turned into the wind and the rain and struggled out to the Derby Arms. I was feeling pretty wet and cheerless on arrival and would have welcomed a drink and a glimpse of a fire, but alas, the effects of the war are still with us and the bar remains closed until eight o'clock and with coal in short supply fires are taboo.

Harold Kettle and Ralph Fer were the sole occupants of the closed shop but a few minutes later we were joined by Salty, having ridden through Chester looking very wet and very hungry—nothing unusual for our Jack, I know.

The meal was duly announced as served and the four of us set about it in truly Anfield fashion. It was of the usual excellent quality and proportions, but I am inclined to think we polished off vegetables intended for the eight or nine ordered for. Having disposed of most of the food Stevie and Tommy Mandall added grace to the occasion. Tommy was looking pretty well and cheerful after his recent operation and is looking forward to getting his bicycle on the road once again.

With it being such a dirty night and the bar closed until eight o'clock the party broke up early, George and Tommy by car, Harold and Ralph by bus, Salty and I by bicycle, each going our separate ways.

Needless to say I found it an excellent night to use up my railway tickets, being economically minded. I should have hated to have wasted them, so I entrained at Bootle Station. Ichabod!

Goostrey, 2nd November, 1946.

The less said about the day the better. It was unusually wet and unpleasant as we tricycled through the rain and early dusk to our venue.

Once within the Red Lion all thoughts of wind and rain were rapidly driven away in the enjoyment of a tea of that high standard which causes many Anfielders automatically to associate the name of Mrs. Knowles with first-class fare.

We had barely finished the meal when in came our football-following friend—Stan Wild—hot from the match. He fared better than was his due although his tea consumption was undoubtedly affected by his late start.

There was cheerful talk after tea, but the prospect of a wet ride into a boisterous wind brought our session to an early end and by seven o'clock we were donning oilskins again.

Present were: The Presider, Messrs. Hubert Buckley, Catling, Farr, Haynes, Hodges, The Mullah and Son, Newton, two Orrells, Pendlebury, Taylor and Wild.

Woodbank (Yacht Inn), 9th November, 1946.

I wasn't sure whether to come to the run to-day or not. I have a slight aversion to paying a stiffish price for a meal taken within ten miles of home, but I listened to the cajolings of Frank Perkins and ventured out. We sidled across Wirral so far as Chester to pay an account, and then returned in the lengthening shadows to the Yacht. Inside a fire was gleaming and a warm welcome awaited.

Around the tables we discovered Harold Kettle, "Ginner" Williams, Rigby Band, Frank Marriott, Arthur Birkby, Ralph Fer, "Blotto" and Frank Perkins. Elias had paid an earlier visit.

The main topic of talk was some wanderings by Williams, and suggestions by other stooges, as to how a picture taken by our worthy in the Conway Valley back in 1935 should reach the pages of the *Liverpool Echo* the other week. He didn't even remember sending it, but it was his all right, and subsequent enquiry revealed that it had been in stock for eleven years. "Ginner" seems to monopolize the conversation these days and quite delightfully too. His colourful yarns of Navy life out East are good indeed.

And so, in the fullness of some hours, we despatched quite a pleasant meal, talked our fill, and departed.

There was only a slight headwind on the highroad, and we had a pleasant ride home.

Dane-in-Shaw, 9th November, 1946.

Although I enjoy tricycling as much as anybody I consider the three-wheeler to be a vehicle for special occasions, when, with a combination of good weather and good roads, a peculiar thrill of progression is obtained which transcends anything experienced with a bicycle. I did consider myself a tricyclist of merit at one time in my modest career, but compared with the red hot enthusiasm of men like Hill and Catling my efforts pale into insignificance.

Often have I tried to define the thrill of three-wheels. As I see it, it is a combination of effortless pedalling under favourable riding conditions, the delightful sensation of pulling three wheels around corners, and the facility with which one can plug away comfortably into the hardest of head-winds. And, of course, such long ascents as the "Cat and Fiddle" and Long Hill can be ridden comfortably at an economical cruising speed when astride a tricycle. Well, that's my attempt at explaining why I like a trike, but do not be too hard on me—I have never seen one so good even from "G.H.S."

As will have been gathered I consider a trike to be a dirty brute in bad weather (of course, I eschew mudgards), although I am not consistent in my regard for fine-weather tricycling, and very often return home more of a muddied oaf than any footballer. And so it was to-day. The roads were wet and holding water. The winter sky was dark and ominous; and rain was actually falling as I left home!

The wind was in the north, and my rate of progression was eminently satisfactory as I pedalled easily and delightfully along Dean Row, turning right just before Bonishall for Prestbury. In the dim light of the late November afternoon the old-world village was a perfect picture of misty attractiveness, and I would fain have lingered at the White House for a cup of tea. I had other plans, however, and gently urging the trike up the hill out of Prestbury I was soon at Broken Cross and traversing the fine avenue of trees at Gawsworth, which at twilight hour bore a vague air of imaginative mystery.

From the Harrington Arms I tore down the Congleton road like a record breaker—but do not mistake my meaning, gentle reader, it was merely the wind abaft ! I stopped at the garden-gate of a cottage at North Rode and was gratified to see, on peeping over, a trike and a single bicycle in the garden. I entered the cottage and there were our Presider and Jack Newton about to indulge in that most human of all weaknesses—a cup of tea ! Under great pressure by the President I agreed to join them, and during the solemn ceremony of supping we enjoyed a pleasant conversation with our hostess, until it was time to move.

In total darkness and with lamps aglow we took the lanes by North Rode Church and Timbersbrook and were soon at the Coach and Horses, where nine other members were about to indulge in generous portions of a succulent steak and kidney pie. Hubert was there, and the Manchester Vice, and both of these gentlemen looked badly in need of this mammoth meal. Harold Catling had travelled on three wheels, but I regret that I cannot say whether or not they were humanly propelled ! Bren and Wilf looked in the pink of condition, and although George Taylor sat within a short distance of me his silence was most loud. Ned maintained his undoubted unpopularity, firstly by expecting the party to pay for tea, and secondly, by having the temerity to request me to write up the run ! Eric and Peter, from Liverpool, graced our board, and we were very pleased indeed to see them, and appreciate that their presence meant a fifty mile ride each way.

The session after tea was one of deep delight and it was with great reluctance that at 7-45 p.m., long after the others had gone, Rex and I rose to depart. Rain was falling as we descended the steep hill to the canal, but it quickly blew over. The ride was a steady plug into the wind, which passed both quickly and pleasantly in Rex's company, until on parting from him at Alderley, the wind seemed to rise noticeably and the remainder of my journey was one long slog.

Unquestionably a most enjoyable run !

Present : The Presider, R. J. Austin, H. G. Buckley, H. Catling, E. Haynes, J. Newton, G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, J. E. Reeves, W. P. Rock, G. G. Taylor and S. Wild.

COMMITTEE MEETING, NANTWICH, 10th NOVEMBER.

A round dozen of us reached Nantwich's Lamb Hotel this pleasant Sunday, and not all were Committee Members either. From Merseyside

and Manchester Anfielders were on the grand roads on this glorious day of late Autumn. Those present were Bert Green, Rex Austin, Ralph Fer, Frank Marriott, Jack Salt, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, Ned Haynes, Russ Barker, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Hodges and George Taylor.

How the Manchester men fared after leaving us I don't know, but the others had a good afternoon. Peter and Eric and Salty had a tea on Prees Heath and slipped in to the Randall establishment before reaching home, while Marriott and Fer waded into a good meal at Utkinton ere a slow ride through the darkness to Birkenhead and Wallasey.

Chester, 23rd November, 1946.

It was 2-45 when I left Birkenhead on this very windy and wet Saturday, I was very near to the bottom Chester road so I chose what I thought might be the shortest way and then I had visions of calling on a certain C. Randall. It took me two hours to reach Chester, only to find the elusive Charles out ; "curse him."

On arriving at the "Peacock," I found the place in darkness, and as I had such a dose of the "knock," I ambled back to Hignet's for a feed of fish and chips.

My second try at the hotel found them just opening, and as I was the first arrival I had to buy my own beer. However, I was soon joined by the Chester police in the shape of G. Lockett : we spinned a yarn about our old touring days and the good times we had pre-war. The Presider was the next arrival, who couldn't quite make up his mind which way the wind was blowing, but it seemed as if it was on his side coming : I hope it was still on his side going back.

Seven sat down to the meal and I think it was quite a good feed. The talk seemed to be mostly about black markets, but I'm afraid it was lost on me. G. Lockett seems to be a good one at the game. Kettle, Newton and the Presider left after the meal. Frank Perkins, R. Fer, Lockett and Williams supped a couple of pints, and Fer, who boasted a return half of a railway ticket, caught the 8-30 train home, while Perkins and Williams had the benefit of a gale to blow them home. And so ended another run that was wet, cold and windy, but when home was reached I said to myself I'm glad I went out.

Winter Week-end, Buxworth, 23rd November, 1946.

Saturday was, true to form, a wet and windy day ; certainly not the weather for journeying the breadth of Cheshire to Buxworth.

The date had long been agreed upon so despite a mild dose of 'flu,' I met Eric and friend Ken Newton shortly before mid-day. No direct route had been agreed upon so we wandered by way of Helsby to lunch at Birch Hill. Here the good lady was most apologetic because she could only serve eggs !

Over lunch the weather, which had not been good, worsened, making capes necessary. Through Acton Bridge and Great Budworth the going

was tougher than expected. While in those lanes Peter picked up some flints which caused a most elusive slow puncture, fortunately if held up for many miles and little time was lost. The darkness closed in while we were yet at Wilmslow and the strange twisting lanes led us wrong twice before reaching Hazelgrove.

If it had been tough up to this point we were now to realise the full force of the wind. Peter had "had it" and even Eric was cursing under his breath. On we staggered until Buxworth hove in sight. A brief enquiry put us on the right track and three tired and hungry Merseysiders hurried upstairs to find Ned Haynes, Stan Wild, Harold Catling, Jack Hodges and Jim Cranshaw industriously bent upon making good our apparent absence. Once justified by the good things this house provides there seemed no great eagerness to rejoin battle with the elements. All closed around the dining room fire to pass an hour or two in pleasant conversation.

At eight thirty, with twenty hard miles to travel, we braved the elements once more. Jim Cranshaw and Jack Hodges to receive a wind assisted passage, while we marched or rode the hills and dales through the wind-torn night to Hulme End. Peter's puncture elected to become temperamental at this juncture but still defied all efforts at reparation. Peter too was in a sorry state and but for Stan's company would soon have been left far behind.

At Mrs. Bassetts wet outer garments were removed and we sat down to a table laden as in the days of pre-war plenitude. Less than an hour later it looked as though a retreating army had demonstrated the scorched earth policy upon it. Even Stan had supped all the tea he wanted besides consuming a great weight of the good fare provided.

If we had chatted freely at tea the warming influence of that mighty meal had now made us truly expansive. Great was the variety of topics discussed and late the hour before bed was almost reluctantly agreed upon.

Sunday's weather aroused no wild fires of enthusiasm for the road and a late start saw us fighting the elements yet again, we climbed out of the valley which rapidly faded into the driving mists.

There was little chance to view the country. All effort was needed to hold the bicycle on a steady course and to prevent our capes from becoming completely airborne.

At Merryton Low Stan left us to rendezvous with the Cheshire Roads for lunch. His way led northwards while ours held a course to Leek cutting across the wind-swept moorland. At Rudyard Vale a walk was indicated as the way climbed steeply from the lakeside village over towards Congleton. We walked until the lake slipped away, hidden by the stark trees and driving rain. The way eased for a while but soon we walked again until we came close to the Cheshire border and glided down to where lunch was waiting at Dane-in-Shaw.

At Congleton, we made the final parting, Ned and Harold for Manchester, while Eric, Peter and Ken, hindered once more by the veering wind, headed for Tarvin and so home. Weather apart, it was a very enjoyable weekend !

Wildboarclough, November, 30th, 1946.

The morning was certainly not promising—a high wind with driving rain, and there was the usual Saturday morning chaff in the train on the way to the office—“ You’re not cycling today ? ” “ Oh, yes. ” “ In this rain ? ” “ Oh ! it’ll be fine this afternoon. ” And behold ! there was no rain in the afternoon—at least I had none, though the water thrown up by the side-wheels showed that somebody had recently had some. The wind too was not unkind ; it helped on the outward journey and wasn’t too bad coming back. So I threaded my way through Wilmslow and up the hill at Alderley to the Wizard, taking my cup of tea there, and then over the rolling road to Macclesfield, with its narrow streets cluttered up with shopping cars, and so to the Cat and Fiddle road, where the help of the following wind was grateful and comforting. Apart from the town streets, there was very little on the roads all the way to the Stanley Arms.

The brothers Orrell were the first to arrive having come by the shortest but hardest road by the Reservoirs. Next came the President, to be followed shortly by Stan Wild and Hubert Buckley, and last of all by the Manchester Vice, making a party of six—the only party in the house. Stan told us of the previous week-end trip to Hulme End—how they fought the wind from Buxworth, and for one reason or another didn’t arrive at their destination until 11-15, but then found a roaring fire and a gargantuan supper awaiting them, and so comfortable were they that they didn’t break up until the small hours of the morning. On the Sunday they seem to have had a very heavy passage, what with heavy rain and hills, but they all enjoyed themselves nevertheless.

Just after 7-0 the whole party moved off, on to the Cat and Fiddle road, under a clear sky and crescent moon, and slipped easily into Macclesfield, the wind acting as quite an effective brake, and broke up there into smaller parties. So far as I was concerned, I reached home without incident, finding the wind troublesome on a few short stretches only.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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CORRESPONDENCE

All correspondence intended for publication should be typed or clearly written on *one side* of the paper only and sent to the Editor, G. Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs., to arrive not later than the 25th of the month.

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