

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: D. STEWART

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

VOLUME LIII

JANUARY, 1958

NUMBER 615

FIXTURES

FEBRUARY

- 1 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) WILDBOARCLOUGH (Stanley Arms)
- 8 TARVIN (George & Dragon)
- 10 COMMITTEE MEETING. (Free Church House, Liverpool)
- 15 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest)
- 22 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)

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 21, 30s.; Under 21, 15s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Dates for Club events have been arranged as follows:—

Ten mile training events: 22nd February and 29th March, 22nd March (25), 19th April (hilly event); 10th May (50); 7th June (50); 19th July (50); 13th September (25).

The '100' falls on 26th May (Whit Monday).

Arrangements are in hand for another Inter-Club '25' with the Cheshire R.C. and the 28th June has been suggested, but this is subject to confirmation.

BATH ROAD CLUB DINNER, DECEMBER 7TH

By the kind invitation of Dickie Stockdale, the President was able to attend this function, the 72nd of the series, held on the handsome premises of the National Liberal Club. Our old friend Jack Beauchamp presided, supported by those high priests of the cycling world, G. H. Stancer, H. H. England, W. H. Townsend and A. V. Jenner, and it was a great pleasure to meet them and other members of the Bath Road and kindred clubs, whom we normally meet only at Shrewsbury or Theale. After a very excellent meal and the toast of the Bath Road Club, moved by A. V. Jenner, the prizes were presented. Booty, owing to a confusion of dates, was unable to attend to receive the "100" Cup, but his father deputised for him, and young Finch, the nearest to Booty on the road, received the 2nd prize in the famous "100"; he expressed his firm determination to be at the top at the next time of asking. "Arch" Harding, outright winner of a previous cup, and now a veteran, received the team awards on behalf of the Middlesex Road Club; he was a member of the team—surely this is a record, for a man to be fit enough to keep in the top flight for so many years. Messrs. Stancer and England, in the course of their replies to the toast *The Visitors and the Press*, treated us to some very humorous reminiscences. During the evening we were entertained by that star of the radio, Margaret Eaves, who sang charmingly some well-known songs, encouraging the boys to join in the choruses in appropriate cases. After the close of the proceedings a quiet "walk round the houses" with Dickie nicely rounded off a very pleasant evening.

RACING NOTES

Early "Opens" in the district are:—

9th March Melling Wheelers M.G. '25'.

16th March Birkenhead N.E. '25'.

30th March E.L.W. Novice '25'.

18th May Rhos-on-Sea C.C. Mountain Trial.

The East Liverpool Wheelers will promote the R.T.T.C. Championship '50' on 22nd June.

A course of approx. 40 miles has been arranged for our hilly event on 19th April. About twelve stewards will be required and the effort involved in arranging and stewarding the event will be wasted unless there is a good field. About eight good lads are already getting the rough off but there is plenty of room for more.

Club Standards are due for a revision and the proposed new figures are set out below:—

PROPOSED NEW STANDARDS:				
'25'	Tricycle	1-15-0	1-10-0	1- 7-0
	Bicycle	1- 8-0	1- 4-0	1- 0-0
'50'	Tricycle	2-30-0	2-23-0	2-18-0
	Bicycle	2-20-0	2- 9-0	2- 3-0
	Tandem	2- 6-0	1-57-0	1-50-0
'100'	Tricycle	5-25-0	5- 5-0	4-50-0
	Bicycle	4-50-0	4-32-0	4-17-0
	Tandem	4-25-0	4-10-0	3-55-0
'12'	Tricycle	200 miles	215 miles	230 miles
	Bicycle	220 miles	240 miles	250 miles
'24'	Tricycle	355 miles	385 miles	415 miles
	Bicycle	410 miles	440 miles	455 miles

NEWS IN BRIEF

It was with great regret that we learned of the death in mid December of William Threlfall, who was in his 59th year and only a month off retirement. A member from 1919 to 1931, he rode in a number of Club events and partnered Frank Chandler on many tandem rides. During World War I he was a prisoner of war and spent some time in the salt mines with serious effects on his health.

His younger brother Stanley, also a member of the Club, died some years ago.

Frank Armond, North Road C.C. and R.R.A. record breaker and official has been elected an Alderman of the Borough of Lambeth in recognition of his services to education and the Savings movement in the borough.

Bert Green attended the Bath Road Club Dinner and has sent a report for this issue. Bert Preston journeyed to London recently to attend the North Road Club Dinner.

Guy Pullan is the new President of the Liverpool D.A., C.T.C. Previous Anfielders to hold this office include W. M. Robinson, Percy Brazendale, W. P. Cook and C. F. Elias.

Congratulations to Vic and Mrs. Lambert on the birth of a daughter during October. As befits a good Anfielder Vic saw to it that his first-born (Richard) was a "prospective".

We hear that Len Hill made an excellent speech at the Mersey Roads Club Dinner in December, when among other stirring items Albert Crimes signed the Golden Book of Cycling.

RUNS

HATCHMERE, 26TH OCTOBER

It was nice to have a Saturday off from the job, nice to finish lunch just after midday instead of nearly three p.m. and, above all, nice to get out on the Club run on a pleasant autumn afternoon. A lone cup of tea at Two Mills, and then the lane through Capenhurst brought the byepass. Instead of the Stoak and Stanney route to Mickle Trafford I turned left at Backford Church, came down to the canal all right, and then got hopelessly (or nearly) lost in the lanes around Picton Gorse. But somehow, sometime, I reached the Frodsham road. Then the age-old route to Manley Bank, past the quarry from which the Romans got their stone (or so 'tis said) and later, in the gathering gloaming, dashed down Ranger's Bank to the duck-pond at the cross ways. Lights on, and along the forest road to Hatchmere, to meet Bert Green, Stan Wild, Denis Ryan, Ben Griffiths, John Parr, Fred Churchill, Bren Orrell (the old man!) and Frank Marriott.

I was glad to see Stan. I hadn't seen him in years, and ever since he moved south I have been wondering how he could possibly wangle such a pleasant job away from a big city. I hoped that our old friend, having spent a small fortune on rail fares to reach our Delamere venue, would be in an expansive mood. But was he? Nary a word of how he did it left his lips! Still, if Stan wouldn't talk, there was at least a wonderful meal to keep us going; I did my share of shifting the grub, but the others just weren't trying, and what could one trencherman do amid such abundance?

Mrs. Shuttleworth wanted to know what had become of Salty. "He came here once, but not again. Didn't he have enough food?" Not if we know Salty!

Time then to go home. Ben and Denis were kind, although the last stretch of the lane to Mouldsworth was a bit tricky in the dark. I haven't been over it (even in daylight) for years. Denis left me at the Golden Cock and I found the Two Mills café closed, a pity, 'as I could have done with a cup of tea. But West Kirby came just over an hour later, and life was much nicer then. I'd better be a bit fitter next time.

HALEWOOD, 2ND NOVEMBER 1957

In the Editor's absence it is my job to find a scribe to write up the run, but on arriving home I remembered—and the job was mine.

It is but four miles from home to Halewood but as I had long intended to find a rough-stuff course in the area I set off through Lee Park, Gateacre and Woolton Golf Links to Mackett's Lane.

Another respectable stretch led back to the Halewood road then a footpath to Tarbock and Ditton started my trouble. Some mud and a wrong turning brought me back to a main road I had not intended to join but just in time to spot Bryan Wright returning from a tour of the Trough of Bowland. He was early and easily persuaded to join me. Another wrong turning and plenty of oozing mud were followed by a slow puncture but we sorted ourselves out, cleaned up wheels and mudguards and headed for Halebank Station to take a lane parallel to the railway until it turned into a ploughed field and we cried enough. Only ten members turned up at Halewood, a poor showing when trying to create a good impression on the new landlord who did his part well with roast beef and all the trappings.

Bert had come from Manchester with Jack Newton, Denis and Ben had been half-wheeling each other round Frodsham, Len Hill was early and George Parr, like Don Stewart, had only a few miles to ride whilst Frank Chandler by bus and Rigby Band completed the party.

TALL TREES—LOWER WHITLEY, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1957

Taking advantage of a dry day I rode out via a deserted Pickmere, and although reaching the venue spot on 5-30 I found myself the last arrival. Already present were Bren Orrell, Fred Churchill, Denis Ryan, Bert Green, Percy Williamson and Guy Pullan. On this occasion we were inconvenienced by having to eat in the luxurious quarters usually reserved for motorists.

The conversation eventually got around to Sputniks, in particular the two the Russians had, and those dem Yankees hadn't. It was, however, agreed that the Russian scientists were working under far better conditions. Fred Churchill produced a record, which he denied being an Elvis Presley offering. (Evidently Fred is a Tommy Steele fan). The President tried to explain the complicated set-up of stocks and shares. A certain group of countries have greatly simplified this matter.

A lone ride home was reduced by riding along with Guy and Denis to Sutton, where they took the Chester road whilst I turned for Runcorn.

DALTON, 16TH NOVEMBER 1957

Dalton and clear skies—the opportunity was too good to miss!

I can never become enthusiastic over the scenic attractions of any part of south-west Lancashire, whilst on a cold November day the prospect becomes very bleak and cheerless, but today the slanting rays of the setting sun lit up Ashurst Beacon with a golden glow which lent a little warmth and colour to the surrounding fields.

With plenty of time to spare I walked at a leisurely pace up the lane to Dalton church. Darkness came before I was ready to drift down to the farm, but the reassuring light from my dynamo illumi-

nated the road adequately and I had a gloriously fast run almost into the dining room where Guy and Denis Ryan were busily engaged in keeping a roaring fire warm! They had joined forces on the Birkenhead ferry boat and journeyed together whilst Fred Churchill, reluctantly tearing himself away from the charms of Golborne, had teamed up with Harry Clayworth. Alf Howarth, whose den of slavery in Rotherham had been partly demolished by a runaway mechanical excavator, stamped in peeling off a dozen or so pull-overs whilst eyeing the table with a purposeful expression. What disgusting appetites these motorists have! John Parr, presumably with designs on more standards, had been tearing around the countryside most of the day putting in the miles.

Tea was served when in came Rigby muttering about Food, High Moor and Ramsbottom—it is not clear what connection this animal (or any part of it) had with either Rigby, Food or the Moors.

Needless to say the meal was up to the usual high standard and the succeeding discourse, considerably augmented by wild theories from Alf, rounded off a very pleasant evening.

The fine evening persisted in spite of Dalton's reputation for evil weather and the party split up, my last impression being of a sylph like figure pirouetting daintily in front of a pair of brilliant headlamps, arms and head wriggling into a number of gaily coloured jumpers. Those present were Churchill, Clayworth, Pullan, John Parr, Ryan, Howarth, Band and Birkby.

HATCHMERE, 23RD NOVEMBER 1957

An impromptu hill climb attracted six riders and so swelled the attendance to sixteen. It was a spur of the moment idea to hold a climb from the back of Frodsham to the fairground on top of the hill, and so just after four o'clock Dave Torold held first man Ben. Whilst Len Hill timed at the bottom, Salty and Andrea had gone to the top aided by a large number of H.P.

Ben did not quite make it, having to walk the tough bit; John pulled his wheel on this stretch and though overgeared, remounted and finished. Normally in an open event they would not have been timed, but for a club event we were generous.

John Parr twiddled up the hill on a 61-in. gear to record fastest time of five minutes, forty-four seconds to be followed by

D. Ryan	(65-in. gear	6 min. 2 secs.
D. Stewart	(69-in. gear)	6 min. 33 secs.
D. Jones	(65-in. gear)	6 min. 40 secs.
J. Futter	(75-in. gear)	7 min. 18 secs.
R. Griffiths		7 min. 32 secs.

After we had all staggered to the top Jack went down to pick up Len, whilst we trundled round Delamere. John hung back conveniently for the final blind and with half a mile to go he went, with me hanging on, eye balls out, but I did not last long.

It was five o'clock and too early to order, but later on we paid the penalty of not ordering sooner because they ran out of potatoes. Nevertheless our hostess rose to the occasion and after sampling meat pie, eggs, egg custard, apple pie, scones, bread and jam, no one could say he had not had enough.

The party was completed by the arrival of Bert Green, Percy Williamson, George Taylor, Bren Orrell, Fred Churchill and Frank Perkins.

An unusual feature of this run was that on collecting the dues, the writer found he had made threepence profit, and I must apologise to whoever did not get change which went in the tip money.

As usual the time to depart came too soon, and it was an uneventful ride home for the Liverpool trio, enlivened by occasional chuckles from Dave at the back as he kept thinking of a joke he had heard over tea about a certain T.V. personality and a Conservative. Perhaps you have heard it, if not no doubt Dave will remember it to tell in the future.

TARVIN, 30TH NOVEMBER 1957

I really had other things to do this winter's day, but a hurried visit from Len Hill found me riding to Two Mills to meet a prospective member—Mr. Bennett, of Shotton.

Arriving at the Mills I was joined by Guy, who had cancelled his projected trip to Derbyshire. With the arrival of our prospective and son we drank tea and sold the good old club to them both. Unfortunately our new friend had received too little notice to be able to attend the run so Guy and I accompanied them down the Woodbank Lane till reaching the Saughall Lane end. Bidding them adieu and hoping to meet again soon we parted. The sun, at this late hour, began to show his face in the western sky and as conditions improved we made for Chester and the inevitable call at Davies' for a new pair of shorts for myself, greatly to Percy Carter's surprise, and a new touring bag for Guy.

The temperature had dropped considerably by 4-30 and we pedalled away in lower gears to warm up and prepare for the meal at the George and Dragon. A quiet drink in the warmth of the bar, then upstairs to the groaning table. Twelve stalwarts, youth and age, ate and gossiped away the hour till Bert decided he must away into the frosty night.

Departing to the farewell of the Mancunians section we escorted Ben as far as the golf club and then turned into the lanes for Mickle Trafford. With breeze abaft and brilliant moonlight, it was quite the most pleasurable ride I have made across the wastes of the Gowey marsh. Denis left us just after Stanney School, Guy and I walked up out of the Rivacre Dell and as far as Hooton Drome entrance, it was too grand a night to hurry home. Here, leaving Guy, I crossed the Wirral to Willaston and a halt at the Nag's Head, then out on to the High Road and a final scamper before turning in to prepare for a dose of course measuring on the morrow.

Present: H. Green, P. Williamson, J. Newton, G. Pullan, J. Salt, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, R. Griffiths, J. Parr, D. Thorold, D. Ryan and H. Wood.

HALEWOOD, 7TH DECEMBER 1957

This was the juiciest day we have had for some time. It rained, with never a moment's pause, for hours, and your secretary began to wonder how many would turn out. He had ordered for a round dozen, with a guarantee of payment if the turnout was short. And guarantees can be expensive. But he need not have worried. The dozen came.

Some brave heroes cycled (as we would have done when we were younger) and they got very wet. Their names shall be first: Guy Pullan, Rigby Band, John Parr, Denis Ryan, Ben Griffiths and Donald Stewart. Don had got thoroughly wet on a trip into the hills behind Frodsham. He searched for—and found—a lilly course for one of the 1958 Club events, a sporting date that should rustle up a lot of enthusiasm, if only amid the watchers. Those who came by four wheels were Arthur Williams, Salty, Frank Marriott, Len Hill, Moneybags Birkby, Frank Chandler, and George Connor. F.C. caught an early bus back, but the rest talked and talked until our throats were sore. But how nice it was.

STANLEY ARMS, WILDBOARCLOUGH, 7TH DECEMBER 1957

On a very wet, misty afternoon, five Anfielders assembled at "Stanleys" for tea. Establishing a record in arriving at five instead of six p.m. Alf Howarth and Eddie Goodall were soon joined by Hubert Buckley, Bren Orrell (senior) and later by motorist Stan Bradley, who reported bad visibility on the Cat road. We were embarrassed by the fact that apparently for the second time in succession tea had not been ordered. However, having good hosts, a meal was soon prepared and one if not the most important part of an Anfield gathering—a discussion, was under way. Appetites satisfied and views aired, the group bade Stanley goodnight and descended into Treacle Town, where they went their respective ways.

BEESTON BROOK, 14TH DECEMBER 1957

Owing to a number of other important engagements, this fixture was again poorly supported, only five members, J. Parr, H. Green, G. B. Orrell, P. O'Leary and J. Newton putting in an appearance. It was perhaps fortunate that the party was so small, for we found that the café which, in the summer keeps open for business until seven p.m., closes normally in the winter at five p.m. However, the good lady broke her rule, and gave us a satisfactory meal. The weather was good and those who did come had a fine ride each way.

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President: H. GREEN

Captain: D. STEWART

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

VOLUME LIII

FEBRUARY, 1958

NUMBER 616

FIXTURES

MARCH

- 1 DALTON (Prescott's Farm) SOMERFORD
- 8 PONTBLYDDYN (Mrs. Taylor) SOMERFORD
- 10 COMMITTEE MEETING (Free Church Centre, Liverpool)
- 15 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms)
BIRTHDAY RUN (Postcards please)
- 22 FIRST "25" HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest)
- 29 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)

APRIL

- 4-7 EASTER TOUR. (LLANSANTFFRAID (Sun Hotel)
 - 5 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café) WILDBOARCLOUGH
-

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COMMITTEE NOTES

Easter Tour. Once again we have reserved accommodation at the Sun Inn, Llansantffraid. At last we have found a pleasant house to which we can return again and again. Names, please, as soon as possible.

Whit Tour. Members who wish to stay at the Lion, Shrewsbury, are reminded to book direct.

Application for Membership. Mr. Joseph Leslie Bennett, 32, Church Street, Connahs Quay. Proposed by E. G. Pullan, seconded by K. W. Barker.

From Frank Slemen comes news of an Anfield medal. Occasionally these are found in all manner of strange places, the last being one of Bentley's, found on West Kirby shore. Now comes an even stranger story. A Mr. Humphries of Borth-y-gest, Portmadoc, recently had a load of soil delivered. In it he found an Anfield gold medal presented to Bob Knipe in 1902 to commemorate an Edinburgh record ride. How such a treasured memento came to be buried in a load of soil in West Wales is beyond our understanding, but no doubt an adequate explanation is available. Bob Knipe's son has been informed of the find.

TREASURY NOTES

Members are reminded that subscriptions were due on 1st October last and are coming in far too slowly to cover current expenditure. Will all who have not yet paid up please make a special effort to send a remittance without delay. Anyone wishing to pay twice or send the Club a birthday present will find the Treasurer most accommodating

THE BIRTHDAY RUN

Formed in March 1879, the Anfield celebrates its seventy-ninth birthday on 15th March, at the Derby Arms, Halewood. This run will follow the usual pattern with a real Halewood meal followed by a lantern show of touring interest and of course ample opportunity for chinwag and renewing old friendships. A bumper attendance is hoped for and Frank Marriott will be glad to have bookings.

A REMINISCENCE

Sitting in front of a fire with one's bronchial tubes partially blocked is not an ideal way of spending five days of glorious autumn sunshine.

Some old volumes of the *Circular* came to the rescue and soon I was in a reminiscent mood as the incidents recorded and characters concerned refreshed my memory.

A reference to the "Willaston Tea Tasters" set me thinking of mid-week wanderings in Wirral. In the neighbourhood of 1924, some years before I had the temerity to seek membership of the "A.B.C.", a small group of riders consisting of Tom Hinde, Charlie Randall, Bill Cooper, Eric Parry and myself, with occasionally a

few others, prowled around the "Glegg" and "Shrewsbury Arms" area on Wednesday evenings. Various meeting places were tried, probably the most famous being the "Farmer's Arms", which later became Leighton Café and still later Nicholson's (or vice versa). Here we hatched many a Sunday run, meeting Charles at the Toll Bar, since demolished to make way for the Two Mills Café. When it became necessary to find another week-night rendezvous I can remember our using an ex army bell tent which had been pitched on the road verge where (if my memory is not at fault) now lies the "Tudor Rose", the darkness of the interior being partially dispelled by a hurricane lamp.

There is no doubt that it was the continuation of these meetings which eventually led to the discovery of Mrs. Holmes at Willaston, where a score of us, and more, received such a warm welcome for many years. So successful was this formation that Jack Salt struck a number of neat little silver badges inscribed W.T.T. Then followed the famous Christmas Dinners, one particularly riotous event being the year that Salty won the Bath Road Cup, which ended up with Jack Walton trying to ride up the Sych seated on someone's shoulders!

It was about this time that a number of us joined the Club whose blackclothed riders I had oft followed from a respectful distance, being unable to pluck up sufficient courage to break through what appeared to me at the time to be a barrier of severe aloofness.

One autumn evening however that kindly member from Wallasey, W. T. Venables, invited me to the Holy of Holies at Saughall Massie, where I was introduced to some of the Great. There they sat around tankards of ale: Cook, Chandler, Fawcett, Kettle, Powell, and I fancy I remember seeing Chem and Eddie Morris . . . My cup of happiness was filled to the brim, though it was still to be a year or so before I could find the necessary financial backing to produce the enormous sum of 2/6d. for Saturday tea and enjoy to the full the spirit of goodfellowship and sincerity which is peculiarly Anfield.

NORTH ROAD C.C. DINNER

It was a great thrill and delight to me to be asked to attend this event as the Anfield representative.

Any function at the resplendent Connaught Rooms has an air about it and the North Road Dinner certainly had that touch of class which is quite impossible to define.

President England welcomed the visitors as they entered the dining room and it was good to hear the spontaneous burst of applause which accompanied him as he finally strode to the head of the table.

The speeches were first class and Ted Harrison (Medway R.C.), coined a lovely phrase in describing the North Road as "the tapestry forming the back-cloth of cycling history", but I liked best some of the many references to twenty-hour riding.

Dave Keeler, 1957 winner of the N.R. '24' said, amid laughter, that he first got the impression that a '24' was not as bad as it looked

when, in the late stages of an event some ten years ago, he offered G. H. Basham a drink only to be refused with impeccable politeness. Stanley Baron (Century Road Club) in confessing to starting in (and not finishing) the N.R. '24' of 1925 disclosed that he had earlier sought the secret of long distance riding by asking Jack Rossiter what he thought about during the race, to be told that he spent the time working out mathematical problems. Baron then asked Jim Dougall to disclose his secret thoughts and received the laconic reply "women". It was interesting to learn that Stanley's own thoughts before 'packing' in the Fens, were dominated by his —— saddle.

President England speaking on the same subject later, said he once asked Jack Spackman what he thought about during a '24', to which Jack retorted that he wouldn't be riding in a '24' if he could think!

There were many old friends there and I had a few words with G.H.S., S. T. Capener (in splendid form at 85), Arthur Smith, Bill Frankum, Ed. Green and many others.

Altogether a wonderful evening and I say "Thank you, North Road".

S. WILD.

STANDARDS

The proposed revision of Club Standards announced last month has caused such widespread interest that our Political Correspondent interviewed a Cross Section of the Club and obtained their observations. A copy will be sent to any member (over 21) on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The views of other eminent members were also sought by our Correspondent who reported as follows:—

Mr. H. Green felt that, as President, it would be most improper for him to comment as the matter is still *sub judice*, saying that undoubtedly the old Standards were deplorably low and that the Committee, under his guidance, had done an excellent job in tightening things up although even the new figures are ridiculously easy and enough to make the giants of the past like Jimmy Long turn in their graves. On being told that Jimmy isn't in his yet Mr. Green looked surprised and continued "The young fellows of today are not what they were and I begin to doubt if they ever have been. The solution is more Joint Runs and a better example from the older members. I have no wish to appear critical nor to mention names but what can you expect when fellows like Carver, Turvey and Wild put forward flimsy excuses about distance to condone irregular attendance." Mr. Frank Chandler was non-committal, saying he was normally a Mild Man but got Bitter when considering today's Standards. He thought the new proposals would get a Mixed reception.

A financier with widespread business interests in Seaforth, Litherland and Bootle, Mr. A. E. C. Birkby said: "This country went off the Gold Standard many years ago and it is high time the Anfield fell into line. This would mean a marked diminution in the Fiduciary Issue with a consequent easing of the drain on sterling."

Next to be interviewed was a Mr. Ryan, described as a Civil Engineer in the Club records which have now been amended. When asked if he had studied the figures, Mr. E. G. Pullan said: "I am always studying figures. They fascinate me." He was entirely in favour of the present upward trend but said we must beware of inflation and hinted that statistics often prove misleading particularly when taken out of their context.

Our Correspondent next interviewed Mr. F. B. Churchill, who said: "What are Standards?" Asked if he had heard of the Anfield Hundred Mr. Churchill replied: "Oh, yes; a Conservative M.P. wishing to resign his seat applies for the Chiltern Hundreds and the Labour types go for the Anfield Hundred."

Asked how he liked the new Standards Mr. Arthur Williams said he wasn't really interested as he was still getting 45 to the gallon from his old one.

Speaking on behalf of a group of Flintshire members on returning from an evening spin to Tonyshandy, Mr. J. R. Griffiths said:—"Plant ydym eto dan ein hoed yn disgwyl am ystad. Dim Clodau".

NEWS IN BRIEF

Sixty-three years' publication with only three editors is the proud record of the M.C. and A.C. *Roll Call* and each of the men who have maintained its high standard of content and presentation did so for twenty-one years. First was Walter Goodwin, whose death in 1915 left the door wide open for F. J. Urry, one of the most delightful of cycling journalists whose sterling qualities had led to his appointment as General Secretary of this great Midland club when he was but twenty-one. In 1937 Philip Westall undertook the task and for twenty-one years, proved that he lacked neither the courage nor ability to follow such redoubtable predecessors. Now the stub of blue pencil has been passed to Roy Packwood and we send him greetings and best wishes for a happy and successful tenure.

Owing to a new business appointment Rigby Band has been forced to resign from the Committee and his place has been taken by Reg Wilson.

North Wales, ever a happy hunting ground of Anfielders, has been neglected of late so far as Club runs are concerned. This will be rectified on 8th March, when the venue is Mrs. Taylor's establishment at Pontblyddyn; the house will be found half-a-mile or so on the Mold side of the cross-roads.

The Bidlake Memorial Prize for the outstanding achievement of 1957 has been awarded to Albert Crimes, Crewe Wheelers, for his tricycle ride over the End to End route in 2 days, 12 hrs., 37 mins., which reduced the previous record by 7 hrs. 32 mins.

Agreement has been reached with the Cheshire Road Club on the date for the Inter-Club "25", which will take place on Saturday, 28th June on the Highwayside Course.

Saturday, 21st June, will see the Aintree Festival of Cycling staged at the famous Liverpool race-course. Jointly organised by the C.T.C., N.C.U., Y.N.A., Clarion, and similar organisations, it is intended to cater for all cycling tastes. Further details will be given in a later issue.

RUNS

COTTAGE CAFÉ, KIRKBY, 21ST DECEMBER 1957.

Most of the party were in the dining room when Harry Clayworth and I arrived; Arthur's benign beam was like something out of Dickens (Scrooge!) "Come and sit by the fire, Fred", he said, the invitation was, of course, purely rhetorical, he and Guy saw to that! Rigby's arrival was the signal to sit at table, some very appetising mixed grills then temporarily put an end to conversation; soon however, Guy, at the erudite end of the table, launched into a very learned discourse on the Bank Rate and its implications. We were all very relieved to learn that our preconceived notions about financiers were false, apparently these dewy-eyed idealists, who are all ripe for the priesthood, have only one desire—to serve suffering humanity! Our joy, however, was short-lived! On hearing Guy say that undated gilt-edged securities would never regain their former value, George went outside and shot himself! The rest of the party then danced a solemn contango to his memory. At the plebeian end, Len reiterated his admiration of Diana Dors and Sabrina from the neck up, or have I got it wrong? Fresh pangs of hunger were soon dispelled by the arrival of more tea and some hot mince pies. A frank and refreshed Ben revealed that his runs "write ups" are furnished by a "ghost" writer; incidentally, he brought George, Jack and Len by car. Jack is now a confirmed motorist and George is just emerging from the chrysalis. I must confess to a sympathetic leaning to their point of view; can Jimmy Long's insidious propaganda be taking effect at last?

I appear to be ploughing a lonely furrow, but this venue does seem to merit more support, especially in view of the shrinking number of places at which we are still welcome; it is certainly one of the highlights on my Anfield calendar.

The roll call was as follows: R. Band, A. Birkby, F. Churchill, H. Clayworth, J. Davies, B. Griffiths, L. Hill, G. Parr, J. Parr, G. Pullen.

PRESTBURY, 21ST DECEMBER 1957

My arrival robbed the President of a distinction he did not want, that of being the only person to cycle to the meet. Even so there is a reason for everything and how else could we enjoy the company of the ladies once a year if we did not provide transport? I was the last comer although not late, and my view from the door took in a jolly crowd. There was Rex Austin, a retired gentleman now, Bob Austin, Bert Green, Dave Brown, Hubert, without whom it would not be the Christmas run. Walter Thorpe and Alfie Howarth. As

guests there were Mrs. Sadie Buckley with her mother and brother, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Jean Thorpe and Miss Anne Megson, who had come with Howarth. We partook of an excellent meal for which we paid an excellent price before we made our way over to the Legh Arms for a drink or two to mark the occasion. The President needed a little persuading to enter licensed premises but once inside bought everyone a drink. Frank Smith looked in to see us and to have something to warm him up after motoring from Whalley. We all spent a pleasant hour or so before being driven out by a group of people who were determined to inflict on all within earshot the sound of their harsh, tuneless voices. However, it didn't really matter, for five of us piled into Alfie's new car and descended on Mrs. Gorman at whose home we spent the rest of the evening in agreeable fashion.

HALEWOOD—BOXING DAY

Lately I have been getting home to find that I had not delegated anyone to write the run up and it has fallen to me to put on record the happenings. But on a run to Halewood what can one say, fifteen minutes from the time taken to remove the bike from the shed, to stabling at the Derby Arms. Naturally after such a short ride I was the first arrival.

Towards one o'clock it looked very doubtful whether we would be able to muster the twelve ordered for, but finally seventeen sat around the tables. Len (late as usual) Hill and Denis Ryan arrived three-quarters of an hour late, thinking it a 1-30 start, and as Len said fifteen minutes' late 'aint so bad.

When Frank Marriott arrived he was pleased to see everyone eating, as he himself had come prepared bringing sausage rolls. Numerous phone calls had not acknowledged the verbal booking made in November, nevertheless our host rose to the occasion with soup, roast pork, Christmas pudding and mince pies plus all the usual trappings.

The Manchester contingent consisted of Bert and Jack Newton, who had been caught by Percy in Warrington, and Bren Orrell.

Arthur Birkby, Bryan Wright and his brother came from the North. Bryan was asked if he knew the whereabouts of Alf this holiday, but before he could answer someone had put forward the suggestion that Rotherham had better attractions to offer if the Cycling Girl photograph from that part of the country was anything to go by.

John Parr was to be accompanied by Ben as far as Broughton before continuing on a hostel week-end in North Wales.

Guy Pullan, Eddie Morris, Jack Davies, George Parr and Don Stewart completed the gathering.

TWO MILLS, 28TH DECEMBER 1957.

A call at Percy Carter's well stocked shop just before Christmas for a few odds and ends revealed that there would shortly be available a second-hand "Parkes" with gearing by "Benelux", so that a gallop

along the Top Road to the ancient city of Chester became a ride with an object on this bright winter afternoon.

A sedate trial run round back streets proved that bars, brakes and even pedals had all been hung on in quite the wrong places but suggested that after judicious fiddling this would be just the job. With the deal completed the old iron (since claimed with glee by a sub-editor) was headed for Two Mills with the Editor making pre-New Year resolutions to ride farther, faster and more often in 1958, whilst blandly disregarding the fact that only the same old legs would be available for motive power.

At the venue, Guy Pullan, Reg Wilson and Frank Perkins were already in possession and food was coming off the production line when we were joined by Salty, Len Hill, Denis Ryan and Ben Griffiths. John Parr completed a party of nine which broke up in good time after an interesting discussion on the relative merits of various hub and derail gears.

SOMERFORD, 28TH DECEMBER 1957

Though the wind was cold, I slipped out from home with anticipation of a pleasant ride, the sky was sunny and golden to the west and good company until sunset. It was good to ride in the lanes beyond Altringham, lanes that I've known for many years and still find little changed. After sunset the twilight took me well beyond Chefford and there was still fair vision to look at Jodrell Radio telescope as I passed. I arrived at Sunnyside Café with good time to spare, the second to arrive, with Dave Brown just beating me to it; in a few minutes we could hear Hubert and Walter talking their way along through the darkness. Then in a burst, just as we were deciding to get tea, came Bren Orrell and our Presider, Jack Newton and Percy. During tea, which was the usual high standard, always found at Sunnyside, many things were discussed, not excluding vital statistics! (male version). We found that Hubert weighed just about twice as much as Jack Newton. It's not true that Raleigh Industries have approached Hubert with a view to destruction testing one of their R.R.A's. Shortly after seven p.m. we put on our coats and scarves against that cold wind and departed. I joined forces with Bert Green through Holmes Chapel and Knutsford, whilst the remainder went via Dicklow Cop. A pleasant day spent doing the things I enjoy, absorbing fresh air in pleasing surroundings in good company all as a result of possessing that little marvel—a bicycle!

During tea mention was made of one of our exiles—Stan Wild, coupled with the thought that we might have seen him during Christmas. In any case a happy New Year Stan to you and yours.

Members present were as follows:—Bert Green, Hubert Buckley, Walter Thorpe, Bren, senior, Dave Brown, Jack Newton, Percy Williamson, L. Pendlebury.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: D. STEWART

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

VOLUME LIII

MARCH/APRIL, 1958

NUMBER 617

FIXTURES

APRIL

- 4/7 EASTER TOUR, SUN HOTEL, LLANSANTFFRAID
- 5 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café) WILDBOARCLOUGH
- 12 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest)
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 19 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
(Hilly Event. Particulars from Don Stewart)
- 26 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Red Lion)

MAY

- 3 PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House) WILDBOARCLOUGH
- 10 FIRST CLUB "50" HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Café)

Easter Tour. Names to the Secretary as soon as possible, please.

Change of Address. Mr. Ben Griffiths, The Cottage, Christleton Lodge, Whitchurch Road, Chester.

New Member. Joseph Leslie Bennett, 32 Church Street, Connahs Quay, near Chester, has been elected to Full Membership.

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 21, 30s.; Under 21, 15s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby branch.

To THE EDITOR,
ANFIELD CIRCULAR.
DEAR SIR,

"STANDARDS"

I am sure there is general agreement that the outrageous article by your Political Correspondent should be brought to the attention of the Press Council.

I did not grant an interview to your representative. Presumably he got his information (*sic*) from below stairs, this, I am told, is the accepted source of "copy" for present day journalism.

Any fool knows that standards are used for supporting lamps, and as to their possible deterioration, one would have thought that the obvious authority to approach would be the Editor of *The Canine World*.

I further resent the imputation that I regard the "Anfield 100" as being political in character, on the contrary, I have always thought the term to be a synonym for masochism. Those of us who have been tempered by the "slings and arrows" will treat this sort of thing with the contempt it deserves, but what of the disastrous effects of this unwonted publicity on such a tender timid soul as Arthur Williams? Journalism has surely reached its nadir!

No sir! Let the *Guardian* wallow in sex and sensation, but see to it, I beg of you, that *The Circular* remains the proud bastion of decent prose, riding the treacherous seas of mediocrity, with both feet firmly planted on solid rock and constantly rising to new heights of endeavour.

Yours, etc.,

"Nux Vomica"
(Mother of twelve).

CADETS

About a year ago it was decided to bring the Club to the notice of unattached cyclists by advertising in *Cycling* and the *C.T.C. Gazette*. Most of the replies received were from boys too young to be accepted into membership and at that time we had nothing else to offer.

Now the Committee have before them a scheme for accepting Cadets into association with the Club and it is hoped that details will be settled at the April meeting.

Briefly the proposals are that boys will be accepted as Cadets whilst receiving full time education, they will not be members but will receive the *Circular* and be loaned a badge, paying a nominal amount to cover postages.

Where possible they will be introduced to sponsors who are active members and willing to bring them out from time to time; arrangements will also be made for leaders and central meeting place for runs to suitable venues, club races, etc. A member of the Committee will be responsible for the scheme and will of course, get assistance from other members.

It is hoped to foster an interest in all aspects of cycling and naturally we hope that when no longer eligible as Cadets some will wish to become full Anfielders.

As soon as final details are agreed, particulars will be given in the *Circular*. In the meantime, and until an organiser is appointed, members who know of any youngsters likely to be interested might contact the Editor.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The first run into North Wales for many moons was a great success and a merry party gathered at Woodlands House, Pontblyddyn. We return there on 3rd May whilst on 31st May we shall try out the Windmill Café, Pontymwyn.

Frank Marriott has heard that our Life Member Frank Wood died over two years ago. He joined the Club in 1898 but residence in Skirwith, near Penrith, meant that we saw little of him and he would not be known except to a few of our veterans.

Mrs. Conway, widow of Charles, died in March, aged 93 years.

Many members will have seen in *Cycling* and the *C.T.C. Gazette* a drawing of the seat it is proposed to erect at Burford-on-the-Windrush in memory of "Wayfarer". Sponsored by the Birmingham and Midlands D.A., C.T.C., the seat and a maintenance fund will cost £250; the Club has sent a donation and individuals who wish to be associated with this memorial to a famous Anfielder should send their donations to: Mr. E. A. Chown, 1 Howard Road, Birmingham, 22a.

The C.T.C. will celebrate its eightieth birthday in August and the Anfield, seven months junior to this great national club, will be eighty in March 1959. Preliminary enquiries are already out regarding a Dinner at Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide next year.

Congratulations and best wishes to Ben Griffiths, who was married recently and has taken up residence bang on the start of the old '50' course.

Rex Austin recently retired and celebrated his new freedom by taking Mrs. Rex to Switzerland for a month. He returned in time for the Birthday Run and we hope to see him often now, particularly timing Club events.

Last year we reported a Veterans' "100 in 12", organised by the C.T.C. over a North Wales course with plenty of hill-climbing thrown in. This year's repeat will be held on Sunday, 11th May.

Writing from Jersey in mid-March, Rigby Band says he has been loaned a lightweight by the President of the Caesarean C.C. during his business stay in the island and has been invited to join their Club runs. Although small, Jersey has a maze of lanes not unlike Devon and a wonderful coastline and Rigby is looking forward to some good wheeling. Earlier he was in London and spent a pleasant evening at the Killip homestead. It seems that Len has not had an

operation as reported earlier but is under treatment for ulcer trouble, and whilst regaling J.R.B. with the best of the cellar he had to be content with blackcurrant juice!

Thieves recently broke into the Manchester home of Fred Hancock, famous racing man and record-breaker of the now defunct Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers and stole, among other things, his collection of medals won in many rides against the clock. When Charlie Randall broke the N.R.R.A. 24 hours record, previously held by the late Arthur Hancock, Fred immediately set out to bring it back into the family and a fine ride of 398 miles only just missed the target of 400 that he had set himself.

Leslie Bennett, our new member from Shotton, is taking a party of school-boys on a cycling tour in August, staying at Youth Hostels including Shrewsbury, Ross-on-Wye, Crickhowell, Kington and Church Stretton.

A recent note from Stan Wild enclosed a letter he had received from Ted Harrison, Medway Road Club and Secretary of the Fellowship of Kent and Sussex Cyclists. Ted expressed great appreciation of "The Black Anfielders" which he describes as the gem of his collection of Club histories "and I have them all", and looks forward to meeting some of those who live in its pages. From *Cycling* we note also that his wife, Dorothy, for fourteen years a member of the Medway R.C. and a former editor of the *Bulletin* has been elected President of their famous Club.

Eric Reeves is now busy planning the "100" and would be greatly helped and encouraged if members would volunteer for jobs around the course. His address is 29, The Ginnel, Port Sunlight, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

Wednesday evening meets at the Eureka Café, Two Mills, will be starting up again during April.

R U N S

HATCHMERE, 4TH JANUARY, 1958

This fixture was notable for one act of folly on my part—I turned up for the second hill-climb.

On arrival at Frodsham I found Don Stewart and John Parr waiting and we were shortly joined by Peter Robinson and friend Chris Bedwell. Vaguely I overheard someone suggesting that she should ride in the concentrated agony event and I was horrified at the possibility of turning in a slower time than a mere 'fe-wench': thoughts of sabotage came to mind until I realised that, of course, she wasn't an Anfielder and in any case she claimed a lack of fitness. Bless the girl! When Salty's car arrived with Jack and Len Hill aboard a move was made to the place of execution; four would-be Eric Wilsons reported to Timekeeper Hill and Don, last man off, pushed the others on their way.

Arriving at the top with barely enough breath to mutter "never again" I heard Salty and Len announce times as follows:—

John Parr, 5 mins. 18 secs. (61-in. gear).

Denis Ryan, 5 mins. 50 secs. (65-in. gear).

Peter Robinson, 6 mins. 5 secs. (69-in. gear).

Don Stewart, 6 mins. 20 secs. (69-in. gear).

While Salty and Len disappeared in the direction of Hatchmere, John made for home and Peter and Chris dashed off to Llangollen Youth Hostel leaving Don and Denis to make for the Forest Café, where Ben Griffiths was found to have joined the motorists. His remarks about people who ride in hill-climbs diverted attention from his own absence from the starter's list.

The meal was ready and those present decided to get down to the principal business of the afternoon before the roll was completed by the arrival of the President and Percy Williamson who went into the fray with eating-irons at the ready.

Conversation centred around paint finishes and pre-fabs with no mention of Diana Dors, Jayne Mansfield or Sabrina; what is the club coming to?

When the party eventually broke up, Benno accompanied the writer as far as Vicar's Cross island and a strong tail wind soon had your scribe at the gates of the Ryan ancestral mansion.

GAYTON (DEVON DOORWAY), 18TH JANUARY 1958

We seem to be no nearer solving the problem of a suitable venue for the annual Ladies' Night although several suggestions have been considered by the Committee including one to arrange this popular fixture during a month when we might hope for less arctic conditions.

This was a day of gale force winds and lashing rain through which few would choose to cycle very far. Yet President Bert Green manhandled his trike from Manchester and although he'd had enough on arrival he soon showed no traces of his battering nor his eighty-two years.

Lesser mortals came by various means, a few even cycled, but how could we enjoy the company of our visitors without some assistance from petrol?

Thirty-three members and friends sat down to tea and they were joined by a further five who came later to see a fine show of colour slides.

Guy Pullan took us south first with shots of the New Forest, Inkpen Beacon and other delectable spots visited during a trip to a C.T.C. meeting; then he whisked us over to Ireland and back to more familiar scenes in Cheshire and North Wales. Friend Ken Rolls followed with some tasty rough stuff scenes including the Nant Rhyd Wilym with the 'Wayfarer' memorial stone at the summit. Suffolk and Scotland were taken in our stride and all too soon we were back in the frozen wastes of Gayton.

Those present, in no particular order, were Bert Green, John Parr, Denis Ryan, Ben Griffiths, Dave Thorold, Guy Pullan, George and Mrs. Parr, Arthur and Mrs. Birkby, Captain and Mrs. Stewart, Peter and Mrs. Rock, Len Hill with wife, daughter and friend, Frank and Mrs. Marriott, Salty and Elsie, Alf Howarth and friend, Arthur Williams, Ken Barker and David, Peter Robinson and friend.

Leslie Bennett, our "prospective" from Shotton, brought Mrs. Bennett and son David, and then we had Ken Rolls, Stan Barker, Frank and Mrs. Scott, and last but by no means least, Johnny and Mrs. Williams.

STANLEY ARMS, WILDBOARCLOUGH, 18TH JANUARY 1958

This Saturday morning suggested that we were to get a wet afternoon to match that of the previous visit to Stanley's. However it cleared in mid-afternoon and five Anfielders arrived on the premises dry, but did not remain so for long.

Those present were Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, Walter Thorpe, Allan Gorman and Dave Brown, who all had much enjoyable talk and partook of the ever welcome Stanley's beef and pickles plus "afters".

When we eventually departed a wild storm raged outside, and it was "Home James and don't spare the horses", whether on two, three or four wheels.

DALTON, 25TH JANUARY 1958

It had been snowing all week but although a thaw had set in by Saturday it didn't take long to decide against a long ride. I settled for a potter round the Parbold district, removed my toe-clips and changed cycling shoes for climbing boots.

Ice patches gave me a few anxious moments but soon the wheels were rolling smoothly towards Rufford and the Parbold lanes.

On the summit of High Moor I stopped awhile and listened to a near gale force wind blowing through the leafless trees; a little robin which came to inspect me completed the winter's scene as the setting sun painted the countryside the pale red of approaching dusk.

Not relishing the prospect of a snowbound descent in the dark I pressed on and turned down Stony Lane to find a heap of stones in my way and a notice about the road being closed. After crossing a second pile I fell in with a native who enquired about some crack in the road.

Through the lighted window of 'our' room at Prescott's Farm I espied a scholarly figure deeply engrossed in a book and strode in ready to throw the intruder out only to find it was John Parr already in occupation.

Surprised that no other members had been tempted out on such a sunny afternoon we started tea, discussing the eight fit men apparently known to Captain Stewart.

(With only the President out at Somerford, John Parr and Bryan Wright made up our lowest attendance (of three) for many a day. Ed.).

SOMERFORD, 25TH JANUARY 1958

Snow during the latter part of the week had made the prospect of cycling this Saturday rather bleak, and in the forenoon there was certainly a lot of snow about. But in the afternoon things began to improve and the main roads at any rate were in fine condition. Unfortunately, however, members seemed to have decided early in the day to keep near the fire, for only the President reached Sunnyside Café. It was a pity, for those who stayed at home missed a most enjoyable ride.

HALEWOOD, 1ST FEBRUARY 1958

The run was to Halewood this week, to the dear old Derby Arms—once so loved by Anfielders, but now, sad to relate, avoided and shunned by so many. Why? When the meal we had was grand, delicious soup, delightful tender and juicy roast beef, a variety of choice vegetables and a tasty sweet, followed by pies, tea and coffee. As excellent a meal as one could get and in ample proportions, all for six shillings and sixpence. Only six Anfielders turned up, but the day was saved by prospective member Leslie Bennett, who brought his son David. The new people here are doing their best to emulate the good Sarah but after the poor November and December attendances, it does not seem as if we are trying to ensure the next fifty years' of service like Sarah gave us during the last fifty.

Now for the Club run; two came from Wales, one from Manchester, three from Wirral and two from Liverpool.

To assist in getting Len Hill there, Denis Ryan journeyed from Ellesmere Port to Heswall and having dragged Len out of bed, ensured that he didn't escape by picking up the Bennetts, father and son, at the Birkenhead Ferry.

The beauty of the Cathedral took some of the sting out of the Liverpool hill route and the scrap for the line at Halewood was won by Denis, with the Bennetts, son and father in that order, close up. Leonard won the race to the bar however, and found there the magnificent forms of Frank Chandler and Don Stewart. The trio imbibed whilst re-living past tours in the counties of Kerry, Cork and Donegal.

Eventually the locals, Don Stewart and John Parr, toddled home, the President trundled off towards Manchester and the men from Wirral and Wales went their own ways, not without incident, for Leslie's dynamo bulb blew out at Two Mills and the spare gave up the struggle before Shotton was reached.

MACCLESFIELD FOREST (STANLEY ARMS), 1ST FEBRUARY 1958

I left Rotherham sometime in the morning. The air was clean and dry, the wind cold and fresh as I made my way up into the Pennines. The wind, though unfavourable, seemed impotent against my steady advance. So pleasant was it that it seemed to require no effort to push the pedals down.

Arriving at Walter's, I dug the bike out from the boot, put it together, and off we potted to meet Alan at Furness Vale at 2.0 p.m. We arrived at 2.5, Alan at 2.10 and we set off. As we rode, Alan mentioned that John Parr had said he might meet us at the rendezvous "if the wind were not in the west"; but as the wind *was* westerly, there would have been no point in waiting. Then followed an argument about the wind's direction, which proved inconclusive, as do most arguments.

Anyway, we meandered through Buxton, up the "Cat" and over to Allgreave. Being in good time, we decided on a detour, and went up to Cleulow Cross, over to Brownlow and up through the forests to Standing Stones, surely the most heavenly part of all England. Then a quick drop to Stanley's, and still good and early!

One by one the Anfielders arrived, including John Parr, who had arrived at Furness Vale at 2.15 p.m. and had spent the next ten miles or so vainly chasing us! We were most disappointed that we had missed his company for the afternoon.

At last twelve of us sat down to a very good meal at a most reasonable price. We all had plenty to eat, possibly because of our lady guests in the shapes of Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Cranshaw and her daughter, who must obviously have been at a disadvantage at an Anfield eating match (and sitting near Hubert, too!)

On the way home we were soon left by the motorists (the Buckley-Cranshaw mob and Dave Brown) and also by Harry Duck, who must have had a "date".

Bren senior "peeled off" at Macclesfield, Alan at Poynton, and Walter and I fought our way up the High Lane climb, heated arguments casting the miles aside, until we arrived at his home "nicely done". A fine day, with grand company, super country and one of the Club's very best eating houses. Long may it continue!

Those present were G. B. Orrell, H. G. Buckley, J. Cranshaw, W. Thorpe, A. Gorman, D. Brown, H. Duck, J. Parr, Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Cranshaw, Miss Cranshaw and A. Howarth.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: D. STEWART

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

VOLUME LIII

MAY

NUMBER 618

FIXTURES

MAY

- 3 PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House) WILDBOARCLOUGH
10 First "50". Pavilion Café, HUNTINGTON
12 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
17 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
24/26 WHIT WEEK-END. H.Q., Lion Hotel, SHREWSBURY
31 PONTYMWYN (Windmill Café) SOMERFORD

JUNE

- 7 SECOND "50". Pavilion Café, HUNTINGTON
9 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
14 HATCHMERE (Forest Café). PHOTOGRAPH RUN
21 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
28 INTER-CLUB "25" with Cheshire Roads Club.
H.Q., Red Lion Hotel, LITTLE BUDWORTH

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 21, 30s.; Under 21, 15s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for Membership: Sidney Dickinson, 8 Vandyke Street, Liverpool, 8. Proposed by W. G. Connor, seconded by K. W. Barker.

Captain and Racing Secretary. Don Stewart has been forced to resign for business reasons and Reg Wilson has been elected in his place.

Eightieth Birthday Celebrations. Arrangements are already in hand for a Dinner at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, on the Saturday before Whitsuntide 1959.

Club History. Copies are still available at 22/- post free from T. Stephenson & Sons Ltd., Prescot, Lancs.

STAFF CHANGES

Owing to increased business commitments Don Stewart has been forced to relinquish the duties of Captain and Racing Secretary *pro tem*.

At the April Committee Reg Wilson succumbed to the blandishments of the Chairman and the unsympathetic glares of his colleagues and agreed to take over the job. The Committee showed their appreciation by starting him on the maximum scale with full pay and emoluments at the usual rates from 1st April, a most appropriate date. In order to relieve Reg of one chore the Editor has asked Denis Ryan to deputise in his absence and find someone to write up the runs.

THE HUNDRED

The highlight of the Anfield year is almost upon us again and Eric Reeves is still in need of more volunteers to man various points round the course. If you haven't yet got a job please contact Eric at 29 The Ginnel, Port Sunlight, as soon as possible.

NEWS IN BRIEF

G. H. Stancer, President and former Secretary of the C.T.C., celebrated his eightieth birthday on 17th April and we wish him "many of them".

Recent Budget proposals included a drop from 60% to 30% in Purchase Tax on saddle bags—quite an item with the more expensive touring bags.

Pantymwyn, three miles from Mold and high up above the Leete, is a new venue and we visit the Windmill Café there on 31st May. One of our scouts has already tried this new house and found it excellent.

June promises to be a very busy and interesting month with a "50" on the 7th, followed a week later by the Photo Run at Hatchmere. On the 21st we return to Smithy Farm, Utkinton, which always drew a good attendance and on the 28th there is the Inter-club "25" with the Cheshire R.C., based on Little Budworth.

Willaston Mill, the fate of which has for long been in the balance, has now been sold to a purchaser who has undertaken to repair and maintain this fine old Wirral landmark to the best of her ability. The mill formerly belonged to the Wirral Society which has a collection of photographs of Wirral fifty years ago and would welcome any additions which should be sent to the Secretary, Mr. John S. Hassall, Chancery Cottage, Burton-in-Wirral.

Ted England, who has been missing for some time owing to his mother's illness and also because of an operation on his knee, is in circulation again, fit and anxious to have a go in Club events.

Wednesday, 23rd April saw a good gathering at the Eureka Café for the resumption of our evening meets. We hope the number attending will grow.

On the way home our new Captain, Reg Wilson, (with the Editor and a prospective in tow) set the pattern of things to come by galloping up the Sych at the rate of knots in defiance of a long established Anfield custom which was based, not on mere tradition, but on a fundamental biological necessity.

CADETS

Although intended to be as informal as possible the details of the Cadet scheme have now been settled.

Boys may be associated with the Club as Cadets until reaching the age of sixteen or ceasing full-time education whichever is the later. They will pay 5/- per annum to cove badge deposit, postages on *Circular*, etc. Where necessary and possible they will be introduced to active members living nearby and willing to bring them out from time to time and occasional runs will be arranged with central meeting place and leaders. Every effort will be made to introduce them fully to cycling and club life and it is hoped that most of them will wish to join the club when no longer eligible as Cadets. Guy Pullan will be in general charge of the scheme and if it develops as we hope, he will be calling on other member for assistance.

RUNS

TARVIN, 8TH FEBRUARY 1958

Thoughts of snow and a dirty ride home convinced Len and me that four wheels are better than two or even three and four o'clock saw us meandering off Tarvin-wards through muddy lanes by the Union Canal and Gowey.

Eight of us eventually sat down to what we were sorry to learn was to be our last meal at Tarvin under the present regime for our hostess told us that they are retiring shortly. Any member with an interest in pub-keeping and feeding Anfielders should jump in quickly for we shall miss this excellent venue.

Chatting over tea we were pleased to hear of a new Club headquarters on the Whitchurch Road, two and a half miles from Chester, for Ben has established himself and his better-half behind the wall against which Old Man Cook so often leaned whilst starting us off in many battles with the watch. So pile in, lads, there should be plenty of eggs at the neighbouring chicken-farm and Ben has a way with eggs as you will remember if present on the 1957 Easter tour, when he carried a clutch around trying to hatch them.

Bert's departure was the signal for us all to get out on the road and Len and I made a useful halt at a pile of logs I had seen on many journeys home and in which no one seemed interested. They burned grandly on some snowy nights!

Those present were Bert Green, Bren Orrell, Salty, Len Hill, Pat O'Leary, Ben Griffiths, John Parr and Denis Ryan.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 15TH FEBRUARY 1958

A wet February day. Really not very nice to be out, and, as Bert Green said when he arrived, wet and bedraggled: "Is it worth it?" Yes, of course, it was worth it. A baker's dozen of us sat around a typical Travellers' Rest table until the food stopped coming, and by then we were—well, full! Then the inevitable chatter and serious discussion which makes an Anfield run so well worth while.

Yet we were not all heroes. Quite quietly must it be admitted that some of us arrived by petrol. Your secretary, after moving from Birkenhead to West Kirby, positively hates the last four miles home, discovered with some satisfaction that the battery of his ancient Morris needed pepping up, and with Len Hill also aboard the two travelled pleasantly through the lanes, arriving at the Travellers' Rest some time before 5-30.

Guy Pullan already had his feet in front of the fire, and Don Stewart beating us by a short head, we already had the nucleus of a party. Then Ben Griffiths and Denis Ryan dragged in a much suffering Reg Wilson, who muttered something about being dead to the world. (There was room in the Morris going home, but Reg didn't ask again). We were also pleased to see Geoff Lockett, and, later, Alan Gorman, Walter Thorpe, Bert Wood and Bren Orrell. And of course the President himself. There was also some mention of Alfred Howarth intending to be present, but this was not the day for a crossing of the Pennines for pleasure.

When at last it was time to move, the rain had ceased somewhat, and we had the pleasure of seeing Bert Green and his barrow accepting a lift home. (Or was it an ultimatum?) Then, one by one, we drifted homewards, the end of a pleasant day.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 15TH FEBRUARY 1958

Riding through steady rain and against a persistent wind Bert Wood reached the Travellers' Rest to find Guy Pullan, Frank Marriott, Len Hill and Don Stewart in conversation with the Master of the Cheshire Beagles. They were soon joined by Reg Wilson, Denis Ryan, Ben Griffiths and Geoff Lockett and a little later Alan Gorman and Walter Thorpe brought the score to nearly a dozen.

The arrival of Bren senior and President Bert Green, who had been breaking records on his trike, was the signal for food and right well did our hosts cater for our needs.

Guy had been getting some miles in during the day and had booked a bed at Hughes', Whitchurch, with a view to covering more on the morrow.

A lane route took the writer as far as Middlewich with Bren and another run was almost completed.

DALTON, 1ST MARCH 1958

The name Orrell keeps cropping up on our attendance list, for Bren is a 'regular' (though not at Dalton) and he was even forgiven for turning up on the "combination" when brother and Life Member Wilf climbed out of the sidecar. It was grand to see him out again and what a pity so few of the usual crowd were present.

Arthur Birkby and Brian Wright (who also brought his brother along) were the only locals and the party was made up to six by the unexpected arrival of Reg Wilson, the sole Wirralite to brave the elements.

When last seen the Orrell bro's outfit was disappearing down a narrow lane in defiance of monstrous snowdrifts, but they found a way through at any rate in time for Bren to keep the President company at Somerford a week later.

SOMERFORD, 1ST MARCH 1958

Oh, what a beautiful morning! No snow, no rain and no wind to speak of. And it stayed that way all day! After the rotten weather of the previous two Saturdays it was a real treat to be out on such a day. So I set off early for my rendezvous with Percy, toddling through the quiet lanes to Chelford at an easy pace. Arriving much too early, I parked the barrer by the side of the road and took a little walk. On my return I found Jack Newton standing guard, and soon thereafter Percy rolled up and the three of us made for Holmes Chapel for the usual cup of tea. As we entered the village we crossed with Ben Griffiths and Denis Ryan, who, much to our surprise, refused to join us, but hurried on. It emerged later that they were on serious business—testing the security arrangements at the Heath Robinson contraption at Joddrell Bank. Those arrangements were found quite satisfactory; the boys were very soon turned back. The five of us had the usual satisfactory meal and started for home in good time under most pleasant conditions.

SOMERFORD, 8TH MARCH 1958

Only two members, Bren Orrell, senior, and the President, with a friend, attended this fixture. There were various reasons for the absence of some of the usuals—some away from home, some at the N.R.R.A., A.G.M. in Manchester and, perhaps the principal, the bitter cold wind—it seemed to go through everything, and made the allure of the fire-side and slippers very hard to resist.

PONTBLYDDYN, 8TH MARCH 1958

We know that a certain Irishman, resident in Wales, and a great admirer of the National Coal Board (who shall be nameless) has a report of this run in hand so we content ourselves with noting for record purposes that those present were Guy Pullan, Len Hill, Pat O'Leary, Reg Wilson, Denis Ryan, Ken Barker, Les Bennett, Benno and Mr. France (a friend introduced by Les).

HALEWOOD (BIRTHDAY RUN), 15TH MARCH 1958

Twenty-six members and four friends gathered at the Derby Arms to celebrate the seventy-ninth birthday of the Club. They were not disappointed for there was good company, a meal well up to the standard associated with Halewood for over half a century and a most entertaining selection of slides shown by George Taylor, Harold Catling and friend Dave Cooper, of the Liverpool Century R.C.

We had hoped that Miss Markwell (Sarah to generations of Anfielders) would join us to receive a presentation History and cheque as tokens of our esteem and gratitude for unflinching service over a period of fifty-one years, but she was under doctor's orders to remain indoors, and Bert Green and the Secretary called on her to convey our gift and very best wishes.

Round the room we noted, in no particular order, Bert Green, Frank Chandler, Eddie Morris, Rex Austin, George Taylor, Harold Catling, Frank Marriott, Salty, Jack Newton, Bert Preston, Don Stewart, Pat O'Leary, Guy Pullan, Ben Griffiths, Bren senior, George Parr, Arthur Birkby, John Parr, Hubert Buckley, Alan Gorman, Jack Davies, Arthur Williams, Dave Thorold, Denis Ryan, Len Hill, with two friends, Ken Barker, with David and Dave Cooper.

With tables cleared and the projector set up George Taylor took us by air to Stornoway and then by road, or what passes as a road on the Isle of Lewis, on a tour of this Hebridean island before whisking us over to the mainland for some fine mountain shots taken on a camping and walking holiday of a few years ago.

Then Harold Catling, who had ably officiated at the projector, took over the solo part (accompanied by George) and we saw the photographic results of a cruise in Scottish waters by Brixham trawler which Harold had made as a change from cycling.

Dave Cooper then showed some old slides of scenes in our "100" of many years ago (in the days of tights, fixed wheels and fierce handle-bars) and then we slipped over to Ireland when horse-drawn trams and carts moved ponderously thro' Dublin's fair city.

Back to colour, *Modern Times*, and the finish of the world's toughest cycle jaunt, the Tour de France, and soon we were again at the Derby Arms, Halewood, with the Anfield well and truly launched into its eightieth year.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 22ND MARCH 1958

The arctic conditions of the past weeks continued and a bitterly cold and tough wind faced the Editor and son David as they set out for Highwayside and the first Club "25" of the season.

The lane route to Stamford Bridge was traffic free and pleasant as the wintry conditions allowed and, after a minor set-back when the Gowy Café was found to be closed, the rise into Tarvin was taken afoot to stimulate circulation. Arthur Williams flashed by well wrapped up and we were afoot again on the rise to Tarpoley, when passed by Salty and Len Hill similarly protected against the icy blast.

Three athletes had been gone about an hour when the finish of the "25" course was reached and awaiting their return were Bert Green, timekeeper Rex Austin with Mrs. Rex as assistant, Don Stewart, Eric Reeves and Pat O'Leary.

The arrival of Bren and Mrs. Orrell from the top turn warned of the imminent arrival of the first man and soon Ben Griffiths crossed the line with John Parr hot on his heels and just twenty seconds faster. Denis Ryan was well up and completed an excellent ride only to miss the handicap award by ten seconds.

Frank Perkins and Les Bennett had by now joined the party, whilst Alan Gorman and Jack Newton, after doing duty up the course, were content to await the result in the comparative comfort of the tea room.

Mr. Johnson and his helpers put on the usual excellent meal associated with the Travellers' Rest and we shall be glad to return to this hospitable house at the end of Easter week and before a long term catering contract puts it out of commission for us until the autumn.

The return journey for the Wirral contingent was fast and amply compensated for the hard slog of the outward trip and we hoped that an apparent easing of the wind was beneficial to other Manchester comrades.

	FIRST CLUB "25"		
	Actual Time	H'cap.	Handicap Time
J. Parr	1.13.55	Scr.	1.13.55
J. R. Griffiths	1.14.15	3 mins.	1.11.15
D. Ryan	1.16.24	5 mins.	1.11.24

HATCHMERE, 29TH MARCH 1958

Three p.m. found Reg Wilson and the writer imbibing tea at the latter's home and trying to decide whether or not to await the results of the Grand National. With a determined effort we set off cussing the weather and minus the result.

Reg. wanted a new jacket so we made tracks for Percy Carter's shop in Chester where Reg inspected the stock of multi-pocket windproofs whilst I cast eyes over a multitude of accessories which suddenly seemed indispensable.

Having torn ourselves away minus the accessories (and the National results) we turned our noses towards Hatchmere and settled down to a spell of pedalling which became progressively less steady as my physical condition took its toll. Reg showed signs of attacking Kelsall hill but I managed to head him on to the Frodsham road when he confessed to being unsure of the route.

On arriving at the Forest Café we found the President, Guy and Benno already in possession. Bren Orrell and Ginner Williams completed the party and a start was made on the meal with Reg failing to fulfil an earlier promise to clear the table of food. This may have been due to a graphic description by Ben of an operation he had seen performed on T.V.

It was about this time that Bert decided that some mut should write up the run and by a process of elimination (everyone else said 'No') I was chosen.

On the homeward road through the forest Guy developed Tour de France aspirations and startled us by voluntarily going to the front and asking, apropos of nothing, if he bore any resemblance to Fausto Coppi. (He does. They both ride bicycles).

Benno caught the spirit of the thing and announced that he was Bobet.

The "Tour" atmosphere was heightened when "Bobet's" front tubular emitted a high pitched hiss; Benno's punctured we cried and pressed on leaving a forlorn figure searching his bag for a spare. I wonder if he found it.

On Ranger's Bank Reg came to a sudden halt to pick up a fallen slab of chocolate and in watching him and trying to climb the hill I all but rode up Guy's back wheel. A blind through the lanes was terminated by some sarcastic remarks from Guy and we proceeded at a more reasonable pace through Stoak to Ellesmere Port where for the writer at least another run was ended. Those present were the President, Bren Orrell, Fausto Coppi, Ginner Williams, Louison Bobet and Denis Ryan.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIII

JUNE 1958

NUMBER 619

FIXTURES

JUNE

- 14 Meeting of racing men and others interested at 4.30 p.m. at
HATCHMERE before Photograph Run
- 21 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
- 28 INTER-CLUB "25" with Cheshire Roads Club
Station Café, Beeston Brook **[Please note change of venue]**

JULY

- 5 PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House) SOMERFORD
- 12 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 19 HUNTINGTON. Third Club "50"
- 26 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
Mersey Roads Club "24"

Wednesday evenings. Eureka Café, Two Mills.

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 21, 30s.; Under 21, 15s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Member. Sidney Dickinson, 8 Vandyke Street, Liverpool 8, has been elected to Full Membership.

Application for Membership. Peter Crutchley, 27 Tudor Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead. Proposed by E. G. Pullan, seconded by E. England. John Mervyn France, "Lodore," 139 Thingwall Road, Irby, Wirral. Proposed by E. G. Pullan, seconded by K. W. Barker.

Our new Captain, Reg Wilson, invites all racing members, and those interested in supporting them, to meet him at Hatchmere on June 14th at 4-30 p.m. prompt, for a discussion on the racing side of our activities. This should be an important and useful gathering, and a full attendance is urged.

NEWS IN BRIEF

With Bert Green and his merry Mancunians managing to keep clear of the police courts it is rare for an Anfielder to be mentioned in the *Manchester Guardian*, but we noted the following recently:

"The northern area finals of The British Drama League one-act play festival at Doncaster on Saturday were won by the Phoenix Players of Hull in *Mother Ginevra*, by Sidney Carver."

Work is to begin in August on the replacement of the two Bailey Bridges at Stamford Bridge near Tarvin. The old stone bridge was washed away in the floods eleven years ago and its replacement will be on a new site with a re-aligned road.

The May number of *Awheel*, the bright and breezy monthly of the Derby D.A., C.T.C., under "Alfreton Section Notes" records:—

"Eight members made Llanrhaidr-yn-Marchnant their H.Q. at Easter. The climb over the Milltir Cerrig on the Saturday was spoiled by the low cloud blacking out visibility."

"We met Guy Pullan and the Anfield B.C. in Ellesmere on Monday; Win's collection of miniatures was knocked for six by an Anfield member who said he had a total of seventy bottles."

The Anfielder referred to is Bert Preston, who is most emphatic that all seventy bottles are full!

Evening meets at Eureka Café. Two Mills, continue to attract good attendances and on the Wednesday before the "100" Pat O'Leary trundled from Wrexham and we were delighted to see Len Walls out again. Lancashire members who would be interested in a week-night run should contact Fred Churchill who is anxious for an excuse for a bit of crafty training.

A recent article in *Cycling* by Bill Oakley described a crossing of the Nant Rhyd Wilym with a party which included Guy Pullan. Bill mentioned the old wooden signpost on the top of the pass and immediately this brought a letter from our member for Co. Dublin, W. J. Finn, protesting that the ANFIELD HISTORY records the disappearance of the sign. *Cycling* next published a letter from an Addiscombe C.C. member, G. R. Nicholls, who confirmed the existence of the old landmark and sent a photograph. Now the matter has been clinched by a letter from Guy confirming that the sign was removed as a wartime security measure but has now been restored, thus vindicating friend Oakley and the CLUB HISTORY.

The first massed start race, modern series, held at Brooklands Track on 17th June 1933 and won by Salty, will be remembered at a Twenty-fifth Anniversary Dinner in London in mid June.

The 1958 Anfield "100" was won by B. Morris, Mid Shropshire Wheelers in 4.21.24. Second was Masterson, Bebbington C.C. (as last year) and third, was G. C. Smith, Merseyside Wheelers, who took the team medals with Mercury R.C. second. A full report will appear next month.

EASTER TOUR 1958

For me this was to be a week-end of true joy for my son was to be introduced to the pleasures of week-ending which we know so well.

The tandem was completely overhauled with six gears fitted to aid the novice in the hills and we had four whole days to do as we pleased.

Thursday evening found us aboard the train with snow threatening, in fact the hills above Ruabon were powdered with it, but on alighting at Gobowen all was clear.

Brilliant moonlight lit our way, by Tanat and Vyrnwsyde, to the Sun, where Mrs. Swain had a massive repast ready for two hungry wolves.

Friday morning dawned cold and windy but the sun shone and we hadn't a care as we set off towards Llanfyllin. During a quiet stroll up the Bwlch-y-Ciban primroses glowed in the hedgerows and a lone clump of wild pansies stirred our hearts with thoughts of better weather on the way.

Drifting down to the Vyrnwy we crossed the river but avoided the climb through the woods by taking the road on the right side of the stream, a quiet sheltered byeway leading to Meifod.

On the climb for Llanfair Caereinion we halted to sun ourselves and gaze over the wide expanse of countryside before drifting down to Banatside. A nagging wind set us searching for lunch and after rying numerous houses we were successful at Voel.

After the meal we watched for first signs of the riders in the week-end's massed start event and soon they came in all their pomp and glory, a most colourful sight but for so short a time. I did not envy them the miles to come over the Bwlch-oer-Ddrws to Dollgelley and Barmouth; advancing years make one consider such unfavourable gradients with awe.

Drifting with a favourable wind and gradient we came to Welshpool to take tea in a well known café before gazing at the windows of shops which were fortunately (for me) closed. Then Guy arrived and so of course we had to return for more tea before making our way back along the quiet way through Guilsfield and Four Crosses to Llansantffraid where twelve gathered round the board for the evening meal and gossip.

We were all up betimes on Saturday morning and with our mid-day meal assured at Hen Dafarn, Little Hirnant, we ambled off towards Llanfyllin to search this centre of commerce for a cape for Ginner. Although unlucky over a purchase a good samaritan took one look at Arthur's honest face and he was waterproofed for the week-end. There are still a few trusting folk with a good opinion of their fellow men.

We rode, walked and rode again before finally storming down into Pen-y-Bont fawr for a glass or two at our favourite Railway Inn, then in the highest spirits we set off along the lane to Carl's with the President charging along like a two-year old.

After an excellent meal and a chat in the inglenook Bert and Percy set off for the easy way to Llansantffraid (if there is one) while the rest followed the bank of the Vyrnwy until forced to dismount on a new bit of rough-stuff making a delightful variation of the route to the Cann Office—Llanfyllin road. We had intended to make a circuitous route back but the strength of the wind made us change our minds and it was tough enough getting back to Llanfyllin and a pot of tea in the spotlessly clean and pleasant café before the final miles to the Sun, my stoker having performed right manfully.

After much discussion it was decided to have Sunday's lunch at Llanfair Caereinion; of course we had to find a new route and in a mile or so we were well and truly lost in the hills. Only Len Walls and I knew the toil involved in following the hog back of Broniarth Hill; ten more Anfielders know it now. Bert, that old spring chicken, did his stuff over a most difficult and gruelling bit of terrain but on nearing Meifod we were all agreed that the slightly longer but easier route was desirable. So Meifod it was and then the direct road to Llanfair where Ken Barker waited to join us for lunch, he having started a week's solo tour to mid and south Wales.

A visit to the Wynnstay during Easter has become quite a tradition for the very good reason of a friendly welcome and the excellent meal provided. This merry lunch gathering was no exception and of course by now we had Ben Griffiths to liven the day after driving down to the Sun for breakfast with his bicycle aboard.

The back road to Meifod found the party split up again, some of us dived into a lane in the village only to be brought quickly to our feet as we ascended into the clouds. A mile or two riding along the ridge brought us once more to Bwlch-y-Cibau then to Llanfyllin for more tea and a main road walk to while away an hour before dinner. Guy and Denis, both gluttons for punishment, tried to retrace our steps of the morning. We had all been struck by the fact that at all points west of the Welshpool road there was such a profusion of primroses which speaks well for the shelter provided by the valleys of Vyrnwy side and our choice of hostelry for an early week-end.

Len Hill awaited us at the Sun, having ridden across from Cilcain during the day to replace Benno who had to make his lonely way home. So we lost one charmer but gained another.

Monday morning came all too soon with its photographs and farewells to Frank, Arthur and Fred as we others set off for Knockin and coffee after which Bert and Percy left us and we were piloted by Guy through lanes to Ellesmere and on to Overton for lunch. With a meal ordered for the stragglers we tandemists had a walk round the church and then decided to call it a day and push on for home and tea.

It was a grand week-end thanks to Mrs. Swain and her well stoked fire and excellent grub, good company and splendid conditions for cycling even though cold and hard at times.

Those present were Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Arthur Birkby, Frank Perkins, Arthur Williams, Salty and Andrea, Fred Churchill, Guy Pullan, Denis Ryan, and Albert Preston for the whole week-end. Jack Newton stayed Friday night and Len Hill Sunday night. Ben Griffiths for the day on Sunday and Ken Barker lunched at Llanfair on Sunday.

R U N S

TWO MILLS, 5TH APRIL 1958

With the aroma of freshly baked pies and cakes in my nostrils I said cheerio to Mrs. Les and set out against a cold head wind for the Eureka and beans on toast. I was greeted by Ben Griffiths who had already wrapped himself around his tea and was about to make an early departure, and our friend John France who changed my mind from beans to eggs.

Shortly after Ben's exit, Peter Jones—on vacation from York—put in an appearance and in the course of conversation we discovered we were both "Anfielders".

After chatting for some time John, who is a model railway enthusiast and engineer in his spare time, decided it was time to puff his way along the Heswall road. Why he should "puff" his way when his working model "chuff-chuffs" are big enough to ride on beats me, and Peter and myself, with the help of a following wind, enjoyed a fast run to Queensferry cross-roads before parting company.

WILDBOARCLOUGH, 5TH APRIL 1958

It was good to be climbing once more the long straggling lane from Langley to the skyline and to gaze from Standing Stones across a vast amphitheatre in the hills towards the Cat and Fiddle and Shining Tor, and, more important still, to catch a glimpse of that delightful country inn, the Stanley Arms, almost tucked away from sight in a fold of the contours.

Yes, and considering it was Easter week-end, there was a fair turn-out, too, half-a-dozen members gracing Stanley's board for the usual excellent meal. It was good to see Stanley after a long absence and even brother William (as taciturn as Stanley is good-natured) gave me a friendly smile. But Stanley had bad news for us. In a few weeks he and his family are vacating the inn after his family have held tenure for fifty years. They will be mine hosts at the Crown at Bollington and it is not certain whether or not they will cater. Ah well! all good things come to an end. Stanley's has been a friendly port of call all my cycling life and it is very doubtful whether the succeeding licensee will maintain the standard of the Bullocks.

Thus given much to cogitate over whilst we partook of tea, we made the most of what is probably the last club-run to Stanley's, discussing this and that with the air of authority which is always a feature of Anfield gatherings. When conversation slackened Alf always took it from there, and eventually we all rose to depart with the usual regret. Personally, I enjoyed rejoining old friends so much that I could have stayed there all night.

Those present were Hubert Buckley, Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth, John Parr, Walter Thorpe, and S. Wild. Hubert, by the way, was riding one of those puff and dart things, and believe me, he bestrode it like a Colossus!

HIGHWAYSIDE, 12TH APRIL 1958

A week's tour of the Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains, including a night with relatives near Cardiff, had been sandwiched between an excellent lunch with the Club at Llanfair Caereinion and tea at the Travellers' Rest. Yet the familiar Cheshire scene was delightful in the warm sunshine of this bright Spring afternoon.

Two Mills was devoid of Anfielders and the Editor set off solo for Chester and into the bye-ways at Waverton on the quiet route through Huxley. On the canal, two youngsters in a red and blue canoe provided a splash of colour and shortly afterwards Les Bennett's Wolseley came alongside en route for Tarporley and a family visit.

At the Travellers' Rest Pat O'Leary, Fred Churchill, Reg Wilson and Denis Ryan were exchanging pleasantries and we were soon joined by Bert, Percy, Ben Griffiths and Bren senior and nine sat down to the usual excellent meal enlivened by strange but true tales of the National Coal Board from Deputy O'Leary.

Tea was almost over when we were joined by George Taylor who had been watching the motor racing at Oulton Park and as the party was breaking up Sid Dickinson, a prospective member, breezed in and volunteered to see Fred safely into Lancashire.

HATCHMERE, 19TH APRIL 1958

All the elements of a horror story were there, the sullen menacing Mere, the sombre brooding forest and THE SOCK. Len Hill, against all good advice, had gone for a walk in the woods with Ginner and Salty, the latter pair did their best but only succeeded in getting one of his feet wet. In an inexplicable fit of remorse Ginner allowed him to put the sodden sock on the engine of his car, to dry.

It was late evening before the police allowed the locals to return to their homes and pronounced the area safe for habitation. One old lady said it reminded her vividly of a night in her childhood, when the Luddites blew up the local sewage-farm!

Inside the café all was animation, conversation being free and unfettered, our hostess did us well in spite of not being notified of our coming. Len played the role of waiter as if to the manner born, although perhaps his bare foot would have been more seemly in Port Said than the Savoy!

As each newcomer arrived a fresh table was added on the principle of an expanding bookcase. This gave rise to an arithmetical paradox; each table on its own could seat *four* people, but when added to the others it provided only *two* extra places. In desperation, Denis 'phoned his employers and arranged for them to feed the data into their computer; the resulting answer—that he would meet a tall dark, handsome man and have a large family—merely served to increase our bewilderment. Perhaps the Herr Doktor from Rotherham can elucidate?

The roll-call as given to me by my taskmasters is as follows:—The President, G. Pullan, L. Hill, Reg Wilson, D. Ryan, John Parr, A. Gorman, P. Jones, Bren Orrell, A. Williams, J. Salt, F. Perkins, A. Birkby, P. Williams, P. O'Leary, B. Griffiths, L. Bennett and F. Churchill.

PONTBLYDDYN, 3RD MAY 1958

In contrast to our first visit when the severest of arctic conditions prevailed, this run into North Wales was favoured with a bright warm afternoon.

Ken Barker and David arrived at Two Mills to meet Paul Walters, one of our prospective Cadets, and these three joined up with Reg Wilson and Denis Ryan to tour through the Woodbank lane to Queens Ferry where we collected Peter Budd, who had dashed on to buy some anchorings for a toe-clip which had shaken loose.

The six set off together for Hawarden but the long rise to Gladstone's village soon sorted them out and Reg and Denis were not seen again until we reached the Mold-Wrexham road at Pontblyddyn. Here they reported having seen Peter Robinson and Chris making for a Youth Hostel week-end.

The sight of Constitution Hill, just across the road and reaching for the skies, was too much for Reg, who shed his bag and disappeared in a cloud of dust followed a few minutes later by Denis, who similarly dumped his luggage outside Woodlands House.

By the time Denis and Reg had come back from the snow line we had been joined by Bert Preston, Len Hill and Arthur Williams and the arrival of Salty and Ben Griffiths completed a party of eleven who sat down to an excellent meal in this pleasant establishment.

The ride homewards, though short, was notable for a heavy crop of punctures. Benno collected a row of them, one within yards of the venue, and Peter Budd, not to be outdone, followed suite near Queens Ferry. And so ended a pleasant run to a new venue which provides a real welcome among the Flintshire hills.

HUNTINGTON, 10TH MAY 1958. CLUB "50"

A dull, cold afternoon with continuous heavy rain was responsible for many names on the card being marked D.N.S. and eventually only John Parr, Bren Orrell and Ben Griffiths came under starter's orders. Ben later repented of his rashness (or felt sorry for the checkers) and packed in near Saughton on the second lap.

Bren returned 2.20.10, an excellent ride on such a foul afternoon, and he was closely followed by John Parr whose 2.21.35 was another triumph of mind over matter.

Other members out and about on the course were Bert Green, Reg Wilson, Ted England, Pat O'Leary, Bren senior, Arthur Williams, Bert Preston, Len Hill, Rex (timing the event), and Bob Austin, Bert Wood, Ken Barker, and Les Bennett. Two prospective Cadets, John Farrington and David Barker, and "prospective" Peter Budd, completed the party.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIII

JULY, 1958

NUMBER 620

FIXTURES

AUGUST

2/4 TOUR TO BATH ROAD CLUB "100"

2 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café) SOMERFORD

9 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)

11 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL

16 PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House)

BARTINGTON (Tall Trees Café)

23 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Red Lion)

30 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)

Wednesday Evenings. EUREKA CAFE, TWO MILLS

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 21, 30s.; Under 21, 15s.; Honorary, a minimum of 10s. and donations to the Prize Fund (unlimited) should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. E. C. Birkby, 28 Manor Avenue, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, 23, or may be paid into any branch of the Midland Bank Ltd. for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of address: A Howarth, 11 Clifton Crescent North, Rotherham, Yorks.

New Members elected: P. Crutchley, 27 Tudor Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead, and J. M. France, "Ladore", 139 Thingwall Road, Irby, Wirral, have been elected to Membership.

Application for Membership: Jeffrey Hammond Mills, 58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool 11. Proposed by K. W. Barker, seconded by A. Preston.

We would like to welcome the following into the Cadet Scheme:— David W. Barker, 42 Bickerton Avenue, Bebington; David L. Bennett, 32 Church Street, Connah's Quay; Francis F. Dearstowe, 4 Smithy Lane, Little Acton, Wrexham; E. John Farrington, 34 Forest Road, Heswall; John France, junr., 139 Thingwall Road, Irby; Maxwell O'Leary, 10 Gladwyn Road, Little Acton, Wrexham; David Riding, 9 Southridge Road, Pensby; Paul D. Walters, 9 Palmerston Road, Wallasey.

IN MEMORIAM

F. D. McCANN

It is with deep sorrow that we have to report the death of F. D. McCann.

"Mac" joined the Club in 1908 and took part in races with credit, being placed in Club events in each year from 1909 to 1914; perhaps his score of 200½ miles (a very good ride in those days) in the "12" of 1913 pleased him most. He won the "Del Strother Prize" (for the most meritorious performance) in the "100" of 1909. He was soon in office, being elected Vice-Captain in 1910, and Captain in 1911. But his greatest service to the Club was his work as Secretary, from 1912 to 1921, and his Committee work from 1922 to 1925. From time to time, when unforeseen vacancies occurred, he acted as Editor of the *Club Circular*. From 1925 onwards circumstances prevented his continuing the same active part in the affairs of the Club, but his interest never failed. In 1957 the Club conferred Life Membership on him in recognition of his eminent services.

An active, virile man, proud, sensitive and combative, when that was necessary, with apparently inexhaustible energy, in all he did he was capable and methodical, and the duties of his office were performed with meticulous care. In the 1914-1918 war he was not allowed to join the fighting services since his work in the control of shipping was of the greater importance; that work was onerous enough to keep any man fully occupied, but he took on, in addition, a command in the Liverpool Special Police. In the 1939-1945 war his work in the control of shipping was greater even than it had been in 1914-1918: in fact it was overwhelming—very long hours, no time for meals and constant anxiety and strain took their toll and at the

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last he had heart trouble from which he never fully recovered. The years from 1945 until the end held very little pleasure for him; to one who had had so much energy and vitality the inability to get about quickly and the necessity of taking care all the time, and, in the last few years the constant nagging pain, with no hope of cure, must have made life a sad trial.

He leaves a widow, the daughter of W. P. Cook, for so many years President of the Club, two sons and a daughter; the heart-felt sympathy of all members of the Club goes out to them.

Frank Chandler, Bert Green, John Leece, Jimmy Long and Eddie Morris represented the Club at the cremation ceremony at Landican on June 13th.

THE CLUB PHOTOGRAPH

The photograph published this month is one of the best we have had the pleasure of printing for many years. We are not referring to the technical merits so much as the fact that included in the thirty-one members and cadets who faced the camera all ages from the early 'teens to the mid-eighties are represented. Both Jack Davies and Fred Churchill sent excellent prints and we eventually chose one of the latter's because Jack had modestly left himself out and his print, though otherwise first class, was one face short. Those on the photograph reading from left to right are:—

Front row: Len Hill, Frank Dewstowe, Maxwell O'Leary, David Barker, Paul Walters, David Bennett, Peter Crutchley.

Second row: E. G. Pullan, R. Wilson, P. Williamson, H. Green, J. J. Salt, J. R. Band, J. J. Davies.

Third row: F. Churchill, D. Ryan, L. Pendlebury, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, P. O'Leary, J. G. Griffiths, E. England, P. Budd, J. M. France, J. L. Bennett.

Back row: K. W. Barker, A. Birkby, W. McWhinnie, G. Parr, F. Perkins, J. Newton.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Four members of the Rough Stuff Fellowship are to attempt a crossing of the Sprengisandur Pass in Iceland, travelling from Reykjavik to Akurcujic and negotiating swift flowing rivers, desert rocks, sand and lava dust. They will be carrying food for fourteen days.

Anfielders out at the Championship "50" included Salty and Guy Pullan (with official jobs on the card), Denis Ryan, Ben Griffiths, Ken Barker and David, Ted England and Peter Crutchley. An exciting race was won by Ward, Haverhill C.C. in 1.55.50 from Craven (Crescent Whlrs.), 1.56.43 and Gambrell (Clarence Whlrs.), 1.57.5. The Crescent Wheelers team set up a new Competition Record of 5.54.2.

Lion Hotel, Sunday, 25th May. Massed Start Race. Distance, One pint. Timekeeper, R. J. Austin, Esq.

1. Hubert Buckley, $9\frac{3}{5}$ secs. 2. Bob R. Austin, $12\frac{2}{5}$ secs. Bert Preston, D.N.S. (Lack of training). Timekeeper's Clerk—L. J. Hill.

Stan Wild had a pleasant tourlet after the "100" with lunch at the Halfway House on Welshpool Road then up the Dolfor climb and down the delightful Eithon valley to Crossgates and Llandrindod Wells for the night. Next day he had a look at the Claerwen Dam and from Builth crossed to Brecon over the fine moorland road through Upper Chapel. The last day was spent reviving memories of pleasant runs round Pembridge and Eardisland before taking train from Worcester. Stan's new Berry had aroused much interest at Bishop's Castle on Sunday largely because of the Sturmei with coaster brake which was for export only until quite recently. Unfortunately it is only available in the wide ratio three speed.

Would those racing men who have ridden in Opens this year please send details to the Editor for inclusion in the next issue?

A number of runs have not been reported recently and the sequence of "write-ups" in the *Circulars* has gone haywire. Will members please send in reports (even if in note form with list of attenders) immediately after the event?

Congratulations to Len Walls and Peter Robinson, who have recently become engaged. It was a pleasure to meet Len's fiancée at Bishop's Castle and of course Peter's Chris is well known to many Anfielders and is a doughty pedeller. Her recent letter in *Cycling* questioning whether 150 tough North Wales miles in twelve hours was strictly a "tourist" trial was very much to the point. Anyway, Chris completed the course in time and is another excellent reason why the Anfield is an all male club!

Many riders sped through Four Crosses in the "100" and refused the proffered food but the urgent calls for 'grub' by returning riders suggests that the Tanat Valley had again taken its toll.

The most consistent ride in the event was by B. Cunliffe, Mercury R.C., whose first fifty of 2.16.26 was precisely half of his final 4.32.52.

R U N S

WILDBOARCLOUGH, 3RD MAY 1958

It was a lovely day, (my son says Cup Final day always is) and when Walter and Alan Gorman met Eddie Goodall and Alf Howarth by common consent we made for the hills. Fifty per cent of the party claiming unfitness the pace was easy through Pott Shrigley, Charles Head and Kettleholme to Goyts Bridge where we learned that kick and rush had once more gained the day at Wembley. A hard climb to the Cat and a swift descent brought us to Stanley's for what is most likely the last time as the tenants are leaving after fifty years of catering. Most of us can look back over many years of runs to this most pleasantly situated port of call and Bert, who was present today, recalled a visit as long ago as 1908. A surprising absentee considering

the occasion was Hubert Buckley. He may be glad to hear that Harry Duck had at least one beer for him. Dave Brown too was there, all fifteen stones of him. He says he will be out on the bike more in the future but, as many a motoring cyclist will tell him, the road to Hell is paved with good intentions. Bren Orrell made the party up to eight, a typical attendance number of the runs to Wildboardclough over the years and we had the same kind of intimate chat on topics old and new that I have come to think of as a feature of runs to Stanleys and of nowhere else. It was sad to think that this was the end.

HATCHMERE, 17TH MAY 1958

The run to Hatchmere proved particularly interesting as I had arranged to meet John Farrington and David Riding (two prospectives for the Cadet Corps), at the Eureka. It was a pleasant surprise to find them in the company of Guy on my arrival and after a cup of tea we set out for Hatchmere via Capenhurst and Dunham-on-the-Hill.

In the vicinity of Rangersbank we overtook Frank Perkins who was enjoying his "doodling".

As we turned at the crossroads on to the switchback John France met us with a huge smile and we continued to the Forest Café to find a goodly company of Anfielders. A walk by the Mere while we waited for tea proved very pleasant, and as we didn't care for Len Hill's Copy Book we kept our feet dry. As we sat down at the table our President arrived to the accompaniment of pleased ejaculations from the rest of the company.

If it was said that we sat down to a groaning board it would be more than the truth. The ham salads, eggs and beans didn't stay long enough to give the table a chance to murmur, and Bren Orrell (senr.) was a runner up in more senses than one; he had a table to himself and had to beg for his bread and butter from those who were loath to let go.

After disposing of the afters in the shape of custard pies and apple pies, and many cups of tea, and various gossips of this and that we departed our several ways for home.

Those in attendance were President Bert Green, Capt. Reg. Wilson, Denis Ryan, Guy Pullan, Laurie Pendlebury, Benno Griffiths, Pat O'Leary, Bren Orrell, senr., John France, John Farrington, David Riding, Frank Perkins, Les Bennett, Fred Churchill and Les Dickinson.

N.B. A number of Run reports have been held over through pressure of space and these will be included in the August issue. Will members with outstanding reports please send them in immediately.—EDITOR.

WHITSUNTIDE WEEK-END, 1958

The Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, headquarters for the week-end and the "100" housed one of the best parties for years with some twenty members in residence with another dozen wives and friends made up a total of over thirty. Others were dotted around the ancient town and over at Four Crosses another seven made their temporary abode at the hospitable "Street House" overlooking a remnant of Offa's Dyke. Quite unknown to them, Harry Austin and family were a mere four miles away at Llansantffraid and Len Walls kept a watchful eye on the top end of the course from the Sun at Llanrhaidr.

Those cycling south on Saturday had to face a strong wind which brought several short but sharp showers and at Four Crosses heavy rain filled the evening hours and gave two laggard arrivals a wet ten miles or so from near Gobowen.

Sunday dawned clear and bright but at Four Crosses heavy rain fell as the first man up in the T.A. "100" came in sight. Fortunately the rain gave place to blue skies and for the remainder of the week-end we were blessed with glorious cycling weather.

Percy Williamson, Guy Pullan, Pat O'Leary, Ken Barker and David together with Ted England and Peter Crutchley, after assisting with food and drinks for the triecyclists, made their way to Bishop's Castle, where lunch had been booked at the Old Brick Guest House and found this delightful little town apparently taken over by Anfielders and their friends and Bert Green eventually presided over a gathering of twenty-seven.

In addition to the Four Crosses party already mentioned there were Jimmy and Mrs. Cranshaw and daughter, Rex and Mrs. Austin and Bob, Jack Salt with Elsie and a friend, Jimmy and Mrs. Long, Bath Roader Jack Beauchamp and Mrs. Beauchamp and Len Walls, who brought his fiancée".

Stan Wild looked fit and ready for his timing marathon on the morrow and was as pleased to be back in Anfield company as we were to see him. The company was completed by Bert Preston, Denis Ryan and Len Hill who had started a week's holiday and was off to Wembley after the "100". During the evening there were further arrivals at the Lion; Alan and Mrs. Gorman heading a party which included Dave Brown, Walter and Mrs. Thorpe and Tommy Scrowther (South Lanes. R.C.) and his wife. Harry Austin looked in on the way to Llansantffraid and then there were Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, Reg Wilson and Olive, Mark Haslam, Bren and Mrs. Orrell, Arthur Williams, Fred Churchill and of course Ira Thomas.

Visitors to the Lion and the race were far too numerous to mention all but among those noted were Arthur Smith and Ed. Green, Peter and Tommy Barlow, Johnny Williams, Ted Rigby, Arthur Wood (who timed the T.A. "100"), John Helms (of *Cycling*) and Cecil Paget.

In addition to those already mentioned we noted on the course Alf Howarth and Ann, Don Stewart, John Futter and Ben Griffiths with their wives, Dave Thorold and brother, John Parr, Den Jones and Hubert Buckley.

The "100"

It was very cold and dull as the staff and early starters assembled at the start in good time before veteran Mersey Roader Okell was due to lead the long procession on the first leg south to Ombury.

Silently and efficiently Jack Beauchamp did his usual good job of getting each starter on the line in proper order to be pushed off by Hubert with short spells by Jack Spackman.

There were nine non-starters and by the time the last man had been despatched by Timekeeper Stan Wild there was the first stirring of a breeze from the south-west.

At least thirty-five Anfielders, one "prospective" and one Cadet were spread around the course and as these have been listed earlier we can pass on to acknowledge the valuable assistance received once again from individuals and kindred clubs.

Having a change from Four Crosses, was a large Mersey Roads Club contingent who manned the first drinks station at twenty-seven miles, then the Mid Shropshire Wheelers piloted all the riders, including their own ultimate winner Smith, safely round the islands on the bye-pass. At Shelton Oak friends of the Birkenhead North End C.C. passed up the second drink just before Rex Austin took halfway times and away up at the top turn Eric Musthill headed the East Liverpool Wheelers who took charge of the drinks at the end of the Tanat Valley. At Llanyblodwel Carl Birkby ensured that no competitor toured the Vyrnwy Valley in preference to the Tanat and we are grateful to him for deputising for brother Arthur who was laid low with lumbago.

Just after 7-15 a.m. the first man (No. 2, Jenkins of Rhondda) reached the fifty mile check with a time of 2.14.47 and he was to lead on the road all the way round, passing Maerdy at 7.41 a.m., Llanrhaiadr at 8.21, and Maerdy on the way home at two minutes past nine.

Fastest at half distance were Masterson, second last year, 2.8.27, then the surprise of the race, Morris, with 2.8.58, followed by Doolan, Merseyside Wheelers, Heckson (Mercury) and G. C. Smith, Merseyside Wheelers, some three minutes down on the two leaders. Merseyside Wheelers were packing well with Baldwin fourth here in 2.12.50, then came Fogg, Bebington C.C., 2.12.59 and Coukham of the Rutland C.C. with 2.13.25.

With thirty seconds separating them at 50 miles the race was, barring accidents, between Masterson and Morris and checks at Maerdy, Llyncllys, Llanrhaiadr and Maerdy again with twelve miles to go, showed these two well within a minute of each other and Morris apparently having the edge on his rival over the second half.

At the finish in Montford Lane Stan Wild packed himself and his staff in Mark Haslam's car in readiness for the first man to finish. At 9.36.8 he came, No. 2, L. R. Jenkins, Acme Wheelers, with a ride of 4.34.8, which remained fastest until No. 27, J. Turner, Warrington R.C. came in with 4.27.41. Less than a minute later came B. Morris, Mid Shropshire Wheelers in 4.21.24 and, with 15 minutes allowance, an apparently certain winner of the handicap. Many thought his actual time would take some beating and so it proved as one by one the fancied men came in and failed to displace him. Masterson, who came out of the blue to take second place in 1957, had to be content with 4.22.39, second again and then G. C. Smith's 4.23.46 gave the Merseyside Wheelers a flying start for the team medals as well as placing him third.

It was unfortunate that Morris ultimately missed the rare distinction of first handicap and fastest in the Anfield "100", but some days after the event he notified an improvement in his fifty time and under R.T.T.C. regulations the Committee had no option to disqualifying him from the handicap, a decision reached most reluctantly, for the omission was an oversight in a period when he was pre-occupied with examinations.

Seventy-two riders completed the course and full results are shown on the attached sheet.

The winner is 18 years of age and lives only 8 miles from the start. Gear trouble during the race left him with a choice of 81 or 98 for most of the ride in which he improved his "100" time by some ten minutes.

Arrangements worked very smoothly and Eric Reeves, the event secretary, deserves the thanks of the Club for an excellent promotion. A resolution to this effect was unanimously approved at the last Committee meeting.

It was evident this year that some alteration is necessary at the finish. Montford Lane, once a little used byeway, is now heavy with traffic using it as a slip lane between two busy main roads and a visit from a mobile police officer might have led to more serious complaint had it not come at a comparatively slack period when only two or three men were left to finish.

The attached sheet gives the full result of this, the fifty-ninth, Anfield "100". Next year when we celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Club we will be promoting the sixtieth in the series and both occasions will be marked by a Dinner in Shrewsbury on the Saturday of Whit week-end. Arrangements are already in hand and it now remains for all members who can possibly get to Shrewsbury over that week-end to book the date now and make the celebration worthy of the old Club.

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President: H. GREEN

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIII

AUGUST, 1958

NUMBER 621

FIXTURES

AUGUST

- 23 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
30 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Red Lion)
Please note change of dates

SEPT.

- 6 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
8 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
13 CLUB "25" Headquarters—Beeston Brook
20 PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House) Somerford
27 UTKINTON (Smithy Farm)
Wednesday evenings—EUREKA CAFÉ, TWO MILLS

COMMITTEE NOTES

The annual general meeting has been fixed for 18th October at Halewood and the "Autumn Tints" Tour will be on 4th/5th October at Llansantffraid.

Change of address: L. J. Walls, 51 Dee Banks, Boughton, Chester.

Application for membership: Keith Edward Selkirk, 28 Kingswood Boulevard, Bebington, Wirral, proposed by C. Selkirk, seconded by H. Green.

TREASURY NOTES

With ten months of the Club year gone there are still a number of members who have not yet paid up. In one or two cases there are also arrears from previous years still owing.

Those who are prepared to take the benefits of membership and leave others to pay are not playing the game and it is hoped that all arrears will be cleared off before September 30th.

THE CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB

Formed at a meeting in Harrogate on 5th August, 1878, the C.T.C. completed eighty years' of service to all cyclists early this month and the Anfield, formed only seven months later, sends greetings and best wishes to our great national club on the occasion of its eightieth birthday.

NEWS IN BRIEF

We hear that Jack Fawcett has been in Sefton General Hospital and hope that our veteran member is now fully recovered.

Goosetrey is the venue for the N.R.R.A. luncheon on October 19th, and the organisers are hoping for a really representative attendance.

"Having a splendid tour in Dolomites and doing some rough stuff. Roads too steep and rough to ride down and too stiff to ride up—We're walking miles!" So writes Stan Wild on a card bristling with jagged peaks which dwarf the chalets and pine trees at their base.

Racing men are again asked to advise the captain when riding in 'Opens' so that some help can be organised. They are also reminded of the rule requiring attendance at a minimum of twenty runs in the year before club prizes can be taken.

First amateur to hold the Land's End to John O'Groats bicycle record since 1904, Dave Keeler, Veg. C. & A.C., took 2 days, 3 hours, 9 mins. for the journey, an improvement of 3 hrs., 24 mins. on Ferris's time.

An alternative to the tour to the B.R. "100" was mooted and received committee blessing; Headquarters near Bala were sought without success and eventually Guy Pullan and Jeff Mills booked up at Four Crosses.

Frank Marriott spent an early holiday in a caravan on the Ayrshire coast and in mid-July he piloted the Flintshire Historical Society on a day's tour of the Wirral which included a visit to the old tower at Brimstage.

Owing to a printer's error (due no doubt, to the editor's shocking script) in our last issue Len Hill went to Wembley for Whit week after doing duty on the "100" course. Actually his headquarters were at WEObLEY, that delightful Herefordshire village so well placed for exploration of the upper reaches of the Wye.

Mention of Leonard reminds us that he was one of the party at Nant Hall. Prestatyn referred to in a report of the 1957 Mersey Road Club "24" which reads *"now we come to the long grind up the coast road into Wales. By day this road is crowded with traffic but from midnight on most of it has disappeared. The roadside is lit at intervals by the glare of cooking stoves and near the far turn the roistering Anfielders make merry at the drinks (soft) station"*.

Cycle Sport, a new weekly rival to the long established *Cycling* ceased publication in July after only twenty-four issues.

We were glad to see Cyril Selkirk out at Two Mills on a recent Wednesday evening and of course Keith's application for membership (see Committee Notes) should result in the Selkirk clan being represented at future runs.

Timing the inter-club "25" with the Cheshire R.C. on 28th June was just a little gentle relaxation for Rex Austin before riding in the C.T.C. Manchester D.A. Veterans' "100" next day. Starting and finishing at Cheadle the seventeen riders (average age sixty-three years) stopped for lunch at Hatchmere before a thirty-three mile ride to Goosetrey for tea.

R U N S

LITTLE BUDWORTH, 26TH APRIL, 1958

Friday brings Saturday and awakening on a Saturday morning with business responsibilities over until Monday, one can concentrate on the cleaning of one's bicycle.

Wiping down the enamel to remove the grit and then polishing with a good wax polish to protect the enamel, oil all bearings and bath the chain in paraffin. Scratches on the enamel should be tackled thus:—One application of a rust neutraliser like "Jenolite" and then administer some quick drying colour. There may, of course, be some more scientific way of dealing with the said cycle, such as acid dipping, or not having one at all. But I say look to your tyres, keep 'em pumped hard and regularly pick out the grit, because modern rubber is not wot it was; ask Fred Churchill, the "Rub er Walla" who for years has advocated the more smelting down of pig iron.

"Ginner" turned up having obviously carried out the necessary operations on his four mudguards, with great dexterity, as evident by the shine. A ring to Bert Preston disappointed, for he was still playing the part of a rugby football.

Apart from knocking down a few bicycle riders we had an uneventful journey to the Red Lion, where I was soon converted to spiritual bliss by one bloke who informed us that bromide is also used in photography and another who prefers representative art to symbolic. This state of mind is always nice to attain because one can attend a club run on four wheels and acquire the mental proportions of a cyclist. One can become sunburnt and fit like "Benno", or youthful like Bert Green and motor home, without any embarrassment, with "Ginner" (who never has any, anyway). (Any what? bromide? ED.).

Herr Kapitan told Denis Ryan to ask me to write up this run, I suppose because all the other blokes were cyclists and would bore us stiff with cycling topics. So I quote the attendance in the chronology of the alphabet so no one will know who wrote above. I know the editor won't split because he cannot afford to lose his salary now fish and chips are "up".

Peter Budd, Fred Churchill, "Ginner", Ben Griffiths, President Green, Len Hill, Guy Pullan, Denis Ryan, Percy Williamson and Reg Wilson.

PANTYMWYN, 31ST MAY, 1958

Having the whole day to play with, I lunched at the little cottage on the Mold-Denbigh road, near Star Crossing, that used to be a favourite house of call for pre-war Anfielders. Although getting on in years now, Mrs. Evans has lost none of her skill in the making of cakes and pastry and the view from her garden of the Clwydian range is as satisfying as ever.

The afternoon was notable for the distant glimpse of Snowdonia and the Great Orme from the hills behind Tremeirchion and a visit to Cilcain church to renew acquaintance with the mid-fifteenth

century hammer-beam roof reputed to have come from Basingwerk Abbey. The ravages of the death-watch beetle in the carved oak roof timbers have been made good except over the chancel for which funds are still required.

On arrival at the Windmill Café, Reg Wilson, Denis Ryan and cadet Paul Walters were found in possession with Ken Barker parked in the family chariot outside. The gathering gradually built up to the "Anfield 13"; Eddie Morris arriving by bus and Denis Jones venturing all the way from Broughton (at least eight miles!) were welcome and unexpected arrivals. Torrential rain fell during the meal, pelting down on the wooden roof of the 'pavilion' to which we were relegated, perhaps because of our numbers. The service was slow and the meal adequate although rather "pricey", the good lady explaining that given prior warning she would have baked cakes. After tea we were joined for a few minutes by Les and David Bennett.

The rain having ceased, a quick move for home was made, so quick that I left my cape behind, a happening previously unknown in my forty years of cycling. Fortunately Bert Preston brought it along and restored it to a crestfallen owner. The fast drop down to Mold sorted out the party and Frank Perkins and prospective John France joined me in following a quiet route that skirted the town by Soughton and Northop to Connah's Quay which was voted delightful in the rain soaked coolness of the evening. On arriving at the Two Mills café Denis Ryan indignantly commented on our arrival on the heels of the fast bunch despite having come the hard way over the mountain! Young David Barker whom school cricket had claimed during the afternoon had set out late, met the Club a mile short of the tea place, and without stop for rest or food returned with them—which promises well for the spirit and capabilities of the young riders coming to us under the new Cadet Scheme. In addition David joined in the long way round to the Glegg Arms and down to Landican Lane to put Paul well on his way home to Wallasey.

Those present were Ben Griffiths, Denis Ryan, Reg Wilson, Eric Reeves, Frank Perkins, Denis Jones, Ken Barker, Eddie Morris, Bert Preston, Les Bennett, Guy Pullan, prospectives John France and Jeff Mills, and Cadets David Barker, David Bennett and Paul Walters.

SOMERFORD, 31ST MAY, 1958

The end of Whit-week and the "100" of the previous Monday provided plenty of talking points for the assembled party of the president, Percy Williamson, Bren Orrell (sen.), Allan Gorman, Harry Clayworth, Walter Thorpe and Dave Brown.

Walter and the writer had lunched at the Rose and Crown, Algreave, in that hill country where the three counties of Cheshire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire meet. After lunch we climbed up over a shoulder of 'The Roaches', but not to be engulfed in a herd of deer on the move as was Walter's previous experience on that road. The road down was most precipitous, and one section was a cart track with five-barred gates crossing it.

Although rather a hard afternoon, on riders and machines, it was well worth it, especially when looking down on the surrounding hills and valleys from the top road on 'The Roaches'.

SECOND CLUB "50", 7TH JUNE, 1958

The pre-race bustle was in full swing when I arrived after delay on the way leaving insufficient time in which to prepare for the (to me) serious business of riding fifty miles. Eight members were despatched by time-keeper Austin on an afternoon that had been wet and promised to be even wetter. Wright, Robinson, Wood, Futter and Griffiths elected not to go, although the last two mentioned were present and, if looks meant anything, were fit enough. They helped though, so can be forgiven. Ted England was in haste to make his mark on the racing world. He made a rapid burst away from the start, omitted the first detour, but 'pranged' at Stocks Lane first time. Exit England. Meanwhile a fit Orrell was demolishing the distance that separated him from those who had started earlier and before half-way all except Dennis Jones had seen his lithe figure draw away. Dennis too, succumbed at about ten miles to go. Bren's time of 2.11.51 represented a jolly fine ride; never mind what Old Bren said about his son having no speed at present. Pat O'Leary did a 2.33 and finished looking as if he had enjoyed it but Dennis Ryan had taken the knock pretty badly for his 2.26. The other two finishers Jones and Parr both did 2.19, the former with a puncture which cost him about four minutes. Well done boys. As for me, I packed at thirty miles as did Wilson, hunger in my case, cold in his. Quite a good turn-out of non-riders too I thought. Probably I did not see all who were out but certainly there were Green, Salt, Perkins and Peter Crutchley, in addition to anyone previously mentioned. There were also a number of young riders whose names I do not yet know. The meal afterwards wasn't too bad even with a triple encore from the juke box of Elvis Presley's *Jailhouse Rock*. I enjoyed it all, the afternoon as a whole I mean, not Elvis. Another "50" next month, so come out.

2nd CLUB "50" RESULT

	Actual time	H'cap	H'cap time	
	h. m. s.	m. s.	h. m. s.	
1. B. Orrell	2.11.51	3.30	2. 8.21	Fastest/1st
2. K. D. Jones	2.19.12	7.0	2.12.12	h'cap
3. J. Parr	2.19.35	4.30	2.15. 5	
4. D. Ryan	2.26.1	15.0	2.11. 1	
5. P. O'Leary	2.33.7	14.0	2.19. 7	

HATCHMERE, 14TH JUNE, 1958. PHOTOGRAPH RUN

Before the meal there was a special meeting of the racing men to discuss policy. Alan Gorman and I arrived in the middle of it but we managed to get the general idea, namely that the racing men should, whenever practicable, ride in the same event, and to further this idea the captain should receive and distribute all entry forms, etc.

There were actually no racing men present but we had the benefit of the reminiscences of Jack Salt who spoke for himself and others like him who were more naturally gifted in their day. If only youngsters would take the advice they are given, instead of always having to learn the hard way! (All right, grandad, calm down!)

Anyway, the meeting ended with general agreement on the idea, and it only remains to see it put into practice. It is nice to think that after seventy-nine years the Club has eventually found something concrete for the captain to get stuck in to. (No comment).

At last we sat down to the usual large tea; there was the usual back chat, front chat, this chat and that chat (mostly that chat) before thirty-one surfeited cyclists strolled out to continue their talk in the sunshine. Such topics as "Is the Campag. the Ultimate?" "Do three-wheelers make the best tricycles?" were freely bandied about in the open air for some time before people began to depart homewards in twos and threes.

By the way, sometime during the evening (I can't remember exactly when) we had our photos took; we had to line up and suffer the same old comments upon which the aforementioned seventy-nine years have had little or no effect:

"Don't smile Joe, you'll crack the lens!" (Laughter).

"Can you blokes on the outside move in a bit?"

"Hide Jim's face, or the lens will crack!" (Laughter).

"Can you blokes on the outside move in a bit more?"

"They can't get Alf's head in!" (Hilarious laughter).

"Or Salty's!" (From Alf).

"Can you blokes on the outside move in a bit more yet?"

Etc., etc.

At long last they packed up their cameras and the job was done for another year. I only hope they print a good one of me.

(The resultant photograph and attendance list will be found in the previous issue. Ed.).

UTKINTON, 21ST JUNE, 1958

Heavy rain tried to spoil the pleasure of our return to Smithy Farm after several years but although the attendance was small those who journeyed to this old Cheshire village were rewarded with a warm welcome from Mrs. Badrock and a pleasant ride home.

The torrent which cascaded down on Ken Barker and David soon after leaving Two Mills eased off before Mollington was left behind but it was capes all the way through the lanes to Guilden Sutton and then via Tarvin and Duddon to the quiet way which leads gently upwards to Utkinton.

Bath Roader Dick Stockdale, back in Liverpool after his sojourn down South, was awaiting our arrival; we were delighted to see him and hope he will join us many times before his impending removal to New Zealand.

Prospective member Jeff Mills was the next arrival having come over the Transporter and through Delamere. Bert Green was the sole representative of Cottonopolis and from Wrexham we had Pat O'Leary with friend Gilbert Berry of the Wrexham Wheelers.

Frank Perkins completed the party and reported the Pack Horse Bridges and approaches to be in good order, except for a short stretch of mud resulting from farming operations.

With the Championship "50" to be settled in the Wirral early on the morrow several of the party were anxious to be home and abed early setting off in quite heavy rain which ceased fortunately before the aforementioned stretch of mud had to be negotiated.

Christleton and Guilden Sutton were left behind and, after a brief halt on the canal bridge at Stoak, lanes were followed to Rivacre, Hooton and Clatterbridge before the parting of the ways at Bebington after which Jeff had to plough a lonely furrow to the ferry and through Liverpool. Altogether a most pleasant and satisfying run in spite of the elements.

BEESTON BROOK, 28TH JUNE, 1958

Inter-Club "25" v Cheshire Road Club

When I left home at 1 p.m. the weather was still undecided and could easily have turned into another wet day. However on entering Northwich, after eighteen miles, the sun came out in all its glory and from then on it remained perfect except perhaps a little hot for the speedmen.

The main roads were heavily burdened with traffic, many cars making for Oulton Park; near Little Budworth, Alf Hammond and a protege caught me and I tucked in behind until we reached Tiverton Cross roads where I turned left for Barrett's Green and into the lanes to the first turn in the "25" at Wade's Green there to be joined by a "Chesh." member and later by Don Stewart and Jack Davies.

With all the riders turned on their way back to Barrett's Green and Nantwich I made my way to the finish, feeling by this time in need of tea, both liquid and solid, so that Beeston Brook was definitely the next stop.

The assembly at Beeston Brook Café was quick and with tea smartly disposed of, the president and I left for home, arriving at the "Windmill" for our usual refresher about 8-30 p.m.

Pleasant and quiet lanes now took us to Carrington where Bert was left to make his own way home to Ashton-on-Mersey.

Both clubs had a good turn-out of members and Anfielders noted, in addition to the riders named in the results table, were: H. Green, L. Hill, J. R. Griffiths, D. Stewart, L. Bennett, E. G. Pullan, A. Williams, K. W. Barker, G. B. Orrell, J. J. Davies, J. Long, F. Churchhill, R. J. and R. R. Austin, A. Preston and E. England.

Four cadets, David Bennett, David Barker, Max O'Leary and Frank Dewstone were out and the party was completed by prospective member Jeff Mills.

As will be noted from the table below Bren Orrell returned fastest time and the Cheshire R.C. team again took the medals. Denis Ryan made no mistake over the Club Handicap with a nett time well under the hour.

NAME AND CLUB		ACTUAL TIMES			H'CAP	H'CAP TIMES
		13 MLS.	25 MLS.			
		M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.	H. M. S.	
B. Orrell	ABC	32 40	1 4 5	0 15	1 3 50	
C. G. Cadman	CRC	33 4	1 4 21	2 45	1 1 36	
R. Grainger	CRC	33 30	1 4 55	3 10	1 1 45	
J. E. Conway	CRC	33 11	1 5 8	1 0	1 4 8	
K. D. Jones	ABC	33 50	1 6 3	0 50	1 5 13	
D. E. Norris	CRC	33 45	1 7 3	0 15	1 6 48	
A. N. Hammond	CRC	34 5	1 7 23	2 45	1 4 38	
A. Gorman	ABC	33 51	1 7 27	2 15	1 5 12	
A. T. Champion	CRC	34 19	1 7 53	7 15	1 0 38	
J. Parr	ABC	34 45	1 8 57	2 20	1 6 37	
R. Wilson	ABC	34 33	1 9 21	4 30	1 4 51	
D. Ryan	ABC	35 15	1 9 23	12 0	0 57 23	
C. Jones	CRC	34 46	1 10 31	3 15	1 7 16	
J. Agnew	CRC	36 21	1 11 1	7 30	1 3 31	
P. Crutchley	ABC	35 59	1 11 55	7 30	1 4 25	
J. J. Salt	ABC	38 38	1 16 13	9 0	1 7 13	

Fastest time: B. Orrell (Anfield) 1. 4. 5.

TEAMS: (Handicap)

1. CHESHIRE R.C.

2. ANFIELD B.C.

A. T. Champion 1. 0.38 D. Ryan 0.57.23

C. G. Cadman 1. 1.36 B. Orrell 1. 3.50

R. Grainger 1. 1.45 P. Crutchley 1. 4.25

3. 3.59

3. 5.38

D.N.S.—ANFIELD—P. O'Leary, J. R. Griffiths, J. C. Futter.
CHESHIRE R.C.—H. R. Warburton.

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ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIII

SEPTEMBER 1958

NUMBER 622

FIXTURES

SEPTEMBER

27 TARVIN (George & Dragon). **Not** Utkinson as given in August Circular

OCTOBER

4/5 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR. SUN HOTEL, LLANSANTFFRAID

4 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café). MIDDLEWICH (Woodlands)

11 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)

13 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL

18 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms). ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING after tea

25 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest)

COMMITTEE NOTES

We welcome the following new members to our ranks:—

J. H. Mills, 58 Townsend Avenue, Liverpool, 11, elected at the August meeting; and Keith Selkirk, 28 Kingswood Avenue, Bebington elected at the September meeting.

Also Cadet Brian Davies, 39 Victoria Road, Saltney, Chester.

Application for membership: Peter G. S. Budd, 6 Ormiston Road, Wallasey. Proposed by R. Wilson, seconded by F. Perkins.

A.G.M. The Annual Meeting will be held at Halewood on October 18th after the 5.30 meal. Postcards signifying your intended presence will be appreciated by October 14th, and notices of motion for the Agenda must be in my hands not later than October 4th.

Club History. New members who are interested in the past activities of the Club are invited to apply to the Secretary for copies of THE BLACK ANFIELDERS, now selling at 10 6d., plus 1/- postage.

New List of Members. A new list of members was prepared some time ago as at June 30th. This will be in the hands of all members in the next few days. Unfortunately, one name has been missed: H. V. Rourke, 69 Granton Road, Anfield, Liverpool, 4.

Struck off: Mr. S. H. Bailey has been struck off the list of members as his present whereabouts are unknown.

The telephone has now been installed at the Secretary's home: HOYLAK 7473.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The Mersey Roads Club "24" was run very successfully on 26th, 27th July and resulted in a win for C. Bate, South Lanes. R.C., with 458.5 miles. Second was S. P. V. Bray (Solihull) with 455.75 miles and in third place was P. E. A. Carter with 453.5 miles. Supporting Bate and Carter to take team medals for the South Lanes. R.C. was Les Heald, who covered 439.25 miles.

We recently came across a photograph of the inn sign of the Headless Woman, Duddon, in a national paper together with a letter from Mrs. Olive Dawson, who said that the inn was once the lodge to Hockenhull Hall where, in Cromwell's day, a band of plundering soldiers tortured and beheaded a faithful old woman housekeeper who had outwitted them. Her ghost was said to haunt the Hall and that is how the pub got its name. Mrs. Dawson's letter continued: "We came by the sign some thirty years ago when my father, an old sea captain, who had sailed round the Horn in the old sailing ship *Falkirk*, bought the figurehead of that ship when she was broken up at Birkenhead."

Ten weeks after Keeler set up his new End to End record (noted last month) Reginald Randall, another amateur, of the Harlequin C.C. broke it with a ride of 2 days, 1 hour, 58 mins., an improvement of 1 hour, 11 mins.

G. Tate, Lancaster C.C., has set up a new Liverpool-Edinburgh trike record of 10 hours, 54 mins, a 39 mins. beating of the previous best.

Normal Sheil, Melling Wheelers' crack road and track man, has regained the World Amateur Pursuit title.

A new R.R.A. handbook has been published and is available, price 2 6d. from W. H. Townsend, 100 Bethan Road, Greenford, Middlesex. This beautifully produced handbook is a mine of information on road records past and present.

In a recent W.C.T.T.C.A. "100" John Parr clocked 4:48.32. Reg Wilson called it a day after 54 miles.

The result card of the North Road Memorial "50" is of unusual interest, for it marks with asterisks the 25 finishers whose times were "personal best". Another sign denotes apologies received from non-starters, and it is a grave reflection on the current standard of manners that, of the 21 entrants who failed to keep their appointments with the timekeeper and other officials round the course, only two sent apologies.

A letter in *Cycling* (20.8.58) signed by R. A. Herbert, Chief Marshal, B.R. "100" and thanking all who assisted in the promotion of this year's event, mentions "those stalwarts of the Anfield B.C. who came all the way from Liverpool to give us a hand."

Greetings and good wishes to all Anfielders have been received from the Mayor of Pulford and from Bert Lloyd, who also sends news that Charlie Randall is alive and flourishing although a confirmed golf-addict.

When Guy Pullan decided on a rail assisted week-end in North Wales at the end of August his movements were checked with M.I.5 thoroughness and reported to this journal. An hour or so after de-training at Colwyn Bay he was spotted by a lynx-eyed Cadet riding through Aber towards Bangor. After a visit to Beaumaris, Guy re-crossed the Menai Straits and made Bettws-y-Coed for the night. In the morning in Bettws, he was accosted and his Anfield affiliations checked by the heir to the Birkby estates.

Riding home from Hatchmere (6.9.58) and only a few minutes after leaving Reg Wilson and David Barker at Ledsham Station, Denis Ryan collided with the rear of an unlighted car parked in a dark stretch of road and he was taken to Ellesmere Port Hospital with head injuries which have proved less serious than had been feared. We hope that by the time these notes are in print Denis will be about again and send the best wishes of the Club for a quick and complete recovery.

At their September meeting the Committee discussed the important question of charges for Club teas; then a day or so later came the write-up of a run which referred to a sensation of hunger on leaving the table! To complete the cycle, talk at the Wednesday meet at Two Mills concerned a noticeable sameness in successive months' fixture lists. All this adds up to the fact that a wider choice of tea places is desirable and members could help by passing on suggestions to any member of the Committee. It would, of course, be most helpful if members could give full details not only of the address of the proposed venue but also an indication of the type of accommodation and meals available.

R U N S

PONTBLYDDYN, 5TH JULY 1958

Owing to a congenital inability to ride on bicycle at a decent pace and a complete lack of success at map reading, an early start was made.

With the destination Pontblyddyn we glanced at a map and soon found ourselves pounding up the Sportsman Pass—Still—*Nil desperandum*—or summit.

Another glance at the map and we tore off to Pentre Voelas, where we gathered our reserves and took stock of our provisions (half a slab of Bournville and a half-empty feeding bottle. We do everything by halves.).

With the help of three maps we traversed the tortuous length of A.5 to Corwen and then struck off into the wilderness for Llandegla and eventually emerged from the undergrowth at Pontblyddyn, where we sank gracefully onto the pavement.

After rousing ourselves sufficiently to take note of Bert Preston, Arthur Williams and Jeff Mills, the arrival of Benno was the signal to start tea; the late arrival of John Futter and Den Jones completed the party.

The homeward run was enlivened by those of the party with massed-start aspirations and the writer was told off for "going" at all the wrong times and wrong places and is now resigned to remaining a permanent long-marker in the time trial game.

The field re-assembled at Two Mills and departed thence to their respective abodes.

Those present in addition to members already named being Reg Wilson and Denis Ryan.

SOMERFORD, 5TH JULY 1958

A fine afternoon after a very wet week induced me to borrow my brother's iron (my own being *hors de combat*), and make a lone dash through Cheshire lanes for Somerford. I managed to avoid all towns except Helsby and Sandbach and in spite of an easterly breeze was first to arrive at Somerford.

Soon the bikes rolled up to be shedded, for there was now a threat of rain, and we sat down to tea. There seemed to be some confusion over the orders, but eventually all was straightened out after one member (who shall be nameless) agreed to have two boiled eggs instead of one. [Difficulties only arise when you try to get an Anfielder to accept one egg instead of two. ED.]

Conversation was brisk, and seemed to be on that old favourite, the police. It always amazes me where these stories come from. I must be peculiar as it's years since I spoke to a policeman. However, I was too engrossed in listening to Alf Howarth on what was the best in new bicycles, so I was only listening with half-an-ear.

Seven o'clock came, and the old question of writing up the run arose and I truly was voted the job on the grounds that I was the youngest present. I don't quite understand the logic of this, and I suspect that as the only one present living east of the Transporter Bridge . . . Anyway, it was eight to one, so I accepted rather hurriedly. The rain held off and an hour and a quarter brought me to Oakenclough, Y.H., where I was spending the night.

Those present were the President, R. J. Austin, F. Churchill, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, G. B. Orrell, L. Pendlebury, P. Williamson and K. E. Selkirk.

HATCHMERE, 12TH JULY 1958

The prospects were fair as I set out for the ferry and to cross the Wirral; approaching Clatterbridge I caught sight of a familiar figure in the form of Albert Preston and together we continued to Two Mills and refreshments, after which we decided to avoid the main roads and make our way through Pieton Gorse, Bridge Trafford and Manley. While loitering in the forest Benno was seen approaching at a great rate but on finding that Bert and I were walking (up a hill) he needed no persuasion to drop off his bicycle and do likewise.

A walk to the mere was indicated when we found ourselves to be the first arrivals at the Forest Café but on our way Bert Green and Percy Williamson were seen coming from the Kingsley direction, the President forging ahead to take the final prime.

Back at the café we five decided to start tea just as we were joined by Reg and Denis who had been on a training spin to Llangollen. A few minutes later Bren junior arrived followed closely by Bren senior to complete the party.

Bert and Percy were first to move away followed by the two Brens, who made off in the direction of Norley. The remaining five set sail for home with everything perfect until Ben discovered that he had a 'slow'; he was last seen turning into Tarvin and it is assumed that he did a Victor Sylvester all the way home.

Albert, Reg, Denis and I travelled on through Mickle Trafford until, on approaching Ellesmere Port, the rain started and Denis roared away leaving three of us to cape up and wind our way towards Birkenhead.

In addition to those already named who qualified for attendance points there was prospective member Jeff Mills, who was press-ganged into writing the report.

HUNTINGTON, 19TH JULY 1958. CLUB "50"

After a week of splashing about in all the glory of an English summer it was an unexpected surprise to find this Saturday dawning bright and promising sunshine for a projected trip to Ruthin and over the Horse Shoe Pass before assisting at Farndon with the "50".

The Top Road was heavily infested with traffic and Woodbank Lane provided only a hull before the storm, for, at the junction of the main road to Queensferry, queues of cars two and three deep stretched in all directions apparently for endless miles.

The prospect of sharing North Wales with such a horde was not to our liking and turning tail we fled to Chester and the peace of the quiet villages of Aldford and Churton before stopping for lunch on the banks of the Dee at Farndon.

A maze of lanes around Shocklach and Worthenbury provided easy wheeling in the early afternoon and Malpas was drowsy in the heat as we strolled through its pleasant streets before making our way back to the well known café in ever delightful Holt for a cup of tea.

Frank Perkins, Bert Preston, and Guy Pullan seemed sufficient to cope with all possible eventualities in Farndon so the Editor and David were despatched to report to Commissar Bren Orrell whose side-car, bulging with bottles of liquid refreshment, for the thirsty athletes, was parked a short distance down the road.

The staff here already consisted of Bren senior, Mrs. Bren junior, Jimmy and Mrs. Long, Benno and his wife, Clive Wilson and Peter Crutchley, so that even if the "field" arrived massed-start fashion, all would be well.

First man up was Keith Lancelotte, Wrexham R.C., a friend of Pat O'Leary's, riding a private trial and his 2.26.50 will be vastly improved upon with a little more experience for he blew-up in the last few miles after riding consistently for the first forty.

Denis Ryan was going well and Ted England appeared to be quite comfortable but evidently did not find the heat to his liking, for he packed on the second lap. Reg Wilson was obviously revelling in it, and not even a missed drink could put him off his stroke. A streak of blue marked the passing of young Bren and we were treated to a real fighting scrap between Den Jones and Pat's red tricycle, but both were missing when a depleted field went through the second time. Quite a gallery waited at the finish and first to reach Timekeeper Long was Reg Wilson with a good ride in 2.18.15, which settled the handicap award. Bren Orrell returned fastest time of 2.14.40, Denis Ryan beat 'evens' by just over a minute and veteran Salty came home comfortably, six minutes outside that standard.

Apart from riders and those previously mentioned there were present: Bert Green, Bert Wood, Les Bennett, Jeff Mills, "prospective" Peter Budd, Stan Barker (of the 40-plus outfit) and Cadets David Bennett and Max O'Leary.

RESULT—THIRD CLUB "50"

	Actual time		H'cap.	H'cap time	
	h.	m. s.	Mins.	h.	m. s.
B. Orrell	2.	14.40	scr.	2.	14.40
R. Wilson	2.	18.15	12	2.	6.15
D. Ryan	2.	28.55	12	2.	16.55
J. J. Salt	2.	36. 3	19	2.	17. 3
K. Lancelotte	2.	26.50	P.T.	—	—
D.N.F.—P. O'Leary, E. England, K. D. Jones.					

UTKINTON, 26TH JULY 1958

No report has so far been received on this run. In addition to any who attended at Smithy Farm a party consisting of Len Hill, Salty, Les Bennett, Bert Preston, Denis Ryan and Peter Budd journeyed to Nant Hall, Prestatyn, to man the turn and drinks station in the Mersey Road Club "24". Guy Pullan went to Shropshire to be ready for a job early on the morrow and no doubt other members assisted but have been too modest to shout.

TOUR TO BATH ROAD CLUB "100"—AUGUST 1958

For the past three months when asked if going away for the August holiday I have stated my intention of riding down to the Bath Road "100". It was a half-hearted declaration and I didn't really believe it myself. Unfortunately for me my family did and the Saturday before the event found me out on the road at the unearthly hour of 7.0 a.m.

Twelve-thirty found me at Ludlow where I startled two old ladies by telling them that I'd come from t'other side of Chester that morn-

ing and was going to Reading for the night. Come to think of it, saying it out aloud startled me somewhat too.

Round about 5.30 p.m. saw me beyond Gloucester storming up Birdlip hill much to my surprise (I didn't even know such a hill existed) and at 8.30 I pulled up in Hungerford, on the course, and decided to call it a day.

The night was spent in a tiny old pub, in a room just five feet high, with a window a foot square at floor level and early on Sunday morning I eased my creaking joints and completely rigid ankles outside to give some encouragement to the girls riding in the Rosslyn Ladies' "100".

After breakfast I was on my way and spent five hours dawdling over the sixteen or so miles to Theale, arriving about tea-time and meeting the Anfield contingent and a goodly sprinkling of Bath Roaders. I was told to tag along to the "Thatchers" and here I sat down to the most crowded tea of my life, accompanied by Bert Green, Rex Austin and Percy Williamson of "Ours" and Jack Beauchamp, Westaway, "Boffin" and many other Bath Roaders.

After tea we chatted for a time before setting out for our headquarters, the Hare and Hounds at Beenham; I had by this time laid claim to the bed of the missing Albert Preston.

At the Hare and Hounds we were joined by Salty and family and Bren senior with Mrs. Orrell, and sat down to our second salad within two hours. Later in the evening we were joined by Beauchamp, Boffin, Westaway and a few other 'bods', Salty made a list of those present and started the first round which was followed with a quick succession more or less alternating Anfield and Bath Road.

As the party was breaking up a complete stranger wandered in and complained that someone had pinched the wind out of his tyres. Solemnly Boffin told him that if he went outside he would find it floating around waiting to be put back again and he departed quite happily.

Monday dawned dull and reasonably still but quite warm and I joined Salty outside to see the early starters go through. After the field has passed we had breakfast and set off for the finish, joining hundreds of club folk who had come to see the heroes return.

When all was over, including the shouting, I dismantled the bike, balanced the pieces in the back of Bren's sidecar and travelled north on the pillion arriving home somewhat stiff and cramped, in the early evening.

[Also down for the event but not mentioned above were Jimmy and Mrs. Long].

ALTERNATIVES TO BATH ROAD TOUR

So far we have had no word regarding attendance at Somerford. Ben Griffiths, Les and David Bennett and Ken Barker attended at the Two Mills alternative and all four found the ride well within their powers!

An alternative tour received Committee blessing but was mooted too late to receive much support or to find headquarters in the Dee Valley as originally intended. Eventually Guy Pullan and Jeff Mills had a pleasant week-end based on Four Crosses.

HATCHMERE, 9TH AUGUST 1958

For good reasons, on my annual trip to the South Coast, the outward journey is somewhat hurried, just three days allowed. Then after an interval, there is the pleasant day's ride to the Thames Valley for the Bath Road "100", and a very enjoyable week-end with some of our own people and, of course, more of our London friends. That leaves five-and-a-half days for the journey home, and an easy zigzag route; no hurry anywhere, plenty of time to call on friends here and there. Thus it was from the hospitable Sun Inn at Llansantffraid that I set out for Hatchmere. A following wind made it easy to reach Whitchurch for lunch and, in the afternoon, to call at Highwayside and to see Mr. Johnson's augmented staff dealing with the demands of no less than four coaches at once! There were already a few members at the Forest Café when I arrived and gradually the party increased to fifteen—not a bad muster for the holiday season. Denis Ryan was none the worse for his one-day ride from the Wirral to Hungerford. We were very pleased to see the Selkirks, father and son; it's a long time since we have seen the senior, and we welcome the junior, a good hard-rider. Pat O'Leary gave a comprehensive lecture on the never-never system, supported by an imposing mass of figures, all going to prove what a lot of vultures the sellers are. Laurie Pendlebury, fresh from a trip to Ireland, arrived late as usual. Arthur Birkby was late too; he had been battling along cheerfully at his usual eighteen an hour when a small boy emerged from a side lane immediately in front of him, the result of the unexpected meeting being a badly buckled front wheel and extensive arm lacerations for Arthur, but no trouble at all for the youngster. George Parr had brought his better-half—or should it be the other way about? We disposed of the usual excellent meal and departed all on our separate ways in good time. For me, a wind-assisted ride, for which Laurie set a cracking pace.

In addition to those mentioned above, there were present:—F. B. Churchill, E. England, H. Green, J. R. Griffiths, G. B. Orrell, E. G. Pullan and P. Williamson.

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIII

NOVEMBER 1958

NUMBER 623

FIXTURES

NOVEMBER

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------|
| 1 | HALEWOOD (Derby Arms). | SOMERFORD* |
| 8 | HATCHMERE (Forest Café) | |
| 9 | DALTON (Prescott's Farm), SUNDAY RUN. Lunch at 1.0 p.m. | |
| 10 | COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL. | |
| 15 | PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House). | MIDDLEWICH* |
| 22 | HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest) | |
| 29 | TARVIN (George & Dragon) | |

**Alternatives*

New Member elected: Peter G. S. Budd, 6 Ormiston Road, Wallasey, has been elected to Full Membership.

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NEWS IN BRIEF

Alan Gorman, who won the last Club "25" with 1.6.11, clipped ten seconds off that time to finish second in the V.T.T.A. Birmingham Group "25". A week later he clocked 1.6.24 for sixth place in the Vets' National Championship event promoted by the Notts and East Midlands group on a course near Derby. The event was won by Pat Bains (Notts Wheelers) who won our "100" in 1948 and 1950.

Through Mrs. McCann the Club has acquired a large collection of slides which belonged to our late Life Member and some of these are to be sorted out for showing at a future fixture.

We recently heard from Ever Bright and although unable to get about much he enjoys reading of what the boys are doing and sends regards to all and best wishes for good hunting in the New Year.

With the colder evenings upon us, meets at the Eureka Café on Wednesday evenings are folding up until signs of spring are noticeable. Time was when Tea Tasters (and Beer Biters) had a twelve months' season but that was in the days when cafés were warmed and the turnout merited overtime for the proprietors.

Mention elsewhere in this issue of a possible new venue in Tarporley will find an echo in the December fixtures, for we are to visit the Grotto Café there on the 13th. Halewood has been chosen as the venue for the Boxing Day lunch and on the following day (December 27th) we will try out the Bear and Billet in Chester.

With this issue almost ready for the press we realised that it marks the completion of nine years since that shattering moment at the A.G.M. of 1949 when F.E.M. gently but firmly passed over the well-worn stump of blue pencil.

By the time the printer has done his job another A.G.M. may well have decided that a further change is long overdue. If so we will accept the bowler hat (and serious drop in income) with fortitude and happy memories of much understanding support from fellow officers and members. If the worst happens we can only hope that you, the Black Anfielders of today, will live up to that reputation for toughness enjoyed by your forebears and grin and bear it for another year. After all, the Fixtures (and Treasurer's address) are on the front page so there is no real need to open it!

R U N S

PONTBLYDDYN, 16TH AUGUST 1958

Denis Ryan, was the sole occupant when I arrived at the Eureka, but we were soon joined by Jack Salt, Guy Pullan and Peter Crutchley. The road to Wales was full of holiday traffic which did not hinder greatly the progress of the riders. On reaching Queensferry we

proceeded on the coast road as far as Conmah's Quay before turning for Mold via Northop, Soughton and the Denbigh Road. A turn-right in Mold saw us gradually climbing along a twisting lane until we came out halfway up the Rainbow. Two quick turns first left then right took us into more lanes and so it remained until we arrived at Woodlands House where Pat O'Leary and Brian Davies formed a reception committee. The party was completed by the arrival of Len Hill.

We then partook of an excellent meal followed by a discussion which covered a variety of subjects too numerous to mention.

On leaving, Pat said he *might* attempt the 1,000 miles record and in order to help him we set off in the direction of Mold, turning right for Llong and Padeswood and on to Penymynydd, where Pat said T.T.F.N. Brian Davies was the next to leave, turning off at Hawarden. Salty, Denis and Peter set off for Queensferry with Guy in fast pursuit which left Len and me to take our time to Two Mills, where a short stop was made before departing on our various ways.

Present: J. Salt, G. Pullan, L. Hill, D. Ryan, P. O'Leary, P. Crutchley, J. Mills and B. Davies.

TALL TREES CAFE, LOWER WHITLEY, 16TH AUGUST 1958

When I was honoured with a request to write up the run I reflected inwardly on the unkind deviations of an antagonistic fate which makes sure that whenever I attend a run packed with incident, humour, good company, vibrant human drama, etc. I am not asked to "do" it, but when I *am* asked I can't think of 'owt to write about.

On this occasion the company was excellent as usual but there was a certain lack of incident which makes the memory of the run rather soft and vague but undoubtedly pleasant—rather like an evening at home by the fire. And "home" the Anfield Club run surely is—to many of us.

Anyway, Eddie Goodall and I had a ride out which involved getting lost in the once well-known lanes round Knutsford, missing our "fourses" because all the people at the Woodlands Café had gone to the "Show", staggering hunger—knocked into a sweet shop in Davenham to purchase a heterogeneous selection of sweets which made us feel revived but sick for the rest of the journey, and strolling into the Tall Trees Café "dead on time", only to find that my watch was twenty minutes slow.

Bert Green had hammered out on his own, just missing Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton, who had stopped for something or other. Laurie had bought some Asp wired-on tyres (28/- each) to enable him to hold the President's back wheel on the way home, and Jack had discarded his Harris Tweed waistcoat, so hot was the day!

After the meal we sat outside and talked for a while about (of all things) motor cycles, those machines which combine all the advantages (or disadvantages) of both cycles and cars.

At last we departed, Fred Churchill once more making his solitary and rather dull way back to Golborne, while the rest of us pattered back through the lanes towards the Great Metropolis itself. A quick-one at the Windmill, which Bert's cycle *will not pass*, then straight home.

Those present were the President, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Newton, Fred Churchill, Eddie Goodall and Alf Howarth.

UTKINTON, 23RD AUGUST 1958

It was grand fun to be out on the bike again after holidays had interfered with the real pleasures of life and it was too good to be true, for it was a grand summer's day, with sunshine and a gentle breeze. The heavy main road holiday traffic can happily be avoided when one lives in Cheshire and a few additional miles mean nothing to a keen bike rider, who loves the quiet of the lanes.

Summer reigned, if one looked about; the colour of the cornfield told of harvest, the apples and pears were ripening in the cottage and farm orchards, and one was alert to the gold of the sun as it glided towards the hills and of the green and silver across the far north-western sky. I was rich and living with my soul steeped in the beauty of the scene, which was gladly presented to me by the old tree-edged Cheshire lanes. Only the lanes can give that tranquillity, with of course, the dear, dear bicycle. An exciting ride, with only incidents of a water rat (not on a bicycle) scuttling by the canal and two handsome jackdaws haughily ignoring my presence. The approach to the hamlet of Utkinton is delightfully medieval and the farmstead we visit is centuries old.

Mrs. Badrock has served us well for many years, but she cannot re-charge herself and we must leave her to the evening of her life. Fourteen ate eggs, lovely brown eggs from lovely white Utkinton hens and those eggs made the boys chirp better than ever, even Denis Ryan could be heard above the babble. But contrast is the spice of life and I enjoyed it after the lanes—even the scandal that Peter Jones had been a Teddy Boy, Devil and Bishop during his sojourn at York, until someone qualified "Only in college plays." So now he teaches at Queensferry, we wish him luck and hope one day he will be a real bishop. It was nice to see Harry Duck again, who when not racing with the veterans, regales us with tales of long lone rides. Apart from aforementioned, eggs were also consumed by our President, Leslie and David Bennett, "Benno", Keith Selkirk, Guy Pullan, Jack Salt, Len Hill, Jeff Mills, Bren Orrell and Laurie Pendlebury.

"RED LION", LITTLE BUDWORTH, 30TH AUGUST 1958

Today's run was at once a pleasant Anfield occasion and a dilemma for the poor recorder. The weather was kind and no provocative or debatable issues were raised. Speaking for myself, the only feeling I had on leaving the table was one of hunger, although I suspect it was shared by other members of the company.

Perhaps it was the narcotic effect of starvation that made me such an easy victim to our Denis's literary blandishments—this lad has the makings of a super-salesman!

Attendance was as follows: The President, David Bennet, Frederick Churchill, Reuben Griffiths, Peter Jones, Bren Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, Denis Ryan, Arthur Williams and Percy Williamson.

BEESTON BROOK, 13TH SEPTEMBER 1958. CLUB "25"

It was a lovely afternoon for the last Club event of the season although probably the racing men, some of whom had a thirty miles dash to the start, found it rather warm for speedy riding.

Timekeeper Rex Austin sent seven riders on their way including visitor George Littler of the Manchester Victoria Wheelers, whose private trial ended in the good time of 1.11.48.

There was quite a gallery at Barrett's Green to see the field rejoin the Nantwich Road with thirteen miles behind them. First man up was Cadet David Bennett, riding steadily but wasting no time; his 1.17.23 was an excellent novice effort and Reg Wilson (who caught him a mile later) reported difficulty in shaking him off.

Reg was first to reach Bren senior and Mrs. Orrell at the top turn and he was nearing the finish before John Futter went by to clock in first with 1.6.57 to the Captain's 1.10.14.

To return to Barrett's Green; Harry Duck was in control and parked along the railings were John Parr (riding a "12" on the morrow), Ken Barker, Peter Jones and Cadets David Barker, Paul Walters with a friend, Graham Taylor and John Farrington. We were later joined by Jimmy and Mrs. Long, Bert Wood with son Cedric and Jack Salt whilst Chris Bedwell was anxious to get a photograph of Peter Robinson in case he 'died' further up the course.

Alan Gorman went through with that deceptively easy style and it was no surprise to anyone who saw him here when he returned to the finish with 1.6.11 to take fastest time and handicap prizes. Peter Budd, trying his speed legs for the first time, had dashed from Wallasey and arrived at the start with only 15 secs. to spare so that it was not surprising that he packed in before the top turn. Far from dying, Peter Robinson clocked in with 1.11.50, changed and set off for a North Wales Youth Hostel with Chris.

At the finish, in addition to those already mentioned, we found Bert Green, Don Birchall and Bert Preston and the party was completed with the arrival of Les and Mrs. Bennett, who had been at the far end of the course. Len Hill went straight to Beeston Brook,

With the news that catering facilities are no longer available at Utkinton it seemed desirable to try out a suggested venue in Tarporley. With this in view and also to relieve pressure on the Beeston Brook Café a group consisting of Salty, Reg, the Editor, the Bennetts, Bert Preston, Don Birchall and a bunch of ravenous Cadets, stopped at the Grotto Café and found it excellent. Well fortified we set out through Huxley and lanes to the pack-horse bridges and so to Cotton Edmunds, Guilden Sutton and Mollington before re-grouping, too late for a cup of tea, at Two Mills. Here Len Hill awaited us and offered to pilot the Wallasey contingent to Heswall.

A spot of lamp trouble for one of our Cadets gave Salty and Abdul an opportunity to do their good deed for the day and these worthies piloted him who was lampless home to Heswall before the wee sma' hours set in.

PONTBLYDDYN, SEPTEMBER 20TH 1958

A new and exciting method of discharging patients is practised by the Ellesmere Port Cottage Hospital. According to Denis, the procedure is to suggest a walk in the grounds, when considered well enough to get up and, hey presto, on your return you find your bed already occupied by the next victim.

We were all very pleased to greet Denis on our arrival at the "Eureka", where we gathered for the usual cuppa before attempting the difficult and dangerous assault on Pontblyddyn. The weather, being favourable, we accepted his suggestion and made a flanking attack via Connahs Quay, Northop and Mold.

The bells of Northop pealed out a clamorous welcome as we approached through the rain drenched lanes, but Mold was not quite so hospitable, and Les was short of one cycle cape.

When we finally arrived at "Ye Antient Hostelry" rather late by "Anfield" standards, we were surprised to find we were the only attenders but, quality before quantity, the six stalwarts did ample justice to the fare provided.

A very friendly welcome was extended to one—Dick Stockdale—of the Bath Road Club, who informed us that he was shortly emigrating to New Zealand; we wished him well in his venture, and hoped to hear from him in the future.

Seven-thirty saw us once more in the saddle heading for home by the more direct route through Hawarden. At Queensferry we said farewell to Les and Dave, and at the "Eureka" to Denis; the Glegg Arms saw the final dissolution, and Irby was reached by 9.15 p.m. after a very enjoyable run.

For the purpose of the record the participants were Les Bennett, Dave Bennett, Denis Ryan, Peter Budd, John Farrington and John France.

TARVIN, 27TH SEPTEMBER 1958

On this delightful Saturday I decided that a surreptitious visit to Tarvin might enable me to pounce upon one or two unsuspecting miscreants who have not yet paid their subs. No luck! However, one member from Golborne who rides a Claude Butler, goes for months of touring on the Continent each year and takes thousands of photographs, and who shall remain anonymous, did cheer me up somewhat by insisting on paying next year's! It enabled me to pay for my meal anyway!

The gates of the "George and Dragon" were closed when I arrived and the notice "Beware of the Dog" made me hesitate although I need not have worried as the bloodthirsty hound, all eight inches of it, later made our acquaintance wrapped in the protecting arms of the proprietor's daughter. Suddenly the unmistakable voice of the National Coal Board made me feel that all was well and I was among friends. President "Evergreen" was there, volumes of smoke curling up from his well matured briar. Guy was proudly exhibiting a light-weight cap he had bought secondhand from Woolworth's. The presence of Denis Ryan, peeling off a gorgeous pullover of Anfield colours, showed that he can bash in the rear of motor-cars with impunity. Towering over all was the graceful figure of Marriott with "Wee" Marriott in close attendance. He will make a splendid Secretary when Pa is pensioned off and I think he was quite favourably impressed with his Dad's associates as he gave us such a cheery "Good night everyone" on his departure.

The grand weather accounted for half a dozen more than had been estimated with the result that Bren and Bert had to be content with beans on toast, although the latter had been there considerably longer than I had.

It was pleasant to be able to start the return journey in the light and the largest contingent of Anfielders I have seen for many years, in one party, swung along at a merry pace. The canal bridge at Stoak (or is it Stanney, Guy, I can never remember) sorted us out a bit and it was not until lighting-up time that we joined forces again on the bye-pass. Two Mills appeared to be the next port of call and at eight p.m. this is too far from Crosby so I joined Guy and together we ambled gently into Birkenhead.

Those present were Bert Green, Guy Pullan, Fred Churchill, Bren Orrell, Keith Selkirk, Percy, Pat O'Leary, Ben, Reg Wilson, Denis Ryan, Les Bennett, Albert, David Bennett, Marriott (large and small), Jeff Mills, John Farrington and Birkby.

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR



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

President: H. GREEN

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIII

DECEMBER 1958

NUMBER 624

FIXTURES

DECEMBER

- 6 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) MIDDLEWICH*
- 8 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 13 TARPORLEY (Grotto Café)
- 20 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café) PRESTBURY*
- 26 HALEWOOD. Lunch, 1-30 p.m.
- 27 CHESTER (Bear and Billet) SOMERFORD*

JANUARY 1959

- 3 VICAR'S CROSS (Silver Teapot) MIDDLEWICH*

** Alternatives*

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COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: J. R. Baul, 3 Stretford Avenue, Walmersley, Bury, Lancs.

Boxing Day. Lunch has been arranged at the Derby Arms, Halewood. Please notify the Secretary if you intend to be present as an accurate estimate of numbers is essential.

Subscriptions are now due and an early remittance would be appreciated.

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

With this December issue of the *Circular* we would extend to all our readers cordial good wishes for a merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

May the miles be many and varied, the punctures few and far between and the wind astern at least out or home if you can't have it both ways.

In March next the Club will celebrate its eightieth birthday and arrangements are already well in hand for making the occasion a memorable one.

Christmas and birthdays are traditionally times for presents and, although this is not an appeal in the usual sense, members who insist on regarding it as such will find the Treasurer both understanding and co-operative.

It is, however, an appeal to members to look around and see if they can give the Club the best possible present. The introduction of a friend who will come in and help to take the Anfield into new and even better days is a two-way gift. That is the way the Club lives and grows: without new blood it must eventually die, for even Anfielders do not last for ever. And the friend you bring along will bless you for the possibilities of life-long friendships which the Anfield offers him.

"CYCLING" BOOK OF MAINTENANCE

The Fourth Edition of "*Cycling*" *Book of Maintenance*, published in mid-November, is a mine of information and should be on every cyclist's bookshelves.

Every part of the cycle is dismantled and its fitting and adjustment explained in simple terms, illustrated by numerous excellent detail drawings.

Even the most knowledgeable cyclist will find more than five shillings' worth of information and interest, whilst to the youngster, keen on keeping his mount in first class order, it will prove a guide and friend with all the answers.

This book will solve many Christmas present problems for harassed fathers and uncles and if it is accompanied by the companion "*Cycling*" *Manual* every aspect of the game will be covered in a most readable and lasting form.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The last issue was printed as November in error, but this has been allowed to stand. Members who keep their copies should mark them October/November to avoid confusion in the future over an apparently missing number.

The Captain wishes to draw the attention of Junior members to the necessity of having reliable lamps, both front and rear. To date the standard of lighting has not been satisfactory and several times members have had to supply batteries to get the culprits home. Lamps should be checked before starting for a Club run and it is as well to carry spare batteries and bulbs in case of failures.

The Mersey Roads Club sponsored an Inter-Club "25" for racing off-shoots of the C.T.C. early in October and four teams (six to count) entered. The event was won by the M.R.C. with 6.30.58, followed by Crewe R.C. (6.44.26) and York Phoenix (7.5.25). The North Lincs. R.C. team did not start.

From our Manchester correspondent we learn that Walter Thorpe pranged recently whilst trying to avoid a dog and needed three stitches over one eye, but he is now fit again; Hubert Buckley has invested in a new motor-bike as his old pip-squeak just couldn't cope.

Both of Harry Duck's sons were married recently within a month or so. Hugh Fletcher was among the Anfield contingent at the N.R.R.A. luncheon, which was said by some to be lacking in "atmosphere" this year. Anthony Gorman is now in his first year Honours School of Chemistry at Manchester University.

We hear that Ed. Green has already booked at the Lion for next Whit and those who wish to stay there might do well to stake an early claim.

Just on going to press we heard of the death, early in November, of Jack Fawcett, a member since 1919.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

SUN HOTEL, LLANSANTFFRAID, 3RD/5TH OCTOBER, 1958

A wet and windy night found me Wrexham bound on the Friday of this Tints week-end, but Home Rails to Gobowen and Oswestry ensured my arrival at the "Sun" in reasonable order.

Albert and Len awaited me in the bar and we supped awhile until the call for dinner. A fourth member of our small Friday night party was not to arrive but his meal was laid and so short work was made of that too.

The local darts team had suffered a heavy defeat that night but undeterred they serenaded Llanfantffraid until almost midnight. The choral party under the verandah was much to our liking with songs to suit all and very well sung.

Saturday. We three were up and away in bright sunshine and after "elevenses" in Llanfyllin we consulted maps to weigh up the road west towards Vyrnwy. Turning off towards Pen-y-Bont, an

enticing lane by the streamside drew us away from the highway and led into an enchanting valley. Our intention was to follow this valley and then cross the ridge to the east and so join the main road above Pen-y-Bont, but instead we held on to the head of the valley to be brought quickly afoot.

With metalled roads behind we slowly ascended the wet grassy track that was to lead us, after much mud wallowing, to the crest and its grand views, westward towards the canyon of Vyrnwy and all around the rolling Berwyn hills. A maze of grassy roads cross this ridge and all will bear a closer inspection on some later date.

A lane running with water, a watersplash and a lovely wooded vale eventually brought us to the main road three miles from Llany-yddyn and a farm away off the road just before the final downward fling provided lunch; at last we have a meal stop within easy reach of the lake.

Of course our luck was to hold as rain poured down during the lunch stop but we departed later in brilliant sunshine to sit and bask under a Mediterranean sky whilst gazing over the placid waters of Vyrnwy.

Water was roaring over the barrier in foaming haste as we retraced our steps to the hairpin bend where the road leads off to Conway and we were soon in the mud again and wondered how a farmer repaired his tractor in such a sea of it. This time we took the riverside track to Llwydiarth; a ramshackle bridge deters motorists from using it and it was a pleasant surprise to discover a tea place down by the river. We certainly find things on these wanderings.

On to the high road for a time we free-wheeled and climbed with Albert doing his utmost to win one mountain *prime* but, alas, the hill went on and up round the corner and we were forced to walk. So we came to Dolanog with its falls in full spate and there debated the rival claims of Meifod or Llanfair Caerainion for tea. Meifod won and whilst sitting down to a sumptuous tea we also dodged the rain once more.

During the final few miles Len decided that it was his turn to win a sprint and it was fortunate that his final dash past the "Halt" sign on entering Llansantffraid did not end in disaster. Thirteen gathered round the board at the "Sun" and later in the lounge passed a very pleasant evening. We do wish Alf would put some of his theories to the test; lead filled wheels would get him over Moel Sych, I'm sure!

Sunday. A threatening morning greeted us but a hearty breakfast put everyone in good heart for the return to home and hearth. Bert and Percy were soon away, quickly followed by Fred Churchill, whilst the rest of us studied ways and means. It was agreed that we should meet the two motorists in Chirk for lunch and eight cyclists set off into the hills. Taking to the hills crossing near the Lion we ambled on to the Green Inn, narrowly escaping an early demise at the hands of some church-going motorists who evidently required a goodly reason for their morning prayers.

The rolling road to Llansilin soon split the party but Ben, John and Denis patiently waited for Jeff, Albert and me. We decided that Len and Ginner would expect us to stop for "elevenses", but we went straight through Llansilin and climbed, becaped against the first real rain of the week-end, to the crossroads at the old Racecourse above Oswestry, then pushed on to Selattyn and a pre-lunch pint at the Bridge Inn, Chirk, where Arthur and Alf were already stoking up. Ben, whose tubulars at last seem to have given up the ghost and who has put away his "flivver", will have to resort to footslogging from now on but this time he was lucky and Alf was there to run him home.

Tea by the cup at Caergwrle and by the pot at Two Mills helped us on our ways, and so eventually Len and I reached Heswall eagerly awaiting the next "do" at Easter. Those present on the tour were Bert Green, Percy Williamson, Bert Preston, Athur Williams, Arthur Birkby, Salty, John Futter, Ben Griffiths, Alf Howarth, Fred Churchill, Denis Ryan, Len Hill and Jeff Mills.

ALTERNATIVE TO THE TINTS TOUR

TWO MILLS, 4TH OCTOBER, 1958

Two members and two cadets attended this run, the Autumnal Tints Tour taking the majority of members.

After a pleasant chat on makeshift repairs and various other topics we dispersed shortly before 8-0 p.m.

Those present were Les Bennett, John Leece, David Bennett and John Farrington.

HATCHMERE, 11TH OCTOBER, 1958

Saturday dawned bright and clear, and several hours later I awoke to the realisation that the Club run was to Hatchmere. Dutifully, we arrived at the Eureka at a quarter past two and there met John Farrington, who was to accompany us to the tea-place. So we trundled off to Chester and stopped while my dad popped into Woolworth's on an errand while John and I stayed outside to look after the bikes. We had been there a few minutes when an old lady came up dragging some young children along and wheezed "Let's 'ave a look at yer medals!" indicating my collection of Y.H.A. badges. I stood there horrified for what seemed an age while very nearly everybody in Chester looked on in glee. I no longer wear badges.

On leaving Chester, we ambled along some Cheshire lanes, which I do not know, but dad did; in sight of the "Forest Cafe" I sprinted, John followed, but to our disgust we arrived with dad hot on our tails. In my case, the tea was late coming, so Benno amused me with some funny stories, while I ate his bread and butter, pacifying him with the promise of some pears which I picked up on the way when John and I felt peckish. After tea a move for home was made, after a few words had been exchanged amongst the cyclists gathered in the darkness. Reg and Denis accompanied us to the Mills, at a fantastic pace with several sprints on the way. At Two Mills we went our

separate ways, Denis to the depths of Ellesmere Port, and Reg and John Lord knows where, but their tail lights disappeared into the night. We arrived home in time for a hot bath, which I needed.

Those present were the President, Benno, Reg, Denis Ryan, John Farrington, Percy Williamson, Geoff Lockett, Fred Churchill, Laurie Pendlebury, Bren Orrell (senior), Les Bennett, Dave Bennett and two visitors, Mr. and Mrs. A. Williamson.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

HELD AT THE DERBY ARMS, HALEWOOD, 13TH OCTOBER, 1958

Present: Mr. H. Green in the Chair and Messrs. R. J. Austin, J. R. Band, K. W. Barker, L. Bennett, A. E. C. Birkby, P. Budd, W. G. Connor, J. J. Davies, H. H. Duck, J. R. Griffiths, A. Gorman, L. J. Hill, A. Howarth, F. E. Marriott, J. H. Mills, W. McWhinnie, J. Newton, G. B. Orrell, J. Parr, G. Parr, A. Preston, F. Perkins, L. Pendlebury, E. G. Pullan, J. E. Reeves, D. Ryan, J. J. Salt, C. Selkirk, D. Stewart, S. Wild, P. Williamson, R. Wilson. Cadets D. Bennett and J. Farrington were also present.

Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. Chandler, Morris, Tierney and Walls.

Minutes of the previous meeting were confirmed.

Secretary's Report. "A year of gentle progress" was an apt description of the year under review and this was shown in a modest though noticeable increase in attendances at Runs and Tours and in the number (eight) of new members introduced. Bert Green again topped the attendance list with fifty-two attendances, closely followed by Denis Ryan (forty-eight), Ben Griffiths (forty-four) and Bren Orrell, senior, with forty-one.

The Cadet scheme, introduced during the year, has been an undoubted success.

The Racing Secretary gave details of numerous excellent rides, mainly in Club events. Participation by members in "Opens" had been on a reduced scale although full details were not to hand. In the ensuing discussion it was regretted that there had been no Anfielders on the "100" card which suggested, quite erroneously, that we have no men capable of doing a good century ride. The "100" at Whitsuntide had been a great success due largely to a great deal of work and planning by Eric Reeves.

The Treasurer's Report showed a small excess of income over expenditure due to sales of the Club History. The major item of expenditure was again for the monthly *Circular*, whilst an item of £25 for outstanding subscriptions showed that appeals to numerous laggards to meet their obligations had fallen on deaf ears.

Arrangements for Club Tours were again left to the Committee and it was decided to provide four Club events at 25 miles and three at 50 miles with 10 mile events for Cadets to be run in conjunction with the 25's as required.

The appointment of Officers and Committee provided no surprises. Bert Green was re-elected President, Bren Orrell and Jack Salt are again Vice-Presidents. Other appointments are: Captain and Racing Secretary: Reg. Wilson; Sub-Captains: Denis Ryan and Percy Williamson; General Secretary: Frank Marriott; Open "100" Secretary: Eric Reeves; Treasurer: A. E. C. Birkby; Editor: Ken Barker; Committee: W. G. Connor, L. J. Hill, J. H. Mills, G. Parr, E. G. Pullan, A. Preston, D. Stewart.

The meeting closed with an omnibus vote of thanks to Officers and Committee and all who had helped to keep the flag flying during the past year.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 25TH OCTOBER, 1958

For rather devious reasons I found myself without a bike when I called for Alan Gorman to go on the Club run, and as I didn't fancy the prospect of running alongside him all the way to Highwayside he lent me his and, on the strength of a promise to look after it properly, borrowed his son's bike for himself.

Our ride out was uneventful except for a stop at Church Minshall to inspect the flood damage where the canal had overflowed, and we arrived at the Travellers' Rest to find the others already half-way through the meal. This is a deadly amount of leeway to make up, but we did our best, being served with belated cups of tea by a young lady whose unsmiling face belies (we trust) her true disposition.

After the meal the usual controversial subjects were discussed for some time: bikes, Cyprus, Diana Dors; trikes, sputniks, Diana Dors; tandems, Suez, Diana Dors, etc., until eventually the party began to break up and we set off on our various ways home—Bert Green as usual for the "high road" and Alan and I for the "low road". Fortunately it was not a race to Scotland as I am not very fit at the moment.

Those present were the President, P. Williamson, G. B. Orrell, J. J. Salt, L. Pendlebury, A. Gorman, R. B. Griffiths, J. Parr, D. Ryan, J. Mills, L. Bennett and son David, A. Waring, M. Watson, J. Farrington and A. Howarth. (Sorry if there are any errors, but I can't read Sub-Captain Ryan's writing).

HALEWOOD, 1ST NOVEMBER, 1958

Pale autumn sunshine was gilding the housetops as I left the industrious little hamlet in which I have my dwelling. The gathering clouds did not induce despair, for to-day I was free! Free to forget the dark satanic mill, what matters a little gentle rain? Should I not shortly be enfolded in the bucolic bosom of Widnes? Where the soft and delightful airs are balm to the troubled soul. On through the rustic beauty of Collins Green with its tranquil Stinking Brook, then deep into the lush verdant vale of McKechnie with many a simple swain tending his gentle flock and piping his praises to Pan. Ah! This is surely Arcadia! But alas, all journeys must end, and all

too soon the battered caravanserai was reached. Ah! Gentle Reader, may we not pause and reflect that Life itself is but a peregrination through sunshine and storm, with its lofty heights and despairing depths? (But with no pub at the end). Here endeth the pastoral.

Shortly after my arrival Reg. Wilson trickled in, wearing a cape and a rather abstracted air—not entirely with us as it were. He swore a mighty oath that nevermore would he sit down to eat boiled ham, having been surfeited with this delicacy on the last few Club runs. By now it had begun to rain in earnest, and members, including a goodly sprinkling of cadets, began to pour into the lounge; Mr. Pickwick himself, in the person of Frank Chandler, called to the bar all those who were so minded. When we eventually reached the dining room we found the dish to be—BOILED HAM! nevertheless Reg seemed to be doing very nicely, that is Reg and his new senior N.C.O. Denis; they wolfed all the toasted scones between them thus showing a regrettable lack of consideration for the other ranks. Denis, by the way, has acquired a real parade-ground manner since his elevation! I must remember to put a bomb in his saddle-bag sometime.

Frank Marriott had joined the party by this time, wet and cursing that he had left a perfectly good car in his garage—despondent talk, surely, from an Anfielder. At our end of the table talk was of fidelity—HIGH and MARITAL—(as a bachelor, I was surprised to learn that the two are not synonymous). The Philistines were more interested in the arrival of a coach-load of nurses who were celebrating some event in an adjoining room, the ardent Guy had to be forcibly restrained from gate-crashing.

George Parr, whom we see all too rarely these days, and the writer, rounded off the evening with a pleasant twenty minutes in the bar before facing the deluge.

The happy band was constituted as follows: D. Bennett, F. Chandler, F. Churchill, J. Farrington, R. Griffiths, F. Marriott, J. Mills, G. Parr, G. Pullan, D. Ryan (Sir), A. Waring and R. Wilson (His Worship).

SOMERFORD, 1ST NOVEMBER, 1958

Rain which all afternoon had never seemed far away, began in earnest as we arrived at Somerford and continued for many hours after we got home again. Hubert, Bren., Percy, Laurie Pendlebury, Alf Howarth, Alan Gorman, Jack Newton and the President (back-sliding from Halewood), were present. We conversed by the light of a candle which was easy enough. Not so easy was the good lady's task of cooking bacon and eggs on a coal fire. Why had she to do it? Because of a power cut. When did the breakdown end? As soon as she had finished cooking, of course. The semi-darkness and the damp chill were something of a handicap to jollity but a little of the spirit of Mark Tapley showed itself at least until we had to face the relentless downpour. Not really a run to remember.