

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : J. C. FUTTER

Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME LI

JANUARY, 1955

NUMBER 583

FIXTURES

JANUARY 1955

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- 10 COMMITTEE MEETING, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 15 PARKGATE (Deeside Café) WILDBOARCLOUGH (Stanley Arms)
(Ladies' Invitation Run)
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FEBRUARY

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- 12 GREAT BUDWORTH (Smithy Cottage)
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 19 DALTON (Prescott's Farm) SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
- 26 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)

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

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Over 25, 25s. ; Under 25, 21s. ; Under 21, 15s. ; Under 18, 5s. ; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. Long, 29 Sparks Lane, Thingwall, Wirral, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5 branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

75 AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT, LANCs.

Special General Meeting. The Agenda and recommendations of the Committee concerning the question of Sunday fixtures, brought up at the Annual General Meeting, are enclosed with this issue of the CIRCULAR. It is hoped that as many members as possible will attend. Tea on this occasion will be at 5-30 and the meeting at 6-30 p.m. Will those who intend to be present please advise me so that I can make the necessary catering arrangements.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The run to Parkgate on January 15th is to be an open affair as usual at this time of the year and we hear that Len Walls will be showing a fine set of coloured slides of his continental tour.

For a number of years we have been represented at the North Road Dinner by Len Killip, whilst other members including Norman Turvey have attended as A.B.C./N.R. or other combinations. Len was unable to attend last December owing to the death of his father, and consequently his usual entertaining account of this affair is missing from our pages. We are not, however, completely in the dark as to the events of that evening and understand that Norman enjoyed himself immensely and, although imbibing apparently with moderation, for some unknown reason removed his dining room suite (upper and lower) wrapped them in a serviette and left them at the Connaught Rooms where they were discovered by a waiter. They were evidently handed to Bill Frankum and taken to the Temple of Mithras but the curator opined that they were of somewhat later origin than anything found there and later it was discovered that the lost molars belonged to Turvey to whom they were duly returned. We understand that there is no truth in the suggestion that Norman had his breakfast without missing them.

The news that Stan Wild is shortly to take up an appointment at Bexhill-on-Sea comes as quite a shock, for we looked upon him as just as much a permanent part of the Manchester scene as the Hallé Orchestra and the *Guardian*. He will be greatly missed but we wish him well in his new sphere and look forward to meeting him as often as possible.

HALEWOOD, 4TH DECEMBER

We thought Halewood was a "must" for this Saturday, not because of the excellent meal that is available, but because we felt we must meet the boys. This being almost a rare occasion, we had to decide on bike or barrow, as one of 'em had to be prepared for the road. Whilst such deliberations were in progress the wind became wild and strong and developed into a full gale blowing from the north-west, so we had the rare delight of abandoning the anticipated "pump up", and going by bus. We felt excused because we could not ever recollect a bus ride to a Club run before and at four o'clock set out into the gale "plus foured and Anfield badged" to face the eighteen miles of "bussing and training". The usual drill for Halewood is like this; enter; turn right for beer(s) at bar or left for lounge and fireside—then gong and upstairs for dinner. We turned left to imbibe with the beer-biters, Messrs. Chandler, Stephenson, Hill, Davies, Connor, Parr, Williamson and Lambert (not in order of imbibing capacity but as they come to mind). The tea toasters in adjacent room were not met, as bitter after bitter delayed all movement until Mr. Connor "gonged" us to the elevated grub room, where we met the other "peleton" Messrs. Green, Kettle, Pullan, Perkins, Long, Birkby and Alf Howarth, who with skilful use of a map had traversed the lanes from his new home at Freshfield near Southport.

The grand dinner left most of us silent, except of course one Victor Lambert, who was (someone suggested) making up for the silence his wife imposes upon him. As you know, Halewood is noted for good grub as well as the pleasure of meeting one's friends, therefore Halewood shall live in my memory as a real "eatin' 'ouse", so three rousing cheers for the good Sarah and her staff, may their ovens wax hot and fat! After the feast we rested and discussed much, from the poet Carver to the athlete Orrell and were completely indifferent to the howl of the gale, until Frank Perkins and Guy Pullan announced they were going to punge into the teeth of same and bicycle back to the Wirral, that left this bus-rider silent and ashamed, although secretly thankful that there was a bus anticipated at 9-15 p.m.

Halewood has another attraction, which is to adjourn to the bar and await your bus or the time to take up your bicycle (as Jack Davies had to do), when the taste is wetted, This member wondered how to catch his last (the 9-15) when he espied one George Parr, the ace sub-captain and politely enquired as to the authenticity of his chronometer. "Spot on" said the "sub" and agreed to awake this weak one from the fumes of the alcohol in time to meet the 9-15. However, between the supply of nut browns and chatter, the weak one said to the strong George "Wots the time?", "9-20" announced

the unperturbed. So this miserable member then tramped to Hunts Cross with the gale tearing and roaring through the trees in all its grandeur and was heard to remark whilst standing wet and footsore in the bus queue: *Vive-la-bike*.

P.S. George was of course forgiven as he is in the land of those who espouse.

[It is, of course, part of the legitimate duties of a "sub" to discourage laziness by any means, fair or foul.—Ed.].



RUNS

WILDBOARCLOUGH, 4TH DECEMBER, 1954

Blessed are the Meek. Without questioning his authority I accepted self-appointed Captain Wild's command to write up the run. Had I wriggled I might have escaped but pride in the run George Taylor and I had done this blustery day prompted my meek acceptance.

As Club runs are great treats for us these days we made a day of it, leaving Didsbury at about 10 o'clock. A gentle potter through Prestbury and Bosley was followed by a gale-assisted ascent of Axe Edge via Cleulow Cross, Algreave and Midgley Gate. Near the summit we forsook our wheels for a while to scramble along the ridge of Ramshaw Rocks. We learnt later that wind velocities of around 80 m.p.h. were recorded on the Cheshire Plain. On Axe Edge the wind may well have been supersonic; there was certainly a real danger of being blown bodily from the Rocks and we abandoned our original project of spending the afternoon on the Roaches.

Instead we followed the Morridge southwards to lower ground and lunch at Waterhouses. After lunch the rainswept valleys of the Manifold and the Dove were viewed before journeying Stanleywards through Longnor, Flash, Algreave and the Clough.

Around the tea table in the Stanley Arms six of us discussed many propositions, including the Institution of a Car Free Day each week. Recollections of those happy days of petrol rationing when cycling was a less hazardous pursuit than today made the idea most attractive. The evening passed all too quickly and soon after seven o'clock we faced the westerly gale on our journey home.

Those present were Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Harold Catling, Bren Orrell (sen.), George Taylor and Stan Wild.

PRESTBURY, 18TH DECEMBER, 1954

The White House Café has for many years been a favourite place of call with Club members, and never more so than on the Saturday preceding Christmas, when all good Mancunians (and very often their ladies, too) make every effort to be present.

After a delightful prow around the Cheshire lanes on three wheels it was most pleasurable to emerge from the darkness of the countryside into the Yuletide brightness of this old world village. One step more led into the quaint oak-panelled tea room of our rendezvous to join a grand gathering of members in a superb spread, admirably served in a truly festive atmosphere.

Bert Green, our noble Presider, is always present, and there he was dispensing the true spirit of Christmas with his weather-beaten face wreathed in smiles; Rex and Mrs. Austin added *tone* and *technicolour* (the latter from Rex's latest in pullovers) to the party; Hubert Buckley sat in a corner, a strange silent (k)night these days taking all tea-time to think up a decent crack at one who shall be nameless; Laurie Pendlebury, making a welcome return as the writer's Publicity Agent (unpaid); Don Stewart, per old time parlance the only "really" cyclist present—he had cycled all the way from Merseyside and had to cycle back so we willingly allowed him to take the spoils; George Taylor, bound to Hubert by an unusual bond of silence—it wasn't until we were leaving that we found he was astride a tricycle; Walter Thorpe bearing a happy air of responsibility—he has recently become the proud father of a son. His wife was present at this fixture a year ago and we offer them both our sincere congratulations; Eddie Goodall, perhaps because of his fencing prowess looked *daggers* drawn at the writer all the evening; fast veteran Alan Gorman, looking younger than ever now that he has shed all official duties; Jack Newton, his eyes going round in circles all the time—still trying to control that trike; Percy Williamson, Dave Brown, Cliff Davy, and the scribe completed the party. And if you are wondering who did pen this article all we can say is that if Hubert is "Big Brother" the writer, without any shadow of doubt, is "Little Brother".

It was, however, a wonderfully happy occasion, and although some scandalous remarks were passed by a certain individual, we have managed to remember the spirit of Christmas and trust that nothing in the above is considered libellous enough for anybody to rush off to consult counsel.

HALEWOOD, 27TH DECEMBER, 1954

It was good to be out this morning in spite of a strong adverse breeze and dull skies, I always feel that the tail-end of Christmas needs some vigorous exercise to get the over-eating out of the system.

As I approached Latchford Locks and just getting into my stride Stan Bradley overtook me. Through Warrington and Penketh towards Cronton and still the wind pushed against us. Nearing Cronton outside an hostelry we observed three Anfield machines parked, the riders inside evidently refreshing for the final miles. We arrived in good order at our destination punctually at 1 p.m. to find most members awaiting the call to the dining-room. In 10 minutes that call was heard and we were soon busy discussing a first class Christmas lunch.

After lunch most members were shortly preparing for the return journey home and by the time I departed only a handful remained.

The journey home for me was pretty comfortable and with the wind generally on my back I made good time to Warrington but became caught in a bottleneck at Bridgefoot with the football crowds swarming over footpath and roadway. I became quite chilled with this 10 minutes wait. When I got clear of the traffic in Grappenhall darkness was rapidly closing in and the last remaining miles were done behind a good dynamo light to complete a pleasant journey a few minutes after 5 p.m.

There were 21 members out on the Club-run—Messrs. Buck, Chandler, Pendlebury, Pullan, Long, Davis, Parr, Alcock, Morris, Hill, Newton, Haworth, Goodall, Orrell, G. B., Griffiths, Walls, Williamson, Wild, Bradley, Stephenson, Green.

MIDDLEWICH, 1ST JANUARY, 1955

I had a slight temperature and on meeting Alan Gorman it appeared that he had one, too. A stop was made at Hale to wish Russ Barker all the best, then onwards as darkness fell. Unlike previous writers I cannot describe the route as I haven't a clue as to which way we went. In my delirium I just hung on to the Gorman back wheel. The hot blood which I had at the start was now around 32° and absent from nose, hands and feet forcing me to walk the last mile to restore circulation. However, food and hot drinks brought me round and I was able to note that the President, Percy Williamson, Bren Orrell (sen.), Jack Newton, David Brown, Stan Bradley and Alan Gorman were also at tea. Conversation varied between Hungarian footballers and loose screws. Obviously pre-war days were recalled by Bren as he told of tar melting on roads. As another party were waiting to use our room we wandered out to watch (at a respectful distance) Dave light an acetylene lamp. This successfully done we went our respective ways—mine behind the broad backs of Brown and Gorman, again over unknown ground, listening to the exchange of views on photography and the Civil Aircraft Industry.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL
(for Members only)

75, Avondale Road North,
Southport, Lanes.

DEAR FELLOW MEMBER,

A Special General Meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday, 5th February 1955, at 6-30 p.m. at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood, to consider the question of Sunday runs.

Yours sincerely,

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

AGENDA :

1. To consider the following motion by the Hon. General Secretary on behalf of the Committee:—
"That Sunday runs shall commence on April 17th 1955."

If this motion is passed, with or without amendment, the Committee makes the following recommendations:—

Policy :

1. That Saturday runs continue to receive every possible support.
2. That Anfield standards applying now to Saturday runs shall apply to Sunday runs, particularly in regard to catering.
3. That the new members required are those who wish to join the Anfield B.C. and not merely a cycling club, *i.e.*, they accept our standards.

Method :

1. That only one meal each Sunday should be the official run, either a lunch or a tea but not both. If and when large attendances warrant it in the future, this may be amended.
2. That the meal should be ordered in advance.
3. That times for lunch be 1 o'clock and for tea 5 o'clock, both being reasonably closely adhered to.
4. That generally for the time being, lunch runs be arranged to suit riders in the particular time-trial supported on that day.
5. That alternative fixtures may be arranged to permit runs in Wales and Derbyshire.
6. That only one run per week-end shall count for Club-run attendances, *i.e.*, either a Saturday run or a Sunday run but not both.
7. That apart from the official meal-place, members make their own arrangements for meeting and the programme for the rest of the day.

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- 26 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)

MARCH

- 5 ORMSKIRK (Beacon View Café, Southport Road), BROOMEDGE (Bungalow Café)
- 12 TARVIN (George & Dragon)
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING, 3 Whitechapel, Liverpool
- 19 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) Birthday Run
- 26 FIRST "25", H.Q. Travellers Rest, Highwayside

APRIL

- 8/11 EASTER TOUR H.Q. Green Inn, Llangedwyn, nr. Oswestry

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COMMITTEE NOTES

75 AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT, LANGS.

Transfer to Honorary Member. H. Catling has been transferred from Full to Honorary Membership.

Change of address. L. J. Walls, c/o Mrs. Hollis, 48 Smithy Lane, Broughton, near Chester.

W. G. Connor,
Hon. General Secretary.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Easter will soon be on us and the Club Tour is to be based on the Green Inn, Llangedwyn. George Connor has tentatively reserved accomodation for eight, so please let him know in good time if you will be there.

After Easter we will be making a start with Sunday Runs on the lines set out on the agenda for the Special General Meeting. Saturday Runs, will, of course, continue and there will be one attendance mark each week-end for Saturday or Sunday or both. So far as we are aware the Anfield is the only vintage club to have kept so long to Saturdays only, and it is hoped that the new arrangement will remove what so many members feel is the difficulty standing in the way of their introducing prospective members.

The Birthday Run has been fixed for the 19th March at the Derby Arms, Halewood. This is always a popular fixture and it provides an opportunity for meeting many of our older brigade who cannot get out as often as they once did. Members who may be coming to this meet in a car would be doing a real service if they hunted up any of our veterans and offered to bring them out.

Club racing opens on the following Saturday (26th March) with a "25" based on that favourite port of call, the Travellers' Rest, Highwayside. Other dates provisionally fixed for Club events are as follows:—16th April ("25"), 7th May ("50"), 11th June ("25"), 9th July ("50"), 3rd September ("50") and 24th September ("25").

The Open "100" is, of course, on Whit Monday, the 30th May and plenty of jobs will soon be available from Eric Reeves who is to organise the event this year.

Jimmy has heard from Syd Jones and W. J. Finn who have sent greetings to all Anfielders from Leeds and Eire respectively.

The latter's note to our worthy treasurer concludes "Trusting you are quite fit and enjoying your usual share of miles on the bicycle". Jimmy handed it over to the editor without a trace of a blush, secure in the knowledge that under present circumstances the scribe is hardly in a position to comment. But surely friend Finn has been an Anfielder long enough to know that in Jimmy's case the word "enjoying" is quite out of place. He only took on the treasury in the hopes of making enough to pay a man to ride the damned thing for him.

Greetings to the Club have also been received from J. F. Cockayne in a letter acknowledging receipt of a prize won in our "100".

By the time these lines are in print Frank and Mrs. Chandler will be on the high seas bound for Singapore and Hong Kong. It will be several months before the "Compleat Tourist" puts in his next Club run as he will be out of this country until early summer.

We were pleased to have New Year's Greetings from Arthur Smith, exiled North Roader long resident in Bristol and accompanying his good wishes to the Club was a copy of *The Tourist*, journal of the Bristol D.A., C.T.C. This is now circulating along with various other club magazines which reach us from time to time. Any member who is not on the list and would like to see such journals has but to inform the editor—and then read and pass on quickly please.

A letter from Percy Williamson dated late last September regarding our new house of call at Sutton Weaver has been carefully filed until space could be found for the second part, which described a trip to East Anglia—Here it is as a reminder of past pleasures and in hopes of good things to come.

"I have just returned from a nice week's cycling. Left home a week last Sunday and made Melton Mowbray for the night. Then via Oakham, Stamford and across the flats to King's Lynn with a lovely west wind at my back. Norwich for the third night and then across through Wroxham to reach the coast at Sheringham where the waves were sparkling in the sunshine.

Following the coast I pulled up close to Wells-on-Sea for fourth night. The following day I lunched at Hunstanton on a brilliant day and spent most of the afternoon at Sandringham before going on to King's Lynn for the night.

Friday morning I left in a downpour which cleared at mid-day into a warm and bright afternoon. I made Newark for the night and Saturday I had to push into a strong west wind to reach Bonsall.

From there my last stage was heavy going still into the west wind and some showers which of course, caught me in the most exposed places. However I made home well wind-blown but fresh. A very nice trip”.

R U N S

KIRKBY, (COTTAGE CAFE), 1ST JANUARY, 1955

New Year's Day was ushered in by an icy blast which swept across the water-logged fields and moaned through the telegraph wires.

I gently propelled my trike towards Kirkby and felt thankful that I had no more than eight miles to dispose of in two hours! It was certainly not a day for loitering so I forged ahead and, parking the machine in the garage, strolled towards the smithy.

An immaculate figure riding easily developed into Guy Pullan and together we walked back to the café.

The roaring fire crackled invitingly as we sat and exchanged reminiscences. George Connor joined us, then Jimmy and one by one our chairs were edged back to make room.

George and Don Stewart had passed the early part of the afternoon being trampled almost to death at Everton (or was it Anfield?)

We were pleased to welcome friend Peter, introduced by Fred Churchill. Then came Jack Davies, Alf Howarth and Rigby.

The usual enjoyable meal followed and an hour or so was spent in friendly banter.

Alf. Howarth had a date with the television and I soon followed, the night being still young as I joined the family by the fireside—there is something to be said for these short runs!

SOMERFORD, 8TH JANUARY, 1955

A glass of port and a piece of Christmas cake each at Buckley's in Macclesfield tempered our disappointment that Hubert was not able to accompany us. As swiftly as our overweight condition and the gradients allowed we made our way, David Brown and I, to that cosy little rendezvous Sunnyside Café. I'm dashed if I can remember who was there. Bert certainly was. So too was V. P. Orrell, Wild,

Williamson and Pendlebury. Dave and I were there I do know, and ah, the last arrival and a most welcome one, Alfred Howarth the Anfield No. 8 hat. We have missed you lately Alfie. What did you want to go and become a Liverpoolite for? The meal disposed of we talked of the deeds of early bike riders and in case you think we are forever looking backwards we had a bit of discussion on the forthcoming season.

The ride home was enlivened by our being attacked by a massive dog whilst in a dark lane but although we were startled, a few hefty swipes with a grand prix pump caused the beast to retire. Altogether a pleasant run.

PARKGATE, JANUARY 15TH, 1955

This Ladies' Night of ours has now firmly established itself as an institution. Not only is it an opportunity for members to let their ladies have a glimpse of the kind of people with whom they spend their Saturday afternoons and evenings but many of the "seldom-seens" make a point of turning up on these occasions. So much more the pity was it that on this day the weather was so unkind that it was no surprise that some of our older members, whose health is not so robust as it was in their active days, evidently thought it safer not to venture forth. And so the company numbered twenty-one only, instead of double that figure, as it might well have been. But apart from the regular attendants at runs, we had McCann and Gwen—how she reminds one of good old W.P.C.—who brought with them Jack Seed and George Newall; those of us who used to go to Bettws at Easter will always have a warm spot for the latter, if only for the many occasions on which he entertained us there. And Frank Chandler brought his bride, Len Hill his much better half, Geo. Parr a lady friend and Jimmy Long, Mrs. and Miss Mandall. The proprietor of that favourite house of call, the Nahoon Café, came along too with his lady; now those of us who don't frequent that café have seen one of its attractions. But where were Harold Kettle, and Margery and Barbara, Ernie Davies and his good lady, Frank and Mrs. Marriott, Eddie Morris and quite a lot of others who have graced our parties? We know that Jack Salt and Elsie had to be elsewhere. Anyhow, they all know now that we missed them. After the usual excellent meal Len Walls set up his screen and lantern and showed us slides in colour of the many beautiful scenes he and Ben Griffiths saw on their trip to Austria last summer. They had been blessed with plenty of sunshine and Len had taken full advantage of it; the result of his labours was a great treat to all of us, and an incitement to the young and energetic members to broaden their minds and gladden their eyes by foreign travel. The show was over all too soon, and after the

company had shown its appreciation of Len's kindness and admiration of his competence with a camera, the party started to break up. The small group that remained late then learnt that Len, before he could go home, must rebuild his front wheel, which he had damaged sorely by violent contact with a wall when the treacherous surface of the road leading to the promenade had made it impossible for him to get round the corner. However, he did manage to limp home.

STANLEY ARMS, WILDBOARCLOUGH, JANUARY 15TH, 1955

Having decided that it was high time that I gave myself the pleasure of attending another Club run and remembering past runs in the "clough". on snowy days I had self and barrow out on the road by half-past-one.

I took the road from New Mills to Whalley Bridge and then turned off to Kettlethulme. Road conditions began to deteriorate at an alarming rate and only the work of the tractor snow ploughs made them passable although they were—to put it mildly—most interesting. Meeting a snowplough half-way down a steep and slippery hill did not help matters particularly since the road was 12' 0" wide and the plough about 12' 3".

Being first at the pub I laid on a pot of tea and sat down by the fire. Stan Wild and Stan Bradley soon rolled up, five wheels between them and no lack of puff.

The small—but select—party was completed by the arrival of Bren O. Senior complaining of the road surface on the Cat and of the difficulty of negotiating it when encumbered with a cape.

After the meal and a brief natter the party broke up, Bren and the writer keeping company as far as Macclesfield where the roads were quite clear. From there Bren returned home via Siddington then carried on to Crewe to pick up Bren. O. Junior from a cycling club dance.

I made my way back to Hazel Grove and then to New Mills tired, happy and hungry and being chased for the last three miles by that little man "knock"—anyway I beat him by a short head.

SUTTON WEAVER, 22ND JANUARY, 1955

Percy Williamson and the writer had not long to wait at Altrincham before the president rolled up on his tricycle. The going along the Chester Road was remarkably easy, and, after turning off for Hoo Green and High Legh, we made excellent progress along the lengthy and level lane which passes the lovely moated hall of Swinyard. It

seemed incredible that only two days before the whole countryside had been covered in snow and ice—now after a sudden thaw there was not a vestige of snow to be seen.

A welcome halt was made at Dutton for a cup of tea, after which we covered the couple of miles to Mrs. Angel's farm in pleasant anticipation of the delights to come. And we were not disappointed. Delectable dishes were placed before us and not a few were deeply grieved to realise the extent of their incapacity to clear the table. It would be most interesting to see how Frank Marriott and Jack Salt would shape at this establishment.

After this terrific fight against overwhelming odds we left the still groaning tables to make a semi-circle around the fire, and perhaps because, in these days of electric fires and oil stoves, we can rarely do this, we had a most joyful session. Arthur piled logs on the fire and the presider proved to be at the top of his form. He regaled us with lengthy and humorous stories on the easiest way to travel with a bicycle, on foreign travel, and indeed his fund of interesting anecdotes was unlimited. Jimmy Long and Guy Pullan put an oar in occasionally, but Bert was soon back into the fray. Seventy-three came without effort, at which time a concerted effort was made to get outdoors. How grand it had been to see Bert in such high spirits!

Of course, the wind was against us on the homeward journey and as we plugged into it we realised why we had ridden so easily on the way out. It had, however, been one of the most delightful outings the writer can remember, in which the following were fortunate enough to participate: the presider, J. R. Band, A. C. Birkby, J. Long, G. B. Orrell, E. G. Pullan, D. Stewart, L. J. Walls, S. Wild and P. Williamson.

HALEWOOD, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1955

This Saturday morning found me awakening to the third of three foul mornings, and as I had to spend the morning at work, I did not fancy an afternoon's perambulation of Cheshire in damp clothes. So out came the chariot and off to Broughton.

How to fill in the time from lunch to tea on such a day was quite a question but the friendly sun and a glance at the sporting announcements for the day soon settled that. Widnes at home to Hull Kingston Rovers was just the thing. So approaching Captain John during the morning's work it was settled that we would both be lazy and after lunch we made our way along the concrete highway revelling in getting our own back after numerous struggles against wind and watch in many a time trial.

The game was not a classic and whilst being able to appreciate the many grand passing moves made by the Widnes side and the fact that the players were so obviously fit and seemed to revel in the mud, I say give me soccer with its more open and moving game.

Needless to say we arrived at Halewood early to be followed quite soon by Alan Gorman and Dave Brown, the former so shocked at my backsliding.

Twenty-six all told made a fairly representative gathering of the Club's strength; they spent the half-hour before tea talking cycling, our little groups mainly concerned with the state of health of the N.C.U. None of us worried about it, for we all felt sure our own beloved game would still flourish whether we bred world champions or not.

And so to Sarah's fare. I swear I'll never share the same end of the table as Arthur B. again, my repute as a trencherman is quite false A.B. wolfed it all from under my nose, but I'll not say too much as I did manage to get more than my fair share of apple pie.

The goodly meal over we prepared for the meeting presided over by our one and only Bert. Sunday runs—to be or not to be—it was put to the meeting and was carried without opposition. Many points were brought up for discussion once the principle of Sunday runs had been accepted. Guy Pullan spoke on the subjects of standards being maintained, a point much in the mind of all Anfielders present and, no doubt, of those unable to attend. Standards which naturally will be, shall we say, softened by the ardour of the youthful members we hope will participate in these excursions. Enthusiastic, excitable, hard riding youth, is bound to bring in new ideas. Let us hope they will listen and absorb a little of the advice, example and tradition given and set by their elder brothers through seventy-five years gone.

The meeting over Len Walls put out a tentative feeler for a lift and so stowing the Clifton in the boot, John, Len and I once more crossed the Transporter and drove in style to Chester and Broughton where I dropped the native and the exile and left them still talking of their Sunday run.

Present : Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Tierney, Swift, Stan Wild, George Connor, G. B. Orrell, Bren Orrell, Rigby Band, Arthur Birkby, Vic Lambert, Jack Salt, Don Stewart, Len Walls, Guy Pullan, Harold Kettle, Eddie Morris, George Parr, Jack Davies, Len Hill, Jack Newton, Dave Brown, Alan Gorman, John Futter, Hubert Buckley and Jimmy Long.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME LIII

MARCH 1955

NUMBER 585

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- 30 GREAT BUDWORTH (Smithy Cottage)

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COMMITTEE NOTES

Birthday Run, 19th March. I shall be glad to receive the names of those who intend being present at the Birthday Run to enable me to make the necessary catering arrangements. It is hoped that as many as possible will attend.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

 THE EASTER TOUR

Our February issue had already gone to press when it became known that accommodation would not be available at the Lion, Llanymynech and that Headquarters had been switched to the "Green Inn", Llangedwyn.

For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the Welsh Border country, Llangedwyn is in the Tanat Valley approximately half-way between Llyncllys and Pen-y-bont fawr and is set among some of the loveliest scenery which anyone could desire. Valley roads follow the Tanat, Vyrnwy and lesser known but none the less delightful rivers whilst for energetic riders there is a wide choice of more lumpy routes and rough-stuff to gladden the heart of the wildest fanatic is near at hand.

For those who like to "read-up" a district just prior to a visit there are many excellent books on the marcher country and those by P. Thoresby Jones (in Batsford's *Face of Britain* series) and Cledwyn Hughes are particularly recommended.

Whilst on the subject of books, another by Cledwyn Hughes, *Poaching down the Dee*, should be read by all who love the "Wizard Stream" even if they have no wish to profit by the excellent advice on gracious living at the Squire's expense.

 NEWS IN BRIEF

Saturday, the 19th March, will see a great gathering at the Derby Arms, Halewood, in celebration of our 76th birthday. This annual event has become a most popular "opener", although there is no close season in Anfield circles, and we are hoping for a bumper

attendance and a real "natter" following a meal which will be well up to those standards associated with the Derby Arms.

With the coming of the thaw, cycling under more reasonable conditions will be possible and no doubt those pleasant evening meets at Woodbank and Kirkby will soon be in full swing again—not that they ever ceased so far as the "hardies" were concerned.

It was a pure coincidence that a note from Guy Pullan expressing disappointment that so few reports by Liverpool members resulted from his first month as Editor's stooge should arrive by the same post as a second report (from Manchester!) on a Somerford run. Liverpool may be "out" and Manchester "in" the F.A. Cup but—what about it Liverpool?

The first two Sunday runs have been arranged for April 17th and 24th at the "White Lion", Holt, and Woodlands Café, Middlewich respectively. Lunch is at 1.0 p.m. No doubt a full list will be available for our April issue.

When we threw out a hint about reviving the "all-nighter" some time ago several members seemed interested and now is the time to fit it into the programme if the demand is still there.

A note from Frank Chandler on board the M.V. *Automedon* arrived from Port Said just as we were ready for press. He reports some lack of sun but was hoping for better things in the Canal and Gulf of Suez. In any case, as he remarked, it was far better than snow and ice in Bebington!

R U N S

TARVIN, 29TH JANUARY, 1955

There were ten members present to enjoy the cosy comfort of the George and Dragon. The big fire and nicely laden table set for just the right number seemed to shout a greeting of welcome and an invitation to come and partake.

It was a grand day for late January and though the air was mild the fresh breeze was very evident when it required to be pushed aside. A lane route is always preferable to a main highroad and today its windings provided shelter from the opposing wind to make it doubly welcome.

The route through Delamere Forest was quiet of traffic and the naked trees standing sentinel watched with frowning brows the progress of those who disturbed that silence of a late winter afternoon which accompanies the gathering dusk of evening.

This was no time or place to linger but to make pace on the falls of the switchbacks and so gain impetus for an effortless rise on the upgrades.

The tales told over tea were bright and varied. Stan in his thorough style has studied all aspects of his contemplated move and browsed on the joys and sorrows of life in a new locality. Len Hill's adventures with the gypsies might be serialised in the rag, to be followed by Jack Newton's trials of a tricyclist on tour. The Captain and Len Walls told of how they almost brought Brian Jones along. Everyone wished they had been more persuasive for Brian might then have been one of a fast team again during the approaching season.

The honours of attendance were neatly balanced: Guy Pullan, John Futter, Len Walls, Jim Long and Len Hill representing the Liverpool or seamy side, while Bert Green, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson, Jack Newton and V.P. Bren Orrell stood witness to Manchester or the queer side.

The pleasures of the afternoon out-of-doors and the tea and conversation were rounded off by the ride home.

The air was still warm, and unhurried progress through the dark countryside, alternated with lighted townships, together with good companions, made the miles pass easily if not swiftly.

It was a splendid way to spend Saturday afternoon and evening and to the writer satisfying and memorable.

GREAT BUDWORTH, 12TH FEBRUARY, 1955

And it came to pass that after the snows the twelfth day of the second month dawned bright and clear and though the hills and fields were covered with snow, the highways were fit for the journeyings of travellers.

And observing these things the scribe of the tablets rejoiced exceedingly and his heart was glad. For was this not the day when, the toils of the week over, the brethren of the Anfield took out their two and three-wheeled chariots and journeyed to meet their brothers at the appointed place.

And the scribe called to him his first born, a stripling now of an age and size to possess a full size chariot. And this was his pride and joy. And he bade the stripling make ready to accompany him on the journey and so meet the brethren and learn and take heed of their ways. And he did so and the scribe did likewise. And washing his feet and anointing his head with oil he arrayed himself in fine raiment as befitted the occasion.

And upon his head he placed the special helmet he wore when charioting and which proclaimed him to all beholders as a member of the brethren. And behold! he was a thing of beauty and a joy forever! [Who, in the name of Allah could that be? ED.].

Then having prepared themselves they went to the place where the chariots were kept in readiness. And coming to this place the scribe was stricken in horror as he beheld the back tyre of his chariot flat. And this was no ordinary puncture to be cured forthwith but a deep-rooted affliction. And he wept and gnashed his teeth and raising his clenched fists to the heavens declaimed "Just my b—— luck". And as the time was at hand when they should depart on their way he took his wife's chariot, which was also lying in readiness in the chariot house and mounted upon that. But this chariot was not of the same form and build as the special chariot he kept for these occasions.

And when he was mounted upon it neither was his apparel nor his bearing in keeping with it and it brought forth laughter and derision from the wife of his bosom. And the charioteers set out, man and boy, towards the meeting place of the brethren.

And their way led them through the highways and the byways of that part of the realm known to men as Cheshire. And they passed through villages and hamlets, and met with other travellers, some on chariots and some on foot, and some who greeted them and others who greeted them not.

And as darkness was falling they came in sight of the tower of the temple of the village of Great Budworth and they rejoiced that the end of their journey was in sight for they were sore beset with hunger and thirst. And coming into the village of Gt. Budworth they came to a place of refreshment which was the appointed meeting place of the brethren, and they left their chariots and entered this house. And on entering they found there gathered the brethren of the Anfield and they greeted them and were likewise greeted, and the appointed hour for the feast being at hand the brethren did sit themselves at the table and at their head and presiding over the company was one who had graced these feasts for many years. And he was wise in the ways of charioteers and when he spake all men gave him their ears for his words were as rich jewels. And the manservant of the refreshment place came in and placed before them bread and other foods and the brew of the country known as "char". And they did eat and drink thereof in the customary manner of charioteers. And to him who spake or tarried was left nothing but clean platters and an empty belly. And the feast being over they did gather together and converse one to the other on matters dear to the brethren and charioteers in general. And this did they do until the time came when they must depart.

And first rewarding the manservant of the refreshment place with silver, they went out into the night and to their chariots. And darkness had fallen. And it was needful that they made lights on their chariots both at the front and at the rear to guide them on their way and to be a warning of their approach to others journeying upon the highways and byeways. For this was the law of the land! And so they departed whence they had come. And it so happened that some of the brethren's ways lay together and where this happened they accompanied each the other, conversing the while, until the time their ways separated. And here they parted and each took his own way towards his own house. And the scribe and the stripling rode on their chariots through the night. And their way was as before through the highways and byeways of Cheshire. Yea! even unto and beyond the boundaries of Lancashire whence lay their house. And at last their journey was ended and they came to their house. And the scribe entered into his house and here he was greeted by his wife. And she had kindled embers and prepared rich meats and pastries and brewed "char" against his homecoming. And having eaten mightily as though his belly were a bottomless pit he declaimed himself as being content. And he was at peace with the world. And happy at the thought of the time spent with the Anfield charioteers he sought his couch and sleep.

And let it be placed on the tablets of record that the following brethren were at the appointed meeting place:—H. Green, A. Birkby, S. Bradley, D. Stewart, A. Howarth, G. B. Orrell, L. Pendlebury, A. Pendlebury, the latter being a visitor.

DALTON (PRESCOTT'S FARM), 19th FEBRUARY, 1955

It was an eleventh hour telephone call from Peter that finally got me saddle-borne, his glowing picture of fields and hedge-rows, smiling in their sunlit mantles of dazzling snow, quite failed to awaken any response, as the poet in me does not function below 70°F. Appeals to be British were equally fruitless and it was only after the threat of direct physical force with odds of two to one, that I finally set out with all the enthusiasm of a sheep being led to the slaughter. On the road my worst fears were realised but I was so numbed with cold that the hair-raising skids on the hills provided welcome relief. On reaching the farm a preliminary "cuppa" was ordered and while we drank this, Arthur Birkby arrived, closely followed by George Connor and Alf Howarth, all looking disgustingly fit. Shortly afterwards our genial Treasurer clanked in and gave us permission to start eating. The meal was followed by the usual fireside discussion although my enjoyment of this was tempered by thoughts of the homeward journey. It was a gloriously clear starry night but I took the coward's

way out and stuck to the main roads. In addition to the Anfielders named, Fred Churchill and two friends, Peter and Frank, made the party up to seven.

SOMERFORD, 19TH FEBRUARY, 1955

Sunnyside Café was set in a wintry scene today. The snow covered fields contrasted sharply with the dark woods to make a study of black and white and a brown hare leaping across the snow provided the only action in a still countryside.

The electric power was temporarily out of order as we assembled for tea but a savoury meal was just as welcome in the illumination of a lighted candelabra.

It was a cheerful repast under unusual conditions and even if some feet were a little cold the conversation was warm.

Stan Wild had trundled by way of Moreton Old Hall and reported fresh caretakers of this National Trust property. Hubert mentioned a cup of tea at Holmes Chapel while Stan Bradley and Bren senior had come via Lower Withington and Swettenham respectively. Bert and Percy had found good going via Chelford and Holmes Chapel.

As we had gathered so we dispersed in the old Anfield fashion of ones and twos. The ride home was through exhilarating air and the nip of the northerly wind on ear and nose tips was the keenest experienced for a long time, but this only enhanced the snug warmth of body produced by the riding in heat retaining clothing.

SOMERFORD, 19TH FEBRUARY, 1955

The main roads of east Cheshire were clear of snow but the lanes were covered with an icy layer of the stuff which called for gentle pressure on the pedals if one did not wish to come into violent contact with Mother Earth. The cold was intense but as far as the outward journey was concerned the northerly wind was behind and riding conditions were quite pleasant.

I followed the main Congleton highway, and probably because of the helpful breeze found myself with such time in hand that I meandered on to Moreton Old Hall to view this fine magpie structure under unusual conditions. Leaning on the parapet of the bridge and gazing at the rare spectacle of the moat completely frozen over, I was approached by the warden (this is now National Trust property) and invited in to have a cup of tea. Could anything be nicer than that?

Of course I was a little late in reaching Somerford, where I made

up a round half-dozen of members awaiting tea. And what a lovely little meal it was—succulent fried bacon with an egg apiece! Despite the warming properties of the meal plus an oil stove and an electric convector we just couldn't keep warm and we were not long in making a move outdoors.

Hubert, Stan and the writer rode towards Congleton in an icy atmosphere that made both the nostrils and tear ducts flow freely. The walk up Rood Hill restored the circulation, and for the remainder of the journey we were as warm as toast, marvelling at the ease with which the severe coldness of the night was kept at bay by the simple and delightful exercise of cycling.

Those present were S. N. Bradley, H. G. Buckley, H. Green, G. B. Orrell, P. Williamson and S. Wild.

SUTTON WEAVER, 26TH FEBRUARY, 1955

The constant threat of the removal of the Runcorn Transporter Bridge, gave me the excuse to wend my way there and to obtain a photograph for record purposes.

Set off through Altrincham, Lymm and reached the ship canal at Latchford. Here two ocean-going boats were moored, probably waiting for the tide. Suppose it is the fact that I am a landsman, but I find a fascination in gazing at these man-made monsters.

After clearing Warrington I realised that if I wanted my picture before the sun sank too low, it was a case of push on regardless. Nearing Runcorn I could see the towers of the bridge and then the bridge itself came into view crossing to the Lancashire side. Anyway, it was still working.

On arrival at the bridge the low light meter reading suggested that I shouldn't get a smashing result. However, with three exposures in the camera I made my way to Sutton Weaver. Though I reached the tea place before 5-30 I found Bert, Percy and Don huddled round a log fire. Two more members followed me in.

My sanity was questioned when I said that I had been to Runcorn just to photograph the bridge. I said that I was surprised to find that Runcorn had a castle. There I dropped another clanger, and was soon informed that it is Halton Castle.

The party remained at six, they being: Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Bren Orrell, sen., Stan Wild, Stan Bradley and the only one from Liverpool—Don Stewart.

The trilby hat section left for home first and I might add that it was a better ride than was anticipated.

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VOLUME LIII

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- 28/30 Open "100" Week-end
- 30 OPEN "100".

SUNDAY RUNS — Lunch 1-0 p.m.

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COMMITTEE NOTES

75, AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT.

Changes of address: G. Parr, 99, Crawford Avenue, Liverpool, 18.
W. C. Tierney, 50, Berry Street, Liverpool, 1.

Open "100". It is regretted that the Club has been unable to reserve accommodation at the Lion Hotel, Salop, owing to previous regular bookings from a coach touring company. However, the President and one or two other members have been able to book privately at the hotel and this will enable us to use the Lion as our headquarters for the week-end.

Members requiring accommodation for Whit are advised to make their own arrangements without delay.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES

Owing to difficulties in arranging changing accommodation for the 2nd "25" it has been necessary to postpone this event until May 14th. The headquarters will now be Hatton Heath and the Whitchurch Road course will be used.

The first list of Sunday runs has been compiled with our speedmen's programme in view. Lunch at Hatchmere (1st May) follows the Dukinfield "50", whilst Utkinton on 15th May and Spurstow on the 22nd have been chosen to fit in with the Stockport "50" and Cheshire Roads "50" respectively. May 7th (Saturday) is of course booked for the first Club "50".

Once again we have been unable to secure a block booking in Shrewsbury for the "100" weekend and George Connor advises members to make their own arrangements without delay. It is hoped that this will not discourage members from getting on to the course at Whitsuntide, for Eric Reeves will require a lot of helpers if the event is to be a successful Anfield promotion.

The first Club "25" (reported elsewhere) resulted in two good rides on a cold, filthy afternoon, and Alan Gorman's remarks regarding a too early start to the season are very pertinent. In a recent article in *Cycling* Stanley Higginson asserts that in his opinion the R.T.T.C. season begins far too early; a number of members have long held

the view that it not only starts too early *and goes on too long*, but is far too crowded between the ends. A few years ago it would have been regarded as almost immoral to race thirty weekends on the run; now the man who arranges his programme with a number of gaps is the exception and would be looked on as rather odd !

THE NORTHERN ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION

The Annual General Meeting of the Northern Road Records Association was held in Manchester on the 5th March.

The motion to abolish lowest standards for those place to place records for which no times are established, was carried and made retrospective.

Rule 24 was amended to allow arrangements to be made beforehand for one motor vehicle carrying an official observer to overtake, from time to time, a rider attempting any record.

Bert Green and Bill Bailey were re-elected President and Hon. Secretary respectively, both offices being filled without opposition.

Hubert Buckley was elected to the Committee as Private Members' Representative. A. Gorman and P. Williamson attended as Anfield delegates, and S. Wild on behalf of the Cheshire Roads Club.

NEWS IN BRIEF

We are sorry to report that Stevie has had to retire to bed again for a few weeks. He was very disappointed that he could not be present at the birthday run, and would be delighted to welcome anyone should they care to call at his home. His new address is Dunster, Church Road, Huyton. Telephone Huyton 107.

Heartly congratulations and best wishes to George Parr, who was married recently. We hear that although George will not be at Llandedwyn over Easter the new Mrs. Parr is releasing him for duties at the "100".

Walter Connor has also been in dock but we are glad to hear that he is now fit again.

Jack Davies has suffered a bereavement through the very sudden death of his father a short time ago, and Bert Preston through the death of his mother after a long illness.

Ben Griffiths has been called up for his National Service and is at present at Honiton with R.E.M.E. (and Renéé probably!).

Ginner Williams had an unusual experience recently. Whilst driving his Austin pram through the Tunnel on the way to work he shed a rear wheel which was promptly run-over by a B.R.S. wagon and trailer. Ginner was in the fast lane when this occurred but four hefty workmen from a coach which was just behind picked him up *complete with car* and dumped him in the slow lane. He is going to use a wheel-brace in future !

We note that W. M. Crosbie, for 69 years a member of the North Road C.C., has died at the Cornish home to which he retired a few years ago. He was a fine rider in his day and paired up with F. T. Bidlake to ride in the 1891 Anfield "100" when they set up Northern records for 50 and 100 miles.

One day we must check up with Salty as to the number of times he has been down to the Charlottesville "50". At any rate after Easter his score will be one more for he intends to ride down to look after Bren Orrell and John Futter, who are riding in this first classic "50" of the season.

The news that the Nahoon Café was for sale came as an unpleasant surprise, for the folk there have set out to cater for the needs of cyclists. We can only hope that their successors will keep up the good work.

We have awaited news of the Bath Road Club's A.G.M. with considerable interest since learning that the agenda contained a motion, in the name of Len Baker, to admit women to membership. All Len's pleadings were in vain however, and the motion was defeated notwithstanding the disclosure that he had discussed the matter with the Anfield at the 1954 Tints Tour when it was agreed that females should be welcomed (to the B.R.). We hope that Len will be able to attend the 1955 "Tints", when George Parr will supply him with further arguments in favour of accepting the weaker sex (into the B.R.).

Mark Haslam and Stan Wild are included in the 1955 list of official B.R.A. Timekeepers.

A speaker at the Anerley B.C. (formed 1881) dinner described that organisation as "the oldest active racing club in the country". "G.H.S." doesn't think so either !

RUNS

ORMSKIRK, 5TH MARCH, 1955

With the snow practically gone, I decided it was time to get in some more training miles, and so it was soon after eight when I left home, making towards Preston.

On the way to Preston the wind was starting to blow up, and after a cup of tea, on again to Lancaster to find the wind still increasing. Over this stretch I was glad of the company of an R.A.F. lad from Lytham, who was going to spend his last week-end as an airman, at Coniston. It took us all our time to average fifteens, and to brighten our ride we kept visualising a cup of tea at Lancaster, and of course the nearer we got the larger the cup grew. At last it arrived, a pint of steaming tea to wash down my sandwich lunch.

About six miles along the Kirkby Lonsdale road, I forked right over the Lancashire-Yorkshire border through the Benthams and down into Settle.

From here I headed for Long Preston, where the last remaining snow was still stretching into the roads, and so on to Gisburn, Clitheroe and Whalley for a halt and an afternoon snack. The wind was still fairly strong and it was only now that I was getting any advantage from it as I made for Preston and finally a near evens spell to Ormskirk.

The CIRCULAR (so I thought) said the venue was in Ormskirk, but after riding round for a quarter of an hour, I remembered a café on the Southport road. Sure enough this was it, and when I finally returned home and checked the CIRCULAR the address was given as Southport Road.

It was nearly six o'clock when I arrived and George Connor, Rigby Band, Bill McWhinnie, Guy Pullan and Arthur Birkby were already in attendance.

George brought up the doubtful topic of food in the Forces—a poor subject to be discussing whilst having an excellent meal, and so to other topics such as television, the theatre and Guy's tales of driving ponies in Ireland.

One final note to end on: before we made our various ways home George showed how to collect the money, for he achieved a feat which does not happen often—he made a profit of one penny !

BROOMEDGE, 5TH MARCH, 1955

The A.G.M. of the N.R.R.A. concluded about 4-30 and a few minutes later Alan Gorman, Stan Wild and Percy Williamson, along with veteran Tom Lutener were cycling along Deansgate, a thoroughfare looking somewhat unfamiliar to us in its Saturday afternoon attire. We were around Old Trafford in time to see the early leavers from the United ground, but before the roads became crowded with the main exodus from the football match.

Leaving Tom at Stretford we turned from the main road to proceed via Urnston and Flixton to Warburton and Broomedge.

Bill Bailey had brought Bert Green and an old Cheshire Roader, Harold Wilson, from the N.R.R.A. meeting and were now awaiting us, as also were Walter Thorpe, Dave Brown and Jack Newton with son David. Bren Orrell senior arrived later to complete the party and the Bungalow Café provided a satisfying tea in a cosy room.

We were in no hurry to face the cold air outside but eventually the time came when we had to bid our visitors adieu and Stan and I were soon dropping down Ogden Brow. Bill gave a good-night toot as the car passed, leaving us to potter the ten or eleven miles to our homes at our ease.

BROOMEDGE, 5TH MARCH, 1955

Walter Thorpe called for me early in the afternoon and together we cycled along a familiar winding route to Ringway Airport where we loitered for several minutes with other spectators, who were waiting for any activity that might occur. As we had other things to do we soon pushed off but near Ashley were given a display of tight formation flying by three Vampire fighters.

At Rostherne we went into the lovely church and took several photographs, a difficult operation as we had forgotten to take a cable release. It was well after five o'clock when we left and in our eagerness not to be late for tea we went astray in the lanes but even so we were not last to arrive as several other members had to come from the N.R.R.A. meeting.

A number of photographs taken on previous runs, were passed round, and the talk developed into something like a photographic club, but all present were interested and there were no complaints. I had been wondering whether Alf Howarth would have had a run over, but as it turned out it was as well he did not.

[This report has been cut somewhat in view of it being the second relating to this fixture.—ED.]

HALEWOOD, 19TH MARCH, 1955.

Thirty-two members and three friends attended this celebration of the 76th birthday of the Club and a grand run it proved to be with a real Halewood feed followed by a fine show of coloured touring slides and plenty of opportunities of chinning over old times.

Zam Buck and Stevie were absentees but we trust they are quite fit, and of course Frank Chandler is on the high seas somewhere near Singapore. But old timers there were in good measure of quantity and quality.

Bert Green presided and kept the speeches down to a minimum (there was only one—of four words—"Come and get it"); he was supported by eighteen members of twenty or more years standing including one with 50 years, three with 47, 43 and 40 years respectively and five with between thirty and thirty-five years' subs. paid. How many clubs could boast of ten members out at a run with a total of 390 years' membership between them?

It was good to see Eddie Morris, Donald McCann and George Newall and a real tonic to note Jack Seed's ruddy complexion once more. Swift and Tierney go together like cheese and biscuits and of course both were present and in good heart. It is strange how one "pairs" certain names and dislikes writing one without 'tother but there is no cause for complaint this time for Bretherick and Lambert turned up as did Parr and Davies. Both Vice-Presidents attended and Salty had every excuse for petrol assistance as he brought Len Walls with all his paraphenalia for the excellent lantern show which followed the meal.

Manchester was well represented by Stan Wild, Dave Brown, Alan Gorman, Jack Newton, Hubert Buckley and Percy Williamson, and here we might put in Alf Howarth, no longer a Mancunian but well settled in the Southport area from whence also came George Connor, pleased that the attendance of thirty-five exactly matched his order for teas and wishing his undoubted flair for forecasting could be successful in a more lucrative direction.

Guy Pullan brought Rupert Gibson and Fred Churchill came along with two friends. Then there were Jimmy Long, Arthur Birkby, Frank Perkins, Rigby Band, Len Hill, Ginner, Don Stewart and the Editor to complete a party of thirty-five. At least one other was with us in spirit, for we heard a message of greetings and good wishes from "Ever-Bright", who expressed his intention of breaking a bun with us at the appropriate time way down in his Hertfordshire hideout.

After an excellent meal the tables were quickly cleared and we settled down to enjoy a pictorial account of the continental tour made by Len Walls and Ben Griffiths last summer before being brought back to earth by a scene in St. Helens shot onto the screen by one of Churchill's friends. He made amends however by showing us some snow scenes in Cheshire before he rounded off the entertainment with a brief but colourful record of Easter and Whit, 1954.

Time passes all too quickly on these occasions and soon we were making for the road with another fine run over but carrying away memories of good fellowship and hopes of many more such gatherings still to be.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 26TH MARCH, 1955

The rain was cold and incessant and the noise it made on the tin roof of the garage at Highwayside was no encouragement to either riders or helpers in the '25'. Of the six members on the card, Alf Howarth did not arrive at all. Jack Salt decided not to start (wise man). David Brown too, elected not to go despite coaxing by the President, which left three—Orrell (fit as usual), Don Stewart and a reluctant Futter. Poor John was already 1m. 45s. in arrears by the time he arrived at the first turn and he retired at the half-way mark, leaving only a gallant Don to provide opposition to our number one speedman. Their finishing times were declared by Stan Wild to be Orrell 1.7.9, Stewart 1.10.48, the latter taking the handicap prize with a 6 min. allowance.

After washing and changing but without bite or sup young Bren departed Wirral-wards on business that brooked no delay, leaving eleven of us to enjoy a comfortable meal. They were, in something like order of seniority, Green, Williamson, Orrell (senior), Salt, Wild, Gorman, Thorpe, Brown, Futter, Stewart and Walls. Did someone say the season began too early? Hear, Hear!

After this issue was prepared for press we heard with great regret of the death of Harold Kettle in Clatterbridge Hospital and hope to publish an appreciation in next month's issue.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : J. C. FUTTER

Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME LIII

MAY 1955

NUMBER 587

MAY

FIXTURES

- 1 Sunday. HATCHMERE (Walkers Café)
- 7 1st CLUB "50". H.Q., HATTON HEATH
- 8 Sunday. GLASFRYN (BRYNTIRION)
- 9 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, TARLETON STREET, LIVERPOOL.
- 14 2nd "25". H.Q., HATTON HEATH
- 15 Sunday. UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
- 21 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)
- 22 Sunday. SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café)
- 28/30 OPEN "100" WEEKEND
- 30 OPEN "100"

JUNE

- 4 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
 - 5 Sunday. PEN-Y-MYAYDD (Old Banel Café)
 - 11 3RD "25". H.Q. HATTON HEATH
 - 12 Sunday. LLANYMYNECH (Willow Café)
 - 13 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, TARLETON STREET, LIVERPOOL
 - 18 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)
 - 19 Sunday. TARVIN (George & Dragon)
 - 25 TARVIN (George & Dragon)
 - 26 Sunday. WHITCHURCH (Hughes')
- SATURDAY TEAS, 5-30 p.m. SUNDAY LUNCH, 1-0 p.m.

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

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COMMITTEE NOTES

75, AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT.

With the passing of our dear friend, Harold Kettle, it has become necessary to find a suitable place for Committee meetings.

After several avenues had been explored we believe that we have discovered a suitable venue at the Free Church Centre, Tarleton Street (off Williamson Square). There is a caf eteria on the same floor which should prove a convenient meeting place for those unable to get home for a meal.

I have been asked by Mrs. Kettle to convey to all concerned her sincere thanks for many expressions of sympathy and for the flowers which were sent on behalf of the Club.

Change of address: R. Wilson, 78 Seymour Drive, North Whitby Ellesmere Port.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

In Memoriam

WILLIAM HAROLD KETTLE

It is with great sorrow that we have to record the passing of our Life Member, Harold Kettle, which occurred on April 6th in Clatterbridge Hospital. The shock was all the greater in that he had shown such improvement that he had expected to be discharged in the near future, but there was a sudden relapse which proved fatal.

At the cremation at Landican on Easter Tuesday the President, Secretary and Treasurer together with E. O. Morris, J. Seed and K. W. Barker paid their last respects as representatives of the Club which he had served so well.

Harold joined the Club in 1903 and took full part in all its activities whilst living in the neighbourhood of Liverpool; in 1904 he showed his capabilities as a roadman with some excellent performances, and his novice "100" of 5.58.57 at Whitsuntide earned him 4th place in the handicap and the "Del Strother" prize. In the "24" of that year he covered 281 miles in spite of tyre trouble which cost him three hours' delays.

Soon after this, however, he went to reside in Sheffield in pursuit of his profession and for the next few years we saw little of him. On the outbreak of war in 1914 he joined up in the Sheffield Comrades' Battalion and 2nd Lieut. W. H. Kettle, Machine Gun Corps, was one of the band of service members welcomed back by the Club in 1919.

From 1920 to 1930 he served the Club as Captain, combining with this office that of Racing Secretary from 1922; he was Racing Secretary in 1931 and a member of the Committee in 1932. In 1934 he was elected a Vice-president and, on the death of W. P. Cook in April 1936, took over the senior office for the remainder of the year and was elected President in 1937. Unfortunately his health broke down and he was unable to continue and for the rest of his life he was never really fit though he did as much cycling as was possible for him on two or three wheels, gamely fighting his disability.

It was early in 1939 that he completed 1,000 run attendances and was elected a Life Member in 1940.

On the outbreak of World War II he took over the duties of Hon. Treasurer and service members remember with gratitude the arrival of letters and postal orders which he sent with unflinching regularity.

Harold was invariably quiet and courteous with everybody and earned the goodwill of all with whom he came in contact. In office he carried out his duties efficiently and soberly, without fuss, and we all felt that we could place absolute reliance on him.

His enforced absence from the ordinary runs was a great deprivation to his old friends who in recent years have looked forward eagerly to seeing him out at Club races, piloted by Margarey. His interest in the Club was unabated right to the end and we shall miss him sorely. Out heartfelt sympathy goes out to Margarey and Barbara in their great sorrow.

H.G.

RACING NOTES

OFFERS OF HELP for the "100" have been extremely disappointing. Eric Reeves has put an awful lot of hard work into the organization of this event and it is up to us to give him our whole-hearted support.

Please contact him immediately at 29 The Ginnel, Port Sunlight, Wirral.

Peter Stevie is going down to Shrewsbury on Whit Monday morning, leaving home at 3 a.m. He will have 3 seats available and will be glad to give anyone a lift there and back including most of the course. He is away until May 28, but will be at Huyton 4650 on Whit Sunday.

Racing results and reports on Sunday runs have had to be held over owing to pressure on space; future Sunday fixtures have been arranged to tie up with the following events: June 5th, East Liverpool Wheelers '50'; June 19th, West Cheshire '50'; June 26th, Liverpool Century '100'; July 3rd, West Cheshire '12'; July 23/24, Mersey Road Club '24'.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Those members who were present at the Birthday Run a few years ago, when J. C. Shaw, our Sheffield veteran, gave a most entertaining lantern talk on a tour over the "End-to-End" record route, will recall that one of the small party making that cycling pilgrimage was George Jowitt, president of the Uppertorpe C.C. Many of the fine slides showed that Grand Old Man at various points on the route; one in particular stood out, for it recorded the meeting, high up on the fells above Shap, of a number of Uppertorpe members with their president on the occasion of his 83rd birthday.

This fine old cycling figure died recently at the age of 88 years after more than 40 years as president of the club which he joined in 1883.

Another well-known Northern veteran, F. A. Tuplin, died on the 27th March at the age of 81 years. He had been president of the Gomersal O.R.C. since 1922 and in his younger days was a prolific prizewinner in road events. At the age of 60 he rode in the Anfield "24" covering 320½ miles and throughout his cycling life he was a regular attender at our Whitsuntide "100".

We note from the *C.T.C. Gazette* that 'G.H.S.' attained the nice round score of 77 years on April 17th and we wish him many more years of vigorous health in which to trundle his trike and watch over our interests on the road.

EASTER TOUR 1955—LLANGEDWYN

Sunshine and a following N.W. wind tempted me to make an early start on Good Friday morning. Spring was in the air and I felt a great urge to be amongst the Welsh hills. Thirty minutes fast running with the wind put the Liverpool dockland behind me, and nipping smartly through the tunnel I was soon on board the Paddington train.

Gobowen is an excellent jumping off spot, but I was disappointed that Guy Pullen did not join the train at Rock Ferry. It has since been learned that he was suffering from the ravages of 'flue and was unable to enjoy the week-end though I doubt not that he was there in spirit.

A friend of his, by name Craven, occupied my carriage and together we passed the time swapping yarns until the rumbling over a level crossing announced our arrival.

A cup of tea was indicated after which our ways separated. How grand it was to be away from the confines of the town with four days of freedom ahead.

My first objective was a rather tame but hitherto unfamiliar crossing of the hills named Bwlch Ddar which would, if followed correctly, bring me out a quarter-mile short of Penybontfawr.

I was using a $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. ordnance map and almost immediately became lost in a maze of lanes. Enquiries at the only farm was discouraged by a couple of fierce sheep dogs who took an instant dislike to me and I moved down the lane at a speed which surprised even myself. Back again in the Tanat valley I discovered I was some distance short of Penybontfawr but this error in navigation mattered little as there was plenty of time to spare before lunching at the Railway Inn.

A visit to my brother and erstwhile touring companion, now living in retirement at Hirnant village, occupied the remainder of the afternoon. Meantime other Anfielders were descending on the Valley. Percy Williamson had contacted the President in East Cheshire and together they reeled off the seventy-two miles. Slowly but relentlessly, as befits seasoned cyclists, they burrowed their way, mostly upwards, through an adverse wind.

Jimmy Long lunched in dignified solitude at the White Lion, Holt, and then had an easy journey via Overton and St. Martins, arriving a few minutes before the Mancunians. He reported having spoken by 'phone to Fred Churchill, who was prevented from joining the party owing to sickness. This was very unfortunate but we were pleasantly surprised to see Ben Griffiths, who was enjoying his first leave from H.M. Forces. Muttering something about Jack Salt and Plinlimmon he told us he had dined at the "Aleppo Merchant", Carno, and was ready for more food!

The evening was restfully disposed of before a huge fire in the hotel lounge, Ben being very subdued, thanks to an absorbing book, which successfully prevented him from becoming a public nuisance.

Saturday dawned with clear sun and cloudless sky and after a moderately early breakfast we five moved off. Bert, however, with customary unselfishness, not wishing to curtail the activities of the "youngsters", decided on a visit to Pistyll Rhayader in which he was joined by Percy and Jim (rather enthusiastically I thought) leaving Ben and myself to go for a more ambitious ride. I felt some qualms at being left to the mercy of the notorious Broughton Basher, but my fears were unfounded as he proved himself to be a delightful touring companion, ever willing to walk and commune with nature and nowhere forcing the pace.

Elevenes were supplied at Llanfyllin after which, armed with a huge slab of chocolate, we tackled the long climb to Vyrnwy.

The views were grand and our enthusiasm knew no bounds as we skirted the lake's south-westerly shore and pushed the machines up the Bwlch Rhiw Hirnant.

The bridge has been replaced and the road is now in pretty good shape with the exception of a few hundred yards over the highest point. A fast drop into Bala followed, the new damming operations

necessitating a slight detour near the shore on to which a strong wind was piling the waves. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining food but a little "toffee" and sales talk eventually produced an appetising hot meal and soon we were ready for the assault on the Milltir Cerrig. "There's one short steep bit to be walked" quoth Jimmy. I found quite a few long steep bits, in fact this road seems to become harder each visit quite apart from advancing years. But what a grand drop into Llangynog. A short halt to enable Ben to don a little extra clothing and away we sped, but not too quickly to allow us to feast our eyes on the extensive views and tumbling waters of the infant Tanat. Bridges are fascinating and I enjoyed a quiet smoke on the ancient one just short of Llanrhaiadr, whilst Ben tried his Welsh on a farmer. Meanwhile the remaining trio had sampled the coffee and tea of most of the catering establishments in the vicinity, followed by more at the waterfall, which was referred to by the Long one, in whose soul there is neither romance nor beauty, as "that miserable hole"!

Lunch at Llanrhaiadr, followed by a saunter, reunited us at the Green Inn for dinner at seven sharp.

Ben made an excellent barman for the evening session and kept us well supplied with drinks in the lounge whilst we nattered, Percy being so interested in the technicalities of "chief rents" that he fell asleep!

Easter morning came and with it the freshness of the mountains from which a stiff breeze blew trailing the Inn sign out nearly horizontally. With a tentative arrangement to meet at Welshpool I was off down the Valley which has known so many whirring wheels at Whitsuntide. The wind was not helpful from Llyncllys, and the 16½ miles took me one hour twenty-five minutes.

Zero hour arrived and as the church clock chimed the hour Ben came into sight down the hill and together we whiled away the time waiting for the others by sipping coffee. Then from all points of the compass they arrived. Bert's rosy face emerged from the wrong end of a one way street, Jimmy came from the traffic lights, followed later by Percy. Ben had come down the hill. I had not realized there were so many approaches to Welshpool via Llansantffraid and Pentre'r-beirdd!

Lunch at the "White Lion" was quite good but we sadly missed the after-dinner coffee which so effectively rounds off a meal. Our route now lay through Llanfair Caereinion and into the wind. The climb out of Welshpool strung the party out somewhat. Bert, who complained that he couldn't get his gear swinging at our slow speed, forged ahead, followed by Ben, trotting on foot, myself perspiring profusely, then Percy smoking contentedly, whilst Jimmy brought

up the rear muttering incoherently about coffee and blood-stained hills. Grey skies threatened rain, but as we gradually turned north east and ran with the wind, brighter conditions prevailed, and several thrilling drops carried us through Meifod to Llansantffraid, where a café once more ministered to our needs.

A slight diversion gave Ben and myself an opportunity to do a little hill climbing à la continental, being rewarded by a magnificent view, followed by a fierce scamper into Llanybladwell where the picturesque old "Horseshoe Inn" stood in dignified aloofness. Rejoining the road at Penybont we found ourselves well ahead of the others and ambled gently on to the "Green Inn".

So beautiful was Monday morning that I read a book on the porch from 7-30 a.m. until the gong announced breakfast.

A pleasant diversion was caused by the arrival of Arthur Williams and Len Hill, who had left Wirral by car at seven o'clock.

The wind was still blowing forcefully down the Valley as we set off for home. Llyncllys brought about the first split as I turned off for Gobowen and the familiar but ever delightful lanes through St. Martins, Overton (where I dined at midday), Bangor, Saughton, Stoak and so on, arriving in Crosby for 5 p.m. tea. Meanwhile, the President and Percy, accompanied by Jimmy and Ben, made good progress through Knockin, Rayton, Baschurch and Lappington, dining well at the "Harp". Here James and Ben turned north for Whitchurch and into the wind which, having a little north in it, had hampered me on the last stage of my journey.

Another Easter was over, leaving happy memories of good company on wind-swept mountain roads, the plaintive bleating of lambs and the song of birds in the early morning sunshine, all made possible by the simple bicycle.

A.E.C.B.

RUNS

TARVIN, 12TH MARCH, 1955

After a solo ride via Wrexham, John Futter was first to reach the venue and was closely followed by Dave Brown, Don Stewart and Guy Pullan. Geoff Lockett managed one of his all too rare appearances and his impending removal to Bexhill did not prevent Stan Wild from attending and receiving a Club medal in recognition of long and meritorious service from Jimmy Long. Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Jack Salt and G. B. Orrell completed an attendance of eleven.

UTKINTON, 2ND APRIL, 1955

The ride out to Utkinton via Ghester and Waverton, becaped and with the wind against, was a damp sluggish grind so that it was a relief to encounter Jimmy Long walking a hill just short of the tea-

place and to join him afoot. The gathering at Smithy Cottage was small, the only other arrivals being Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Bren Orrell and Jack Newton. Probably the West Cheshire event the following morning kept the racing men away and the miserable afternoon damped the ardour of others. However, our small party ate well, we probably talked well, we certainly entertained ourselves and most certainly we once again experienced that quiet enjoyment which a club-run never fails to give.

After tea the rain cleared, capes were stowed away and for Jimmy and me it was an easy ride home. Your commentator is Guy Pullan describing what proved to be his last ride for some weeks due to the evil machinations of demon "flue".

WOODBANK, 9TH APRIL, 1955

The Editor and son David had planned a lane route through Wirral with the Nahoon Café as the ultimate objective. A phone call from Rigby Band announced his intention of journeying to the meet from Ormskirk and in due course the trio left Bebington to attend this alternative to the Easter tour.

Soon after turning into the byeways at Chicken Corner Frank Marriott, with Mildred and Stephen, was discovered heading in the wrong direction and in a most un-Anfield-like means of conveyance; Sammy Junior, however, showed unmistakable signs that the comparative inactivity of car travel will not satisfy him much longer so Frankie had better be getting some miles in his legs.

It appeared that three would be the total muster but as tea was almost over Len Hill staggered in claiming to have ridden non-stop from the "Glegg" and determined to repeat the feat on his return journey.

WILDBOARCLOUGH, 9TH APRIL, 1955

Alan Gorman and Stan Wild were the only members out on this Manchester alternative to the Easter tour.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 16TH APRIL, 1955

No report has yet been received, but the following eleven members attended the fixture:—

H. Green, L. Pendlebury, J. Long, F. Churchill, A. Birkby, G. B. Orrell, J. Newton, H. Catling, G. G. Taylor, S. Bradley and S. Wild.

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FIXTURES

JULY

- 2 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café). Photograph Run
- 3 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy Café). W.C.T.T.C.A. "12"
- 9 2nd Club "50". (H.Q. Hatton Heath)
- 10 MIDDLEWICH (Woodlands)
- 11 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 16 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)
- 17 CALVERHAL (Old Jack Inn)
- 23 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
- 24 WHITCHURCH (Hughes Temperance Hotel)
- 23/24 MERSEY ROADS CLUB "24"
- July 30/Aug. 1 BATH ROAD CLUB "100" WEEK-END
- 30 Alternatives to:—GOREDALE CAFÉ, The Parkgate Road. WILD-BOARD CLOUGH (Stanley Arms)
SATURDAY, TEA 5-30 p.m. SUNDAY, LUNCH 1-0 p.m.

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COMMITTEE NOTES

75, AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT.

At a Committee Meeting held on May 9th, the President referred to the loss the Club had sustained by the death of Mr. W. H. Kettle, and a resolution expressing the sympathy of the Club to Mrs. Kettle and her daughter was passed.

Change of address. A. E. Preston, 103, Woodchurch Road, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The Photograph Run has been fixed for 2nd July at Spurstow and it is hoped that as many faces as possible will turn up.

A number of racing results have been crowded out this month but space must be found to congratulate Bren Orrell, John Futter and Alf Howarth on winning first team medals in the Cheshire Roads Club "50".

The late Harold Kettle's bicycle is for disposal and anyone interested or able to assist should contact the Editor. It is a 21in. Phillip's "Jaguar" (531) with High Pressures, Sturmey 4. alloy "Maes", alloy brakes with hooded levers, all in new condition. There is also a 'Drummond' foot-operated lathe which may be of interest to a member with a mechanical bent.

Arthur Birkby's brother Carl, now in retirement at "Hen Dafarn", a delightful old-world cottage in Hirnant village near Pen-y-bont-fawr has commenced catering for wayfarers and has room for one or two overnight visitors. We can recommend both the establishment and the surrounding country even to that rider in the "100" who enquired of Frank Marriott at Llyncllys "Is this the end of Death Valley?"

Owing to pressure on our space and the fact that attendances were expected to be low in the early months of the venture, no reports on Sunday fixtures have been published but this does not mean that there has been no activity in that field. Owing to the number of regulars likely to be on tour in August there will be Saturday runs only during that month and no Sunday fixtures have been arranged.

We have had so many congratulatory remarks on the report of the Easter Tour that it is necessary to ask that all medals should be addressed to Arthur Birkby, who sent in this delightful contribution.

Congratulations and best wishes to Jack Seed, who looks forty, feels fifty and turned eighty in mid May.

We are glad to hear that Stevie is out and about again though not up to a trip to the "100".

Frank Chandler is in circulation again, having arrived home from his trip to the Far East on Whit Sunday.

WHITSUN WEEK-END

An early start was indicated to a week-end which proved to be the best Whit for a long time from the weather point of view, and so it was ten to nine when I crossed the river.

My wheels were soon heading for Chester and on to Gresford for a cup of tea and a wad. The mining area of Wrexham and Ruabon soon passed, and my next stop was for lunch at Llanymynech.

After lunch, on to Welshpool, branching left off the Newtown road to Chirbury, Bishops Castle and Clun. Between Clun and Craven Arms the sky went black and for a few ominous minutes it looked as though it might rain. Luckily it held off, but I learnt later that Rex Austin had caught it in the Cardingmill Valley. A halt was made at the Lazy Trout Café before I rode the final miles into Shrewsbury.

During the course of the evening at the Lion members gathered after finding their way down, and amongst those seen were Eric Reeves, the event organiser, and his pal Alf, also Eric's second in command from the Shrewsbury end, Ira Thomas and his wife. Jack Beauchamp and his wife were the sole B.R. representatives and amongst our own present were Bert Green, Jimmy Long, Rex Austin, Len Hill and friend Bill Boothroyd, Bren Orrell and Joan, Bert Preston and Percy and Mrs. Williamson.

On Sunday morning on calling at the Lion to find the lunch venue, we heard of Albert's, Len's, and Bill's attempt to get back into the Britannia at 1-30 a.m. A party of seven left by bikes and headed through Church Pulverbatch to Clun. We soon split, Albert, Bill and I leading, followed by Bert and Percy with Jimmy and Len bringing up the rear. By a bad stroke of mismanagement we missed our elevenses, there being nowhere to stop. Percy joined the trio at the ront and then Bill and Albert turned off into Bishops Castle for a reviver, whilst we continued the remaining six miles to Clun. A cool pint of the best was our rich reward. Jimmy broke away from Len on the last climb, and the last he heard was Len crying tea, beer, water, pop, help!! Anyway he arrived five minutes before closing time, and so did not go without his nourishment.

The party was made up to seventeen by the arrival of Len Walls and John Futter, who had ridden down the same way as I had done the day before. John had been riding in the Wrexham "25", having done a 1.3. Jack Salt, with Elsie, and son, who were staying the week-end at Craven Arms, arrived by car, Bren and Mrs. Orrell arrived on the combination and Jack Beauchamp brought his wife and Mrs. Williamson in his car.

After an excellent meal at the Buffalo, and the usual camera shots, Len, John and I left to climb the Anchor. Our ride then led down to Kerry, Abermule and Welshpool, where a halt was made for tea and cakes. We parted outside Welshpool as Len and John were staying the night at Llanymynech.

Later in the evening a few more new faces were to be seen, Stan Wild, Hubert Buckley, Dave Brown, Walter Thorpe and George Parr being noted.

I will leave the reporting of the "100" to someone else, but soon after six, Dave, Walter and I left for Llandrinio. Leaving them at the bridge I rode to Llanymynech to meet Len and John, to learn they had just seen Alf Howarth pass through after having ridden down in the early hours. Together we rode to Llanrhaiadr where Ginner Williams and Ken, Arthur Birkby with son Michael and brother Carl were already in attendance. We were joined later by Peter Stevie, who reported seeing Russ and Ken Barker, and Guy Pullan out and about. My apologies if I have missed anyone.

After turning and feeding the riders elevenses were taken in Llanrhaiadr, before John, Len and I tackled the Milltir Cerrig. The sun was very warm and the sweat flowed freely, but at the top we were rewarded with a wonderful view. The fierce descent followed and once on the flat we ambled to Llandrillo for lunch.

Down to Corwen after lunch, with a spot of A.5 riding to get us on to the Ruthin road. The ride was rounded off by the climb up the Bwlch before we parted in Mold. The remaining miles were covered without incident and I was glad to get home before the returning holiday traffic.

In addition to those mentioned by Don Stewart above, Rigby Band rode down to the event through the night, Frank Marriott left in the early hours and did his usual "Burly Bobby" act at Llyclys corner and Norman Heath was busy at one of the Shrewsbury islands.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH ANFIELD "100"

The sun was up bright and early giving every promise of another fine day and with the faintest suspicion of a breeze from the east it appeared to onlookers that this might prove an ideal morning for speed.

To the racing man, however, it probably felt like a slight head wind all round the course and this is borne out by the somewhat slower times recorded.

Timekeeper Stan Wild sent off 96 of the 100 men on the card, each one receiving a lusty valedictory push from Hubert Buckley. Eighty-four starters returned to the Timekeeper, seventy-four of them inside five hours.

At Onibury, 21½ miles, a check showed Wyatt of the Mersey Roads Club to be leading in 56 mins. 10 secs., next came Bren Orrell, 45 seconds down and Pickford a further five secs. in arrears with Spraggett (B.N.E.), Dixon (Warrington R.C.) and Mersey Roder Hulme also within two minutes of the leader.

At 50 miles Rex Austin waited to take a time-check and found Wyatt leading in 2.9.11, Pickford had moved up to with 2.10.3, then Orrell (2.10.35), Hulme (2.11.32) and Spraggett (2.12.6). Melling Wheeler G. Moon went through in 2.12.38, Robey took 2.13.2 then D. L. Bowman (Leicestershire R.C.) and Dixon tied for 8th place with 2.13.8 followed half a minute later by Blackhurst of the Mid Shropshire Wheelers.

Traffic at Rowton Corner was exceptionally heavy and made the right turn on to the Welshpool-Oswestry road a tricky business but all got safely round and headed for Llynclys where No. 3, Pollitt, of the Mercury R.C. was the first to turn into the Tanat Valley at a minute past eight. Three minutes later No. 9, Glossop (Sheffield Central C.C.) checked through closely followed by Hampson (Nelson Wheelers), Woodford (Leicester Forest C.C.) and Lunbrook Wheeler R. Woodall.

Bren Orrell (No. 20) arrived sixth at Llynclys and up the valley it was evident that he was well in the hunt. The Llanrhaiadr (73½ miles) check showed no change in leadership from the half-way point; Wyatt clocked 3.13.17, Pickford 3.13.28 and Orrell 3.14.20. Hulme was still in the running with 3.15.55, Moon but five seconds slower and another minute and twenty seconds later came Marsden and Robey.

There now remained those testing 26½ miles back to the finish and we might here pause to see how the leading men fared on this stretch. Orrell took 1.16.6, twenty-two seconds less than Wyatt, whilst Pickford needed 1.17.19, due in part no doubt to his efforts in a fast "25" the previous morning. Fastest over this last long quarter was Ken Price who recorded 1.13.12 to complete the most consistent ride of the morning, his two fifties taking 2.17.4 and 2.17.8 respectively. Scratchman Logan needed 1.13.21 and Robey's 1.14.39 was to lift him from seventh place at Llanrhaiadr to fifth in the finishing list; Marsden and Faulkner also covered this final leg over two minutes faster than the leaders.

A somewhat smaller gallery than usual awaited the riders at the finish in Montford Lane and at 9.45.42 No. 3 (Pollitt, Mercury R.C.) crossed the line to clock 4.42.42. Bren Orrell finished fourth to clock 4.30.26, a clear indication that conditions were not as favourable as they appeared to the onlookers.

Just before Bren finished K. E. Marsden had laid a firm foundation for a Lancs. R.C. victory in the team section.

The next fancied rider, Lyn Logan of the Mercury R.C. could only manage 4.34.54 and just before he finished the fate of the 1st handicap prize was settled by F. K. Kerry (Lancs. R.C.) notwithstanding the fact that his handicap had been pulled 2 mins. before the start.

Robey, Lancs. R.C., came in with 4.32.2 and it seemed possible that Orrell's time might, after all, prove a winner and all eyes were glued on the end of the lane waiting for J. N. Wyatt of the Mersey Roads Club. As he turned into the finishing stretch it was evident that he would narrowly beat Bren's time and so it proved for his 4.29.45 snatched victory by 41 seconds although the issue was still in doubt for there were a number of fast men still to come including Pickford, Price and Blackhurst.

When Pickford (No. 100) arrived to clock 4.30.47 and take third place it was all over, with Wyatt scoring the first Mersey Roads Club win in the event and Bren Orrell second, for the second time and again less than three-quarters of a minute down. Fourth was K. E. Marsden, Lancs. R.C. whose clubmate Robey filled fifth place and this pair with J. Farrimond's 4.35.48 took home the first team medals with nine seconds margin over the Mercury R.C. team.

Excellent handicapping by Frank Slemen resulted in the first three men returning nett times within one minute with a tie for second place between D. Mort, Lancs. R.C. and R. Hamilton, Mercury.

Before closing this account of the fifty-sixth Anfield "100" mention must be made of those who made a successful promotion possible. All Anfielders on the course have been noted above but special reference must be made to the fine job Eric Reeves has done as the Event Secretary and he would be first to acknowledge the great contribution made by Ira Thomas.

We are indebted to Tom Henderson for looking after the Onibury turn and check and to his Liverpool Century R.C. boys for taking charge of the drinks at the "Lazy Trout".

The Mid Shropshire Wheelers again marshalled the Shrewsbury By-pass, the Birkenhead North End C.C. were in charge of drinks at Shelton Oak and the Mersey Roads Club made the usual grand job of handing out food and drinks at Four Crosses.

Bath Roader Jack Beauchamp gave valuable assistance at start and finish and loaned his car for timekeeping purposes and Alf Daniels also assisted here after helping Eric with much donkey work addressing envelopes, etc.

R U N S

SUTTON WEAVER, 23RD APRIL 1955

A light drizzle was falling as I left home to plug into a steady draught which emanated from a north-westerly source. The drizzle

soon stopped and there were indications of an improvement in the weather. The ride, however, was not effortless and I was hungry enough in all conscience when near Dutton my low morale was considerably boosted by my overtaking Guy Pullan. This worthy, quite evidently, was not riding his "fast club-riding" bicycle and if he thirsted for vengeance he got it all right by asking me to write up the run. The manner in which he makes the request makes one feel so sorry for him!

The meal at this comfortable venue was of the mammoth proportions to which we have grown accustomed. The burly Bren was heard to remark that he never needs any supper after the Sutton Weaver run and in saying this he was certainly adding a sound track to my thoughts.

The session after tea was the customary enjoyable spell of chatter and smoking and time passed so swiftly that in no time at all we seemed to be bidding our Liverpool colleagues 'good-night' and hitting the road for home.

Now, however, we ordinary mortals from the city of eternal sunshine had the wind on our tails and what a lovely ride it was. The run down the straight three miles of Swinyard Lane was a delight on three wheels, culminating in the glorious sight of the daffodil-bedecked lawns of Swinyard Hall—a sight which made the blood tingle at the thought of the summer to come.

Members present: J. R. Band, A. C. Birkby, J. Davies, E. Goodall, H. Green, G. B. Orrell, L. Pendlebury, F. Perkins, E. G. Pullan, J. E. Reeves, D. Stewart, S. Wild and P. Williamson.

HATTON HEATH, 7TH MAY 1955. FIRST CLUB "50"

On this fine, bright but blustery afternoon Eddie Goodall, Alan Gorman and I set out for Bickerton where we were to officiate at the 25 mile point and hand up refreshments if required. Some twenty minutes after our arrival at the turn we saw the first rider coming down the slope in the distance with Bren Senior following on the power job. Then the second rider appeared but neither of them reached us at the new turning point.

Eventually Bren Senior arrived and explained that it had been thought that there was no one at the turn, neither he nor the first man up being familiar with the revised course. Bren had turned the field at the old point and now cut across to get the timekeeper to move back to the old finishing point.

Ben Griffiths and Brian Jones were out on the course with drinks, Jack Salt directed the riders safely round Whitchurch island and Jimmy Long timed the event with Bert Green and Percy Williamson for company.

Bren and John improved on their Dukinfield "50" times of the previous week and Alf Howarth started his comeback with a nice steady "33" which brought from Alan the prediction that he would be down to 1.6 in the following week's "25".

After the event, times of which are below, we moved off to the café at Hatton Heath for tea and were there joined by Len Walls.

	H'cap	h. m. s.	
B. Orrell	Scr.	2. 9.16	Fastest and Handicap
J. Futter	3.0	2.13.20	
A. Howarth	9.0	2.33.26	

HATTON HEATH, 14TH MAY 1955. SECOND "25"

The weather during the morning had been rather showery, and so it was quite a change to see the sun as I made my way to the event headquarters. But it was not to last for long, for whilst Jack Salt and I were changing a storm, with hailstones the size of marbles came on, and prospects of a comfortable ride did not look too good.

Eventually the weather picked up a little and five faced the time-keeper, Jimmy Long, assisted by Bert Green and Frank Perkins. It might have been six, but Alf missed meeting Dave Brown at Stockton Heath. Dave had one idea where they were to meet and Alf another, and consequently they missed each other. Instead of a van, to take him to the event, Dave had to hammer it, and arrived a bit too late to start.

The ride to the turn was fast, and Bren, Mrs. Orrell and Joan turned the riders near Tushingham on their way for home.

Young Bren continued his domination of club events with a ride seven seconds outside his best, to collect fastest and handicap awards. His nearest would-be challenger John, crashed at the turn and did not take any further interest in the proceedings. Alf got over the effects of his "50" from the previous week, whilst Jack and I had a private battle over the last three miles, ending in a sprint finish.

Tea was taken at the garage at Hatton Heath, Bren senior not stopping as he was off to Shrewsbury to visit his record breaking partner Jack Pitchford. After the meal there was the usual chatter, before we thought of making for home. I took advantage of a ride in Alf's van to Liverpool, whilst Alan Gorman packed some of the Manchester contingent into his own van.

		Actual	H'cap
B. Orrell	Scr.	1.1.58	1.1.58
A. Howarth	3.15	1.6.55	1.3.40
D. Stewart	5	1.9.48	1.4.48
J. J. Salt	10	1.13.48	1.3.48
J. C. Futter	Scr.	D.N.F.	

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : J. C. FUTTER

Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME LIII

JULY 1955

NUMBER 589

FIXTURES

AUGUST

- 6 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café)
 - 8 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, Tarleton Street, Liverpool
 - 13 TARVIN (George & Dragon)
 - 20 GREAT BUDWORTH (Smithy Cottage)
 - 21 DALTON (Prescott's Farm). Lunch 1-0 p.m.
 - 27 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)
-

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

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. Long, 29 Sparks Lane, Thingwall, Wirral, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5 branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT, LANCs.

Sunday Fixtures. Owing to holidays only one Sunday fixture has been arranged during August, for the 21st, at Prescott's Farm, Dalton.

Change of address. V. Lambert, 56, Allangate Road, Grassendale, Liverpool, 19; S. Wild, "Hill Top", Wreastwood Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

EIGHTY NOT OUT

"What impressed me that evening? It was how fit the President looked after his week's holiday and run up from Chirbury."

The member who concluded his write-up of the Utkinton run at the end of Whit week with these words was but echoing the thoughts of all who meet Bert Green at the run week by week. He might well have gone on to say "and it is difficult to realise that during July he will celebrate his eightieth birthday", but such is the case and we know that we speak for all Anfielders in saying to our President: "Congratulations and best wishes for many more years up the road".

THE PHOTOGRAPH RUN

This has always been a popular fixture and usually draws a big attendance but owing to the very short notice given, that on the 2nd July brought but eighteen members out.

The Committee have decided on a second attempt later in the year and this has been arranged for Saturday, the 17th September at Brook Vale, Sutton Weaver.

To regulars the venue needs no recommendation, it is quite accessible, in a spot of good country and we hope as many members as possible will book the date, the 17th September, so that we can have a real Anfield re-union.

If you will be coming by car please arrange to fill your spare seats and luggage boot with some of our older members who find it difficult to get out these days.

SEQUEL TO THE BIRTHDAY RUN

[Whilst the events here recorded are historically authentic, names of persons have been disguised beyond all recognition for obvious security reasons. Any resemblance to persons alive, dead or in the Civil Service is entirely co-incidental].

Those two old fogies, Tift and Swierney, should certainly be in a Home (with two nice nurses).

Tift, with a pair of legs which refused to function and Swierney, with his lumbago, decanted from the Halewood bus at the bottom of Mount Pleasant, toddled past the Adelphi (a sure sign that ALL WAS NOT WELL) and set a course for Skelhorn Street.

Had Swierney known what was coming to him he might have thought twice before volunteering to see his companion on to the Crosby bus.

With numerous stops in Brownlow Hill to rest Tift's legs, which still refused to function, the pair eventually reached the point opposite that from which the bus was due to start.

Then it happened! Tift, convinced that an approaching bus was his, attempted to reach the opposite pavement with a rush, the while groaning "It's my legs". Swierney, with his lumbago, struggling to maintain his companion in an upright position, hung on to the lapels of his coat until Tift, with a most graceful Pavlova *Dying Swan* act slid right down through his outer garment leaving the bundle, with hat perched on top, to the astonished Swierney.

What a tableau they now made. Swierney, with his lumbago, clutching a scarecrow and standing four-square and perpendicular over the recumbent Tift.

Eventually, with the aid of a few fellow-travellers, Swierney, with his lumbago, got Tift sitting, bent at right angles, against the Railway wall. A few lightning sketches on the flags and the pair would soon have recouped their out-of-pocket expenses.

After a period of rest and meditation Tift was deposited safely on the Crosby bus by Swierney who, at enormous expense, persuaded the conductor to put him off at the correct spot promising to ring Madame Tift to repair thither and take delivery.

Only two small Black and Whites with a split soda before dinner; it must have been the coloured stuff afterwards that did the damage.

RACING NOTES

The Club "50" on July 9th resulted in another win for Bren Orrell, with a ride of 2.12.57. Alf Howarth romped home in 2.22.47 and Salty clocked 2.35.9, and this with a 23 minute deduction gave him the handicap prize.

September sees the remaining Club events off with a "50" on the 3rd and the last "25" on the 24th.

A few times have been noted of members' performances in 'opens' but this is not a complete list to date:—

- 3/4/55: W.C.T.T.C.A. '25'. B. Orrell, 1.4.18 (6th).
- 17/4/55: W.C.T.T.C.A. '30'. B. Orrell, 1.15.25 (4th).
- 1/5/55: Dukinfield '50'. B. Orrell, 2.11.32 (2nd).
- 22/5/55: Cheshire R.C. '50'. B. Orrell, 2.8.19 (2nd); J. C. Futter, 2.12.43 (6th); A. Howarth, 2.22.15. Team medals to Anfield B.C.

- 5/6/55: East Liverpool Wheelers '50'. B. Orrell, 2.5.51 (6th);
 J. C. Futter, 2.11; A. Howarth, 2.16.
 19/6/55: W.C.T.T.C.A. '50'. J. C. Futter, 2.8.

A LANCASHIRE 'SUNDAY'

Owing to holidays, etc., it was decided that there would be no Sunday fixtures in August, but a few Lanes. members have taken this opportunity of arranging a lunch meet at Dalton on Sunday, August 21st.

ODDS AND ENDS

Whilst waiting to set out from Shrewsbury to Clun for lunch on Whit Sunday Bert Preston banged his head on a low "No Waiting" sign and promptly called a policeman who listened patiently to Abdul's complaint and then made the party take their bicycles off the pavement!

Building bungalows is evidently an infectious disease. Len Hill toiled hard and long on "Oak Cottage" at Heswall and had considerable assistance from Ernie Davies, who is now well on with his own on a choice site in Willaston. We don't know when Ira Thomas caught the bug but he is now well installed in his fine new residence at Bayston Hill, Shrewsbury and we hear that Jack Pitchford had quite a hand in the construction.

That fine rider from Cardiff, Ken Price, has put up some stirring performances, including some fine rides in our "100". He has now rocked the cycling world by winning the championship "24" with 478 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles—only 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles (or say 4 mins.) outside "evens" twice round the clock.

When Stan Wild missed a train to London by five minutes after timing the "100" (remember there was a strike on) he probably used some naughty words, but the nett result was a delightful tourlet; Worcester for Monday night, then a century through the Cotswolds to Ascot for Tuesday night and so to Bexhill next day via Guildford and Horsham. Stan is now installed in his own house and is finding life very pleasant among some fine cycling country.

Subject to confirmation by our hostesses, the A.G.M. has been fixed for Saturday the 15th October at the Derby Arms, Halewood, and the Tints Tour for the following week-end, the 22nd-23rd October at the Glyn Valley Hotel, Glyn Ceiriog.

After a nineteen years' life *The Bicycle* has merged with *Cycling*, which will in future come out on Wednesdays as it did years ago. Founded in 1891 *Cycling* has served the pastime for over sixty years and will continue to do so under Editor H. H. England and Assistant George Pearson.

The Liverpool-Edinburgh Tandem Record of 9h. 22m. held by C. Baxter and R. T. Colman was broken recently by Len Heald and Alan Tyson of the South Lancs. R.C. by the narrowest possible margin of one minute. They were followed throughout the ride by Alan Gorman and had stayed the night before at Don Stewart's.

The Editor will be holidaying in the Lake District from the 6th August and hopes to have the August issue ready before that date. Please send any outstanding run reports immediately.

RUNS

UTKINTON, 4TH JUNE 1955

Pleasant memories of the Whitsun week-end at Shrewsbury were still in mind as I set off from Weobley, the beautiful black and white village in Herefordshire, which had been our headquarters since leaving Shrewsbury on Whit Monday and the venue for me was the Club run, but where? I had forgotten and the CIRCULAR was locked up at home. A stamped-addressed to Jack Salt was delayed through the rail strike; I thought of various telephone calls, to blokes who most likely would be at labour. A brain wave: why not call at Ira Thomas's at Shrewsbury! So it was full speed to Ira's. The lovely Anfield "100" weather had turned to heavy rain as I pedalled to Anfieldland, 80 or so miles away. The roads were under minor floods, which were enjoyed by free-wheeling with the feet off. In Leominster I was warned by some cyclists that the river had overflowed, and was two feet deep across the road. The thought of awaiting a lorry with the consequent delay perturbed me so I decided that this "old Anfielder" would show 'em. Off came shoes and stockings, up rolled the shorts and with bare feet on the well worn "rat-traps" I ventured forth in bottom gear, to the cheers of the boys. It was only 200 yards but "panic stations" were ordered half way when I became encased in hay and twigs, flowing in the fast moving river. However, the horse tried hard and we reached dry land.

At Ira's the magic word "Utkinton" was uttered and after some refreshment I realized how lucky I was to be *en route* for a Club run and home all in a straight line. Only seven had tea at Mrs. Badrocks, no doubt the holiday time took its toll, they were in order of the alphabet: A. Birkby, H. Green, L. Hill, J. Long, G. Pullan, the others I forget (sorry, boys) although Ben Griffiths might have been one.

Some of us rode home through the lanes to Wirral, one member feeling very proud of having ridden over 100 miles that day, the first time for some years. What impressed me that evening? It was how fit the President looked after his week's holiday and run from Chirbury, the floods disturbed him not, only being around his bicycle's bracket.

HATTON HEATH, 11TH JUNE 1955. 3RD CLUB "25"

I motored down to the H.Q. in the Estate Car, having left the Estate for the afternoon. I caught Don Stewart and offered him a lift, but with the grit of a true cyclist he declined; shortly afterwards, however, I spotted Guy Pullan sheltering from the downpour under a tree, and offered HIM a lift. For a fleeting moment I had a glimpse of a soul in torment—torn between Cycling and Comfort. Comfort won, and Jimmy Loug at Hatton Heath witnessed the degrading spectacle of Guy crawling out of the motorised transport, looking guiltily round as he did so.

As to the '25' itself—there were three starters—Salt, Howarth and Futter. Howarth rode his guts out trying to hold Futter to one minute, whilst Salty found some reserve strength around Broxton coming back and finished the freshest of the three, narrowly missing the handicap prize. There was a strongish S.W. cross-wind which made the going hard both ways, but it was warm enough to prevent it being a really hard day. The return was slightly faster than the outward half, possibly due to the descent from the turn, and a little more south on the wind than west.

What is it that makes one continue racing? One kills oneself and one knows that one will not win or even do a "one-one", doesn't one? After that philosophical but rather clumsy sentence one must pass on.

The two Brens were at the finish, *also* with the aid of petrol. (Some slight excuse here—Junior was racing in the morning). Alan Gorman and Dave Brown were out as spectators, and at tea we had a surprise visit from our Editor. An even greater surprise, however, was the arrival, at 6.50, of one Len Hill, who strolled up with his usual phlegmatic equanimity and muttered some feeble excuse about head-winds or something!

Those present were the President, J. J. Salt, G. B. Orrell, B. Orrell, J. Long, K. Barker, A. Birkby, L. Hill, F. Perkins, J. Futter and Mary, A. Gorman, D. Brown, E. G. Pullan, D. Stewart, and A. Howarth.

	H'cap	Time	H'cap time	
J. C. Futter	Scr.	1.3.39	1.3.39	Fastest
A. Howarth	3	1.4.58	1.1.58	1st H'cap
J. J. Salt	10	1.12.2	1.2.2	

D. STEWART.

SUTTON WEAVER, SATURDAY, 18TH JUNE 1955

Stretched out in a deck chair in the garden I very nearly succumbed to lazing this glorious afternoon in idleness. However, the wife's "Get out to the Clun run" decided me and the small but goodly company assembled at Brook Vale more than compensated for the hard going into a sticky south-easter.

The arrival of the usual ample fare temporarily halted the conversation but soon we were back on the ageless subject of women generally and their effect on club life in particular. Jack Newton denounced mixed cycling clubs as matrimonial agencies in disguise; whether this was from personal experience he did not say. Fred Churchill and Guy Pullan interposed some knowledgeable observations which rendered their bachelor status distinctly suspect.

Just then our old friend Alan Littlemore of the Mersey Roads Club and T.A. looked in. Attracted by the smell of tricycles (not tricyclists) while passing by, he had called in to pay his respects. Then followed another in the person of Ken Barker, who had left home late and fed *en route* to make sure of a meal.

At 7-15 Bert Green started the homeward trek and the company broke up for its several destinations.

Eleven members were out, those present being Don Stewart, Jack Davies, Rigby Band, Percy Williamson, Dave Brown and Jimmy Long, besides those already mentioned.

TARVIN, 25TH JUNE 1955

The Presider and writer left Sale by one of our usual routes via Lymm and Stretton, but today the generally quiet road was busy with traffic carrying visitors to the Navy display at the airfield. Fast fighter planes zoomed overhead at little more than tree top height and a helicopter—its horizontal windmill sails all a flutter—buzzed above us like a flying restless summerhouse seeking some place to rest.

We ambled on at our steady ten per hour and the busy scene with its hurly-burly of powerful engines was soon left to its craning congregation.

The inevitable cup of tea at Whitley, a short stretch along the end to end road past the successive warnings of the swing bridge and we were turning for the climb to Acton Bridge. The afternoon if not brilliant was fine and fresh. Norley Bank was negotiated with an effort, the Delamere switchback with exhilaration and the yard at the George and Dragon achieved just on scheduled time.

Frank Chandler was there looking very fit after his long holiday in Far Eastern waters. Ben Griffiths on leave from Farnborough joined us and along with Jimmy Long, Fred Churchill, Jack Newton, Arthur Birkby and Len Hill made up a modest total of nine.

During tea we heard of the crossing of the floods on some of the Shropshire roads at the end of Whit week. Len had divested shoes and stockings and ridden an appreciable distance in bare feet; his pedals he explained had lost their pristine bite.

Bert, not content with a shoeful or two of water had washed his machine and filled the pockets of his bag. Furthermore, to prove its waterproof qualities carried the liquid home like christening water from some famous font.

The overcast afternoon gave way to clear skies during the evening and for the three Manchester representatives it was a comfortable ride home. We had our usual brief interlude at the Tabley inn where many Anfielders have refreshed during the long years of the Club's life.

The drift down to Altrincham and the parting of our ways completed an afternoon's outing well worth recording.

SPURSTOW, 2ND JULY 1955

This was a clear, bright day and promised well for our Photo. Run; an early start enabled me to reach Two Mills just after 3-0 p.m. but as none of 'Ours' were about I pressed on and in Christleton Village came upon Jimmy Long, who had come via the lanes and Piper's Ash.

Together we carried on to Halton Heath for a 'cuppa' and then through quiet lanes by Tattenhall Road and Beeston to be overtaken just short of Spurstow by Frank Marriott, Arthur Birkby, the Editor and Len Hill on his barrow.

At the café Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Don Stewart, Len Walls, Salty, Chandler, Churchill, Alan Gorman and Guy Pullan brought the attendance to fifteen and then during tea Bren Senior arrived. Tea over we gathered on the lawn under rainy skies, which proved once again the fickleness of our climate after such a sunny afternoon. Just as Alan Gorman and Marriott (our photographers on this occasion) were posing the group, Rigby Band and Alf Howarth rolled up just in time to be included.

Only eighteen members at a Photograph Run was most disappointing and probably the late arrival of the CIRCULAR was a contributory factor.

It was spitting with rain as we started for home and our group soon split up. Eventually after dropping Len Hill and Jimmy and saying goodbye to Len Walls in Chester, Salty, Marriott and Perkins reached Two Mills without caping up. Salty soon departed to attend to a little chore leaving F.M. and F.P. to amble home under lowering skies. By the way—where were Jack Davies and George Parr, who are our usual photograph wallahs?

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : J. C. FUTTER

Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME LIII

AUGUST 1955

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- 12 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, TARLETON STREET, LIVERPOOL
- 17 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale, Photograph Run)
- 18 HOLT (White Lion Hotel), West Cheshire "25"
- 24 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest)
- 25 BEESTON BROOK. Chester R.C. "50"

OCT.

- 15 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, HALEWOOD (DERBY ARMS)
- 22/23 AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR
- SATURDAY TEAS, 5-30 p.m. SUNDAY LUNCH, 1-0 p.m.

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

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COMMITTEE NOTES

75 AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT.*4th Club "25"*

This event has been brought forward to 10th September to avoid clashing with the Chester R.C. "50". The run on the 24th September is to Highwayside.

Photograph Run

As mentioned in the July *Circular*, owing to the poor attendance at the fixture on July 2nd it has been decided to arrange a second attempt in the hope of drawing a bigger attendance. This is to take place on September 17th at Sutton Weaver (Brook Vale).

Annual General Meeting and the Autumnal Tints Tour

Provisional dates have been fixed for these two fixtures, *i.e.*, Oct. 15th and Oct. 22/23rd respectively. The Tints Tour will, we hope, be as usual to the Glyn Valley Hotel, Glynceiriog.

W. G. CONNOR,

Hon. General Secretary.

R U N S

2ND CLUB "50", HATTON HEATH, JULY 9TH, 1955

Don't blame me! I told Guy when he asked me to write up this run that I had been assured on a number of occasions and by a number of members that my efforts in this direction were by far the dullest that ever appeared in the *Circular*. Modesty forbids my full acceptance of this eminence—you can have eminence in reverse, can't you?—but I shouldn't be surprised if my critics were right. But he wouldn't listen, and as I have preached so often that all members should help in any way requested, I must do this job. And I can't even say that it hurts me more than it hurts you, because I'm inured to it. So I'll write in accordance with the good old recipe and start with the weather; there was glorious sunshine and, so far as I was concerned, a favorable wind—so favorable that I was tempted to slip in the top gear and push hard, as in days of yore. The result was so intoxicating as to induce me to redouble my efforts, as a result of which foolishness I arrived at the starting point nearly half-an-hour before time, so completely whacked that I was forced to refuse the invitation by Guy, whom I had picked up a mile or so back, to proceed just a little further to the café. In due time Jimmy Long and Guy joined me, followed by the field, which consisted of three only! The faithful three were Jack Salt, Alf Howarth and Bren Orrell; they were duly dispatched on their journey, and we three, reinforced by Percy Williamson, who had been following me easily, made our way to the

café for sustenance. Very soon Len Hill joined us and we passed the time in cheerful converse until we must make our way to the finishing point. It was not a good day for speed and we had to wait quite a time before Bren came up with a time of 2.12.57. Then an interval and the arrival of Alf, he had taken 2.22.47. Then Jack arrived, cheerful as always, in 2.35.9. Bren Senior had come along with Mrs. G. B. and Joan on the puff-puff, and later we were joined by Len Walls and Don Stewart, the former looking very like something that had escaped from a Western, followed by Alan Gorman and John Futter with Mary. Not a large turnout for a race-day; time was when these were made into pleasant social events, with large attendances. The party broke up early. As to the homeward journey, so far as I am concerned, let us draw a veil. Percy was in fine form; he whistled and sang merrily as he bowled along and I panted behind, just managing to drag myself to the place near home where I usually check my watch on Saturday night, the restorative provided there enabling me to crawl the remaining few hundred yards to my bed.

SUTTON WEAVER, 16TH JULY, 1955

The tar was bubbling on the roads as Jack Davies, Jim Young and I gently potted through the lanes to see what this glorious Saturday afternoon had to offer. Certainly the weather was perfect, and the rendezvous was convenient for almost everyone.

A cup of tea and a wayside seat halfway up Halton Hill encouraged us to rest and admire the view of the Mersey which, seen from a distance, was not so repulsive. A spell of walking followed by a pleasant drift down a lane brought us to the café.

Outside on the grass reclined the graceful forms of Jimmy Long and a very bronzed Frank Perkins, the latter having just concluded an eleven days tour of south-eastern England. The scenery was reported to be excellent, including some of the local glamour at Margate, or was it Ramsgate?

The grass verge served as a gallery from which to spot the "lads" as they rode down the lane.

Ben deceived us all by hurtling along on a lady's machine (his sister's apparently) having wangled another "72"—there's enthusiasm—all the way from Salisbury Plain to attend a club run on a borrowed machine!

Bert's nimble ankling and Percy's pipe were easily recognised, followed by Jack Newton, Alan Gorman, Bren Orrell (senior), the surprise being Len Hill early for once!

Tea was served, conversation flowed, then, above the chatter arose the voices of Alf Howarth and a friend demanding food and drink speedily. It was learned later that they had been out all day

around the Horseshoe Pass and Llangollen, apparently looking for objects of scientific interest to justify the existence of Alf's newly formed "Formby-cum-Southport Technical and Scientific Cycling Club". What finer specimens could be found than our highly paid treasurer!

The sun was still shining brilliantly out of a cloudless sky as we moved off in small groups to our respective homes. A mobile canteen ministering to my modest needs some ten miles short of Crosby and so to bed.

Those present were Ben Griffiths, Jack Davies, Jimmy Long, Alf Howarth and friend, Jack Newton, Bert Green, Alan Gorman, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, Percy Williamson, Bren Orrell (senior), Jim Young and Arthur Birkby.

GORDALE CAFE, 30TH JULY, 1955

Guy Pullan, Alf Howarth and Ben Griffiths were obviously in holiday mood when the editor rolled up just before 7.0 p.m. for they readily agreed that it is impossible to make up for a late start in a matter of six miles!

Following a far-reaching discussion in which Guy proved himself completely master of the intricacies of the birth-rate we set out to show Alf some Wirral bye-ways after a call at Ernie Davies's new residence (there he was—gone!)

Ben left us at Chicken Corner to make his way back to Broughton and so we came to Clatterbridge and journey's end except for Alf who had yet to cross the Mersey and make his lonely way to Southport.

The editor will be away on holiday until the 20th August but hopes to find a full postbag on returning so that the September issue can be full and timely.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : J. C. FUTTER

Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME LIII

SEPTEMBER 1955

NUMBER 591

FIXTURES FOR THE MONTH

OCTOBER

- 1 GREAT BUDWORTH (Smithy Cottage)
- 2 GWERNYMYNYDD (Aberduna Hall)
- 8 TARVIN (George & Dragon)
- 9 DALTON (Prescott's Farm)
- 15 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, HALEWOOD (Derby Arms)
- 16 FARNDON (Rowley Hill Café), Kingsmarsh.
- 17 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool
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Alternatives to:
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- 29 DALTON (Prescott's Farm, Lees Lane)
- 30 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café)
SATURDAY TEA, 5-30. SUNDAY LUNCH, 1-0 p.m.

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

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Over 25, 25s.; Under 25, 21s.; Under 21, 15s.; Under 18, 5s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and Donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. Long, 29 Sparks Lane, Thingwall, Wirral, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., for the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c., 384 Scotland Road, Liverpool 5 branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

75, AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT.

Annual General Meeting. Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting is to be held at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood, on October 17th 1955, and that items for the Agenda must be in my hands by 19th September 1955.

Autumnal Tints Tour. The venue for the Tints Tour has now been confirmed, and is fixed for the week-end October 22/23rd at the Glyn Valley Hotel, Glynceiriog. Subject to the party being eighteen or more the terms will be 18/- per head for dinner, bed and breakfast. Please let me have your names as soon as possible.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

THE PHOTOGRAPH RUN

"Brook Vale", Stockham Lane, Sutton Weaver, is the venue for the re-arranged Photograph Run on the 17th September and a real bumper attendance is hoped for. If you have not yet resolved to attend please do so right away and if motoring out is there anyone you could bring along?

THE BATH ROAD TOUR

There was no Anfield representative on the card for the 1955 B.R. "100", but Bert Green, Jimmy Long, Albert Preston, Bren Senior (with Mrs. Bren) made their way south to help with the event, which was again won by Booty, of the Ericsson Wheelers with a fine ride of 4.6.28.

Stan Wild came up from Bexhill and Len Killip was at the finish.

THE MERSEY ROADS CLUB "24"

Our Mersey Roads friends put over another fine promotion and notwithstanding a nasty crash (due to hitting a rabbit in the early hours on the Whitechurch Road) the race was won by P. E. A. Carter with a ride of over 460 miles.

Anfielders with official jobs round the course were: Guy Pullan at Edgebolton, Len Hill, Salty, Ernie Davies and Don Stewart at Nant Hall, Stan Bradley and Harold Catling (Clive Green), Eric Reeves (Drome Garage) and Ira Thomas at Battlefield Corner.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Bren Orrell went to the R.A.F., Cardington, late in August to start his National Service. A week earlier he broke the Club "50" record with a ride of 2.4.49 in the Birkenhead C.C. event.

A card from Stan Wild shows the tortuous winding of the Silvretta Hochalpenstrasse, a 6,600 ft. climb he had recently made in Austria.

Stan says "they get tougher as we get weaker. Having the usual good time but it's really a shame to leave Bexhill" and concludes by sending greetings to all Anfielders.

Len Walls has also been 'over there' and returned with a fine set of colour-slides which we will want to see at one of our winter runs.

The solitary Sunday run during August to Dalton was such a great success, with eleven out to lunch that there will be a "repeat" on 9th October.

The two budding authors who cannot find their efforts here (13th and 20th August) will have better luck with the next issue.

RUNS

UTKINTON, 23RD JULY, 1955

To-day's run was convenient for seeing the start of the Mersey Roads "24" and we were at the lane in good time to meet a few friends whom we only have the opportunity of seeing on such occasions. We admired the complex looking machines with their multi-gears and saw the early starters commence their long journey before making our way to tea.

Stan Bradley and Harold Catling were on the point of leaving to do their usual check and others present were Frank Perkins, Arthur Birkby, Don Stewart, David Brown, Eddie Goodall, Bren Orrell, senior, Bert Green, Jimmy Long, Jack Davies and Percy Williamson. Tea was served in an outbuilding in sight of Utkinton Hall and our host at the Smithy told us of the ghost of the old hall who appears as a lady in white at one of its upper windows.

After the meal the President and writer were piloted by Jimmy and Frank through Mickle Trafford and a succession of quiet lanes to Capenhurst and Two Mills, where the first feeding station was set up and where there was naturally much activity. Ginner Williams and Jack Salt with old friend Sutcliffe and Hulse of the Speedwell with whom we had chatted at the start were amongst the gathering of helpers.

The evening was fading into night when we left to finish the journey to Parkgate. Jimmy bade us goodnight at Hinderton and we drifted into the old part to be met with the usual cheery greeting at Deeside Café.

The morning was spent quietly enjoying the sunshine and after lunch we made for the finishing circuit to see the later stages of the "24" and watch with admiration the competitors who can tackle the all day event and at the end of it still be moving rapidly and easily.

Others seen at this point were Bren and Mrs. Orrell, Guy Pullan, John Futter and Alf Howarth, the latter two having been racing on the Wirral during the morning before joining the club lunch at Whitechurch.

We moved along towards home, had a few words with Eric Reeves along the circuit, and proceeded to finish off a grand week-end by riding out the evening of a perfect summer day.

WILDBOARCLOUGH, 30TH JULY, 1955

Yet another boiling hot day as I steamed up through the lanes between Macclesfield and the Clough.

I had been thinking that I would probably be the only member there, since it was the Bath Road week-end, but on arrival I found three others had beaten me to it.

The tea room was packed with motorists, Stanley was out milking the cows, so tea was long delayed but none the less enjoyed by Eddie Goodall and a friend, Frank Chandler and Dave Brown.

SPURSTOW, 6TH AUGUST, 1955

A 'phone call to Alan on Friday resulted in a 10.0 a.m. rendezvous at Wilmslow on Saturday and a pleasant ride to Nantwich for lunch via Chelford, Goostrey and Middlewich.

After lunch a lane route through Wrenbury brought us onto the Whitechurch-Tarporley road and whilst passing we intended to have a look at the new roof at Burbury Church. Calling at the tea place we borrowed a bucket of water to help us find an obstinate slow puncture in my back tyre; we found it all right but on reinflating the tyre we blew it off the rim and finished up with a hole many times the size of the original. Neither Alan nor I had a spare tube and Ben, on a weekender from Farnborough, where he is at present serving Queen and Country could give no assistance beyond suggesting that we went in for a potta.

Upending the derelict machine we took his advice and hoped that some good Samaritan, possibly in the form of Alfred (you must cut that bit out and frame it, Alf!) might be able to lend me one.

The complete party consisted of Ben, Guy Pullan, Frank Chandler, Alf and friend, Brian Wright, Dave Brown, Jimmy Long, Frank Marriott, Alan and Walter Thorpe. After a good meal and an indescribably complicated discourse on the world in general my back wheel was fixed with a tube kindly lent by Brian and we descended *en bloc* to the Burbury turning. Here disaster again overtook me and my tyre blew off the rim again. This time however the tube luckily did not burst but in some unbelievable fashion twisted itself between the spokes until it rather resembled the stuff that brave men and fiddle strings are supposed to be made of.

Another repair with the aid of insulating tape to bind tyre and rim together and the party finally broke up, Alan, David and myself going by Calvely, Church Minshull and Middlewich. A most enjoyable and lively ride finishing with an open air fish and chip supper in Wilmslow and then those few solitary and quiet miles to New Mills, and so to bed.

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VOLUME L

OCTOBER 1955

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(see "News in Brief")

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- 30 SPURSTOW (Holmwood Café)

NOVEMBER

- 5 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) MIDDLEWICH (Woodlands)
- 6 BEESTON (Mrs. Salisbury's)
- 12 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)
- 13 GWERNYMYNYDD (Aberduna Hall)
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool
- 19 DALTON (Prescott's Farm) SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
- 20 ALVERSTON NURSERIES, Alverston, near Nantwich
- 26 TARVIN (George & Dragon)
- 27 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy Cottage)

SATURDAY TEA, 5-30. SUNDAY LUNCH, 1-0 p.m.

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

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COMMITTEE NOTES

75. AVONDALE ROAD NORTH,
SOUTHPORT, LANCs.

Annual General Meeting. In order that I may make the necessary catering arrangements for the A.G.M., would you please advise me of your intention to be present?

Autumnal Tints Tour. There are still a few beds available for this week-end and early application is advised to avoid disappointment.

Changes of address. D. Stewart, 23, Stormont Road, Grassendale, Liverpool, 19; J. H. Fawcett, 12, York Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool, 17.

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

LT.-COL. E. J. AMOORE

The July-August issue of the *Bath Road News* records the passing of their senior Vice-President, E. J. Amooore.

He joined the B.R. in 1902 and in his first season of racing proved to be an outstanding rider. In 1903 he won the Anfield "100" in course-record time of 5.33.25 but was beaten into third place in 1904 by F. H. Wingrave and G. A. Olley.

A serious accident in a Club event in July 1904 brought his racing career to an end but he continued to support other club fixtures, and was elected a vice-president in 1909, a position he retained until his death 46 years later.

ENGINEER-ADMIRAL E. O. HEFFORD

With the death of Engineer-Admiral E. O. Hefford at the age of 84 the C.T.C. has lost one of its most loyal workers.

Joining in 1896, overseas duties prevented very active participation in the Club's affairs until retirement. In 1936 he was elected Councillor for Middlesex and from 1940 was chairman of the committee which guided the C.T.C. through the war years. He was chairman of the Council from 1942 to 1946, president in 1948 and vice-president from 1949 to the time of his death.

Perhaps his greatest services to the Club were rendered in the field of foreign touring where his knowledge of travel and languages were invaluable.

F. H. SWIFT

As this issue was ready for press we heard with great regret, of the death of F. H. Swift on the 30th May whilst on a visit to his daughter at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. An appreciation of our veteran member will appear next month.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

Private and Confidential
(for Members only)

75 Avondale Road North,
Southport, Lancs.
26th September 1955.

Dear Fellow Member,

The Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday, 15th October 1955, at 6-15 p.m. at the Derby Arms, Halewood.

I hope you will make a point of being present.

Yours sincerely,

W. G. CONNOR,
Hon. General Secretary.

AGENDA :

1. To read and confirm the Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting.
2. To read and confirm the Hon. General Secretary's Report.
3. To read and confirm the Hon. Racing Secretary's Report.
4. To read and confirm the Hon. Treasurer's Report.
5. To elect Officers, Committee and Auditors for the year ending 30th September 1956.
6. To arrange Club Races for 1956.
7. To arrange Club Tours for 1956.
8. To consider the History of the Club.
9. To consider the following motion proposed by J. C. Futter, seconded by J. J. Salt:—
"That the Anfield Bicycle Club affiliate to the N.C.U."
10. To consider any other business.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

RACING NOTES

National Service obligations have halted the successes of Bren Orrell, our most promising young rider since the war but we hope that he will find it possible to continue his racing activities in the R.A.F. During the current season he has improved Club records at 30 and 50 miles to 1.15.24 and 2.4.49 respectively.

Recent 'Open' results were as follows:—

Manchester Victoria "50": B. Orrell, 2.5.7.

Birkenhead Victoria "25": B. Orrell, 1.2.13, J. Futter, 1.2.43, A. Howarth, 1.4.5.

Bournemouth Arrow "50": J. Futter, 2.10.24.

Birkenhead C.C. "50": B. Orrell, 2.4.49, J. Futter, 2.9.12, A. Howarth, 2.20.0.

West Cheshire T.T. "50": J. Futter, 2.8.30.

The last two Club events of the season are reported elsewhere in this issue.

 THE S.B.B. AND W.T.T.

For those readers who were members in the thirties these initials will hold no mysteries, for they appeared with unflinching regularity in our pages.

The Saughall Beer-Biters was already a venerable institution when, in December 1929, the CIRCULAR announced the birth of the Willaston Tea-Tasters and went on to say "we understand that Sir Charles Randall has appointed himself President and that among the most prominent members are Jim Long, Tom Hinde and Jonas."

Both these Wednesday evening societies flourished and a glance at, say, Franks Chandler and Marriott will provide evidence in plenty that in each case the chosen brew built bonny babies.

In September 1935 our readers were staggered to learn that "on the last Wednesday of August 1935 at 10.0 p.m. precisely the W.T.T.'s passed from being" and it was all too true, for Mrs. Holmes found herself no longer able to accommodate us and we were forced to transfer our week-night meet to Parkgate, an excellent substitute, but never quite the same as those old gatherings over the Post Office at Willaston.

The outbreak of war brought to an end our weekly meet at the old Dee-side port but ever since the conclusion of hostilities a few members have sought a suitable venue where we could once again meet to chat over Club affairs, make plans for week-end jaunts and introduce friends who might thereby become prospective members.

Whilst in no way a substitute for attendance at Club-runs a week-night meet in suitable surroundings can also provide an excellent means of keeping in touch with Anfield affairs for those unable, for various reasons, to get out frequently on Saturdays or Sundays.

At the moment there are week-night runs to Kirkby on Wednesday evenings and Two Mills on Tuesdays; the Wirral venue is not particularly satisfactory and efforts are afoot to find a substitute. Any ideas as to a likely place and preferences regarding the night should be communicated to Guy Pullan.

NEWS IN BRIEF

We are sorry to learn, through Arthur Birkby, that Tom Hinde has been ill and confined to bed for several weeks and send him best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery.

From Kendal comes word that Norman Turvey's wife has been laid up for some three months and that he has been on his own for most of that time. We hope to hear of some improvement soon, Norman.

Jimmy Long set off to tour into South Wales and decided to hunt up Charlie Randall with whom he eventually spent a few days. Sir Charles, who is flourishing and reducing his golf handicap gradually, sends his regards to all Anfielders.

Also through Jimmy, come greetings from R. A. Fulton, a member since 1907, though long resident in New York, whence he fled early in 1911 when wanted by the authorities for malicious damage to a number of trike records.

The Southern Veteran Cycle Club was formed in June last with the object of stimulating interest in all types of old cycles. A quarterly magazine is to be produced and will include a photograph and description of an early cycle in each number. The inclusive annual subscription is 5/- and anyone interested should contact Mr. Derek Roberts, 198, Sherwood Park Road, Mitcham, Surrey.

A luncheon fixture at "The Homestead", Coton, near Tilstock, has been arranged for the Sunday of the Tints week-end (23rd October) to enable those who cannot get to Glyn to join in the latter stages of the tour.

Very observant readers will have noticed that whilst our September issue is Vol. LIII this October number has slipped back to Vol. L. The first CIRCULAR was issued in March 1906 and it was when the Editor was considering material for a special issue for March next that he observed that we are already well past the fifty mark. All seemed to go well until 1929 with the January issue (No. 278) as Vol. XXIV. Then February (No. 276) jumped to Vol. XXV and in April (No. 278) we slid quietly into Vol. XXVI ! The score remained two up until 1935 continued as Vol. XXXI in spite of 1934 having used this cipher. Here we decided to call off the hunt and ask the printer to check our mathematics and go back to Vol. L for the remainder of 1955.

The Editor has a problem to solve; should we publish Fred Churchill's excellent photograph (with eighteen faces on't) taken at Spurstow or one of the equally good efforts (15 faces) received from Jack Davies and Walter Thorpe after Sutton Weaver. Or shall we hope for bright sun at Halewood on A.G.M. day and get a real Anfield picture?

RUNS

TARVIN, 13TH AUGUST 1955

Starting out on this hot, sultry afternoon, it was my intention to travel by way of Great Budworth, Acton Bridge and Delamere but just beyond Budworth rain commenced to fall after much drawn-out rumbling and settled into a rattling good storm.

It seemed as if I would never get out of the winding lanes around Little Leigh but eventually I reached the Weaver at Acton Bridge where the shelter of a snack-bar was welcome.

With time running short and a nasty black look over Delamere way it was now the main road direct to Tarvin where seven members were already feeding at the George and Dragon.

The President and Percy were close behind me; fortunately they had been in a café when the storm broke. The arrival of Frank Marriott completed the gathering.

After an enjoyable meal and chat the homeward ride in the evening proved much more pleasant than the afternoon.

Those present were H. Green, P. Williamson, F. Marriott, G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, J. Long, E. G. Pullan, F. Perkins, A. E. Preston, D. Brown and prospective member Brian Wright.

GREAT BUDWORTH (SMITHY COTTAGE), 20TH AUGUST 1955.

Of all the charming spots within cycling distance of Golborne, Great Budworth holds a special place in my affections. Today's run to this beautiful old village through Cheshire lanes at their best, was tinged with a certain sadness. Our hosts at the Cottage are contemplating a move southwards this autumn and one wonders if their successors will be equally friendly to cyclists.

In addition to the President I can remember only the following as being present. J. Davies, B. Orrell, W. Orrell, G. Pullan, P. Williamson and F. Churchill with friend. I am afraid this list is incomplete and must tender my apologies to those omitted.

SUTTON WEAVER (BROOK VALE), AUGUST 27TH 1955

Two Mills—no Anfielders: Chester—no Anfielders: a lonely ride, my friends, over the native heath—until Frodsham, where I caught all the flies in Cheshire and Ben Griffiths, in that order. A duck round the lanes, collecting Guy from "flora" to join "fauna"—and so this Anfielder's broken link was re-forged.

I should mention that 48 hours earlier, Eric Reeves had met me in the latter stages of the journey westwards and that some 20 hours earlier, Ernie Davies had warmed the anvil at "The Nag's". Domestic attachments prevented their attendance on this run—but hardy annual, perennial, bi-ennial and otherwise permanent feature of the Anfield—Bert Green, was there to greet Williamson, Churchill, Orrell senior, Pullan, Newton, Carver, Griffiths, Howarth, Jack Davies—and a welcome friend of Howarth's. The meal over, farewells made, Carver and Orrell trickled over to Goostrey, reminiscing the miles away—a most enjoyable little ride, Bren.

Mrs. Bates was full of would-be lady champions, the Livingstones, Les Heald, etc., etc. but no beds other than a "kip" in the kitchen with Arthur Clague and the greater part of East Cheshire. Holmes Chapel hadn't got a bed either, so lamps on, sweater on and a fastish bash (40 mins.) to Macclesfield, where the "Pack Horse" can be thoroughly recommended. I had not stayed at this hostelry before—but welcome is sincere, service good and food excellent.

The morrow was uneventful apart from some rain, which makes news these summer days, and I met many Hull Thursday friends as planned. As a P.S. to the run and a conversation with Ben Griffiths, I've just had a 500 mile tourlet to the Farnborough Air Show, taking in the National Championship "12". Anfielders' regards were duly paid to Addiscombe, Middlesex and other riders, I was only sorry that I couldn't see something of the N.R. "24" as well, but at least I *felt* like one of them on my last day, with a straight through bash of 240 miles from Farnborough to Hessele (via Gode, *not* Lincoln and New Holland). I took nearly as many hours, too!

Cheerio, boys—see you in October, I hope.

HATTON HEATH, 3RD SEPTEMBER 1955

It was the third Club "50" day and a grand one too, warm with a slight breeze and strong sunshine, just the day for the athletes to enjoy themselves, and for us to watch 'em. This is cycling at its best I thought, as I rode through the galaxy of Wirral villages, Thornton Hough, Raby, Willaston, Mollington, then Christleton for a laze on the old bridge. Here, a gentleman of the road was seen (no—not Benno) but a big black bearded tramp, complete with a fine array of ragged clothes and boots that told of "miles". Probably one of the few remaining of the picturesque tribe of tramps, he "chugged" along at perhaps a little under walking "evens".

The "50" had commenced when the café was reached and tea had just begun. Our Captain has decided, in collaboration with the back room boys of time-trialling, that the field should start in handicap order, so Jack Salt went off first with the largest handicap, and a fixed gear of 79 at 4.01, then Alf also on a similar gear at 4.17, and

the Captain at 4.22 on a gaggle of gears ranging, I believe, from zero to the century. That means, I suppose, that the first man home is the handicap winner. But I don't want to get down to such deep thinking, so leave it to timekeeper Long. And so it was, after tea, at a real old fashioned "finish" in lovely sunshine, with Jimmy fingering his chronometer and Ben Griffiths who had beaten "evens" hitching from Farnborough entertaining us all, as good comedians should, whilst we (Messrs. Green, Long, Williamson, Gorman, Brown, Pullan, Birkby, Hill, Perkins, the Editor and friend Brian Wright) awaited the athletes' return. All too soon they came, first the Captain, who had caught Alf at Nomansheath and finished 23 seconds before him, Bren and Mrs. Orrell and Joan came from "drinks" and reported that the "Prince of Cyclists" had retired and was expected soon. We remained whilst the machines calculated that John's time was 2.12.17 and Alf's 2.17.14; very creditable rides in such conditions.

The old tramp made good time from Christlestone in those boots (no gears, lads) and it was said that the one we awaited would willingly "swop" his bike for those boots. After more cups of tea and talks we watched Alf load the Lancashire bound band waggon with Arthur Birkby, then we saw the President and Percy Williamson depart towards Manchesterland, whilst we, via the little café where the water mills once churned, turned our wheels towards the setting sun, and wobbly wound our whimsical way, wisely towards our homes in the west of Wirral.

FOURTH "25 MILE", 10TH SEPTEMBER 1955

On receiving the starting sheet and seeing ten names entered I thought that the Anfield revival had begun. However, this idea had to be abandoned when only half the field reported to the time-keeper. Guy Pullan provided the brawn for pushing off and Jimmy Long the brains to read the watch while Bren and Mrs. Orrell turned the riders at the half-way point.

The inquest was held at Hatton Heath Garage, the jury consisting of the above mentioned members with Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Len Hill and the riders. We were glad to welcome Brian Wright, who rode a private trial but was unlucky to puncture twice and have to walk from Handley.

John Futter was fastest and Jack Salt the handicap, individual times being:—

	24 miles	H'cap
	h. m. s.	Time
J. C. Futter (scratch)	1. 3. 0	1.3.0 (fastest)
A. Howarth (1 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.)	1. 5. 51	1.4.6
J. J. Salt (10)	1. 12. 35	1.2.35 (1st h'cap).
J. R. Band (11)	1. 16. 0	1.5.0
B. Wright (P.T.)	D.N.F.	

SUTTON WEAVER, 17TH SEPTEMBER 1955

Len Hill, on three wheels, gave the Editor (on two) a merry chase along the Top Road before halting at Two Mills, where the two joined forces and reluctantly set off without the customary char.

Quiet lanes through Mollington, Backford and Caughall brought Mickle Trafford, the rise of Dunham Hill and then Helsby and the buzz of traffic.

In Frodsham's broad highway we judged that our steady progress had merited a five minute tea stop and remained unmoved by the scorn of Jimmy Long, who joined us here, ordered us out onto the road but nevertheless stayed long enough to down a cup himself.

After exchanging pleasantries with Ossie Dover and some T.A. companions we rolled back the remaining couple of miles to Sutton Weaver, being dropped cold by Jimmy (Advert) in the process.

Alas for the hopes of a real bumper attendance; fifteen lined up for the photograph and then, as we made our way towards tea, Alf Howarth arrived to make it sixteen, two less than at Spurstow in July.

Photographs were taken by Jack Davies, Walter Thorpe and George Parr, whilst Alan Gorman returned the compliment by photographing the photographers; one or two were inclined to resent hearing Walter mutter something to Jack about a SHOWER but gave him the benefit of the doubt as the sky was certainly very overcast at the time.

It was grand to have Geoff Lockett out again; how we wish his police duties permitted more frequent excursions.

In the tea room Bert Green presided over a merry gathering including, in addition to those already mentioned—Percy Williamson, Arthur Birkby, Cyril Rowson, Jack Newton, George Allcock and "prospective" Brian Wright; perhaps it is superfluous to add that "Brook Vale" maintained its reputation as a catering establishment of the first order.

Everyone seemed reluctant to break up the party and even when we eventually made our way outside time was found to instruct Brian in the art of tricycling—to the amusement of all except Len Hill who was depending on the triangular atrocity to convey him back to Heswall.

In twos and threes we slipped away, glad once more to have shared in the grand fellowship of an Anfield run. A few miles of the busy highway then, as the light faded, five wheels turned into the quiet byeways and lamp-light showed the twisting way to Two Mills and the parting at Damhead Lane. We hoped the others had fared as well.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : J. C. FUTTER

Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME L

NOVEMBER 1955

NUMBER 593

FIXTURES

DECEMBER

- 3 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) MIDDLEWICH (Woodlands)
10 SUTTON WEAVER (Brook Vale)
12 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Tarleton Street,
Liverpool
17 KIRKBY (Cottage Café) GOOSTREY (Bates's)
24 WILLASTON (Green Lantern) PRESTBURY (White House Café)
26 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) Lunch, 1-30 p.m.
(Boxing Day)
31 DALTON (Prescott's Farm) SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
SATURDAY TEA, 5-30 p.m.

NOTE: No Sunday runs have been arranged during December.

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

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

COMMITTEE NOTES

'DALBURY', MOSS SIDE,
FRESHFIELD,
NR. LIVERPOOL.

Change of Address. S. H. Bailey, c/o Mrs. Warriner, 63, Vaughan Road, New Brighton, Cheshire.

Application for Membership. David Bryan Wright, 13, Ribble Avenue, Southport. Proposed by A. Howarth, seconded by J. R. Band.

Resignations of Membership. The resignations of W. A. Connor and J. R. Fer have been accepted with regret.

The under-mentioned have been appointed Delegates:

R.R.A. :	E. L. Killip.
N.R.R.A. :	A. Gorman and P. Williamson.
R.T.T.C. (Liverpool Council):	F. E. Marriott and J. E. Reeves.
W.C.T.T.C.A.:	J. J. Salt and J. C. Futter.
Timekeepers:	R. J. Austin, S. Wild and E. M. Haslam.
Handicapping and Course Com:	H. G. Buckley, J. C. Futter, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, J. Pitchford, J. E. Reeves, I. A. Thomas, L. J. Walls.
Open "100" Committee:	The same.

A. HOWARTH,
Hon. General Secretary.

NEWS IN BRIEF

After a spell in hospital for investigation of a mysterious swelling of a back muscle W. C. Tierney was home again at the time of the A.G.M. but not fully recovered. We hope to have better news before very long.

John Leece has also been in dock with an abscess in a most inconvenient place. Although this was twelve months ago his cycling is still limited to ten mile jaunts but we hope to see him out at one of the nearer runs before very long.

Frank Palmer's long absence from runs is partly explained by the fact that he is taking a course in Chemistry at Nottingham University—but only partly and we hope to see him out before long.

Gordon Shaw sends greetings to all Anfielders from up Sheffield way. Although three years past retiring age he is still in harness and going strong on cycling and enjoys getting all the Club news from the CIRCULAR,

We would offer the sincere sympathy of all members to Ted Byron, whose mother died early in October.

John Futter was married on the Saturday of the Tints week-end. His wife is no stranger in Anfield circles for she has been out at numerous Club runs and Sunday runs and we wish them both many years of health and happiness.

The smooth running of Club affairs depends very largely on the efficiency of senior officers such as the Secretary and Treasurer, and we are fortunate to have Alf Howarth and Arthur Birkby ready to carry on from where George and Jimmy left off. They can only carry on really efficiently however, if they have the full co-operation of the rank and file; Alf's burden will be lighter if, for example, members will assist him in estimating the number requiring meals, especially on special occasions when attendance is so problematical, and Arthur Birkby will no doubt consider it a real welcome to his new job if every member visits any branch of the Midland Bank *today*.

Alan Gorman is back in the Captaincy and will be looking for help with Club races next year; Eric Reeves is again to manage the "100" and we look forward to hearing that he is inundated with offers of help well before the Whit week-end.

When Percy Williamson was proposed as Manchester Vice-Captain it was suggested, with some truth, that it is a rather junior job for a man of Percy's experience and record of service to the game. We say "with *some* truth" because unlike his Liverpool counterpart whose duties are largely nominal the Manchester 'Vice' is responsible for arrangements for the "Alternatives" including finding a scribe to record the run for the CIRCULAR. He is therefore more of an assistant secretary and right well Percy will fill the bill.

RUNS

GREAT BUDWORTH, 1ST OCTOBER, 1955

A fine day to be sure. Soon after crossing the Mersey *en route* for Cheadle I passed a queue of cars waiting at the traffic lights and having negotiated that lot struck another batch waiting at Altrincham level-crossing and managed to be in the first three across when the gates opened.

A pleasant lane ride brought me in good time to Great Budworth, where several members were already assembled and examining what Fred Churchill called his holiday photograph proofs. Why "proofs" I wouldn't know as they looked fine to me; perhaps they were proof that he had been there or was the introduction of the feminine gender proof of anything?

The folk at the Smithy put up a good meal and I managed to catch my head on the low beams but once before celebrating the last evening of Summer Time by leaving early for the ride home.

I was soon overtaken by Alan who slowed down to my speed and kept me company most of the way home. A pleasant ending to an enjoyable run attended by Bert Green, Guy Pullan, Arthur Birkby, Bren Orrell, Jack Newton, Stan Bradley, Jack Davies, Fred Churchill, Alan Gorman and Frank Chandler.

TARVIN, 8TH OCTOBER, 1955

Enticed by a day in a thousand I was tempted to make one of my all-too-infrequent appearances at a Club run and tried to get company for the trip there and back but was unsuccessful in finding any member available. I have described it as a day in a thousand: it really was a perfect day for well into October: the sun shone from a cloudless sky: it was warm with a soft and gentle air from a westerly direction—altogether a wonderful day for cycling. Accordingly, alone, I *pedalled* to the George and Dragon by a roundabout way revisiting roads and a stretch of country I had not been over for a long time and thoroughly enjoyed renewing auld acquaintance. I say I pedalled there; although in a car I can make such a claim, as had I not THREE Pedals whose initials were "A.B.C.", i.e., Accelerator, Brake and Clutch? The roads were fairly busy as far as the Chester—Whitchurch Road, reached by the Top Road and the Queensferry—Warrington by-pass and then along to Waverton, where quiet was soon found on the Saughton, Bruera, Aldford road; thence to Farndon and towards Broxton, turning off at Barton along delightful secondary roads, almost deserted, to Malpas, which town, in passing, has so much to offer (its church, dating from Henry II's time, the views of the Wrekin and the Welsh uplands and its many quaint and picturesque buildings and houses) that I want to revisit it and perhaps

IN MEMORIAM

1914 — 1918

E. A. Bentley	G. Poole
David Rowatt	Edmund Rowatt

1939 — 1945

B. H. Band	D. L. Ryalls
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*"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow
old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."*

spend an hour or two rambling round. Time seemed to be pressing, so on to the roundabout outside Whitchurch and thence, with a fair amount of traffic, to Tarporley and so to Tarvin, reached, however, in plenty of time soon after 5 p.m. I was soon joined by Jimmy Long and then other members dribbled in, but by tea-time there were only five present, rather to the alarm of the management who had been told to expect eight; however, all was well, as by the time we started to eat we exceeded, by one, the notified number and soon after were joined by the President and Percy Williamson, the former looking like a tramp, which appearance could be excused and was when we learned he was suffering from a boil at the back of his neck. I am sure I am expressing the wishes of the Membership when I say we all hope he will soon be rid of it. One further member and a friend arrived to bring our party up to the Anfield number of thirteen. The usual chatter and banter flew round the room, some albums of newspaper cuttings on cycling subjects providing matter for talk.

I have sometimes felt on my infrequent attendances at Club runs that I have the Sword of Damocles haging over me! Well, it fell, this time, hence this inadequate report. In my active days it was always a point of honour to accept the job cheerfully (and quickly to carry it out) when detailed to "write up the run" and, as from long experience as Editor I appreciate that official's job is not all beer and skittles, here's my poor effort, made no easier by being so infrequent an attender (but that's my misfortune, not my fault). Here it is for what it is worth and so it only remains to add that the following names will go on the Attendance Record, viz: the President, A. Birkby, Frank Chandler, Alan Gorman, A. Howarth, Jimmy Long, D. McCann, Bren Orrell, Frank Perkins, Guy Pullan, W. Thorpe, Percy Williamson and a friend, Bryan Wright.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, 15th October, 1955.

Present:—Mr. H. Green in the Chair and Messrs. J. R. Band, R. Barker, K. W. Barker, A. E. C. Birkby, S. J. Buck, F. Chandler, W. G. Connor, J. J. Davies, J. C. Futter, A. Gorman, L. J. Hill, A. Howarth, J. E. B. Jones, J. Long, F. E. Marriott, F. D. McCann, E. O. Morris, J. Newton, B. Orrell, G. B. Orrell, G. Parr, L. Pendlebury, E. G. Pullan, J. E. Reeves, J. J. Salt, T. Sherman, D. Stewart, P. Williamson and B. Wright (prospective member).

Apologies for absence were received from H. G. Buckley, S. T. Carver, G. Stephenson, P. T. Stephenson and S. Wild.

Minutes of the last A.G.M. and the Special General Meeting to consider Sunday Runs were confirmed.

The Hon. General Secretary reported membership at 122 is four down on last year. Average attendance has also fallen to 15.2 from 19.9 last year. Of 52 runs held during the year the President attended 51 and Vice-President G. B. Orrell 45.

The Racing Secretary's report showed that while the number of members competing had been very low the standard of rides had been high. Bren Orrell had lowered Club records at 30 and 50 miles.

The Hon. Treasurer reported that excess of expenditure over income had amounted to only 16/11*d.* largely owing to a fall in expenditure on the CIRCULAR.

The racing programme will consist of the Open 100, together with four 25 mile and three 50 mile Club events.

Club tours were left in the hands of the Committee.

Frank Marriott reported that all the written matter for the Club History was in the hands of the printer and about 75 per cent was actually in print. A small amount of work still remained to be done on appendices and selection of illustrations was in hand.

The desirability of affiliation to the N.C.U. in order that members might take part in track and massed start racing was urged by John Futter and Jack Salt in proposing a resolution supporting affiliation.

An amendment by K. W. Barker to have the effect of preventing members taking part in massed start racing on the open road under the name of the Anfield failed to find a seconder and the original resolution was carried with one dissident.

Officers and Committee were then elected as follows:—

President: H. Green.

Vice-Presidents: J. J. Salt and G. B. Orrell.

Captain: A. Gorman.

Vice-Captains: D. Stewart and P. Williamson.

Hon. General Secretary: A. Howarth.

Hon. Racing Secretary: J. C. Futter.

Hon. Open "100" Secretary: J. E. Reeves.

Hon. Treasurer: A. E. C. Birkby.

Editor, Monthly Circular: K. W. Barker.

Committee: J. R. Band, W. G. Connor, J. J. Davies, J. Long, F. E. Marriott, E. G. Pullan.

Auditors: E. O. Morris and G. Stephenson.

A revision on ways and means of bringing the Club to the notice of unattached cyclists and prospective members followed and the whole question of advertising, press notices, etc., was remitted to the Committee for consideration.

The meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to George Connor and Jimmy Long for excellent service to the Club during their terms of office as Secretary and Treasurer respectively.

AUTUMN TINTS, OCTOBER 22ND/23RD, 1955

This annual week-end of ours has now become one of the high lights of my cycling year with the aim to do something out of the way, and on this marvellous week-end it seemed an ideal opportunity to indulge.

For two years 'Sammy' and I have attempted what we consider to be one of the high spots of rough stuff in the Berwyn's. This year I intended to return and have another go; alas, the aftermath of a bad cold found me aboard the chariot, bike behind, on the Friday evening bound for Glyn Ceiriog.

Having introduced myself to our new hosts at the Glyn Valley Hotel, I retired to bed early in preparation for an as yet unarranged day.

A grand sunny morning found me heading up the valley still undecided on a programme for the day. Llanarmon reached, my wheels turned automatically up the hill towards Llanrhaiadr, a brisk breeze behind helping me to tide all but the steepest pitch, viewing meanwhile the glory of the sunbathed Berwyns. From the summit in the far distance could be seen a thin ribbon of snow along the crest of Cader Berwyn and suddenly my day's plan was settled.

Twenty-two or three years ago the young Anfielders of the day, myself included, made our first crossing of the Maen Gwynnedd and the time seemed ripe for a second attempt.

I took the way through the gate at the bend in the road and lazily, afoot, crossed the ridge to the hamlet of Maen Gwynnedd. It was a solitary journey with a postman the only sign of life for the next hour or two. Having the day to myself I was not hurried, the pace up the vale was easy, giving me time for thought and change of plan. Reaching the saddle at the crossing of the Berwyn I gazed out on a cold grey northerly world whilst Gwynnedd, to the rear was bathed in glorious sunshine. My mind toyed with the idea of following the ridge of the Berwyn to Moel Sych and beyond, even as far as the hidden vale of Pennant Meangel, then to follow the contours below Cader Berwyn to the shoulder over which I could cross to reach Llyn Caws and Pistyll Rhaiadr, but discretion reigned and I descended some 200 feet to retrieve my cycle and potter down the vale once more.

The stream was full, smiling and chuckling in the sun as I followed it down and down to reach Llanrhaiadr where I halted for an excellent lunch in friendly company. Lunch over I made down the road towards Oswestry but being intrigued by a very knobbly bit of country, I turned sharp left up a lane leading roughly towards Llansilin, which place I reached after a climb between high hedges through a delightful oak wood with wide views of Tanat-side behind and to the side of me. Joining the road from the 'Green Inn' it was left till approaching Llansilin then right, over the stream to climb the formidable ridge to the west of Oswestry, the eastern rampart of

Gwynedd. So along the ridge rising and falling to the crossing of the old Oswestry-Llanarmon road where I halted for tea and a short wait to view one of the most magnificent sunsets I have seen. Tanatside and Vyrnwy in the distance, with all their surrounding hills, formed a veritable bowl of golden fire this October afternoon. And so to the final climbs and rapid fall into Glyn, a rabbit-less, carefree fall but I missed our little furry friends.

At the cross roads 'Len the Trike', Brian, George and Jack had arrived and we went in for afternoon 'char' to await the arrival of Bert and his merry men. Thirteen of us sat down to dine, wine and gossip till the small hours. Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Arthur Birkby, Jimmy Long, Jack Salt, Frank Perkins, Alf Howarth, Len Hill, Guy Pullan, Len Walls, George Parr, Jack Davies and Brian Wright made a goodly cross section of our Club membership down through the ages even to our latest "prospective", but there were many missing whom we would dearly have liked to see.

Sunday dawned, another fine morning, and the day's plan was soon settled. Photographic efforts over and bidding our hosts adieu we were soon off into beloved Shropshire byways. Bert and Percy left on their own well planned route; Jimmy and Frank, our vanguard, in Jimmy's little 'buzzing bug' (a marvel, says he), were all to meet again inside the hour. We dropped down the valley to Pont Fadog, then over the Ceiriog and up the hill towards Weston Rhyn, not without halting to introduce Brian and Alf to the magnificent view of Chirk Castle. Surely no ancient pile has a finer outlook. The beauties of Weston Rhyn drew strongly on the heart chords, but we could not tarry and so with Gobowen and Whittington behind we tackled the slopes on the Ellesmere road in good style. Brian, obviously eager for the fray, teased me into pushing a bit harder and we found ourselves by the Lakeside with a minute or two in hand and a chance to order coffee all round for we were soon to be joined by Bert and Percy and the motorists. Jimmy went ahead to order lunch for the hungry horde at Coton. He had a map and got there, we hadn't and didn't, at least not till we were half-an-hour late, for Salty lost us as usual. Lunch over, I had to leave alone. The others were due for a stiff ride back into a cold northerly wind whilst I was bound for Glyn to pick up my chariot, a most unsatisfactory ending to a grand weekend, but it was a matter of necessity. So back into the lanes to discover the route we should have taken in the morning. Ellesmere was reached without mishap, then St. Martin's, only to lose myself once more in the precipitous, winding lanes to Chirk before the final miles in the dying rays of the autumn sun up the wooded Ceiriog Valley, peaceful and enduring, and already calling us again.

Tea at Glyn, bike on the back and a lazy man's drive home, via Llangollen and over the Horseshoe in the moonlight and so to Heshwall, Home and Beauty in good time.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

President : H. GREEN

Captain : J. C. FUTTER

Hon. Secretary : W. G. CONNOR, 75 Avondale Road North, Southport

VOLUME L

DECEMBER 1955

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FIXTURES

DECEMBER

10 *Please note that the fixture for this date is NORLEY (WOODFIELD CAFE) and not as previously arranged.*

JANUARY, 1956

- 7 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) MIDDLEWICH (Heathcote's, The Sandbach Road)
- 9 COMMITTEE MEETING, Free Church Centre, Liverpool
- 14 KIRKBY (Cottage Café) SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
- 21 LOWER WHITLEY (Tall Trees Café)
- 28 WILLASTON (Green Lantern) MACCLESFIELD FOREST (Stanley Arms)

NOTE: NO Sunday runs during January.

**A Merry Christmas
and a Prosperous New Year
to all**

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

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COMMITTEE NOTES

New Member. David Bryan Wright, 13, Ribble Avenue, Crossens, Southport, has been elected to Junior Full Membership.

Further Delegate to R.R.A. E. Haynes.

Change of Address. Ira Thomas, "Crossways", Upper Pulley, Bayston Hill, Shrewsbury.

A. HOWARTH,

Hon. General Secretary.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Walton Hall, near Warrington, was the scene of the T.A. Prize Distribution on Sunday, the 13th November, when Bert Green handed out the prizes and was supported by Len Hill and Guy Pullan.

Alan Gorman kept the Anfield flag flying at the South Lincs. Road Club Dinner.

'Wayfarer' is in the news again, for we note from the *Gazette* that he has passed over to the C.T.C. the manuscripts and slides of his touring lectures which delighted thousands of wheelmen a quarter of a century ago.

The Green Lantern, Willaston, is the venue for Saturday, the 24th December and again on the 28th January. If all goes according to plan the usual Open Night and Lantern Show will be on the latter date and full details will be given in our January issue.

On his arrival home from Tarvin, Len Hill heard from Mrs. Len how Arthur Birkby had phoned at 6-0 p.m. On being told that Leonard had gone to the run A.E.C.B. said he was phoning from Willaston and must have read his CIRCULAR upside down!

Congratulations and best wishes to George and Eileen Connor on the birth of a second daughter, Janet, three weeks ago.

RUNS

UTKINTON, 24TH SEPTEMBER 1955

Although the mileage from Crosby to Utkinton is approximately the same on either side of the river, it always seems to be considerably further via Runcorn, possibly on account of the uninteresting scenery on the Lancashire portion.

Hoping to contact Jack Davies, I came this way, but he was out and I sped along the soul destroying Ditton Road alone. The Transporter was running conveniently and a cup of tea at the excellently situated café revived me.

So strong was the wind that I had to pedal down Rock Savage; it was a vindictive and blustery sort of draught which faced me at every turn in the road.

The sunshine was comforting, and the excellent visibility gave me wonderful views of the Cheshire plain, with Northwich standing out clear but rather ugly.

In the Forest the trees were shedding a few leaves which the breeze sent scurrying along the road, reminding one of the approach of winter and darker evenings.

The traffic was not unduly heavy, although the roads leading to Oulton Park carried the normal horde of speeding cars, but after turning off at Cotebrook all was peace once more, and I could feast my eyes on the beauty of this calm and serene corner of England.

At the Smithy, Bert Green, Frank Chandler and Jimmy were in conversation as I staggered to a halt, promptly upsetting the dog's water, much to the disgust of the canine.

Guy Pullen had already arrived, Bren. Senr. came swinging around the corner into the yard and we retired to commence operation on a fair meal, but not before Frank Perkins appeared, closely followed by Len Hill on trike.

Chandler had a date and was first to leave, closely followed by the President, who had, we hope, a wind-assisted ride home. Guy and the writer followed by diving into the lanes through Duddon, Galden Sutton and Mickle Trafford.

The very interesting conversation made the miles pass rapidly and too soon we were parting company at Rock Ferry.

Feeling somewhat fitter than on the outward journey I continued through the Tunnel, triumphantly arriving ahead of a rainstorm which came to soak the returning pub-crawlers and cinema-goers.

Those present were the President, Len Hill, Guy Pullan, Bren Orrell (Senior), Frank Perkins, Jimmy Long, Frank Chandler and Arthur Birkby.

Only eight members present; surely this delightful venue deserves a far better attendance, the reward certainly justifies the effort, so roll up!

[Due to an Editorial slip, this run has been overlooked until now. Apologies to Arthur Birkby, who sent it, with most commendable promptness, two days after the date concerned].

SOMERFORD, OCTOBER 29TH 1955

It was grand to be bowling across the Cheshire plain once more to attend an Anfield Club-run. Drizzling rain added a realistic touch to the scene as I followed a favourite and intricate lane-route wearing a garment I have almost discarded since I went south—a cycling cape. I passed through lovely lanes, lovely places with lovely names—Ashley, Mobberley, Warford, Chelford; in the gloaming the shining windows of the Black Swan at Trap Street slipped by, before I dropped into the abysmal blackness of the Dane Valley with only the steep pitch of Radnor Bank to surmount before reaching the welcome haven of the café at Somerford where a select company was awaiting tea.

The meal was good, enlivened as usual by the bantering humour of Hubert who, I regret to report, is not the wit he was. He is, in fact, quite fifty per cent lower in performance these days, a statement I can make in perfect safety as it will take at least six months before he realises what I am getting at! Bert and Percy were rarely heard, but then they sat at a table with George, who talked their heads off! Alan spoke with his customary quiet enthusiasm, and Ben is obviously benefitting from his association with Manchester men.

All too soon came the time to depart and with Percy and Bert in command we hit the road for home. After a mile or two of riding the rain came on again and after caping up it continued to increase in strength and the final stretch of the journey was completed in a veritable deluge. Quite like old times in more senses than one, and for me a welcome (if temporary) return to old haunts and old friends.

Those present were H. G. Buckley, A. Gorman, H. Green, R. B. Griffiths, G. B. Orrell, G. G. Taylor, P. Williamson and S. Wild.

HALEWOOD, 5TH NOVEMBER 1955

When you come out by bus there always seems little to say. On arrival I found most of the party collected in the lounge, but being called to the Bar myself I succeeded in enticing two others and mutual hospitality ensued until time was called to make a move for the dining room, where a fair sized meal according to present-day standards was provided. The new officials were in evidence, the Secretary commencing his duties by requesting me to write up the run. Whilst the Treasurer announced that at last the Club Accounts had been transferred from the slums of Scotland Road to the salubrious chimes of Crosby. The President was being carefully piloted by the Manchester Sub.

The full list of those in attendance was Green, Williamson, Chandler, Long, Perkins, Pullan, Birkby, Parr, J. Davies, Hill, Howarth and Wright.

SOMERFORD AND DALTON, 19TH NOVEMBER 1955

There were only three of us out on this run—the President, Bren Orrell, Senr. and Ben Griffiths. This was somewhat surprising since the afternoon was quite pleasant. True, Manchester and district had had three days of fog—very unpleasant—and there was a little mist about, but nothing to worry about. We despatched the usual excellent meal and left early in case fog might come and found when we got on the road that, whilst the mist was thin, the night was intensely black and seeing none too easy. However, with the help of those white lines on the roads, we all docked in good order and condition.

At the same time as the three, above mentioned, were at Somerford, Frank Chandler, Guy Pullan, Brian Wright, Rigby Band, Arthur Birkby and Alf Howarth were in session at Dalton but so far no report of the proceedings has been received.

TARVIN, 26TH NOVEMBER 1955

A grey miserable morning gave place to an afternoon of fitful, watery sunshine. Suburbia was unattractive, with scurrying figures coated and muffled against the cold wind, but along well known Wirral lanes hedgerows and trees showed their winter tracery and the country in its autumn mood provided interest no less than that of high summer.

A cheerful fire in the bar at the George and Dragon welcomed Frank Chandler, Brian Wright and the Editor, who were shortly joined by Jimmy Long, Len Hill and Ben Griffiths. Cyril Selkirk brought Keith, who was home on leave from his camp at Stratford-on-Avon. With the hatches off promptly at 5-30, Frank pushed the boat out and shortly afterwards a move was made upstairs to a well filled table. Part way through the meal Bren Senior arrived followed closely by Alf Howarth and some concern was expressed at the non-arrival of Bert and his Manchester contingent.

It was well after six when the President led Percy Williamson and Jack Newton into the room after a gruelling ride through the Forest and into a stiff wind but the therapeutic effects of beef and pickles was surprisingly rapid and they were soon recovered and entering into the thrust and parry of an Anfield natter.

All too soon came the time to depart and once again the lucky thirteen made their way to the darkened roads and home.

After this issue was prepared for press we heard with great regret of the death of George Stevie. An appreciation will appear next month.

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