

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 LIV

JANUARY 1959

NUMBER 625

FIXTURES

JANUARY

- 3 VICAR'S CROSS (Silver Teapot) MIDDLEWICH*
10 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) HOLMES CHAPEL*
12 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
17 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
24 PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House) GOOSETRY*
31 UPTON (Eagle & Crown) LADIES' NIGHT SOMERFORD*

FEBRUARY

- 7 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) HOLMES CHAPEL*
9 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
14 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
21 HOLT (Castle Café) SOMERFORD*
28 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest)

**Alternatives*

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: D. H. Brown, 8 Bowerfield Avenue, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.

Fl. Lt. R. R. Austin, R.A.F., c/o British Joint Services Mission, Main Navy Building, Washington, 25, U.S.A.

We welcome the following to our Cadet Scheme:—

John France jnr., 139 Thingwall Road, Irby, Wirral. Alan J. Waring, 168 Greasby Road, Greasby, Wirral. Malcolm Watson, 17 Lloyd Drive, Greasby, Wirral.

The annual Ladies' Night has been fixed for 31st January, 1959, at the Eagle and Crown, Upton. Names to the secretary please. The charge will be 10/6.

NOTES FROM THE TREASURY

We are now well into another Anfield year but subscriptions are conspicuous by their absence. If the Club is to pay its way members must not procrastinate and leave it to the few stalwarts who make the necessary effort and pay up early.

No doubt many rely on the personal touch, but I am unfortunately prevented from attending many of the runs, it would help if you would post or pay your subscription into any branch of the Midland Bank for credit of Anfield Bicycle Club A/c. 23 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby.

Don't wait, do it now!

A.E.C.B.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The editorial office is getting packed solid with back numbers of the *Circular* and a clean-out is indicated in the very near future. Members who wish to fill gaps in their sets or who would like to have issues prior to their date of joining should let the editor have a note of their requirements as soon as possible. Copies of most issues for the past nine years are available but these cannot be retained much longer and will be gladly passed to those who care to have them.

We are now approaching the eightieth birthday of the Club which will be marked as usual by a Birthday Run in March and also by a Dinner on the Saturday before the "100" in Shrewsbury. It is hoped that all who can possibly get to the Dinner and the "100" will book the date now.

The recent note regarding the "Headless Woman" at Duddon found an echo in a news item noted just before Christmas when we read that Mr. Hugh Arnold who runs 26,000 turkeys at Hockenhull Hall had won a trophy at the National Poultry Show with a bird weighing 46 lb. 7 oz.

The search for a suitable venue for the annual Ladies' Night has resulted in this popular fixture being arranged at the Eagle and Crown in Upton, on the 31st January. An excellent meal in pleasant and warm surroundings is assured and the price has been fixed at 10/6.

While on the subject of price, we might mention that the committee have again discussed the question of charges for Club teas and hope that this problem will soon be solved in a satisfactory manner.

A new venue will be tried in February when we will visit the Castle Café at Holt. As mentioned in a recent issue, any suggestions of suitable tea places will be welcomed by the Committee.

To those who are allergic to four-page issues of the *Circular* we apologise for the spots which came out when this number arrived. Previous appeals to members to report runs promptly have fallen on deaf ears, apparently, and after scraping the bottom of the barrel to get this out we are left with two reports of the Middlewich run on December 6th towards the February number. When four-page issues or bi-monthly publication were discussed at an A.G.M. a year or two ago both suggestions were thrown out, but unless material is sent in obviously it cannot be published and a shortened issue must result.

RUNS

HATCHMERE, 8TH NOVEMBER, 1958

Crossing the Mersey later than usual I found on reaching Two Mills that everything was very peaceful and ideal for lingering awhile before continuing to Hatchmere via Kelsall Hill.

The numbers of irons propped against the café wall gave indications of a good muster, and inside Denis was busy making a list of those present. Already down, were: the Bennetts, Reg Wilson, John Farrington, Peter Jones, Alan Waring, Malcolm Watson and the aforementioned Denis Ryan. Whilst the various requirements were being satisfied further names had been noted, including the president.

During the after meal conversation Denis looked around for the usual victim and taking into account the absence of literary talent handed the list to the writer. Shortly afterwards John Parr turned up to complete the party.

Reg and Denis reported that the lanes were in a shocking state and it was agreed to keep to the main roads. The pace through the forest was brisk and the expected happened when Ben, Denis and David sprinted away on approaching Ashton and were not caught until we reached Stamford Bridge. Everything went well until one of the lamps ceased functioning and after it had been given the works we continued through Upton and up Backford Hill. Shortly afterwards Denis veered off on the Ellesmere Port road and then Les and David went west at Backford Cross, those remaining carried on to Little Sutton before turning into the lanes and coming out near the Shrewsbury Arms. At the Devon Doorway Reg and I turned off and left the other three heading for Heswall.

Present: Bert Green, Reg Wilson, Denis Ryan, Les and David Bennett, Jeff Mills, Ben Griffiths, John Farrington, John Parr, Fred Churchill, Laurie Pendlebury, Peter Jones and prospective cadets Alan Waring and Malcolm Watson.

Also in attendance were some friends of Fred Churchill and Mr. and Mrs. Littlemore.

It has been noted that there have been a number of lamp failures on recent runs and it cannot be stressed too often that it is essential to have an efficient lighting system.

DALTON, SUNDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1958

I am typing this short account of our Sunday run in front of a huge fire and the pain and discomfort associated with it are now but a memory!

The usual climatic conditions inseparable from Lancashire runs prevailed, dull, damp and dismal. The rain held off and I managed to reach the Windmill at Skelmersdale before being overtaken by a roaring machine, the blaring horn of which, tried to blast me off the road. The cheery wave from Messrs. McWhinnie and Davies spurred me on to a mighty effort and I eventually staggered into the Red Lion at Newborough without having had to use my cape. It

rained pretty heavily during the short distance to Dalton Farm and I must confess to a somewhat malicious delight in the knowledge that the Francis Barnett team was finding some difficulty in keeping the wheels turning which enabled me to get my feet well tucked under the table before their arrival.

Geo. Parr and Rigby had already consumed most of the eatables when I peered expectantly around the door, but Mrs. Barnes can always cope. Soon the dining room cleared and over a heaped plate of delicious roast meat and veg, I was able to sympathise with the petroliers who came in muttering something about "plugs" and "sumps", whatever they may be!

Rigby had been wandering over the moors (what enthusiasm!) and looked disgustingly fit. Conversation ranged over the misdeeds of the building fraternity to a review of the latest hire-purchase terms for "scooters".

Fairly heavy rain on the return journey made things somewhat dampish inside the capes, but nothing which a hot bath couldn't put right.

Those present were: Geo. Parr, Jack Davies, Bill McWhinnie, Rigby Bond and Arthur Birkby.

PONTBLYDDYN, 15TH NOVEMBER, 1958

When starting out for Pontblyddyn I had very mixed feelings about the turn-out. The afternoon being so damp I expected to find about half-a-dozen out, but instead on my arrival at the Woodlands a glance through the window revealed that unless I hurried inside I would have to put up with a bread and butter tea.

No less than ten hungry men were already making short work of what was left on the table, and although we know that when Anfielders get together there is a time-trial over the food it should be mentioned that I was there fifteen minutes before official starting time. However, I was not the last arrival for Len Walls, John Futter and Len Hill were still to come so that after the first wave had finished eating another session started and the usual hubbub of conversation broke out, with a dozen or so cyclists all talking about I don't know what.

Time came for us to depart for home and we pulled out for the hill up from the Woodlands; Reg proceeded to run up the slope, most disconcerting for me riding but unable to shake him off.

Once over the top a "free-for-all" started and brought us to Queensferry and so to the last cup of tea at the Eureka before the party finally broke up.

Those out were:— Les Bennett, Jeff Mills, Ken Barker, Reg. Wilson, Denis Ryan, Ben Griffiths, Len Walls, John Futter, Len Hill, Peter Budd and Cadets David Bennett, John Farrington, Alan Waring and Malcolm Watson.

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MARCH

- 7 PONTBLYDDYN (Woodlands House)
- 9 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 14 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms) BIRTHDAY RUN AND SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING
- 21 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest) FIRST CLUB "25"
- 27-30 EASTER TOUR (Sun Hotel, Llansantffraid)

Alternatives

- 7 MIDDLEWICH (Woodlands)
 - 28 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café) SOMERFORD (Sunnyside Café)
-

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CORRESPONDENCE

To: THE EDITOR,
Anfield Circular
 DEAR SIR,

Would it not be possible to surmount the difficulty created by the dearth of "run reports" by adopting the "literary stockpot" system extensively used by the local press. Wigan confines itself to two adjectives on nuptials, e.g., "Pretty" wedding at Boggarts Hole Clough or "Interesting" wedding at Slag Lane. The method is also widely used in compiling the C.T.C. Route Guides; one imagines a box filled with paper slips reading "Magnificent Alpine Views", "Steep Descent", "Medieval Church", "Good Surface", etc., which are inserted into the text at random.

Jack Salt's encyclopaedic memory could be used in the production of a card index covering every possible venue in our sphere of activity. (Cards to be marked 1-up). Alf Howarth could provide the necessary humorous asides on a second set of cards. (Marked 1a-up) Duplicates of these indices would then be lodged at the printers, the editor's monthly task could be reduced to furnishing the latter with lists of members present, together with the appropriate combination of card numbers.

Yours etc.,
 "ANXIOUS"

THE OLDEST CLUB

A question regarding the oldest cycling club was recently answered in *Cycling* and it appears that our Birmingham friends the "Speedwell" take the prize for continuous activity under the same name since 1876.

Our own "Anfield" cannot be far down the list for in March we complete eighty years non-stop from our foundation in 1879. This is a real milestone and will be celebrated at a Birthday Run on 14th March at Halewood, and a Dinner at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, on Saturday, 16th May.

We hope there will be worthy support for both these fixtures, particularly for the Dinner, at which we shall entertain a number of distinguished guests, including past winners of the Open "100".

Do book the date now and make Whit, 1959, a memorable occasion in the history of the Club.

HISTORY IN MAPS

The Cheshire Community Council are to be congratulated on the publication of their *Historical Atlas of Cheshire*, which is now available from booksellers at the very modest price of half-a-guinea.

Members who do much of their cycling in Cheshire will find this well produced and tastefully bound volume of absorbing interest as they browse through the many maps and explanatory text.

A fine team of contributors is headed by the Joint Editors, Dorothy Sylvester, M.A., F.R.C.S., senior lecturer in geography, University of Manchester and Geoffrey Nulty, Editor of the *Nantwich Guardian*.

Included in the list of maps are those illustrating Prehistoric Cheshire, Roman Cheshire, Pre-Norman Crosses, Place Names, Domesday Cheshire, Roman and Post-Roman Roads, Development of Railways and Inland Waterways, Growth of Populations and a section on the Salt Industries, to name but a few.

This is a first-class publication which will provide lasting interest and enjoyment at a price often charged these days for a mediocre meal which is best forgotten.

THE NORTH ROAD C.C. DINNER

Once again I spent a delightful evening at the Connaught Rooms on the occasion of the North Road Annual Dinner. The first person I bumped into was none other than Norman Turvey, looking remarkably well and hearty. He immediately bought me a beer and we had a most enjoyable chat before festivities separated us. I had a few words with H. H. England (the N. R. president) and G. H. S., thanked Bill Frankum personally for the privilege of being present, and, before going into the dining room contrived to have brief conversations with Walter Howe, secretary of the "Century", Dick Hulse of the "Speedwell", Harold Buckley, Manchester Wheelers, and of course, our old "North Road" friend, Ed. Green.

I was sat near Arthur Smith who, in conversational mood, kept me happy and comfortable all evening, and when I enquired about the health of his daughter, immediately introduced me to her husband. E. G. Bullen and E. J. Foot, North Roaders of my own generation were seated nearby, and on the few occasions when Arthur dried-up, readily took up the running.

Ray Booty was the principal guest, and in replying to G. E. Blackman's toast to the "Visitors" promised Owen Blower (who was present) a keen and sporting tussle next season.

C. King, hon. sec., N.C.U., and of the "Kentish Wheelers", made the most knowledgable speech of the evening in stressing that we must start obtaining recruits for Club life in their early 'teens. This is true enough, but personally I think the greatest problem is not getting recruits but keeping them when they have passed their teens.

The ceremony of chairing the "24 hour" winner to the president's table was observed in traditional style and Dave Keeler (surely the most likeable and modest of men, was thus deservedly honoured.

The end came all too soon and eventually I was speeding to the south coast on the midnight train from Victoria after the grandest of evenings. Thank you, "North Road"!

S.W.

NEWS IN BRIEF

We would acknowledge with thanks a number of greetings cards received at Christmas and New Year. These were greatly appreciated.

From time to time grants are made by the Minister of Works for the preservation of buildings of historic interest on the recommendation of the three Historic Buildings Councils. A recent list included grants for Powis Castle, Welshpool and the stables at Wynnstay Hall, Ruabon.

No meetings have been held on Tarporley Race Course for many years and the course has now gone back to agriculture completely with the sale by auction of fixtures, including stands and turnstiles.

Cycling (21.1.59) records the death early in January of W. G. (Bill) Twiddle, "Liverpool Century" R.C.'s crack rider of the twenties and early thirties.

From the current issue of the Cheshire R.C. *News* we note that our Manchester friends will be Eastering at the Tanat Valley Hotel, Llangynog. Perhaps the Inter-Club "25" could be brought forward a few months and held on the Millturr-Cerrig.

At the time of going to press "G.H.S." was in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, for an exploratory operation, which may prove the need for one of a more serious nature. He was reported to be in good spirits and we hope to hear soon that he is "Out and About" again.

As one of a number of economy measures the C.T.C. have cut membership of their committees from seven to five. Guy Pullan and H. H. England have left the Finance committee, the latter becoming a vice-president.

It is many moons since we last saw anything of Tommy Sherman but we now hear that he had hoped to attend the A.G.M. Unfortunately it clashed with the Annual Inspection of the Royal Marines Volunteer Reserve, so that instead of enjoying the fleshpots of the Derby Arms, Tommy spent a freezing night in a sleeping bag in the Bickerton area.

Congratulations and best wishes to Alf Howarth, who became engaged to be married at Christmas. In spite of the advice given on another page, all who have met Anne will admire his choice and in any case she will soon find she needs a range of at least five octaves to get a word in with Alf around.

Do Manchester members want a weeknight meet? If so it has been suggested that a suitable venue might be the Harris Stadium, which is a great focal point for cyclists and has an excellent bar. Wirral members are looking forward to meeting again at Two Mills on Wednesdays with a start probably immediately after Easter.

Following our moan last month and the imposition of sanctions in the form of a four page issue, 'copy' flowed in from all points of the compass and we now have a good start left for the March issue! Keep it up!

R U N S

HIGHWAYSIDE, 22ND NOVEMBER, 1958

Saturday came around again with an east wind as forecast by the Department, so at three o'clock the old tricycle was hauled out for another club run. It seemed better than singing carols, but one sometimes forgets things such as limbs and east winds. Right from the precincts of the garage it was hard work, a cold headwind rushed up the Wirral Peninsula and chilled me to the marrow and "froze" up the tricycle's bearings. With the old limbs and the said frozen bearings it was slow work. So with bleary eyes Chester was entered after five o'clock and the Traveller's Rest was still over an hour's ride away. Coffee and cake were consumed at a saloon, then out into the night again, to the bright lights and warmth of the Chester streets which tempted us to stay, but after thinking of the "Black Anfielders" I took courage and turned towards my friends at Highwayside, twelve miles away. It wasn't pleasure, it was pain, but the future was bright for soon I would be with the boys in the warm Travellers' Rest, where the cheery conversation and glowing countenances would revive me for the ride home, nicely "tucked in" with a strong tail wind. There, for some short time we could forget the bitter winds. So we struggled on, fortified with those pleasant thoughts. We could not resist a short stop for chocolate at Tarporley and at a steady six miles an hour fought the wind to the inn and Anfielders—and thought of peace.

We free-wheeled into the forecourt and two exhausted feet were placed on the ground whilst the noble tricycle frame supported the unfit and weary body. Suddenly a door burst open and out streamed the merry men—Jack Salt, Eddie Goodall, Benno Griffiths, Alf Howarth, Alan Gorman, John Farrington, David Bennett, Jeff Mills, Bren Orrell, senior (the President, Percy Williamson and Laurie Pendlebury were already on their way) when Denis Ryan espied me, his nimble mind and deft hand ably acquiesced, and into my pocket he stuffed a scrap of paper chanting "write up the run, write up the run!"

Epilogue:

Blow, blow thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As that base Sub's ingratitude;
Thy tooth be not so keen,
Because THOU art unseen.

HATCHMERE, 29th NOVEMBER, 1958

Fog or was it smog or was it a combination of both—in any case conditions were fairly grim as I set off—and it was not until I had crossed the Mersey and reached the countryside that things began to improve. Approaching Willaston I was joined by Frank Perkins

and at Two Mills we were greeted by John Harrington, shortly afterwards Salty arrived to make it a quartet. Frank and I had previously agreed to keep to the lanes, but Salty, as usual, was in the van and the next thing we noticed was that we were in Chester, and Salty had departed to transact some business.

Not to be discouraged by the change we carried on and, nearing Ashton, Benno overtook us going like the clappers, but consented to slow down and join us.

On arrival at the café we saw that the President had forestalled us. Salty was the next to arrive having completed his business, further members rolled up at regular intervals and eventually the number present reached twelve.

Conversation flowed freely and before we realised it, it was time to depart. Frank and I set off through the forest and on reaching the crossroads waited until Benno and John came before turning for Manley. Benno was the first to peel off, turning in the direction of Dunham. Passing through Bridge Trafford we turned for Picton Gorse and Upton and at Backford Cross, John and I turned west, leaving Frank to wend his way home alone. The run on the Heswall road was depressing owing to conditions and as we reached civilisation I said *au revoir* to John.

Present: Bert Green, Jack Salt, Frank Perkins, John Harrington, Ben Griffiths, Jeff Mills, Denis Ryan, Bren Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, John Futter, Len Walls and Len Hill

MIDDLEWICH, 6TH DECEMBER, 1958

After weighing up the merits of both Club runs, and being what a certain Golborne member describes as a "Chester Snob and Social Climber", I decided to join the Manchester gentlemen at Middlewich. After a cold weary and lonesome ride I arrived to a "warm" welcome from the small, but select, company. What these runs lack in quantity they certainly make up in quality, as the three Mancunians present averaged well over a thousand runs each.

The gentlemen present were: The President—H. Green; The Earl of Wintergreen Villa—Vice-President G. B. Orrell; Dapper City Gent—Laurie Pendlebury; and Serf Griffiths.

MIDDLEWICH, 6TH DECEMBER, 1958

Only four members attended this run—the President, Ben Griffiths, Bren Orrell, senr. and Laurie Pendlebury; the absence of the other Manchester members who usually attend is probably explained by the succession of foggy days which have afflicted the City of Perpetual Sunshine and its vicinity. But wonderful to relate, on this day there was nothing in the shape of fog, beyond a very thin mist, to complain of, but it was a damp, cold afternoon. All the same one could derive some pleasure from the deserted roads and the faithful foursome had no regrets.

TARPORLEY, 13TH DECEMBER, 1958

After a day of sleet and snow I expected the butterflies to have cried off, but seven hardy cyclists, plus two keen dry weather cyclists and one wife of same were present.

During the course of the evening's conversation Alf disclosed that the world's greatest soprano is in hiding in Rotherham. For the technical people she is credited with being able to reach the 'F' above top 'C'. Take a bit of advice from me Alf, "Don't marry her". A normal soprano with a two octave range, screaming at you all day, is bad enough, but one who can span nearly *two-and-a-half* octaves must be *MURDER!*

After the usual story-telling and enjoyable tea we made a beeline for home and a cup of cha!

Those present were:—The President; Jeff Mills; Benno; Alan Gorman; Alf Howarth; Laurie Pendlebury; John Farrington; Les and Mrs. Bennett and David (in car).

TWO MILLS, 20TH DECEMBER, 1958

I think all cyclists must be mad. For myself, I did not have to go out. There were plenty of things to do. None of us had to go. I do not suppose that Les Bennett, Ben Griffiths, Peter Jones, Jeff Mills, Guy Pullan, Denis Ryan, Jack Salt, Len Walls, Reg Wilson or David Barker have no homes, are beaten by their wives or are evading the Law.

It was not a pleasant afternoon—not cold really, but dull and murky—not sunbathing weather by any means. Yet there they were, and there was Mrs. Euclid dishing out grub. I think that they only go to build up their total of club runs, really. Len Hill, for instance, cuts a notch in his frame (his bike frame) after every club run. (His tricycle is now very emaciated and, do you know, he says that he keeps it "on top of the garage".)

Actually, it was a very pleasant club run, but not very much happened. No-one did anything odd or said anything funny or strange, so there is not anything to say about it.

PRESTBURY, 20TH DECEMBER, 1958

What a lovely, unspoiled village Prestbury was in the 90's and the very early years of this century! The rusticity was the real thing—the houses and inns were old, the beams therein darkened with age, and the fare provided for the traveller was plentiful, plain and homely, at a reasonable price. But all that was before the place had become a dormitory for Manchester's snobocracy. It is true that extraordinary precautions have been taken to preserve the rustic atmosphere, but it's been overdone—the beams are still there, but they're varnished and that goes for everything else, so that the Prestbury of today bears as much resemblance to the Prestbury of old, as a Watteau shepherdess does to an honest old-fashioned milkmaid. But humble cyclists are still tolerated—I'm afraid they're

not really welcome—and thirteen of us foregathered there for a meal together this Christmas-tide. The weather conditions were by no means propitious and those who came under their own steam found the wind very bothersome—indeed, Rigby Band, whose journey was the longest, had difficulty at times in keeping up enough speed to get light from his dyno. We were very pleased to have with us Harold Catling and George Taylor and to welcome the three ladies who graced the board. The talk at my table was largely of sailing, a sport which seems to have bitten Harold deeply. There was a merry party at the other table—very bright and cheerful. We broke up about 8.0 to go our several ways; for some reason there was no adjournment across the way on this occasion.

Apart from those mentioned above, there were present: Rex Austin, Dave Brown, Alan Gorman, Bert Green, Alf Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury, Walter Thorpe and three ladies.

HALEWOOD, 26TH DECEMBER, 1958

This year's Boxing Day's run was, as usual, an excuse for many to forswear the bicycle and take to other means of transport. This perhaps accounted for the fact that many more attended than were expected, necessitating dividing up of the club into upper and lower rooms. The more gregarious Anfielders entered the large room, the elite dined in state in a room for five.

Bodies were noted drifting in anything up to an hour early, and making a bee-line for the bar, where they remained until forcibly evicted.

The hon. sec. was given up for lost, but at the last minute put through a 'phone call and thereby reduced sub-captain Ryan to a fit of helplessness, and, one suspects, sadistic, giggling by announcing that his transport had let him down at Hunt's Cross. Speculation was rife as to whether the chariot in question was of the type which sported knives on the hubs, subsequent investigation (prolonged) proved this interesting theory incorrect, or perhaps they had rusted away, in keeping with the rest of the vehicle.

A rescue party was sent out to succour the perishing and his passenger.

The meal passed evenly enough. The plebs. shouted their heads off in the lower room. The would-be aristocracy conversed with the exaggerated dignity induced by the consumption of much liquor. Photographs were taken with the aid of various weird and wonderful gadgets, and, presumably, a good time was had by all.

Persons noted at random were the President, looking disgustingly fit, Salty, off his food, the hon. treasurer, refusing subs., Jeff Mills, looking like a front-line soldier with all his equipment, Guy Pullan, much the worse for drink, and Benno, looking like something the Americans had forgotten when they vacated Sealand.

Others in attendance, but not already mentioned were:—Bren senr., Laurie Pendlebury, Alan Gorman, George Allcock, George Parr, Les and David Bennett, Jack Newton, Harry Duck, Len Hill, Eddie Morris and Jack Davies.

SOMERFORD, 27TH DECEMBER, 1958

The wind which reached gale force at noon but gradually eased as darkness fell took me comfortably through Mobberley and Chelford to Somerford.

The President was at Sunnyside Café before me, and we were quickly joined by the three other members who completed the total turnout of five.

After tea we chatted until about 7-30 p.m. when Bert departed to find transport in Congleton, and the remainder to ride through the lanes via Twemlow Pump where the Orrells bid me 'good-night'. John Parr had nicked off through Goosetry and was not contacted again.

My remaining miles home were illuminated by quite a deal of moonlight and I arrived in good order about 10.0 p.m.

Those out were: Bert Green, Bren Orrell, senior and junior, John Parr and Laurie Pendlebury.

CHESTER, 27TH DECEMBER, 1958

A three o'clock start meant that it was not worth my while going outside Wirral; for in spite of a strong tail wind and a reasonably fine day, the excesses of Christmas still loomed large.

So I sauntered through Thornton Hough and Raby into Neston, where, to my everlasting shame, I was overtaken by a woman shopping in the main street. I took the lane down to the erstwhile Denhall Colliery, remembered from a study done at school, and so renewed my acquaintance with the muddy track along the edge of the marshes to Burton Point. Every time I take this route, Summer's Iron Works seem to loom larger on the skyline, and on such a blowy day it made the marshes look even more desolate than usual.

I regained the main road to find the wind so strong that it seemed a shame to waste it, so I hurried on to Chester nearly an hour too soon. But time in Chester is always pleasant to me, at least when I'm off the iron, when I love to saunter along the rows in the pleasantly bustling crowds.

I reached the 'Bear and Billet' to find everyone outside. Particularly prominent was Reg Wilson in what is evidently the modern fashion in cycling wear, judging by the "Scooped" advertisements. I never did find out who was responsible—for the lack of food at the 'Bear and Billet', I mean, not for Reg. So most of us went off to Watergate Street to St. Ursula's Café, who served us up with quite a good meal in 'cryptic' surroundings.

The chit-chat on our table was mainly concerned with touring areas, and by the time we had finished there was precious little of Britain left. The whole thing was spoilt however when I saw Denis Ryan pop swiftly out from behind a stout Gothic pillar and nab me before I could say 'Reg Harris'.

After prolonged blowings of whistles and waving of flags, we were off emulating Gray's ploughman along the road to Two Mills. After a second session there, we were eventually ousted by an emphatic pulling down of the blind over the counter without so much as a 'last drinks please'. Time to part on our separate ways, cutting our cones of light through the darkness; fortunately the wind had dropped to ease our labours.

Others present, some of whom did not follow us up to Watergate Street were:—Les and David Bennett, John Frame, R. Frame, Ben Griffiths, Len Hill, Peter Jones, Jeff Mills, George Parr, Guy Pullan, Pat O'Leary, Jack Salt, Keith Selkirk, and Cyril Selkirk with the rest of the family.

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 LIV

MARCH 1959

NUMBER 627

FIXTURES

APRIL

- 4 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
- 11 HOLT (Castle Café). GOOSTREY
- 13 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 18 HIGHWAYSIDE (Club "25")
- 25 LLANARMON (Raven). SOMERFORD

MAY

- 2 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
 - 9 HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Café) CLUB "50"
 - 11 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
 - 16-18 SHREWSBURY, Dinner and Open "100"
 - 23 HOLT (Castle Café). SOMERFORD
 - 30 HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Café) CLUB "50"
-

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TREASURY NOTES

After innumerable threats and pleas for outstanding subscriptions it has been decided to issue a number of "red slips" to those concerned. I do hope that this will have the desired effect as it is quite unfair, and indeed impracticable, to expect the Club to exist solely on the efforts of the same group of stalwarts year after year.

The subject of arrears of subscriptions will shortly be reviewed by the committee, and the hon. treasurer would appreciate the lessening of his burden, so why not fulfil your obligations without delay; it is very degrading to be "struck off" for non-payment of subs."!

A.E.C.B.

OUR EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

By the time these lines are in print the Birthday Run at Halewood will be gone but not, we hope, forgotten.

Arrangements for the dinner at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury on Saturday, 16th May, are well in hand and tickets will be available shortly at 15/0*d.* each. The price has been kept as low as possible and inevitably there will be a deficit. Any member is quite entitled to pay twice or make a donation, and we have already had a most generous offer from Peter Stevie regarding the costs of printing.

The main thing, of course, is to assemble every available Anfielder in Shrewsbury at that time, to make a really worthy celebration and to welcome our guests. Those who are regulars at the "100" week-end will need no reminding but we would urge those who cannot usually make it to make a special effort this year.

RACING NOTES

Another racing season is with us and in an attempt to get members riding as a team rather than in separate events, the captain has compiled a list of club events and local "Opens" which we might support. Most members likely to be interested will have received a copy, and more are available from Reg Wilson for the asking. Club events have been arranged as follows:—

21st March ("25"); 18th April ("25"); 9th May ("50"); 30th May ("50"); 27th June, Inter-Club "25" with Cheshire R.C.; 18th July ("50"); 5th September ("25"). The Open "100" will of course, be on 18th May, and Eric Reeves, 29 The Ginnel, Port Sunlight, will be glad of offers of help. An Anfield start-card without Anfield names dotted about it is always a poor show, but this year particularly we hope the Club will be represented in the list of riders.

The Mid-Shropshire Wheelers are promoting a new Easter "50" on a fast course near Shrewsbury and after a lapse of several years the Merseyside Mountain Time Trial will be revived by the Birkenhead North End C.C. over a sixty-two mile course based on Llangollen and including the Horse Shoe and other tough passes.

NEWS IN BRIEF

As the sole representative of Manchester at most meetings of the committee, the president is in difficulties over meeting the wishes of his fellow Mancunians when arranging alternative fixtures. He will be grateful for any suggestions regarding venues for the dates when the main run is out of reach.

Don Stewart and Sid Jonas bumped into each other (literally) in York recently. We haven't full details but understand that someone was backing out of somewhere when the incident occurred and that the usual flood of vituperation in glorious technicolour which normally follows such an event was stemmed when the two worthies recognised each other as Anfielders.

Second prize of a "Viscount" camera has been won by Cyril Rowson in the "Spot the Photos" competition run by the C.T.C. for recognising a series of pictures, at the head of the editorial page in 1958 issues of the *Gazette*.

The Norman church of St. John the Baptist, Chester, which was founded by King Ethelred and used as barracks for Cromwell's troops during the Commonwealth has received a grant of £500 from the Historic Churches Preservation Trust.

Len Walls is looking for a 22-in. (approx.) open frame, lightweight, for his wife and would appreciate any assistance members can give in his search. Len will follow-up any clues sent to him at 51 Dee Banks, Boughton, Chester.

Cycling (11.2.59) contained an article, entitled: "An Anfield Weekend" which was a humorous account by John Helms (creator of "Baz") of a trip to the Anfield and Trike Association "Hundreds" of 1958.

We hear that Len Killip has been wintering in Montreal and found it no warmer than England. Denis Ryan has had a dose of bronchitis and pneumonia but will shortly be leaving the shawl off.

Evening meets at the Eureka Café, Two Mills, will re-open on Wednesday, 1st April. These evening spins with a session of char and chat are most enjoyable and we hope that there will be a bumper attendance on opening night.

Recently one or two members have been economising by using both sides of the paper when writing-up runs and the poor editor has had to re-write—one side only please!

R U N S

VICAR'S CROSS (CHESTER), 3RD JANUARY, 1959

It was a typical winter's day and as I started my journey the wind was cold and rain fell but this was soon to turn to snow.

Road conditions were reasonably good as far as Spital but here the snow was sticking and it became necessary to proceed with extreme caution.

At Two Mills I was greeted by Les and David Bennett and John Barrington; after thawing out I continued on my way and on arrival at the Silver Teapot Café found the aforementioned trio already installed. For some time it appeared that no one else would turn up, but as the appointed hour approached Ben walked in having survived the hazardous journey from Christleton.

Owing to the prevailing conditions the usual after tea natter was dispensed with and yours truly was the first to leave and did Chester to Birkenhead in twenty-nine minutes.

Present, and deserving double marks, were:—Les and David Bennett, John Farrington, Jeff Mills and Ben Griffiths.

MIDDLEWICH, 3RD JANUARY, 1959

A dry day and the chance of a free Saturday tempted me to try to reach the club run. However, sleet approaching Manchester and a snow-covered countryside at Wilmslow made me think again. But, no fool like an old fool, I pushed on to the Orrell home where I just caught Bren leaving for the same destination as myself.

Arriving at the Woodlands Café we found the president as our sole representative waiting to tell us that the lady of the house was ill and no food was available. (No fool . . .!). As we did not know of anywhere else to go in Middlewich, Bert once again tried out his persuasive powers on the kitchen staff and managed to procure some eggs on toast, cakes and tea. Laurie Pendlebury then turned up to make the total four. So is recorded another successful, and select, club run. The four present were:—Bert Green, Bren Orrell, sr., Laurie Pendlebury and Rigby Band.

HALEWOOD, JANUARY 10TH, 1959

Saturday the 10th had only one merit so far as the weather was concerned, no rain; but it made up in unkindness by a very cold east wind.

In these conditions we, that is, Leslie Bennett, David Bennett, Rodney France and the writer tore ourselves from the warmth and hospitality of the Eureka Café to trundle along the road to Birkenhead. This uninteresting route had been chosen, quite rightly so as proved later, because of the possibility of ice-bound roads on the delectable Cheshire run to Runcorn. The journey through Port Sunlight via the New Chester Road brought us to Woodside, where to our delight we met Keith Selkirk, obviously getting runs in before returning to his studies at Oxford. The rather horrible journey through the centre of Liverpool was uneventful except for a young lady who mistook David's bike for himself and knocked it over.

The final part of the RIDE for the five of us, was a WALK due to the rutted snow and ice. This had a warming effect on five pairs of frozen feet and we did not feel too bad when we reached the Derby Arms to meet the six people toasting themselves before a magnificent

fire, who with the exception of sub-captain Denis Ryan had been transported by means other than bike or trike. The old pub put up a grand dinner which was enjoyed by all. Len Hill, who had brought along a welcome friend, one Kenneth Cooper, was allowed to tell some funny stories with the captain's permission. Those also present at the table (and later the fireside) were the captain, John Farrington, Jeff Mills, George Parr (who enquired where were Frank Chandler, Jack Davies and Eddie Morris). After the good meal and company we all had to face the common hardship of turning out into the cold night and many were the moans of the motorists until their heaters warmed up, but the vigorosity of the bicyclists soon supplied sufficient pleasant warmth.

HOLMES CHAPEL, 10TH JANUARY, 1959

The roads were rideable with care, but enthusiasm of high order was necessary if one was to cycle today. Only one or two riders were met with as far as Jodrell, where in the freezing temperature the giant telescope brooded over the darkening fields, waiting, I thought, for a message from some place unutterably cold. We pressed on. Four Anfielders braved the rigour of the day, Bert, 'Old' Bren, Alf Howarth and Alan Gorman. Bert, who had been waiting some time, looked out of place in the dingy surroundings. The tea was passable and not overcharged for; even so, I have put the place on my list of 'where not to go'. Alf stated flatly that it was the lousiest place he'd ever been to on a club run. At 6-30 we made a bee-line for home.

HATCHMERE, JANUARY 17TH, 1959

I was looking forward to a good day's run around to prepare me for the Hatchmere fare.

Alas, the drab, damp, dismal day of thaw put me off and so a belated four-wheeled start was made—all honour to the two-wheelers.

Main road to Tarvin, then off into the lanes to Ashton and the Forest. Icy conditions created a bit of excitement for me and the vision of Ben, becaped, ascending the slippery slopes made me pleased to be inside for once.

Six good fellows were swarming round the table when I arrived, then Ben and later Bren made our number up to nine. We all remarked on the absence of the presider; there must have been a "dinner somewhere", says Alan; "plenty of trains", says Alf. You're always in our mind, Bert.

Full to repletion we relaxed to gossip on the morals of cyclists, particularly of the track and vegetarian ilk. Bren and I reminiscing over the past, the glory of the Wheeler's "50", North Road, Bath Road and Grosvenor "100's", Larry Ross and his inability to produce rides over the longer distances compatible with his speed over fifty miles. Of course, it applied in reverse to us. We couldn't produce real "50" speed, no doubt due to the fact we enjoyed!!! "100's" and "12's"

more. Though I think Bren will agree that some of the best and most enjoyable "50's" were those club events of the 1930's. I always say so, though good hidings were not unknown.

When the Black Dog was our headquarters and later Mrs. Bell's at Rowton we really enjoyed life.

Alan, Alf, Bren and I were the last to depart. It was a lonely journey back to Heswall but Les and David were overtaken near Tarvin and John Farrington was seen pedalling away to some tune near Boat House Lane.

On such runs as this is the life of our Club built—good company good food, good gossip.

Present:—Bren Orrell, sr., Alf Howarth, Alan Gorman, Jack Salt, Jeff Mills, John Farrington, Ben Griffiths, Les Bennett, David Bennett.

PONTBLYDDYN (WOODLANDS HOUSE), JANUARY 24TH, 1959.

After a very enjoyable ride through Halt and Wrexham I arrived at Pontblyddyn just as Dennis Ryan and David Bennett were leaving. Upon asking where their training run was taking them to, I learned that in the sprint from Two Mills, a prospective cadet—Ken Hill—had been dropped and failed to arrive at the rendezvous. After being roped in for the search party I did a dozen quick miles with Denis without a sight of the lost wanderer. When we got back to Pontblyddyn we found that the rest of the hungry wolves had devoured their share of the grub.

After Den and I had eaten we were soon on the road through Mold to New Brighton where the party split up. Salty leading half through Saughton and Northop, and John France leading the rest through Ewloe.

Those present, in no particular order, were:—Jack Salt, Frank Perkins, Reg Wilson, Jeff Mills, Denis Ryan, Peter Jones, Les Bennett, John France, Ben Griffiths, John Farrington, David Bennett, Rodney France, Alan Waring and Barrie Benson.

GOOSTREY, JANUARY 24TH, 1959

Where are all the Manchester men nowadays? This was a perfect winter day—clear sky, no wind, a healthy nip in the air, but not too cold, and to go home, a brilliant moon. And yet there were only four members at this fixture—a great pity, especially for the first time for many years at this rendezvous. It doesn't help to be under the number ordered for on a perfect day. Those out were Harry Duck, Alan Gorman, Bert Green and Bren Orrell, sr.,

UPTON, 31ST JANUARY, 1959. LADIES' NIGHT

Notwithstanding an eighty-years' adherence to the "all male" rule Anfielders are always delighted to see the ladies who join them from time to time.

The annual Ladies' Night arranged by our Merseyside members is, however, the only occasion on which they are specially catered for and this year's meet at the Eagle and Crown, Upton, again proved the popularity of this fixture.

As usual Bert Green came from Manchester to preside over a gathering of thirty, who enjoyed an excellent meal in pleasant surroundings.

Those who brought their wives were Reg Wilson, Ian Stewart, Len Hill, George Parr, Peter Rock, Jimmy Long and Salty. Cyril brought Mrs. Selkirk and David for good measure; Bert Preston brought his sister and Guy Pullan, who couldn't rustle up a spouse or sister, brought brother Harold and his wife. The party was completed by Jeff Mills, Sammy Marriott, Denis Ryan, Ted England, Peter Crutchley, Arthur Williams and David Bennett. Ken Barker and David slid out of a family outing at Greasby for a couple of hours to join the company and see the excellent lantern show provided.

Frank Marriott took us, in colour, to the Ayrshire coast and revived memories of lovely Lowlands tours with a series of pictures, including some fine shots of lonely Ailsa Craig. Then Guy whisked us down south to the Savernake and New Forests, over to Ireland and back to Cheshire to finish on a very high note with some thirty Anfielders in best bibs and tuckers at the Hatchmere Photo Run on a glorious day last summer.

Finally, Peter Rock took us to the English Lakes, and lovers of this rugged corner of England were enchanted with their flying visit to Grasmere, the Langdales and Blea Tarn to mention but a few of the delectable spots captured by Peter's lens.

HOLMES CHAPEL, 7TH FEBRUARY, 1959

It was a bitterly cold day and I was very thankful to get inside a warm room at the café. As we came in the village we saw the president's trike holding up the churchyard wall so we knew we were not alone. It appeared that his doctor had suggested a little less in the cold weather but the president still rode out. We were joined by Jack Newton and Alf Howarth who regrettably had refused a preliminary cup of tea—they had to wait some time so I'll bet they don't refuse again. Tea went down well and all too soon the bill was called for, which our eminent mathematician, easily conscious of his effortless superiority, collared and proceeded to work out who owed what. After collecting $3/8d.$ from me, $3/2d.$ from another, and so on, he worked out his total and added it to the amount on the table—the amount and the bill did not tally so he had to put in some more—he could hardly ask us to pay any more. A dark night for riding home and there seemed to be few cars out which probably was just as well.

Those present were:—H. Green, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, J. Lewton and H. H. Duck.

HATCHMERE, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1959

I was tempted out out by the comparative absence of smog, although the gloomy skies and dun coloured countryside did little to raise my spirits. Pat O'Leary and his fellow sappers have much to answer for!

At the Forest Café the accent appeared to be on youth and its leaders. I was very pleased to see Ken and David Barker there, until the former fixed me with a steely eye and ordained me scribe for the evening. "Why me?" I asked. "Why not give the A.Y.M. a chance to express themselves in print?" But the editor's decision was, of course, final!

There was no lack of conversation, quite the contrary in fact; but as to the ratio of speakers to listeners was about eight-to-one it was impossible to record anything. (Who knows what free publicity some inglorious Wirral Milton may have missed in consequence?)

To sum up: Rather a "scrappy" run, although to be fair, this view could have been due to a touch of liver.

Those present were:—The president, Ken and David Barker, Jeff Mills, Fred Churchill, "Benno", Pat O'Leary, Les and David Bennett, John and Rodney France, Peter Jones, "Salty", John Farrington, Alan Waring, Laurie Pendlebury, Bren Orrell, senior and Peter Budd.

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(not Hatchmere as in March issue)
- 9 HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Cafe) Club "50"
- 13 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 16 80TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER, LION HOTEL, SHREWSBURY
- 18 60TH OPEN 100 MILE TIME TRIAL
- 23 HOLT (Castle Cafe). SOMERFORD
- 30 HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Cafe) CLUB "50"

JUNE

- 6 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe) PHOTOGRAPH RUN
-

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HERBERT

It is with the greatest possible regret that we record the death of our beloved President on the 11th April, 1959, in his eighty-fourth year.

Right down the years, from his election in 1912, no Anfield picture has been quite complete without Bert Green and very few of our club runs have been rendered incomplete by his absence; his was an amazing record of loyalty to the Club, the like of which may never be seen again.

During 1932, just twenty years from joining, he completed one thousand run attendances and was elected to Life Membership. Twenty years later when it was anticipated that he would complete his second thousand, in mid-June 1952, plans were made to mark the occasion by a special club run and presentation. The secret was well kept and Bert was surprised and deeply touched by the simple gift and the warmth of affection shown for him.

Nearly seven years have elapsed since that happy occasion at Norley in the heart of the Cheshire countryside which he loved and knew so well and during these years he has attended another three hundred and forty seven fixtures. Little did we suspect when he presided over our annual Birthday Run at Halewood in March that this was to be his last time with us.

While we may marvel at this record of two thousand, three hundred and forty seven runs in the forty seven years of his membership, his attendances were not made with any thought of a "record". Just as to us no run was complete without Bert, so to him no week was complete until he had met his comrades up the road.

Quite early in his membership he was elected Vice Captain and held this office through the difficult days of the first World War. In 1913 he was persuaded to enter two club races, taking first handicap in a "fifty" and a Standard medal for a twelve hours ride. The Secretary's report for 1914 tells us: "H. Green has ridden in every club race, finishing in all. In addition he won Standard 'A' for 100 miles, Standard 'E' with 318½ miles in the "24" and Standard 'C' (176) miles in 12 hours."

Even had the War not intervened it is unlikely that he would have been an outstanding performer; he rode to savour another aspect of the game he had made his own and his rides were the workmanlike performances of a fit and enthusiastic clubman rather than those of the trained athlete.

In 1938, after a period as Vice President, he was elected to the highest office the club can offer and, although not so widely

GREEN

known in the cycling world as some of his predecessors, he added lustre to the office by sheer devotion to club riding and touring and his love of the Anfield way.

He was our President for twenty one years and as the years passed our affection for him deepened until latterly he must have known that in his lifetime we would have no other.

We were not alone in recognising his worth and for some years he had been President of the Northern Road Records Association a position to which he was elected on the death of our own Edwin Buckley. A great Anfielder has passed on, leaving a gap in our ranks which can never be filled; each one of us who knew him has lost a tried and well loved friend. Yet even as we mourn his passing there is reason for thankfulness at the quiet manner of it and for the energy of body and spirit which were his to the end.

Little can be said for the Peter Pans of this world, the people who never grow up; but we honour and love a man who, though full of years, has not grown old. Such a man was Bert Green.

It is given to few of us, to reach out nearly fourteen years beyond man's allotted span retaining throughout the mental and physical vigour necessary to follow the pursuits and interests of our choosing. His interests and pursuits were very wide and these words of W. S. Landor might, with little modification, have been written with Bert Green in mind:—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Certainly he "warmed both hands before the fire of life" and we can be glad that he was not called upon to sit for weary months beside the embers.

Present to represent the Club at the Service and Committal at Manchester Crematorium on Wednesday, 15th April, were:— R. Barker, J. D. Cranshaw, H. H. Duck, A. Gorman, J. Newton, L. Pendlebury, F. W. Smith and P. Williamson from the Manchester area, with K. W. Barker, A. E. C. Berkby, L. J. Hill, J. Long, E. O. Morris, F. E. Marriott, J. F. Mills, A. E. Preston, D. Stewart and A. Williams from Liverpool. Tom Barlow, (Manchester Wheelers) was also present.

To Bert's family we would offer the sincere sympathy of the Club in their loss.

COMMITTEE MEETING

A meeting of the Committee was held in Liverpool on Monday the 13th April under the chairmanship of J. J. Salt, a Vice President.

Following a tribute to our late President, after which members stood in silent remembrance, a resolution was recorded expressing the deepest sympathy with his relatives in their loss.

It was unanimously agreed that it would be Bert's wish that arrangements already in hand for celebrating the 80th anniversary of the formation of the Club should be continued and that the best tribute to his memory would be to make the Dinner planned for Saturday, 16th May, an occasion worthy of the Club which he loved and served with such distinction.

It would be unthinkable and impossible to carry on as if nothing had happened and certain changes have been made in the plans we had in mind. The toast to "Our President" which was to conclude the proceedings will be replaced by a tribute to his memory which will be made early in the proceedings.

Invitations have already gone to many well known personalities in the cycling world and among those already known to be joining in our celebration, are: W. H. Townsend, Secretary of the Roads Records Association and Chairman of the Road Time Trials Council; Reginald Randall, Harlequins C.C. and holder of the Land's End to John o' Groat's record and R. Seymour Cobley, North Road Club winner of our "100" in 1901.

Tickets price 15/- can be obtained from Frank Marriott and members of the Committee. Alan Gorman has some available for Manchester members and friends.

The Open "100" is, of course, to be run off on Whit Monday morning and we look to every member who possibly can to be out on the course and also to contact Eric Reeves, 29 The Ginnel, Port Sunlight, Wirral, with an offer of help. Members who will be making for the start or finish are advised that certain changes have been made and the route card should be studied carefully.

Changes of address: B. Orrell Junr., 38 Myddleton Lane, Winwick, Nr. Warrington;
R. R. Austin, 88 Waterloo Rd. Bramhall, Cheshire.

Applications for Membership:—
Allan L. Littlemore, 5 Warrington Road, Acton Bridge, Northwich.
Proposed by R. J. Austin, seconded by L. Pendlebury.

Brian Berry, 89 Houghton Road, Birkenhead.
Proposed by R. Wilson, seconded by A. E. Preston.

The resignation of Peter Robinson has been accepted with regret.

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- 8 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
- 13 SPURSTOW (Meadow House).
- 20 LLANARMON (Raven).
- 27 BEESTON BROOK (Station Café), INTER-CLUB "25" with CHESHIRE ROAD CLUB.

JULY

- 4 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 11 LLANARMON (Raven).
- 13 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 18 HUNTINGTON: CLUB "50" CADETS "10".
- 25 TARPORLEY (Grotto Café) MERSEY ROADS CLUB "24".

Alternatives

- JUNE 20 BUXWORTH (Navigation Inn).
 - JULY 11 CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH (Santa Rosa Café).
-

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COMMITTEE NOTES

Allan L. Littlemore, 5 Warrington Road, Acton Bridge, Northwich and Brian Berry, 89 Houghton Road, Birkenhead have been elected to membership.

We welcome Graham Donald Cameron, "Crossways" Damhead Lane, Willaston and Paul Storry, 2 Ackers Road, Woodchurch, Birkenhead as new Cadets.

Application for membership: Jack Beanland, 52 Holm Lane, Oxtou, Birkenhead: proposed by K. W. Barker, seconded by E. G. Pullan.

NEWS IN BRIEF

After thirty years as Editor of "Cycling", H. H. England is now in semi-retirement but continuing as Consultant Editor.

Reg. C. Shaw, M.B.E. relinquishes the secretaryship of the C.T.C. in August when he is to take up a business appointment.

The "Wayfarer", Memorial Seat has been erected at Meriden and was unveiled in late May by H. H. England.

The alternative run to Two Mills on Easter Saturday was notable for several reasons:— we had John Leece out; Len Hill had ridden up from Llansantffraid and was on time which he would never have managed from Heswall, six miles away; Peter Budd was delighted with the completion of a century ride on a new "iron" and finally cadets outnumbered members, five to three.

Congratulations and birthday greetings to Eddie Morris, who celebrated his eightieth in May. The occasion was marked by a complimentary dinner and presentation at Caldy Golf Club where Eddie has been Treasurer since 1947; He was Captain also in 1947 and was elected a Life Member in 1950. He joined the Anfield in 1912 and for many years has kept a watchful eye on finances as one of our auditors.

A few results of "Opens" have reached us including:— West Cheshire T.T.C.A. "25": John Parr 1.6.28; Reg Wilson 1.7.55; Ben Griffiths 1.8.27. and Denis Ryan 1.9.51. Mid-Shropshire Wheelers "50" John Parr 2.22.50. Mercury Road Club "25" John Parr 1.7.45.

Enthusiastic reports have reached us concerning the Raven at Llanarmon and those who attended the fixture there in April are looking forward to another visit.

Several contributions to this issue have had to be cut and we apologise to the writers concerned. Will members having outstanding run reports please send them as soon, and as briefly as possible. Space will be at a premium in our June issue because of the reports of the Whitsuntide celebrations.

Frank Marriott has had a letter from Edwin Green, who writes also on behalf of his brother and sister to thank the Club, for expressions of sympathy and the wreath. W. R. Oppenheimer, probably our oldest member in years (82) and certainly in length of membership (since 1899) has asked to be associated with all that was said in the tribute to Bert in the April Circular. We have also had letters which were greatly appreciated, from: Harry England "Cycling"; C. E. Green, President, Tricycle Association; Allan Littlemore, Secretary N.W. Region T.A.; Mid-Shropshire Wheelers, North Shropshire Wheelers, Melling Wheelers, Speedwell B.C. and Manchester Wheelers.

RUNS

SOMERFORD, 21ST FEBRUARY, 1959.

Only Bren Orrell Senior and Laurie Pendlebury braved the elements on this rather unpleasant afternoon. The President was under doctor's orders to abstain during treatment for fibrositis but hoped to be out the following week.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 28TH FEBRUARY, 1959.

Early afternoon found me making Farndon-wards on a grand spring afternoon, with a gentle south-west wind.

Beyond Churton I made my way patiently into the stiffening breeze towards Shocklach and, at the old timbered house, forked onto the tree-girt lane for Malpas.

In all my years' cycling I had missed Chorlton, a delightful hamlet of cottages, farms and mansions, the gardens white with snowdrops, the rolling fields already showing green amid the good brown plough.

Malpas came into sight, then a mile or so towards Whitchurch and so through Bradley and Macefen to Tushingham.

In the hollow between Noman's Heath and Bickley is a byeway posted Hatherston Green; today I found it a delightful rolling route eventually bringing me to the gates of Cholmondely Castle, turrets and lawns visible through trees awaiting their Spring foliage.

It was wind abaft down the drops to Spurstow and through Bunbury to Highwayside where we foregathered in the bar to chatter away the minutes until ten; Laurie produced some photographs and I was glad to see Pitchy's smiling face among them.

Alf Howarth had made his usual arduous way from Rotherham but he and Alan Gorman turned in fresh and chatty. Fifteen graced the board and in no particular order there were Bren Senior, Laurie, Salty, Reg. Wilson, Len Walls, Jeff Mills, Les and David Bennett, Benno, Peter Jones, John Farrington, Alan Waring and a prospective Cadet, John Edwards of Pensby.

Parting came all to soon and Len and Benno slipped out to get wound up and lead us at a rattling pace through Tiverton and Huxley before Len turned off at Christleton. Ben continued to Hoole Island where I took over the lead through Wirral lanes to Two Mills and the final parting of the ways.

PONTBLYDDYN, 7TH MARCH, 1959.

With a stiff side wind from the north-east we left the Glegg en route for the Eureka in what was considered ample time. Unfortunately John Farrington ran over some glass and the resultant burst not only delayed us but posed a few problems which, with the aid of three repair outfits and three willing helpers, were soon disposed of.

Resuming our journey at a fast rate of knots in order to restore the circulation, we caught Jeff Mills at Two Mills corner and eight of us eventually left for Pontblyddyn, after the usual discussion over a "cuppa"; with a strong following wind the fast men soon left us behind, disappearing in a cloud of dust, or was it spray?

Jeff and I decided to vary the route and at Queensferry we took the left turn towards Hawarden Air Station and, while seeing fresh fields and pastures new, gradually made the ascent to Penyfford strongly assisted by the wind. We were overtaken by Reg Wilson and continued together to our destination where we were assured by the sprinters that they had been awaiting us for half an hour or so.

With a very adequate tea disposed of in the usual Anfield manner, talk turned from the sublime to the ridiculous and back to the sublime with bewildering frequency, among the topics discussed being the racing calendar distributed by Reg. Huntin' as applied to Blood sports, Fishin' as per Denis Ryan who averred that he *always* threw back all he caught ("both of them" someone murmured).

John France described a method of catching pheasants with sultanas and fish-hooks and Peter Jones thought that knocking them off their perches whilst asleep was quite definitely unsporting.

The conversation then turned to more mundane matters, such as Diana Dors, Marilyn Monroe, and the high cost of tubulars as opposed to H.P.'s and closed with the relative merits of certain routes home.

It was eventually decided to take the Mold road, then on to Northop—Connahs Quay—and Eureka, which was closed.

Here we said *Au Revoir* to a few of the Few, and faced a fairly strong wind to the Glegg, where we finally split up, after a very enjoyable run.

Those taking part were as follows:—

Reg Wilson, Jeff Mills, Denis Ryan, John France, Rodney France, John Farrington, David Bennett, Alan Waring and Peter Jones.

HALEWOOD (Birthday Run) 14TH MARCH, 1959.

Much water has flowed under the bridge since that day in March 1879 when a small group of enthusiasts met in Anfield, Liverpool, and formed the Anfield Bicycle Club.

From being the King of the Road the cyclist has, in many eyes, come down to a mere poor relation. Two World Wars have shattered

our established ways of life, roads have become race tracks and for the most part "Mine Host" of former days is gone and his successor now finds easier profit from a "gin and it" than from catering for the needs of hungry travellers.

Yet there are still many miles of quiet byeways scorned by the hurrying motorist and here and there are to be found caterers with a welcome for the cyclist.

Through eighty years of change the Anfield has lived, and quietly flourished until, eighty years from its foundation, we met near the city of our birth at a hostelry with over sixty years' association, to celebrate the passing of the years and toast a future full of promise.

Presiding over the gathering of the Anfield clan was Bert Green, President for twenty-one years and part and parcel of the Anfield story throughout nearly forty-seven years. Although having "a little trouble with my back" he gave little sign of his eighty-three years and certainly we had no warning that this was his last run with us. The long marathon of two thousand, three hundred and forty-seven attendances in weather fair or foul was ended.

A merry party filled the dining room of the Derby Arms, scene of so many Anfield gatherings, and appropriately enough we had visitors in Harry Pearson of the Mersey Roads Club, Cliff Baxter (Lancs. R.C.) whose bicycle could find its way unaided round these islands and the most delectable spots on the Continent and Jack Beanland, brought out by Les Bennett, and who liked us enough to decide him to apply for membership.

Members came from all points of the compass; Mark Haslam from Bolton, Rigby Band unperturbed by the thirty-five miles or so home to Bury, young and not quite so young Brens from East Cheshire and Hubert Buckley from Macclesfield rubbed shoulders with a Manchester contingent consisting of George Taylor, Jack Newton, Harold Catling, Laurie Pendlebury, Eddie Goodall and Jack Cranshaw.

Liverpool was represented by Don Stewart, George Parr, Arthur Birkby and Jeff Mills while from Chester or the Wirral came Ben Griffiths, Guy Pullan, Reg Wilson, Ken Barker, Frank Perkins, Albert Preston, "Salty", Len Hill and Frank Marriott then, last but by no means least, five of our cadets, Rodney France, Alan Waring, John Farrington, David Bennett and David Barker reduced the average age and gave promise of a bright future in the years before we reach our centenary!

After the usual excellent Halewood meal we heard a greeting from Eric Bolton in Canada then constituted ourselves into a special General Meeting to elect, with acclamation, four of our veteran members to Life Membership in recognition of their having completed fifty years' membership; those so honoured with their dates of joining, were W. C. Tierney (1904), E. Bright and D. C. Kinghorn (1906) and R. A. Fulton (1907).

The climax of the evening came when we were treated to a fine lantern talk by Cliff Baxter who took us in colour to Geneva, over Alpine passes, round Italian lakes and into Norway before bringing us nearer home with our own English Lake District.

Few cyclists carry such a load of experience as lightly as does Cliff Baxter, and his humorous and informal talk, illustrated with a delightful series of slides made the perfect ending to the first celebration of our eightieth anniversary.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 21ST MARCH, 1959. FIRST CLUB "25".

A cold east wind made conditions very trying for the first "25". I had thought myself fit after cycling half way round England the previous week, but I began to wonder after my ride out to Highwayside through the lanes and over the pack-horse bridges.

I found quite a sizeable crowd at the corner of the Wettenhall Road—just in time to see the riders come round the skid-pan turning up towards Nantwich. Next time it might be a good idea if someone brought a brush or we'll have an accident here. We wandered back to the finish to await the combatants. Reg was first home, but he didn't win, for others were not far behind; considering the conditions, times were quite good. John Parr turning out the winner, though I did hear murmurs about the handicappers! John Farrington, riding at the last minute in long trousers, and with guards on the bike put up a good time for a first ride in the conditions—we hope to see this bettered by a long way on a good day.

After the fun—the serious work; which was done in familiar surroundings at the Travellers' Rest, then home with a stop for more fortifications in Chester. Those present were:— R. J. Austin, D. Bennett, L. Bennett, P. Crutchley, H. Duck, J. Farrington, J. France, R. France, A. Gorman, B. Griffiths, P. Jones, J. Long, J. Mills, Bren Orrell Senior, J. Parr, L. Pendlebury, J. Salt, K. Selkirk, L. Walls, A. Waring, R. Wilson and B. Wood.

Times were:—

	Actual		H'cap		H'cap	
	Time		M.	S.	Time	
J. Parr	1	7 28	2	10	1	5 18
R. Wilson	1	9 46	2	45	1	7 1
R. Griffiths	1	9 55	2	15	1	7 40
A. Gorman	1	11 5	3	00	1	8 5
J. Farrington	1	24 3	—	—	—	—

EASTER WEEK-END, 27TH-30TH MARCH, 1959.

Here we go go again with thoughts of another pleasant week-end by Vyrnwy side as I amble along to Wrexham this fine Thursday evening. Home rails as far as Oswestry, a phone call to Mrs. Swain to warn her of my early arrival and so to bed.

A boil in my nose and a bad back were taking the guilt off the gingerbread but I was all set for a week-end of miles in good company.

Friday it was up and out on a bright brisk morning with a job of work to do; course measuring is a tedious job but it is becoming one of my main cycling chores.

Over the bridge to Four Crosses to halt at Llandrinio and weigh up the newly-installed traffic lights, a headache for the "100" but not one to be unduly alarmed about.

The Breiddens glowed in the morning sunlight and for the next couple of hours that's all I saw of the countryside. The job done, I retired to the Wingfield Arms at Montford Bridge for lunch; a good house fellows, I recommend it!

Two o'clock and along Ford Lane to the Welshpool road, soon left and into more bye-ways climbing, climbing, climbing to Yockleton and Wraysbury, a teasing wind making the going hard. Then on to a road which Sammy, Albert and I traversed one war-time Whitsun. What a swarm up to Vron Forge with its old windmill and then the steep slopes to Vomington.

Alas, I just wouldn't face the last yards to the ridge, so turning tail at the first opportunity I dropped downhill toward Winnington. A glorious view greeted me, Rodney's Pillar below, ahead, to the right a great panorama of Shropshire beyond the Severn, one almost felt the Peak was within reach. Turning left before reaching the Salop-Welshpool Road an undulating lane took me past Old Parrs Cottage, to be visited again, till I joined the main road some two miles from "Pool". A handy farm at the fork advertising ham and eggs at any time of the day is worth remembering.

In a deserted Welshpool, our favourite cafe was found to be closed, and I was soon on the Gullsfield road then lovely fast-wind assisted miles, to make a halt at Street House for tea, and so to the "Sun" to be greeted by the mob.

Eleven of us all told, graced the board, but how we missed Bert. We gossiped as usual but it was a very sober party and ten o'clock found me retiring to bed. I could ride but my aching back wouldn't let me sit.

On Saturday we proposed to visit Carl Birkby at Hirnant for lunch; two parties went their own ways this day. Benno, Peter Jones, Denis Ryan and Salty, being the fast pack, took off quickly and travelled that favourite road from Arddlan to Gullsfield and Llanfaircaerinion. Ben and Denis were too fit but on reaching the Macchynlleth road the old dog suggested bit and bit, just gently to suit, alas Ben was too much for us and he of a necessity had to do a very big bit into the teeth of the wind, Yea unto Cann Office and beyond.

At the point where you turn across for Llanfyllian it was left to me to lead the way. Denis and Peter were soon afoot, I chortled; Ben was off for a drink, and so I was away on my own but not for long as I proposed a halt for elevenses at Llwydiarth, a delightful spot.

Then along the now well loved track to Crwnwy and the infant Vyrnwy. It was a rapid descent to "Hen Dafarn" but alack and alas Carl was bereft of all food. So unwillingly we made our way to Llangynog, taking the slip lane to avoid that awful eminence twist Pen-y-Bont and Llangynog. We were met by long faces and reports of a very unsatisfactory lunch at the Tanat Valley Hotel so went across the road and fed quickly and well.

Lunch over we retraced our steps and hesitated on reaching Pen-y-Carreg as to the advisability of taking a hill crossing to Llanfyllian, but no, it was the main road all the way.

Turning by the hospital we took to the tumbling hill roads that lead to Meifod. It finished up with the old fox walking them to death, even though he admits he was lost. Anyway a delightful tea at a pub in Meifod, put us all in good humour once more.

Sunday dawned damp, but we all set off together with the intention of meeting Guy for lunch at Chirbury. Making for Meifod somehow we got split up. The laggards decided they must add on the miles and go to Welshpool via Pont Robert, whilst we switched across the Vyrnwy and made for "Pool" direct. Benno showed great cunning on grabbing Albert's geared machine and did his utmost to outwit Denis, but he couldn't quite make it and Denis was still hill champion. Coffee in Welshpool, capes on now, and we swarmed up past Powys Castle and ancient oaks. Climb and climb almost into the clouds, steam arising its from our collars, till the rapid run down through the wood set us on the Berriew road, wind abaft. Main road to Garthmill, left over the Severn to Montgomery and I had promised everyone a final gallop downhill to Chirbury. Strange, the road seemed to have tilted the wrong way and it was a very annoyed bunch that halted at the Herbert Arms. The stayers eventually arrived and quickly caught up with us in the grub stakes.

The rain had ceased when we came to leave and as we rapidly made our way toward Salop, we introduced the younger ones to the joys of that stretch of the "100" course used until 1946. Into the lanes at Wraysbury, crossing the spokes of the roads that go west from Salop, we finally dropped down to Alberbury. Tea at Street House, on to Llanymynech, then we three walked along the canal and river till crossing the bridge once more we were back at the "Sun."

Jeff was feeling like a ride on the Monday, so Denis, Jeff and Salty made into the hills whilst the remainder kept to the lowlands. Where they got to I know not, but I was re-introduced to a way I first travelled in 1927 and a second time with Sid Jonas on one of the "Tints" week-ends in the early 30's.

Denis, ever eager, got mixed up in a scrap on the Milltir Cerrig, whilst Jeff and I ambled up. Lunch we took at Llanderfel less Denis; we met him on the bridge, hunchless, that's what over-eagerness does. We were merciless and wouldn't wait so we left him with Jeff's chocolate and his own, with instructions to meet us at Llanarman for tea.

From Llanderfel Bridge we went into the village sharp right and along what is surely the most solitary of highways. Following the left bank of the Dee for mile after mile with glimpses across the valley, first of Llandrillo then Cynwyd and so on to A5 by the milk station some two miles out of Corwen. The long slopes of the Llandegla road took their toll. Then Jeff punctured twice so we ordered tea at Bryn Eglws and then repaired them. Quietly we made our way to Llanarmon for tea, then Jeff told me to beat it, and meet him at Two Mills, where Denis was found chuckling at having arrived first.

And so to the final few miles home after a week-end of good company, good grub and good country. Now we look forward to Whitsuntide!

Those out for the full week-end were:—Salty, Jeff Mills, Denis Ryan, Fred Churchill, Bert Preston, Laurie Pendlebury and Guy Pullan; for Friday and Saturday nights we had Ben Griffiths and Peter Jones and for Friday night only, Len Hill.

TWO MILLS, 28TH MARCH, 1959.

The club run this Saturday was Two Mills, six miles from home and with such a good pair of legs it did seem a waste. So, here is the schedule:—Heswall, Eaton Hall Estate, Holt, Bangor-on-Dee, Overton, Ellesmere, Tetchill, West Felton, Llanymynech, Llansantffraid, Llansilin, Rhiwlas, Glyn-Ceiriog, Chirk, Wrexham, Chester, Two Mills. Why go direct when one can wander and make a run of it. At the Eureka we met dear old John Leece, forty-seven years an Anfielder, still fit for golf and cycling and ready for a humorous story with a twinkle in the eye. The veterans (both) were nicely balanced by Peter Budd, David Barker, David Bennett, John Farrington, Alan Waring and Rodney France.

Of course we omitted to mention that such a long run had to be broken with a rest, one night with the Easter boys at the "Sun". You see, the Foxenden Committee had requested us to report on the habits of Anfielders. We observed one main eccentricity of these human animals; would any but a mob of Anfielders, on being told that morning tea would be at eight and breakfast at nine, be up and awaiting the said tea, standing around the bedrooms having washed, shaved, taken the air and purchased morning papers. At least two members had the culture, breeding and appreciation to lay abed and politely accept the tea—produced by the charming young lady. And, their endeavour to show the better way of life was simply mocked by Fred Churchill and a horde, charging into the room and taking a "flashlight" of the two aforementioned gentlemen a-lying in their dignity sipping tea. (All the same, its a darned good photo, Ed.)

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ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

Vice Presidents: J. J. SALT & G. B. ORRELL

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIV

JUNE-JULY, 1959

NUMBER 630

FIXTURES

AUGUST

- 1-3 TOUR TO BATH ROAD CLUB "100"
ALTERNATIVE TOUR. H.Q. BRYNTRIRION INN, LLANDDERFEL
1 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café) SOMERFORD
8 BANGOR-ON-DEE, BIRCH VALE (Sycamore Inn).
10 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
15 HATCHMERE (Forest Café)
22 TARPORLEY (Park Café)
19 HOLT (Castle Café) ALTON

SEPTEMBER

- 5 HIGHWAYSIDE. CLUB "25"
12 LLANARMON (Raven). CHINLEY (Oaklands Café)
14 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL
19 HATCHMERE (Forest Café). DALTON
26 BANGOR-ON-DEE. SCHOLAR GREEN (Elspeth Café)

OCTOBER

- 3-4 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR (LLANSANTFFRAID)
17 HALEWOOD. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
-

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 members elected: Jack Beanland, 52 Holm Lane, Oxton, Birkenhead.

Transferred to Honorary Membership: V. Lambert.

The following have been accepted as Cadets:—

John Chapman, "Farend" Barker Lane, Greasby, Upton, Wirral.
David N. Letts, 9 Loomsway, Irby, Wirral, Cheshire.

Changes of address: R. H. G. Wright, "The Kings Arms", 123 Shoreditch High Street, London, E.1. D. Ryan, 35 Cedar Avenue, Little Sutton, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Autumn Tints Tour has been arranged as above. Names to the Secretary as soon as possible please.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Will Townsend, Chairman of the R.T.T.C., Secretary of the R.R.A., and a guest speaker at our Dinner has since been seriously ill with pneumonia and pleurisy and was admitted to hospital. He is now home and making progress towards a complete recovery.

Bob Wright, a Londoner whom we share with the B.R.C. hopes eventually to take a small country pub and is in strict training at his new address given elsewhere. Roy Coukham, Rutland C.C., a consistent rider in our "100", recently broke P. E. A. Carter's N.R.R.A. 12 hours record with a ride of 246 miles, a prelude to his winning ride of 469.17 miles in the R.T.T.C. Championship "24", in the Catford event.

Stan Wild spent Whit Monday night with Jim Cranshaw at the Aleppo Merchant, Caerns, before going on to a tourlet of Snowdonia which finished with a ride through Caernarvon, the Nant Ffrancon and Bettws to Oswestry in heavy rain while cricket was played all day at Old Trafford.

Manchester members are finding some new venues in and around the Derbyshire hills. One or two were foxed by the Santa Rosa Café being given as Chapel-en-le-Frith when it is evidently nearer Whaley Bridge. Not to be outdone, the Merseyside Gents are trying out a new place in Bangor-on-Dee.

Allan Littlemore celebrated his election as an Anfielder by taking fifth place out of 46 riders in the first heat of the B.C.T.C. and then proved his speed legs with 1.17.10.. in a Vets' "25" on a barrow.

Keith Selkirk has been awarded a Fell Exhibition on his Oxford tutor's recommendation. At the same time he was selected to ride for the Oxford Union Cycling Club against Cambridge.

Les Bennett managed a team of six boys (four of them Anfield Cadets) who won the Cycle Rally Shield at the New Brighton Cycling Week-end and in addition practically cleared the board in collecting half a dozen individual awards including first prize of a Viking bicycle.

Denis Ryan had his No. 1 bicycle stolen from Lairds during May but manages to move quite rapidly on No. 2.

Rigby Band is bringing up Michael and Graham in the way they should go. Both are keen riders and recently toured the Warwickshire area using hostels.

A number of observers fully competent to discriminate between a scrap and a club run commented on the amount of company riding in the Trike "100" on Whit Sunday particularly in the Four Crosses—Tanat Valley area. It will be a pity if the T.A. reputation for good sportsmanship is spoilt by a few who ignore the clear rules of unpaced riding in time trials.

Captain Wilson received a tremendous ovation as he romped up to the finish in the "100". A bloke named Booty who came in at the same time probably thought it was for him, which is fair enough—we like our visitors to go home satisfied.

For obvious reasons publication of the Circular has gone haywire and we hope this June/July issue will be out sometime in August. The Editor will be away from 15th August to 5th September which will make a return to normal even more difficult. Members can help by sending in any outstanding run reports, news items etc., *immediately* please.

WHIT WEEK-END, 16th-18th MAY, 1959

The sun smiled kindly on our celebrations of the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Anfield in March 1879. The Dinner, reported by Stan Wild, was a great and memorable start to the holiday; then on Sunday thirty-five members and friends gathered at Chirbury for lunch and the report of this meet comes from our old friend Len Baker of the Bath Road Club.

The sixtieth Anfield "100" was the cause of much speculation, not so much as to who, barring accidents, would win but by how much and whether Joy's course record would be broken. The report of the race will show that Booty's win was no walk-over and his time, three minutes outside record, though a very fine effort on a day when the wind was wrong for our course, serves to underline the merit of Ken Joy's 4.15.57 in 1952.

Fifty-seven members and Cadets were out for all or part of the week-end and the full attendance list is appended. Present at the Dinner were:— J. J. Salt, G. B. Orrell, R. J. Austin, S. Wild, E. O. Morris, R. Wilson, F. E. Marriott, F. Chandler, J. E. Reeves, P. Williamson, D. Ryan, A. E. C. Birkby, J. Newton, L. Pendlebury, G. Parr, A. Williams, E. G. Pullan, P. Badd, D. Brown, B. Orrell, W. P. Rock, L. J. Walls, J. H. Mills, D. W. Barker, K. W. Barker, E. Haynes, I. A. Thomas, R. R. Austin, J. S. Jones, J. W. Cranshaw, H. G. Buckley, L. J. Hill, D. Stewart, E. M. Haslam and A. E. Preston.

Reg. Wilson rode in the "100" as did John Parr.

Also out during the week-end were:— J. R. Griffiths, Den Jones, J. C. Futter, Peter Jones, B. Berry, D. Bennett, J. Farrington, E. England, P. Crutchley, Russ Barker, A. Howarth, H. Wood, Les Bennett, J. Pitchford, S. N. Bradley, A. L. Littlemore, H. Austin, J. Long, D. Thorold, F. B. Churchill and W. Thorpe.

*EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER, LION HOTEL,
SHREWSBURY*

*"High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam,
Islanded in Severn stream."*

Shrewsbury at Whitsun is one of the Anfield's finest traditions and its continued association with the Lion is, perhaps, the longest of its many connections with the past. This ancient coaching inn stretches back into history, too, and among its guests have been King William IV, Charles Dickens, Jenny Lind and Disraeli. Here Paganini played from the Minstrels' Gallery, and that celebrated Mancunian, Thomas de Quincey actually slept in the famous Adam Ballroom in which our Dinner was held.

In this perfect historical setting our festivities commenced. True, a dark shadow had been cast over the occasion by the recent death of our beloved President, Bert Green, and early in the proceedings Jack Salt vacated the chair whilst Stan Wild paid tribute to our late leader, stressing his wonderful record of 2,347 Anfield club-runs an average of 50 runs a year for nearly 50 years which surely earned for him the title of Champion Clubman of All Time. His passing marks the end of an era and we shall never see his like again.

Rex Austin, in a marathon speech, proposed the toast "Our Guests". He extended a warm welcome to members of the Birkenhead North End C.C.; and to C. E. Green, North Road and T.A. (holder of the shield presented to the R.R.A. by the late W. P. Cook for the York-Edinburgh tricycle record); Cecil Paget, North Road; Len Baker, a member of the Bath Road team in the 1939 Hundred in company with the late Alec Horwood, V.C., of whom the whole cycling world was, and still is, intensely proud; Harry Pearson, President of the Mersey Roads; T. A. Prescott, Liverpool Century; Dick Hulse, Speedwell; Eric Mustill, East Liverpool Wheelers; Reg Randall, Harlequins C.C., present holder of the End to End bicycle record and of the shield presented to the R.R.A. by the Anfield in 1894; Frank Slemen, Mr. "Liverpool" of the cycling world with national and international connections—respected for his sound views often forcibly expressed; Will Townsend secretary of R.R.A. since 1946 and chairman of the R.T.T.C. National Committee; Arthur Wood, Hon. Treasurer of the Cheshire Roads for 32 years; Bill Oakley, C.T.C. Vice-President, a writer who has had nearly as much influence on the youthful cyclist as "Wayfarer"; Peter Barlow, renowned for his organisation of record rides; Bill Bailey, secretary of the N.R.R.A.; Jack Beauchamp, President of the Bath Road; R. Seymour Cobley, North Road, winner of the Hundred in 1901 and looking remarkably fit at 81 years of age; Reuben Frith, Hundred winner in 1938, 1939, and 1947; Harry Harding, Walton C. & A.C., Hundred winner in 1949; Harry England, President of the North Road, Editor of *Cycling* for 30 years and now its Consulting Editor; Tommy Barlow—a human calculating machine, a man of clear brain, orderly mind and

tireless energy, whose services to the sport were incalculable. Rex expressed regret that G. H. S. was unable to be present and extended to him our continued good wishes.

Harry England clearly relished his task of replying to Rex's toast, which he thought could not have been bettered and he was happy to be here. Anfield tradition was in the number one grade—no track racing, no massed start, no dancing, no feminine influence, and no trophies! That made a cycling club, and if ever there was one the Anfield was it! He gave the following reasons for the Anfield keeping its members through the years and for life—selection, good fellowship, and inspired loyalty. The North Road try to live up to this standard, perhaps with not quite the success of the Anfield. He referred to the sad loss of Bert Green, and admitted that as a North Roder he had always envied the Anfield its presidents. He recollected friends in the Anfield—Lord Kenilworth, a member for 60 years; Percy Beardwood; Bren Orrell, winner of the Hundred in 1930 and 1933; G. P. Mills, the greatest distance rider of them all; Jack Salt, a winner of the Bath Road "100"; Dr. Carlisle, winner of the Hundred in 1893; and Hubert Buckley, the living image of his late father. In conclusion he recalled that in 1949 G. H. S. had said that the Club's best days were yet to come, and he felt sure that the Anfield would continue to maintain its traditional role in the cycling world.

Tommy Barlow was the second respondent to the toast, and he, of course, said some very nice things about us, including—"Unlike some cycling clubs the Anfield has never lost sight of the fact that the first principle of a cycling club is to ride bicycles."

Jack Beauchamp, President of the Bath Road Club, now rose to propose the toast "The Black Anfielders", complaining bitterly that the previous speakers had stolen his thunder and to add verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing statement waved a copy of *The Black Anfielders* in the air. He said there were only three real clubs in the country—the Anfield, the Bath Road, and the North Road (he didn't say whether the North Road agreed with his placings!) and, quoting from the "History" referred to the large number of R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. records broken by Anfielders, and to our annual fixtures, the Birthday Tea and the Autumnal Tints Tour. He had known us for 40 years and hoped to be present at our Centenary Dinner. (Of course Jack's speech has been censored).

Frank Marriott (as chief compiler of *The Black Anfielders*) rightly replied. He announced that a new course would be required for the Hundred next year owing to the very recent installation of traffic lights on Llandrinio bridge, and gave us an interesting insight into the workings of our Cadet scheme which is successfully attracting youngsters to the Club.

Will Townsend spoke on "The Future of Cycling", pointing out that a graph of cycling activity never shows a continuous rise, that a peak has been reached, and a decline is now shown. The future of the game depends on a number of factors—the attitude of parents to

child cycling; the threat to club runs by the late starts of massed-start events; the racing season being too long; the lack of suitable venues for club runs; and the possibility of England becoming motorised like the United States. All these points (and others) were interestingly discussed, and it seems that our future is assured until the poorer parts of the world attain prosperity, which should not be in our time, anyway.

Bill Oakley hit the highest of notes with the final speech which took the form of a delightful dissertation on "The Pleasure that is Cycling".

And as this most pleasant of occasions drew to a close we mentally prepared ourselves for our various exertions on the morrow and on Whit Monday in "the country that lies between the dimpled lands of England and the gaunt purple steepes of Wales" (Mary Webb).

Among the visitors present and not mentioned were Alec Smith (Colne Valley); Johnny Williams (Mersey Roads); Arthur Smith (North Road); Carl Harvey and Jack Westaway (Bath Roads); Our apologies to any person inadvertently omitted—we were very pleased to have you with us.

RUNS

CHIRBURY, WHIT SUNDAY, 17TH MAY 1959.

It was in the wee sma' hours following the Anfield Dinner that someone thought of the run to Chirbury. It was somewhat tentatively suggested but before we could swallow a drachm everyone had agreed to turn out, talking enthusiastically of the joys of cycling. Particularly noticeable was the fact that the most vociferous were those who intended going by car.

Guy Pullan took names, about 45 of them, and devoutly hoped for some cancellations as the Herbert Arms could only cope with 35, possibly in two sittings "first come, first served".

We might draw a veil over the remainder of the session except to say that it was of the usual order, tall stories, much wine and good fellowship.

Came the morning and Guy doing his rounds; "What's the weather like? How far is it? My head!" came from all sides, until the list was closed with thirty-five names on it.

The cyclists arranged to start at 10-30 a.m. prompt; at 10-35 the starting point in the Lion's yard was deserted and remained so until at 11-0 a.m. a few skulking, pallid, wan and worn figures staggered into the yard, mounted and pushed off.

These heroes were Len Hill, direct from Weobly on a very wobbly back wheel, Guy, Percy Williamson, and Albert Preston with Jack Westaway and Len Baker of the Bath Road Club.

The way seemed very long, my knees creaked and limbs ached; it was very much "the morning after the night before", and up in front was Percy Williamson deaf to all appeals to walk, stop, "what about a cuppa" until up the hill to Worthen we (myself) collapsed and feebly asked Guy to see if the White Horse could do some refresh-

ments. The oracle worked, tea and cakes appeared while Percy snorted his disapproval of such waste of good cycling time but needless to say consumed his fair share. The remaining miles to Chirbury were not so bad.

At the Herbert Arms it was like Ascot Sunday with swarms of motorists and their ladies, families, etc., all announcing that they were the Anfield Bicycle Club; the new proprietress looked a little puzzled until we six arrived and demonstrated that some members do ride bicycles. Present in addition to those already mentioned there were:— Jack and Mrs. Beauchamp, Carl and Mrs. Harvey, George and Mrs. Parr, Rex and Mrs. Austin, and Bob Austin, Ken and Mrs. Barker with Marion and David, England of *Cycling*, Peter Crutchley, Stan Wild, Arthur Birkby, Will and Mrs. Townsend, Len and Mrs. Walls, Reg. and Mrs. Wilson, Ted England, Dave Brown, Denis Ryan, Jeff Mills, Tom Prescott of the Liverpool Century and Jack Salt, thirty-five in all, eighteen of whom came on bicycles!—ED.).

An excellent lunch was served particularly at one table whose occupants laughed at us when they got second helpings of sweet then cheese and biscuits. But we laughed at them when the bills came.

After lunch we assembled on the lawn for photographs; one young Anfielder sat on a spiky rose, one Mrs. Anfielder picked up the infant daughter of the house and said to her husband "look what I've got"; David Barker poked his sister in the tum and she said "hello face". Altogether a very friendly gathering.

At last came the parting of the ways. The cyclists gathered together defensively as the motorists roared off and peace descended on the Herbert Arms. The cycling party led by Len Hill consulted maps, read the compass, studied the almanac, stars and what have you before asking a small boy, who stood open-mouthed nearby, the way to Shrewsbury. And so we set off back to the Lion and an early night preparatory to the "100" on the morrow.

THE SIXTIETH ANFIELD "100", WHIT MONDAY, 18TH MAY, 1959

It was dull, cloudy and cold at 5.0 a.m. and the flag on the tower of nearby Bieton Church hung loosely in the still morning air.

Timekeeper Stan Wild was on the spot in good time; Jack Beauchamp did his usual efficient job of getting the night riders on the line at the right times while Eric Reeves and Ira Thomas were busy fixing numbers.

Precisely at 5.01 Hubert Buckley sent Reg Wilson on his way and continued to push off all 93 starters.

By 6.40 a.m., with the last man started on his long trek, the sun had appeared and the flag was fluttering in the rising easterly breeze; this was the wrong wind for the course and a hint to the knowledgeable not to expect Joy's record to be badly damaged.

At Onibury, near Ludlow, now 25 miles from the amended start, Jack Salt turned the riders and took a check which showed East

Liverpool Wheelers' new star Harry Middleton to have a few seconds lead over his more famous rival Booty who turned in 62 minutes.

Ash of the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers was little over a minute down at this point then Moon, Melling Wheelers, turned north in 64 minutes; half a minute more sufficed for Masterson, Barr, Ericsson Wheelers, and Ken Pickford, winner of the event in 1956.

Near the Lazy Trout at Marshbrook the Mersey Roads Club manned the first drinks station and as the riders returned to the Shrewsbury by-pass members of the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers guided them round the many islands as they had done on the outward journey.

At the fifty mile post Rex Austin took a time check and found Middleton to be leading in 2.3.5., a three minute advantage over Booty with Masterson a further two minutes in arrears. Only seconds down on Masterson was Barr, then still in the hunt came Moor, Ash and Pickford with last year's winner Morris (2.11.20) chasing hard for first place on the road, a position he took from Rutlands' Coukham near Maerdy.

With the traffic lights on Llandrinio Bridge safely negotiated the next check is at Maerdy with sixty-three miles covered. Middleton had taken 2hrs 36 mins, Booty two minutes longer and Masterson was timed through in 2.42 with Barr, Millardship, Morris and Moon in hot pursuit.

Then came the testing miles through Llanymynech and up the Tanat Valley. At Llanrhadr, 77½ miles, Eric Mustill and his East Liverpool Wheeler comrades passed up drinks and took a further check. Booty now had a grip on the race but his 3 hours 15 mins was a bare minute faster than Middleton and nearly five minutes better than Masterson and Moon who clocked 3 hrs 20 mins with Barr only a minute away.

Over the few wind-assisted miles from Llyncllys to Maerdy legs were really "revving" and Don Stewart and his henchmen needed their skates on to pass sponges and drinks to the flying figures.

Morris had a slender lead on the road and at Maerdy with less than nine miles to go his 4 hrs 4 mins was three minutes faster than Pickford, the other past winner on the card. Masterson (3 hrs 59 mins) was making a great effort and his time was matched only by Barr (4 hrs) until Booty went through with nearly four minutes in hand. Middleton was full of fight despite his lack of experience at the distance and was timed here as level with Masterson.

Bright sunshine lit up the steep wooded slopes of Breidden Hill as the riders sped past to negotiate once more the narrow bridge at Llandrinio with its tantalising traffic lights; local boy Morris scrapped it out over these last undulating miles with Coukham of the Rutland C.C., famed for its crack long distance men: both were determined to cross the finishing line first and at 9.37.35 Morris gained the honour with a fine 4.27.35 to beat his rival by one second on the road and another five minutes on elapsed time.

Mark Haslam loaned his car to the timekeeper, and himself spotted the approaching riders through a pair of binoculars, Les Bennett did a good job in noting the actual finishing order of the seventy-three survivors who completed the course.

The new finish, though not ideal, was less congested than Montford Lane and only at the very end was there any hint of any complications with other traffic.

Alan Masterson, second fastest in 1957 and '58 crossed the line at 9.41.0 with a fine ride completed in 4.21.0 which remained fastest time for nearly forty minutes, The next man of note to finish was R. C. Barr with 4.27.17, an excellent start for the ultimate team winners, the Ericsson Wheelers.

From ten o'clock Booty had been expected. Few thought he would beat four hours but as it seemed a better day than Joy's occasion, except for the direction of the wind, quite a number confidently predicted a ride around 4 hrs 10 mins, but the minutes slipped by and when the timekeeper announced that it was 10.16 a.m. Joy's course record was known to be safe for another year.

There was not much longer to wait for along came Booty scrapping with our own Reg Wilson whom he beat to the line by a short head at 10.18.56, the simplest calculation of the morning making his time 4.18.56. Reg kept the Anfield flag flying with a good 5.17.58, and John Parr, our other rider, survived an onslaught by a clot of a learner-driver at Four Crosses to finish in the excellent time of 4,50.9.

There was much speculation now as to whether Middleton could hold on to his early lead but before he was due Ken Pickford clocked 4.31.25, then Moon came in with 4.27.47 and at 10.34.14 came G. A. Booty to settle the fate of first team medals; Slater, the other crack rider of the Ericsson team started with a fractured wrist in plaster following an accident earlier in the week but called enough at 50 miles.

Millardship, No. 90, came in with a good 4.27.18 then at 11.1.46 Middleton crossed the line to record 4.21.46 for third place, having lost on Booty and Masterson over the second half.

The last finisher of note was No. 98 B. Yuile of the Warrington R.C. who slipped into sixth place with 4.27.33 and took second handicap prize with a deduction of 18 minutes.

At 11.36.37 it was all over when P. J. Sibert (Liverpool Unity) crossed the line; he was No. 99 on the card and clocked 4.57.37. Then the post-mortem started; times were checked and rechecked as another Anfield "100" passed into history.

The full result sheet is attached. Of the 93 starters, 73 completed the course, 64 of them beating five hours. There were 9 rides inside 4.30.0. In both first and second teams there were brothers and curiously enough their names appear together in the finishing order: 1. R. C. Booty; 2. A. R. Masterson; 28. T. E. Masterson; 29. G. A. Booty.

The younger Masterson, Alan, has now finished second in three consecutive years.

Asked by H. H. England at the finish if there were any incidents Booty replied "Only the hills." It will be interesting to see if he and his team make another onslaught on this historic event and with what result.

Once again we are indebted to Eric Reeves for putting over a first class promotion and to our good friends of the Bath Road Club, Mersey Roads Club, East Liverpool Wheelers and Mid-Shropshire Wheelers for their invaluable help. At least three of the entrants are delighted with the result of Frank Slemen's handicapping. Nine of the riders, including Masterson and Middleton, had their handicaps reduced before their entry forms had been completed.

SOMERFORD, 28TH MARCH, 1959.

The day was delightfully sunny, the atmosphere fresh and the views of the Cheshire Hills, from Shutting's Low to Mow Cop breathtaking in their clarity. I laboured upwards to the Wizard of Alderley, dropped easily to Birtleshall and came out behind Redesmere, which made a pretty picture with a white sail gliding along its gleaming waters. A few miles of main road to Marton's ancient black and white church and soon I was climbing Radnor Bank to reach my destination in good time.

Rigby Band was the first to arrive. It is interesting to note the process of metamorphosis from Liverpool Gentleman to Manchester Man which Rigby is experiencing. He now lives at Bury—a few more miles and he will be the perfect specimen.

Gradually the party increased to eight, quite a good turn-out considering the counter-attractions of the Easter Tour. It was a great pleasure (tinged with some interest) to meet Anne, Alf Howarth's fiancée—I have often wondered what kind of girl would put up with Alf—but full marks to Anne. Alf goes on (as yet) in his own sweet way, but one of these days he will get a real hair cut (or is this too subtle?).

Tea was a grand bacon and egg affair after my own heart and conversation quite rightly had to wait its turn before getting on top. Alf still supports a certain radio programme put out for children and those adults with weak intellects—its quality can be judged by Hubert's throaty chuckle. Alan introduced new subjects whenever there was the least sign of flagging, the Brens occasionally spoke and as for the writer—he talked his head off! Yes, a most enjoyable affair which lasted until after eight o'clock and passed all too quickly. A pleasant run beneath a star-spangled sky wrote *finis* to a most enjoyable occasion.

Those present:—J. R. Band, H. G. Buckley, A. Gorman, A. Howarth (and Anne), G. B. Orrell, B. Orrell, and S. Wild.

HATCHMERE, APRIL 4TH, 1959.

A fine day, the best for a long time the countryside looked very promising, so much so that I managed to get lost—for the moment only but worth recording for I thought I knew Cheshire thoroughly. There was a good muster of members present and very pleasingly a number of youngsters. Those present in no particular order:—Jeff Mills, Geo Parr, John France, Harry Duck, Guy Pullan, Fred Churchill, Reg Wilson, Denis Ryan, Peter Budd, Ben Griffiths (the hungry one), Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth, Laurie Pendlebury, Bren Orrell Senr, Bren Orrell Jur., John Farrington, David Barker, David Bennett, Rodney France, Alan Waring and prospective member Brian Berry.

HOLT, 11TH APRIL, 1959.

News of the death of Bert Green had come through during the morning and it was with thoughts as sombre as the day that a start was made towards Holt.

Heavy rain, the relentless sort that showed no sign of easing, made the road to Two Mills into a river and the few cars which ventured out threw up clouds of muddy spray.

It was sticky under a cape and hat so that progress was slow to Huntington where a brief halt for a cup of tea was made even more brief by the arrival of two juke-box fiends.

Although well on time the Editor was the seventh, and last, arrival at the Castle Cafe where Guy Pullan, Jeff Mills, Les Bennett, Len Walls, John Farrington and David Barker were already installed.

Guy, Jeff and David had lunched with Mrs. Evans at Star Crossing before taking Cilcaine, Llanarmon, the Stone Zoo and Gresford in their stride.

The rain showed little sign of relenting as we set off homeward on the ever delightful Deeside road through Farndon and Aldford but a halt beyond Huntington to take leave of Len Walls was also the signal to snatch a few capeless miles; at Two Mills, however, normal conditions prevailed and the last stretch home lived up to the pattern of the day.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 18TH APRIL, 1959.

On this very pleasant spring day it was a joy to be out and to cast one's cares aside.

At Two Mills, Frank Perkins awaited me and together we set off at an easy pace. Passing through Chester four members joined us but not for long as at The Trooper Inn they kept to the main road whilst Frank and I turned for Christleton and there along Cheshire's lovely lanes as far as Tiverton.

At the Travellers Rest the lounge was quite full and by the time the gong went the numbers present had increased to twenty-two.

The return journey was uneventful as far as Tarporley but shortly afterwards someone at the rear started a breakaway which quickly sorted everyone out and resulted in Frank and I once more enjoying each other's company. Present:—Laurie Pendlebury, Reg Wilson, Peter Jones, Denis Ryan, Jeff Mills, John France, Les Bennett, Graham Cameron, Alan Waring, Jack Beanland, Jack Salt, Fred Churchill, Rodney France, David Bennett, John Farrington, Frank Perkins, Keith Selkirk, David Barker, Ben Griffiths, Len Walls, Bren Orrell Sen. and Bren Orrell Jr.

LLANARMON. (RAVEN) 25TH APRIL, 1959.

We gathered at Two Mills at three o'clock and, with the day being very wet and the wind unkind, soon settled for the direct route through Queensferry, Mold and up past the Rainbow. Near Loggerheads we met Peter Jones but he was not joining us but was on his way to Mold (No comment).

Arriving at the Raven we found Reg and Jeff, who had made a day of it, drying out before the fire. The tea was good and reasonable, consisting of two boiled eggs, plenty of bread and butter, cakes and tea.

After the usual talk and noting that no more Anfielders were brave enough to venture out we pushed off, Reg and Jeff going home the long way round via Wrexham but the three Cadets made a dash for home—and the "telly".

Those out were:—Reg Wilson, Jeff Mills, David Bennett, Alan Waring, and Rodney France.

SOMERFORD, 25TH APRIL, 1959.

Why do we have such lovely days when we are all at work and then such a horrible shocker as this Saturday? We felt sorry and glad when we saw those riders of the Manchester Wheelers who were engaged in a time trial on the J.5 course. Sorry for the rain-soaked heroes—glad because we did not have to struggle.

We were just pipped on the post at the café by one who always seems to pick the worst possible days for his appearances. One by one, wet, faint and famished the riders came in and proceeded to gollup their tea with zest. Our last arrival managed to beat the Manchester record for lateness.

A most pleasant talk followed tea and as the weather looked like relenting it appeared that our tough men would have a much more comfortable ride home.

Cast, in order of appearance was:—Eddie Goodall, Alf Howarth, Alan Gorman, Harry Duck, Bren Orrell Senr, Bren Jr, Rigby Band and Laurie Pendlebury.

HIGHWAYSIDE (CLUB "25") 2ND MAY, 1959.

The Captain's instruction was "marshall at Wettenhall" which meant a gallop all the way and a damp shirt by the time the Boot and Slipper came in sight.

A troublesome wind was abroad promising some hard patches for the athletes and a tough plug from the Nantwich turn to the finish.

One by one the riders sped through on their way but an undue amount of sorting out seemed to have taken place before their re-appearance. A club-run of four returning together appeared to call for some instructions in the rules of time-trialling until it was explained that a marshall, foxed by the rather ambiguous printed details of the course, had misdirected Rodney France, Alan Waring, Denis Ryan, Peter Jones and David Bennett and for them the hunt was over.

Alf Howarth put the official right and went on his way rejoicing, a happy state of affairs which did not last until the end judging by his remarks on passing the Travellers' Rest with a mile to go.

Alan Gorman went through with that deceptively easy style of his but punctured later and lost valuable time. Bren Orrell, John Parr, Reg Wilson, John Farrington and prospective member Brian Berry completed the field.

At the finish Jimmy Long waited to time the riders after the hard slog into the wind and eventually announced the result as follows:—

Name	Actual Time	H'cap Mins.	H'cap Time
1. B. Orrell	1 6 9	SCR	1 6 9
2. J. Parr	1 6 57	2 15	1 4 42
3. R. Wilson	1 10 20	3 45	1 6 35
4. A. Howarth	1 13 39	7 00	1 6 39
5. A. Gorman	1 15 30	2 00	1 13 30
J. Farrington	1 14 28	—	—
B. Berry	1 14 37	—	—

R. France, A. Waring, D. Ryan, D. Bennett and P. Jones D.N.F. (off course).

At the Travellers' Rest the long table was full to overflowing and we were glad to have a number of ladies in the party including Mrs. Gorman, Mrs. Bren Senior, Mrs. Long and Alf's Anne. Friend Eric Jones pushed off the riders and during tea we had a visit from T.A. President Ed Green. Members out in addition to those already named were:—John France, Les Bennett, Ken Barker, Cyril Selkirk, Bren Senior, Jeff Mills, Salty, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, Harry Duck, Len Walls, Benno, Laurie Pendlebury, John Futter, Len Jones, Bert Wood and Alan Littlemore. Paul Storry came along to join us as a Cadet.

HUNTINGTON (CLUB "50") 9TH MAY, 1959.

This "Fifty" course based on Huntington certainly makes for a pleasant social occasion. Riders pass and re-pass so that the pattern of the race can be watched throughout. Insert a ten mile gallop for our Cadets and there is continual activity to be added to the pleasant scenery of the Dee Valley.

On this bright afternoon some thirty-five members and Cadets turned out to beat the watch, check, marshal, hand up drinks or merely watch the fast men. Rex Austin had a busy afternoon sending off seven riders in the fifty, then timing six Cadets over ten miles (with some yards added for good measure) before clocking in the senior survivors. Around the course in addition to the riders were:— Alan Gorman, Harry Duck, Arthur Birkby, Fred Churchill, Laurie Pendlebury, Alf Howarth, Ken Barker, Jeff Mills, Len Hill, Les Bennett, Bren Senior, Bert Wood, Peter Budd, Paul Storry, Walter Thorpe, Bert Preston, Pat O'Leary, Brian Berry, Geoff Lockett, Cyril Selkirk and Jimmy Long who noted some interesting times at Farndon.

All six Cadets returned excellent times; John Farrington's long legs pushed him home fastest with an excellent 26 mins 44 secs. Then came David Bennett (27.27), David Barker (28.35), Alan Waring (29.24), Max O'Leary (29.56 and Rodney France (31.39). These lads are shaping well and doubting fathers should profit from the experience of O'Leary Senior who was 2/6d. out of pocket when young Max romped in four seconds better than "evens".

There was quite a breeze blowing, making the Huntington-Farndon stretch hard with a compensating flyer down the Whitchurch road.

Soon after 6 p.m. a general move was made towards the finish in the Saighton Lane but before that Peter Jones and Salty had turned it in and been marked D.N.F. Times at Farndon and the finish were:—

	FARNDON				H'cap		
	1st	Time	2nd	Time	50 miles	H'cap	Time
1. B. Orrell	39	45	1 36	0	2 13 30	Scr.	2 13 30
2. J. Parr	40	45	1 39	20	2 18 51	4.00	2 14 51
3. D. Ryan	40	45	1 38	30	2 22 45	15.00	2 7 45
4. R. Wilson	41	30	1 41	20	2 25 26	6.00	2 19 26
5. D. Jones	43	40	1 50	10	2 39 19		
J. J. Salt	47	00	—		D.N.F.		
P. Jones	43	30	—		D.N.F.		

Denis Ryan takes the handicap prize and risks disciplinary action for hammering the Captain.

HOLT, MAY 23RD, 1959.

Gathered at Two Mills this sunny afternoon we decided that the familiar direct route to Holt should be changed for something more exciting. So our party of ten turned into Woodbank lane, turned left again along the old Salt Way to Great Saughall and, short of Chester, crossed Blacon camp to join the Sealand road which we left immediately for the long lane down to Higher Ferry on the banks of the Dee. The ferry-man is an adept at packing his small boat with cyclists and with the outboard motor chugging away (a modern innovation this) we were soon voyaging across the river to Flintshire. From Saltney a winding lane route by Balderton and Pulford brought us by way of Lavister to Holt where we arrived as we started, all together; this unusual (for Anfielders) herd movement was due undoubtedly to the bunch behind the leaders not knowing where they were.

Peter Jones had arrived just before us, and Allan Littlemore with Marian and very attractive lady-friend were already eating. Later on Ken Barker and David arrived after setting up a new paced record from Bebington—how does one cope with stalwart sons who go faster as one grows slower? Loud and long protests from Denis Ryan on the eternal subject of handicapping during tea were excused on account of his favourite bicycle (the one with all the ironmongery on) having been stolen at work. Organising ourselves for the return home, a splinter group were observed to have their front wheels turned to the South with the avowed intention of including Bangor-on-Dee and Malpas. However, second thoughts prevailed and Peter departed alone on this admirable project. The rest took the Aldford road to Chester with such enthusiasm and vigour that Jeff Mills, Guy Pullan, Les Bennett and Ken found themselves happily alone and therefore free to take the quiet way through the demesne of Eaton Hall, never more beautiful than on this summer evening. Present and not already mentioned were:—Ben Griffiths, John Farrington, Alan Waring, Rodney France, David Bennett, Paul Storry and John Milsom.

SOMERFORD, 23RD MAY, 1959.

Seven members attended this alternative:—Rex Austin, Jack Newton, Bren Senior, Harry Duck, Laurie Pendlebury, Alf Howarth and Bert Wood.

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

Vice Presidents: J. J. SALT & G. B. ORRELL

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIV

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FIXTURES

OCTOBER

- 3-4 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR (Sun Hotel, Llansantffraid).
 - 3 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café). SOMERFORD.
 - 10 HIGHWAYSIDE (Traveller's Rest).
 - 17 Halewood (Derby Arms) ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.
 - 19 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
 - 24 HOLT (Castle Café). BIRCH VALE (Sycamore Inn).
 - 31 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
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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

The Annual General Meeting will be held on 17th October. Members having any matters for inclusion on the agenda should notify the Secretary not later than Wednesday, 30th September.

Membership: The following have been struck off under Rule 25:— E. Davies, J. E. B. Jones, D. John.

Autumn Tints Tour: Bookings to the Secretary as soon as possible please.

RACING NOTES

There has been some activity apart from Club events and results to hand include:—

- June 14 W.C.T.T.C.A. '50', J. Parr, 2. 23. 55.
 16 Keith Selkirk riding for Oxford University (v Cambridge) clocked 1. 3. 55 for fourth place.
 21 Liverpool St. Christopher's C.C. '50' J. Parr, 2. 19. 35.
 28 Liverpool Century R.C. "100", J. Parr, 4. 53. 59.
 July 5 W.C.T.T.C.A. 12 hours. D. Ryan 212.012 miles, J. Parr 209.518 (with several punctures).
 26 Birkenhead Victoria C.C. "25", R. Wilson 1. 5. 44; P. Jones 1. 8. 30.

NEWS IN BRIEF

"Having a splendid tour in the Black Forest and Bavaria", writes Stan Wild from Reutte, Austria. Frank Perkins has been showing his bicycle round Devon and Cornwall. Arthur Birkby chose the English Lakes for a week's tour in August. Les Bennett is taking a party of boys on a Youth Hostel tour in the Loch Lomond, Trossachs area and David Barker will also stay at Hostels on his first tour through the Cotswolds to Surrey and then via Cirencester, Hereford and Kingston to Dolgellau.

Jeff Mills toured South Wales early in the season which he will round off with a Scottish tour in September.

Bert Preston had a solo tourlet home from the B.R. "100" and spent a couple of nights at Lower Slaughter.

A new quarterly journal giving news of the Liverpool D.A., C.T.C., has been launched and the first issue came out in July. No name has yet been chosen for the publication and Ossie Dover is donating a prize in a competition to find a title.

Guy Pullan, Jeff Mills and Peter Jones were the first Anfielders to sign the visitors' book attached to the "Wayfarer" memorial stone on the Nant Rhyd Wilym which they crossed during the August Bank Holiday tour based on Llandderfel.

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HATCHMERE. 6TH JUNE. 1959

Photo by Jack Davies

*Left to right:—Front Row: B. Berry, D. Barker, R. France, P. Storry, A. Waring, D. Bennett and D. Cameron.
Middle Row: R. Wilson, A. Gorman, G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, J. J. Salt, A. Howarth, J. Farrington and L. Bennett.
Back Row: J. Davies, E. G. Pullan, P. Williamson, J. Newton, J. R. Griffiths, P. Jones, L. J. Hill, H. H. Ducks,
K. W. Barker, A. Liddlemore and J. Leece.*

RUNS

HUNTINGTON, 30TH MAY, 1959. CLUB "50" AND "10".

The second Club "50" and Cadets' "10" were held on a dull, windy day which did not prevent some good times being recorded.

Bren Orrell was unlucky to puncture but still managed to have nearly a minute in hand at the finish to take fastest time prize. Denis Ryan's 2. 18. 28 ride gained him the handicap award.

	CLUB "50"			CADETS' "10"		
B. Orrell	2	15	47	D. Bennett	26	29
J. Parr	2	16	41	J. Farrington	26	50
D. Ryan	2	18	28	A. Waring	29	9
R. Wilson	2	19	53	R. France	33	5
P. Jones	2	32	52			

Present, in addition to the above riders were:— R. J. Austin (timekeeper); J. France, E. G. Pullan, A. L. Littlemore, L. Bennett, P. Storry, J. Long, L. Hill, D. Bettaney, B. Berry, L. J. Walls, G. B. Orrell, D. Brown, J. R. Griffiths and A. Gorman.

HATCHMERE, 6TH JUNE 1959. PHOTOGRAPH RUN.

A dull cloudy morning gave little promise of an afternoon to tempt out either photographers or a large attendance and as late as 3 p.m. heavy rain was falling in Bebington.

The Editor and David were pleasantly surprised to be able to stow away capes within a mile of home and by the time the lanes through Rivacre and Stoak had been reached the sun was out.

With Guilden Sutton left behind and the pack-horse bridges almost in sight, Junior picked up a nail in his back tyre. The resultant deflation presented no problems and soon Oscroft and Ashton had been negotiated and the last undulating miles through the forest led to the venue where a goodly company had already assembled.

A hint of cloud and a few spots of rain decided us on a pre-tea photograph just in case the conditions worsened; in fact it proved a glorious evening but Laurie Pendlebury and John Parr who came later are missing from the group of twenty six Anfielders who faced the cameras.

With a row of chairs for the aged and infirm, some semblance of order was obtained; a likely looking bunch of Cadets sat on the grass at the feet of the mighty and nicely balanced the sere and yellow (Benno, Peter and Co.) standing behind. Then as all seemed ready a cheer went up to greet the arrival of John Leece looking bronzed, fit and young enough to sit with the Cadets despite the fact that it is fourteen years since his retirement.

The last click of a shutter was the signal for a general stampede to the tea room and for the next half hour the serving wenches got little rest. When all were satisfied a move was made outside again and it was with obvious reluctance that the party split up to take the varied roads for home.

The Wirral contingent headed by Len Hill and John Leese soon got split up; the younger and more energetic section roaring ahead on Ranger's Bank only to take a wrong turning later and eventually catch the slower but more knowledgeable veterans on Stoak canal bridge.

SPURSTOW, 13TH JUNE, 1959.

A new venue, quite good but "pricey" and with insufficient accommodation for the excellent turnout, so that tea had to be taken in shifts.

Those answering the roll-call were Denis Ryan, Jeff Mills, David Bennett, John Farrington, Frank Perkins, Ken Barker, Les Bennett, John France, Salty, Alan Waring, Fred Churchill, Harry Duck, Guy Pullan, Rodney France, Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth, Paul Storry, John Chapman, Bren Orrell Senior, Ben Griffiths, Len Hill, Laurie Pendlebury and friend Stan Barker. John Parr was reported to be riding in the W.C.T.T.C.A. "50" on the morrow and Bert Preston was seen on the course.

LLANARMON, 20TH JUNE, 1959.

The weather was glorious and as such enthusiastic reports had been received about the Raven, I decided that this was too good an opportunity to be missed. I duly arrived at Two Mills to find the place inundated with Anfielders and after refreshment we discussed the merits of the various routes to Llanarmon. Someone didn't want to go up Ewloe and someone else didn't fancy the Rainbow so with Reg and Denis in the lead we trundled off to Chester and thence to Pen-y-fordd and Pont-blyddyn. The climb from here (far worse than Ewloe and the Rainbow combined) sorted us out well and truly and we staggered into the Raven extremely thankful for the excellent meal laid on. When the grub had been disposed of we went out into the yard and were joined by Ken Barker who had arrived on four wheels. In addition to the usual type of conversation we were treated to an acrobatic display. David Bennett was evidently training for a slow bicycle race, while Ben Griffiths for some mysterious reason tried to get into the pub on his bike.

Jack Salt and Jeff Mills took the lead on the way home and the ride went soberly enough until the former by way of a change turned off for Erryrys over an ideal cyclo-cross course. We eventually did reach the hamlet and enjoyed a flyer down to Mold and then to the Mills. Here we finally split up after a thoroughly enjoyable club run at an excellent venue.

Besides those already mentioned the following were present:—
Guy Pullan, Peter Jones, Brian Berry, Les Bennett with a friend Ray Atherton, John Farrington, Rodney France, Paul Storry, Alan Waring, David Letts, David Bettaney and David Barker.

CHINLEY, 20TH JUNE, 1959

Never having been to an Anfield run in Derbyshire I decided that Buxworth, as advertised in the "Circular" was as good a start as any.

A glorious spell of weather and a mere 35 miles from Bury finally clinched the matter.

After two hours of urban, suburban and slum scenery I finally reached the delightful country around Marple and reckoned the previous two hours to be worth it. While waiting for the Navigation Inn to open Dave Brown joined me and we learned from mine hostess that they could not provide tea but arrangements had been made at Oaklands Café, Chinley.

So a party of four, consisting of Alan Gorman, Harry Duck, Rigby Band and the aforesaid Dave Brown sat down to an excellent meal, well served. After tea we lingered on the wall outside the café to enjoy the view of Derbyshire's hills bathed in the late afternoon sun. And so we swooped down to Whaley Bridge A6 traffic and the 'urbs' and the suburbs.

(Unknown to the above mentioned, Laurie Pendlebury also journeyed to Buxworth and was directed to the Sycamore Inn, Birch Vale where he had an excellent tea and recommends the house for future visits—ED.)

BEESTON BROOK, 27TH JUNE, 1959. INTER CLUB "25".

A CYCLISTE'S CHAUCER

PROLOGUE

Within the octave of the Blessed Baptist John,
Upon that day called Saturday
I stepped out in merrie trim
Upon a gentil Cheshire lane. The birds they sang full loud and clear,
And cyclistes belted everywheer.

PART I.

The firste cycliste that I saw
By name is known as Little More.
The second, he of hoary locks,
He rode full slyly like a fox,
(Though by his name he is full foul)
For when he saw a littel lane,
Why he took that—and led the field againe;
At least I think he must have done—
Or else he hadd a motor on,
But who rides here? Upon mine oath,
He wears no flesch as others do,
He's bone and muscle through and through!
This scraggy youth, who's called Bren,
Rides as though chased by devils ten,
And having rode one hower and minutes four—
He'd finished then.

PART II

Of the other souls, alas for them,
 I have a different tale to tell,
 For though they toiled and struggled well,
 And rent the air with piercing shriek,
 And thought of staying in bed next week,
 'Twas heaven's design to make them meek:
 For though Sir Gorman, Den and Captain Reg,
 And no doubt others whom I have forgot—
 Achieved times which made them beam,
 And soundly beat the other team,
 I heard one rider, soaked by sudden shower,
 And coughing bits of lung and nursing tortured calves.

VOW

That though he'd come through still alive,
 He'd never, never ride another Anfield 25,
 And all the others said "Amen, amen"—
 And talked of buying new tubs right there and then.

This Chaucerian lament reveals (but only just) the fact that the Anfield trio of Ryan, Duck and Berry took the team medals in the annual inter-Club "25" with the "Chesh".

It was the usual friendly occasion with a good turnout from both clubs. Of "Ours" in addition to those named in the appended results table there were:— Salty, Bren Senior, Jeff Mills, Dave Brown, John Farrington, Les and David Bennett, John and Rodney France, Alan Waring, Pat O'Leary, Paul Storry, David Barker, John Futter, Den Jones, Ted England, John Chapman, David Letts, Bob Poole, Frank Perkins, Laurie Pendlebury and Jack Newton,

INTER-CLUB "25", 27TH JUNE, 1959

Name	Club	Actual Time			H'cap	H'cap Time		
B. Orrell	ABC	1	4	56	SCR	1	4	56
J. Conway	CRC	1	6	51	SCR	1	6	51
E. Hammond	"	1	7	5	1	1	6	5
A. Champion	"	1	7	33	4	1	3	33
D. Norris	"	1	7	35	1½	1	6	5
D. Ryan	ABC	1	7	42	4	1	3	42
A. Gorman	"	1	7	51	3	1	4	51
R. Wilson	"	1	8	53	3	1	5	53
B. Berry	"	1	10	38	6	1	4	38
A. Howarth	"	1	10	59	3	1	7	59
P. Crutchley	"	1	12	1	5	1	7	1
P. Jones	"	1	13	12	2½	1	10	57
H. Duck	"	1	14	22	10	1	4	22
A. Littlemore	"	1	14	23	7½	1	6	53

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, 11TH JULY, 1959

Only four members turned up to this fixture. For the benefit of those who were not present it must be recorded that the Santa Rosa Café supplied a satisfactory meal and the venue gives a choice of pleasant routes. Those present were:— Percy Williamson, Eddie Goodall, Laurie Pendlebury and Rigby Band.

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, JULY 11TH, 1959.

It was lucky for me that I met Eddie as I was entering Chapel-en-le-Frith for I had passed our tea place and should not have thought of retracing so far unless enquiry had been successful in locating it. We were first at the café but soon Rigby arrived and it was interesting to learn of his route via Heaton Park, Chadderton, Bardsley and so to Glossop and Hayfield.

When were such names in Anfield country? "I found some hills," he said.

Laurie joined us as we were ordering tea and if our number was small we enjoyed a pleasant meal at our little table for four where conversation was easy.

The rains came as we emerged and capes were the order for the run home via Whaley bridge, Disley and Hazelgrove and so to the Cheadle turn where we parted to leave Rigby making a solo ride towards the city.

Members present were:— Eddie Goodall, Rigby Band, Laurie Pendlebury and Percy Williamson.

HUNTINGTON, 18TH JULY, 1959. CLUB "50".

It was a pleasant sunny afternoon for the third Club "50" with a teasing wind, just strong enough to make some legs of the course hard.

Rex Austin sent off six riders in the fifty and six Cadets started to try their speed legs in the ten mile blind to Churton and back.

Of the Cadets, one fell by the wayside and John Farrington's back tyre blew to shreds leaving four to finish. Alan Waring returned fastest time of 29 mins 20 secs with David Barker fifteen seconds in arrears. Rodney France clocked 31.1 and David Bennett finished on a softening tyre in 31.28.

By this time Jimmy Long had checked the seniors on their first time through Farndon and found Reg Wilson leading with 42 mins. Denis Ryan (44½) was half a minute up on John Parr but packed shortly after this point with a loose crank. Brian Berry and Peter Jones were only half a minute apart and going well while veteran Allan Littlemore seemed to be enjoying his first Anfield "50" but was wasting no time on the scenery.

An hour later Reg stormed through again with a lead of over four minutes. Brian Berry was now in second place with Peter Jones half a minute down on him. John Parr had punctured, called at headquarters for a spare and was about half a minute down on Allan.

There was quite a gallery at the finish to see Reg Wilson cross the line fastest with 2. 19. 26. Then Peter Jones clocked an excellent 2. 25. 25 and as minutes ticked by we wondered where Brian Berry had got to. It was hard luck that he went off course and eventually clocked 2. 39. 34. Saughton village will obviously need a marshal in future events—John Parr, out of the hunt with tyre trouble, clocked 2. 31. 43 and Allan Littlemore's 2. 37. 41 completed the finishing list.

Seventeen members and nine Cadets were out and in addition to those already mentioned there were Jeff Mills, Ken Barker, Guy Pullan, Les Bennett, Ben Griffiths, Bert Preston, Arthur Birkby, Len Walls, Jack Salt, Paul Storry, David Letts, Brian Davies and David Bettany. We were also glad to see Mrs. Long, Mrs. Littlemore, Mrs. Barker and Marian, Mrs. Bennett and Brian Berry's father.

FARNDON

Name	1st Time	2nd Time	Finish	H'cap	
1 R. Wilson	42·0	1·41·0	2·19·26	5½	Fastest
2 P. Jones	45·30	1·46·0	2·25·25	18	1st Handicap
3 J. Parr	45·0	1·52·30	2·31·43	5	Punctured
4 A. Littlemore	46·30	1·52·0	2·37·41	25	
5 B. Berry	46·0	1·45·30	2·39·34	14	Off course
D. Ryan	44·30	—	D.N.F.	6	

TARPORLEY AND MERSEY ROADS CLUB "24". 25/26 JULY, 1959.

Thirty members out, twenty-one of them assisting at twelve points on the "24" course is a fair return for the valuable help our Mersey Roads friends give at our Whitsuntide "100". As usual the Saturday venue was arranged near the start of the event and the fixture at Tarporley attracted an attendance of thirteen members and a friend.

Harold Catling and Stan Bradley had an early tea before moving off to check at Clive Green; not in quite such a hurry was Rex Austin who brought out nephew Andrew and was due to act as a timekeeper on the finishing circuit. David Barker left in good time to spend the night at Two Mills chasing up drinks. Then there were Rigby Band, Laurie Pendlebury, Jack Newton, Pat O'Leary, Alf Howarth, Bren Senior, Harry Duck, David Letts and Paul Storry.

Ken Barker joined David at the Mills for the night shift, Guy Pullan was at Edgebolton, Allan Littlemore served at Alpraham Green and the Bull's Head, Clotton and Eric Reeves was at the Queensferry check.

Ben Griffiths looked after those who went to Marford from his stand at Saltney Corner, moved later to Christleton and turned out yet again to shepherd the survivors near Waverton towards the finishing circuit.

Down in Shropshire, Ira Thomas looked after Battlefield Corner and, throughout much of the night a merry party was dispensing refreshment and encouragement to riders as they reached Nant Hall near Prestatyn. Those on this assignment were Len Hill, Jeff Mills, Salty, Denis Ryan, Peter Budd, Les and David Bennett, Brian Berry, Alan Waring, Bert Preston and Len Walls.

Details are, of course, not for publication but suffice to say that once invited to attend this Mad Hatters' Tea Party in a normally respectable corner of the Principality, nobody willingly absents himself from subsequent gatherings "Across the Sands of Dee."

A question much asked in war time "Is your journey really necessary" would, if directed at "24 hours" riders, receive a variety of answers some of which might be considered rather spirited even by Cassandra. But as to the social value of a "24" there is no argument and for the writer it was a grand opportunity to meet once again such old friends as Joe Davies of Chesterfield, Johnny Williams, Gilbert Sutcliffe, Harry Pearson, Alec Smith, Tommy Oldham and others who will remember those long pre-war 24's when the Bull and Stirrup was open all night.

And so along familiar Wirral roads towards home and bed, meeting on the way Captain Reg Wilson speeding silently as the breaking dawn towards the start of a "25" in which he and Peter Jones kept the Anfield flag flying. A very successful week-end with the old Club showing no signs of senile decay for all its eighty years.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

Vice Presidents: J. J. SALT & G. B. ORRELL

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIV

OCTOBER, 1959

NUMBER 632

FIXTURES

NOVEMBER

- 7 LLANARMON (Raven). CHINLEY (Oak Bank Café).
- 14 HIGHWAYSIDE (Traveller's Rest.) DALTON.
- 21 HOLT (Castle Café). HAWK GREEN, NR. MARPLE (Doodfield Farm).
- 28 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).

COMMITTEE MEETING TO BE ARRANGED.

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

Membership: The name of F. Palmer has been deleted under Rule 25. E. Byron has transferred to Honorary Membership.

Changes of Address:—J. R. Griffiths, c/o The Homestead, Back Lane, Broughton, Near Chester.

J. Goodall, 47 Marsden Road, Romiley, Cheshire.

New Cadet: David C. Skiller, 160 Gauney's Meadow Road, Birkenhead.

Annual General Meeting. This will be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on Saturday, 17th October 1959. Will members requiring a meal (the charge will be 6/6) please inform the Secretary as soon as possible.

NEWS IN BRIEF

As noted elsewhere, the A.G.M. is to be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood on the 17th October. Frank Marriott will be glad to have bookings for the meal which will cost 6/6 and members are, of course, free to come to the meeting only, which will commence about 6-30/7 p.m.

Inevitably, the report of our Dinner at Whit failed to mention some of our visitors but we cannot pass a round trip of over 300 miles by Gilbert Sutcliffe without honourable mention. Gilbert is well known in Anfield circles and we were glad to see him at yet another of our infrequent celebrations and then again on the Mersey Roads "24" course in July.

In the eleventh Triennial Veterans' Rides promoted by the C.T.C. on 31st June we had representatives in both northern and southern sections. Rex Austin had no difficulty in completing the hundred northern miles while Stan Wild was keeping the flag flying down south in the ride commencing at Epsom under the leadership of Bill Oakley.

In the report of another veterans' ride, promoted by the Manchester D.A., C.T.C., mention is made of the help given by "Hughie Fletcher (his twentieth year as a marshal in this event) and his friend A. Gorman."

Due probably to the modesty of our racing men, the only "open" result to hand concerns the Birkenhead C.C. "50" on 23rd August when John Parr clocked 2.16.50, Brian Berry, 2.23.12 and Reg Wilson, 2.27.56.

Rumour, ever a lying jade, suggests that Jeff Mills will come under Starter's Orders in speed events next season.

Denis Ryan has been in Glasgow for about a month but is expected back in circulation at the end of September.

The day and dates of Committee meetings from November are yet to be decided and those concerned should keep a sharp look-out for an announcement. The October meeting will be on Monday, 19th October.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(Formed March, 1879)

13 WIRRAL MOUNT,
WEST KIRBY,
WIRRAL.

HOYLAKE 7473

October 5th, 1959.

Dear Fellow-Member,

Our Annual General Meeting has been arranged for Saturday, 17th October, 1959, at the Derby Arms, Halewood, and it will be held immediately after the meal ordered for 5-30 p.m.

I hope you are free to attend, and prior notice, in order to ensure adequate catering, will be appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK MARRIOTT,
Hon. Secretary.

AGENDA:

To read the Minutes of last year's A.G.M.

Election of President.

Election to Life Membership of G. B. Orrell.

To read Hon. Gen. Secretary's Report.

To read Hon. Racing Secretary's Report.

To read Hon. Treasurer's Report.

To consider withdrawal from British Cycling Federation.

To elect Officers and Committee for the coming year.

To arrange Club Tours for the coming year.

To arrange Club Races for the coming year.

Any other business.

Glancing through a local paper recently we came across the report of a case at Chester Castle Court where a Chaplain from Park Hall Camp, Oswestry had been fined for a motoring offence at Eccleston on 27th June. The report continued "Inspector R. G. Lacey prosecuting, said that a Mr. O'Leary was riding a three-wheeled cycle from Wrexham towards Chester and was being overtaken by a motorcyclist. When the motorcycle was alongside the tricycle, Mr. Moore's car formed a third line of traffic. There was traffic coming in the opposite direction and a collision took place between the car and the motorcycle". Fancy Pat being overtaken by a motorcycle. Perhaps saving himself for the Inter-Club "25".

"Roll Call", journal of the M.C. and A.C., records the death on 20th August at the age of 78, of George McCloud who was second in our "100" on three occasions and a member of the winning M.C. and A.C. team in 1914, 1921 and 1923. He retired from racing in 1923, our "100" of that year being his last event.

Run reports are coming in very spasmodically of late and once again, we ask members not to dilly-dally, but to get the job done. No doubt Arthur Birkby would echo these words with regard to the payment of subscriptions which become due on the 1st October. The A.G.M. is an excellent opportunity to pay up and Arthur hopes to be the centre of a milling crowd, all anxious to discharge their obligations in the first month.

HATCHMERE, JULY 4TH 1959.

The weather had been kind to us this year, and it is nice to seek the countryside in sunshine; this Saturday manifest itself into a warm, sunny day and helped to bring twenty Anfielders to Hatchmere. Their ways were devious, some via many lanes and bye-ways and some blasted their way over mountain passes to cover more than a century of miles. It all brought a magnificent high tea and brilliant conversation of incidents and reminiscences. Peter Jones took the biscuit for relating, in the way only P.J. can, how he once overtook himself in a "25". It was like this—the red-jerseyed bishop, thinking he was "off course" turned round, and being just as loquacious when racing as when he is not, stopped and enquired of a cottager gardening, if he had seen any racing cyclists. "I 'av" came the reply, "Bloke in red jersey just gon' down." So the bishop hurtled himself after the said red jersey, until it dawned, he was in it.

We quote the attendance to the orders of Jeff Mills who gave it to us. Jack Salt, Jeff Mills, Len Walls, Fred Churchill, Ben Griffiths, Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth, Peter Jones, Len Hill, Rex Austin, Bren Orrell Senior, Laurie Pendlebury, Reg Wilson, John Farrington, David Bennett, David Letts, Les Bennett, John France, Albert Preston and Allan Littlemore.

TOUR TO BATH ROAD CLUB "100" 1ST/3RD AUGUST, 1959.

So far no report has been received regarding this tour. A letter to Rex Austin from John Shuter acknowledging help from the Anfield party tends to confirm that it included Rex, Denis Ryan and Albert Preston who gives an excellent testimonial to a farm he stayed at not far from Gloucester on the way south.

The event was won by R. Wilkings, Gravesend CC with a fine ride of 4.1.44., beating Ray Booty (Ericsson Wheelers) into second place with his ride of 4.3.16. Moon (Melling) and Middleton (E.L.W.), who were well up in our "100" clocked 4.6.0 and 4.6.18 respectively.

Whilst awaiting further details we print below an account of the alternative tour based on Llandderfel.

AUGUST WEEK-END, LLANDDERFEL.

The alternative tour in North Wales was supported by Jeff Mills, Peter Jones and Guy Pullan. On the Saturday afternoon the Conquering Hero pass (so named because of the inn at its southern end) was tackled from the Bryneglwys end, which for its comparative ease and its splendid forward views is the best direction to do it. After an uneventful rise through the heather the track tops the ridge of the Llantysilio mountain and then follows a sensational shelf descent with diminutive farmsteads down in the valley on the right and in front the Vale of the Dee, and the Berwyns beyond, opening out in a grand panorama. The little riverside road by Carrog was taken to Corwen, where, at tea, Peter the Welshman confessed to never having heard of "Cara Crith" the spiced currant bread baked in many Welsh homes and, to many cycle tourists, an essential part of Welsh hospitality.

Sunday was fully taken up with a round trip taking in the Bala to Ffestiniog road (once known to Anfielders as a narrow mountain track paved with loose slate waste), Blaenau Ffestiniog, looking less blasted than usual, the Crimea Pass followed by the lovely Lledr valley then the rise from Bettws-y-Coed to Cerrig-y-Druoidion up which Jeff excelled himself by setting a very useful pace, and finally the side road to Bala from Pont Moelfre. Although the ride was interesting and rewarding, it was a little too traffic-ridden for maximum enjoyment.

The high spot (literally) of Monday was the Nant Rhyd Wilym, the crossing of the Berwyns from Cynwyd to Llanarmon D.C., popularised in the early "twenties" by "Wayfarer" (the pen-name of W. M. Robinson of "Ours") in his "over-the-top" articles in "Cycling." (I apologise for all these inverted commas!) The famous sign-post was again examined en-route and judging by the dated initials as far back as 1926 carved on it, it is undoubtedly the original post familiar to many Anfielders. At the summit of the crossing is the memorial stone to "Wayfarer's" memory erected by the Rough Stuff Fellowship and bearing the inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
"WAYFARER"
 1877—1956
"OVER THE TOP"
ERECTED BY THE R.S.F.

By it was found a steel box containing a visitors' book (date, name, town and club required, *and no remarks*), R.S.F. entry forms, a cigarette and a battered fork for which no purpose could be found. The first Anfield names were inscribed and the rough journey continued until smooth going was reached by Llanarmon and the usual scamper down the Ceirog valley brought the Glyn Valley Hotel in sight before one o'clock. The hotel is once again under new management which proved capable of providing a tasty lunch. Here, a good word should be put in for the Bryntirion Inn, Llandderfel, which sheltered us over the week-end. It can be recommended as a cosy country inn, with moderate charges and modern hotel plumbing, set in delightful surroundings; in fact just the place for a club week-end.

BANGOR-ON-DEE, 8TH AUGUST, 1959.

Five of us set off from Two Mills for Bangor on this lovely afternoon—Denis Ryan, Les and David Bennett, Paul Storry and David Barker. We skirted round Chester and split up for the ride through Eaton Park as the regulations say "no clubs." Almost immediately after reaching the Chester-Farndon road Denis' crank trouble recurred and we were treated to a glorious flood of abuse when he discovered he had left his tool kit at home. Les Bennett fortunately had with him the correct implement and, the trouble soon put right, we set off again for Holt and then through the lanes to Bangor.

Here we found Jack Salt already installed and tucking in and we were soon joined by Brian Berry, Peter Jones and Allan Littlemore. Ken Barker was seen hovering round having brought the other members of the family in the car. As the service was slow, conversation was plentiful. Jack described his recent holiday in minute detail while an argument raged as to which Welsh passes Peter had or had not crossed. We got no further but it was good fun any way. Denis produced a fine selection of photographs including some taken at Whit and at the Bath Road week-end.

Jack Salt guided us on the return journey through Shocklach, Farndon and Eaton Park to Chester and then to the Mills whence we departed our various ways.

BIRCH VALE, 8TH AUGUST, 1959.

Rex Austin was the only attender at this alternative run to the Sycamore Inn.

HATCHMERE, 15TH AUGUST 1959.

While dithering whether to go on this run or not, my young brother called for me, and my mind was made up—I went whether I liked it or not.

As Salty would say, the Old Fox proceeded to show the Young Cub all the traffic dodges and short cuts between home and Hatchmere.

During the pre-tea conversation which was brightened by the presence of Mrs. Bren Orrell (Sen) and Mrs. Jack Salt, into our midst arrived Pat O'Leary displaying a *brand new* camera (George Formby had the right idea in his famous song).

Those present, in no particular order were:—Jack Salt, Bren Orrell (Sen), Jeff Mills, Ben Griffiths, Fred Churchill, Brian Berry, Guy Pullan, Len Walls, Pat O'Leary, Allan Littlemore, Laurie Pendlebury, David Letts, John Chapman, John Farrington, David Barker, David Bennett, Paul Storry, and Prospective Cadets J. Walker and D. Long.

TARPORLEY, 22ND AUGUST, 1959.

After having completed twenty laps of the Hatchmere Lake circuit, (swimming, you dopes!) the wife said "Hey you, what about this Tarporley appointment?" I therefore reluctantly gave up my training for the Cross Channel "classic."

Shortly afterwards we were dodging the selfish, careless, etc., etc., recalcitrant drivers of little (and big) tin boxes on wheels, along the traffic infested A49, towards Tarporley. The Eaton Lanes gave a respite and pulling into the café yard, I observed it almost full of motor vehicles. Taking a closer look however, I did notice a few trim and stately bicycles, and discovered with great relief that it was neither the Monte Carlo Rally, nor the ABC motoring section. To their great credit, all present had travelled under their own steam.

Before the tea was over this lovely summer's day had brought J. Mills, F. Churchill, Guy, J. Farrington, L. Bennett, David, D. Bettany, P. Storry, B. Wood, Big Bren, Len Hill, A. L. Littlemore (and Mrs. L.), J. Duggan (prospective) and last to arrive, Laurie Pendlebury.

I was forced to sit opposite to Len, and the talk ranged from Dave Keeler's abortive "End to End" attempt, to Len's very graphic reminiscencies of HIS racing career, and the good old days of yester-year. This was so realistic that I was forced to stifle an occasional sob, and furtively reach for a hanky to wipe away many a nostalgic tear.

The 'pudlians went westwards into the breeze, the 'cumians eastwards with wind and glee, whilst Laurie, my better ½ths and myself potted through the leafy lanes, abounding Oulton Park and Whitegate.

CLUB "25", HIGHWAYSIDE, 5TH SEPTEMBER, 1959.

Our Kapitan ein tyrant ist;
 Of "Twentyfives" ich noddings know.
 Ich vunder vy er picked on mich,
 Zu schreib zis chronicle of voe.

Name	Actual Time			
	25 Miles			
	H	M	S	
J. Parr	1	5	40	Fastest
B. Berry	1	7	54	Personal Best
B. Orrell	1	8	24	
P. Jones	1	8	31	
R. Wilson	1	9	22	
A. Littlemore	1	13	10	1st Handicap
D. Bennett	1	13	30	

Present, in addition to the above riders were:—John France and Rodney, David Skillen, Paul Storry, David Letts, John Farrington, David Bettany, Les Bennett, Jack Newton and Baron Frederik Von Churchill.

LLANARMON, 12TH SEPTEMBER, 1959.

A bright, sunny afternoon, though not so hot as of late, with tea arranged at the popular "Raven" in Llanarmon, all pointed to a round trip with a fast run home through Llanferres and Mold.

This suggested an outward route via Hawarden and Pontblyddyn but while the spirit was willing the flesh was suspect and the pleasant Wirral miles towards Two Mills passed quickly as reasons were found for going out the more direct route with a gentle walk up to the "Rainbow."

An unexpectedly good excuse turned up in the person of Len Hill who claimed a lack of miles in his legs and needed moral support for his projected assault on the heights of Ewloe. But first, it was necessary to shake off Captain Wilson, Brian Berry and David Barker who made the pedals spin down Woodbank Lane and kept muttering about Llandegla and similar places probably not yet clear of snow.

A totally unnecessary adjustment to Len's gear had no effect; the fast pack waited for us. We walked slowly over the railway bridge at Sealand—again they waited and only the fear that we might *not* get drummed out of the club for telling the Skipper to go to Hades kept civil tongues in our cheeks.

Patience, however, had its reward and somehow we failed to see them turn up Gladstone Way and we were on our own, free to proceed at a pace befitting our advancing years.

Was it the rarified atmosphere above Ewloe or the sight of three club-girls pedalling ahead which gave Len a new lease of life? Away he went at well over evens and when eventually caught he was tucked in

and talking sixteen to the dozen. But Bettws was too far and at Mold he reluctantly watched them turn off and continued at a more moderate pace to the foot of the "Rainbow" climb.

The Loggerheads basked in pleasant sunshine which sparkled on the gentle trickle of the Alyn, then on the rise to Tafarn-y-Gelyn Len found three more, hiking this time. Before he had completely fallen off his bicycle he knew that they were to camp on the top of Moel Fawrman and see the sunrise and it took all the Editor's oratory to convince him that it is occasionally permissible to forsake the "straight and narrow" (in this case leading to Bwlch-pen-Barras) and take instead the broad winding tarmac which led to Llanarmon.

At the Raven a good muster had already taken possession of the tea room. Guy Pullan shared a table with Rodney France, Dave Bennett and John Farrington; Benno had his young brother for company and in good strategic positions sat Paul Storry, Alan Waring, and David Bettaney. Allan Littlemore completed the attendance of fifteen and handled a man-sized tea pot with consummate skill.

After an excellent and very reasonable meal a general move was made for the stack of bicycles waiting outside. Guy was booked to week-end at Llangollen and later reported the crossing to Glyn-Ceirriog as "tougher than usual." Alan Littlemore peeled off for his lone ride to Northwich and the remainder made their way at varying speeds to Queensferry and the quiet mile of Woodbank Lane before a final stop at Two Mills rounded off another most enjoyable run.

CHINLEY, 12TH SEPTEMBER, 1959.

For a change, I was away quite smartly into this pleasant late summer weather and progressed well as far as Gatley where I joined up behind a traffic queue dolefully waiting whilst a carnival procession passed thru' Cheadle. Once beyond Cheadle I was able to move along quite happily without further hindrance; nearing Furness Vale I came up with Harry Duck and we sauntered together through Buxworth to Chinley.

Before tea we had an interesting chat with Alan Tyson—a touring and racing cyclist well known to M/C Clubmen—Alan has recently been doing some courier duties with cycling parties on the Continent. Before long our numbers increased to a final total of eight and we soon disposed of an excellent tea. After a due interval for chatter we gradually disappeared in one's and two's for home.

Until Longshutt Lane (Stockport) was reached I remained tucked in behind Rigby and Harry, and here Rigby left us to batter his way to Bury through continuous bricks and mortar whilst Harry and I journeyed homeward via Cheadle and Northenden..

Members present:—Rex Austin, Harry Duck, Percy Williamson, Rigby Band, Bren Orrell (sen), Alan Gorman, Alf Howarth and Laurie Pendlebury.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR



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

President: R. J. AUSTIN

Vice Presidents: J. J. SALT & G. B. ORRELL

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOLUME LIV

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER, 1959

NUMBER 633

FIXTURES

DECEMBER, 1959

- 5 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest).
- 7 COMMITTEE MEETING. Free Church Centre, Liverpool.
- 12 LLANARMON (Raven). GOOSETREY (West End Café).
- 19 HOLT (Castle Café). PRESTBURY.
- 26 HALEWOOD (Derby Arms), lunch, 1-30 p.m. (7-).

JANUARY, 1960

- 2 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café). SOMERFORD.
- 9 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 16 HOLT (Castle Café). BIRCH VALE (Sycamore Inn).
- 23 CHESTER (Ursula Café). GOOSETREY (West End Café).
- 30 LADIES' NIGHT. SOMERFORD.

COMMITTEE MEETING AND VENUE FOR JAN. 30 TO BE ARRANGED.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

Raymond Alfred Atherton, The Barn, Fleck Lane, Grange, West Kirby. Proposed by K. W. Barker, seconded by E. G. Pullan.

Edwin John Farrington, 34 Forest Road, Heswall. Proposed by J. J. Salt, seconded by L. J. Hill.

Changes of address:—John Parr, "Fairview", Warburton Hey, Rainhill, Lancs.

Donald Stewart, 23 Stormont Road, Grassendale, Liverpool, 19.

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, 23 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.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

ELECTED AT ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 17TH OCTOBER, 1959

President: R. J. AUSTIN.*Vice-Presidents:* J. J. SALT, G. B. ORRELL.*Captain and Racing Secretary:* R. WILSON.*Vice-Captains:* D. RYAN, P. WILLIAMSON.*Hon. Secretary:* F. E. MARRIOTT.*Hon. Assistant Secretary:* J. H. MILLS.*Hon. Treasurer:* A. E. C. BIRKBY.*Open "100" Secretary:* J. E. REEVES.*Editor, Monthly Circular:* K. W. BARKER.*Committee members in addition to officers:* W. G. CONNOR, B. ORRELL, A. E. PRESTON, L. J. HILL, G. PARR, E. G. PULLAN.*Auditors:* E. O. MORRIS, J. LONG.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

DERBY ARMS, HALEWOOD, 17TH OCTOBER, 1959

Present: R. J. Austin, J. R. Band, K. W. Barker, H. G. Buckley, J. L. Bennett, P. G. S. Budd, A. E. C. Birkby, S. N. Bradley, F. Churchill, W. G. Connor, J. Davies, J. M. France, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, L. J. Hill, A. Littlemore, F. E. Marriott, J. H. Mills, J. Newton, G. B. Orrell, B. Orrell, G. Parr, J. Parr, A. E. Preston, L. Pendlebury, E. G. Pullan, J. E. Reeves, J. J. Salt, D. Stewart, C. Selkirk, R. Wilson, P. Williamson, and L. J. Walls. The following Cadets also attended:— D. W. Barker, D. Bennett, D. Bettaney, J. Chapman, R. France, E. J. Farrington, D. Skillen, P. Storry, K. Sprason and A. Waring.

Mr. J. J. Salt in the Chair

After the Minutes of the previous meeting had been confirmed the Chairman, on behalf of the Committee, nominated Mr. R. J. Austin for the Presidency left vacant through the death of Bert Green. "Rex Austin", he said, "had been a member since 1923, and had served the Club in many ways. His intimate knowledge of, and standing in, the cycling game fitted him admirably for this office". The motion was carried unanimously and with acclamation.

Mr. R. J. Austin in the Chair

After thanking the members for the honour and for their confidence in him the President said he would do all in his power to assist the Club, but made it clear that he did not regard this as a "job for life", as he had every intention of living to be a hundred!

The President then announced that Mr. G. B. Orrell had completed 1,000 run attendances during the year and proposed his election to Life Membership which was carried with acclamation.

General Secretary's Report

This covered a successful year's programme with increasing attendance at fixtures. Membership stands at 120 (eight Life Members, eighty-seven Full and twenty-five Honorary). The Cadet scheme with fifteen members has proved a great success and one of our Cadets, David Bennett, topped the attendance list.

The Racing Secretary's Report revealed that eight members had been engaged in various "Opens" during the season, perhaps the highlight being John Parr's ride of 234.4 miles in the National Championship "12". A number of personal 'bests' had been recorded and some of our Cadets had shown themselves to be doughty pedalers in the ten-mile events, run in conjunction with Club "50's".

The Hon. Treasurer's Report showed a deficit on the year's working of some £36 offset since by approximately £12. A thorough overhaul of our finances was promised at an early meeting of the Committee. *British Cyclists' Federation*

After some discussion it was agreed to withdraw from the Federation.

Club Races

Club Races for 1960 are to be four of twenty-five miles, three at fifty-miles, with ten-mile events for Cadets, arranged as required. The Open "100" would be as usual on Whit Monday and alterations to the course would be considered by the Committee. The arrangement of Club tours was also left to the Committee. Officers and Committee were elected as listed above. It was proposed, seconded and unanimously agreed that the Attendance Prize be awarded to Cadet David Bennett.

The Derby Arms, again under new management, rose nobly to the occasion and put on an excellent meal at a reasonable price: Altogether a most pleasant occasion with business carried through in true Anfield style. Not even the dirty ride home could spoil the memory.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Johnny Williams, Gilbert Sutcliffe and Guy Pullan have completed thirty-five years' membership of the Mersey Roads Club and will receive Life Membership Badges at their Dinner when Bob Coward is to receive the C. F. Elias Memorial Prize.

On the 25th September Allan Littlemore trundled in triplicate to Birmingham and next day rode in the Midlands T.A. "25". Clocking 1.16.34 with twelve minutes allowance, he took second handicap prize and starting one minute after David Duffield actually caught and passed this tricycling giant who must have taken the father of all packets.

Apologies for a few unscripted clangers which crept into the last issue. Real Welshmen would recognise Bara-Brith even under its pseudonym and likewise Moel Famau, the Mother of Mountains

with its cairn visible from much of Anfieldland. No prize is offered to the first to point out that June never has thirty-one days in the north or south!

Denis Ryan is still spending too much time in Glasgow, but gets through to see us occasionally.

To those who dislike bi-monthly issues our apologies, but the stuff just didn't come in! Anyway, Arthur Birkby is happy; it will be one less account to pay from the money that isn't coming in either, which is a gentle reminder that subscriptions are now due and the Treasurer will be glad to hear from regular customers before the Christmas rush.

We heard with great regret of the sudden death of that great cyclist and official Bill Bailey, and hope to include an appreciation of the man and his services to the game next month.

Rex Austin will represent the Club at the Bath Road Club Dinner on 5th December.

Just on going to press we hear that Charlie Randall is shortly to go into hospital. We await further details and in the meantime send best wishes for a quick recovery.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

3RD/4TH OCTOBER, 1959. LLANSANTFFRAID

Fortunate were they who were able to enjoy this most marvellous of Tints weekends.

On tenterhooks all day, praying that the sun would remain kind, 5-30 p.m. found me tearing away for the evening train. A dainty tea to the sound of Wrexham's famous bells fortified me for the rail trip to Oswestry and a half-hour's ride along the Vyrnwy to Llan-santffraid.

Mrs. Swain greeted me in her usual friendly manner and put an ample repast before me; we were sorry to learn that she had been in hospital undergoing an operation, but pleased to find her so well recovered.

Albert, Len and Jeff approved my idea of home rails on the Friday evening and they joined me about 10-0 p.m.; needless to say I had to sit and drink their tea, the later hours being spent over the Sun's best brew and the latest gossip.

As the problem of a new "100" course is on all our minds, part of Saturday was to be spent viewing the roads north and east of Welshpool. Once across the Vyrnwy in the brilliant morning sunshine we renewed acquaintance with the road to Deythur along which we got so hopelessly lost trying to find a new route to Llanfair.

This time we did not fail and the four of us spent an enjoyable hour among the little hills and valleys before eventually dropping down to Arddleen. Here we turned for Guildfield and into a delightful lane which followed the canal and finally put us on the Welshpool road -at Pool Quay level crossing, a delightful way of avoiding the crossing but certainly no racing man's route.

Another mile brought us to the Powis Arms to sun ourselves on the lawn and mull over a pint of the best. Lunch was the next consideration and, knowing of a likely farm some two miles along the Salop road from Welshpool, we made our way, only to find the sign missing and four hungry mortals had perforce to retrace their steps to Welshpool where the pork-pie shop came to the rescue. Loaded with eight pies and tomato we wandered off again in search of a quiet pub.

Up to Leighton and up to Forden (up is certainly the word) where Albert and I called a halt; in the bar we soon recovered and made short work of our repast.

Leaving the cattlemen to their business we ambled off along the road signposted Abermule, a delightful quiet road which comes out by the railway bridge near the Severn crossing at Garthmyl where we leaned for a while on the bridge, noting that it had passed its century of use, then into the first likely field to stretch our weary limbs and sleep in the sun; that is, all except Jeff, who was like a cat on hot bricks rarin' to go. Eventually we were dragged away only to retire in a couple of miles for afternoon tea at Berriew where the urge to put in some real miles came upon us.

Through the village and up the road which swarms over the hills to Castle Caereinion we went, sadly missing Ben's foraging qualities which usually produces eggs or something. Hard pressed as we were to make the grade none of us missed the beauties in a vintage Rolls Royce at the roadside. Albert declares that the grandmother even bade him 'good-day' and smiled at him!

After a welcome wait for Len at the summit came the drop to Castle, ruined by Jeff with one of his inevitable punctures. He is now impressed by our opinion of air-seal tubes.

The ride along the Banwy was marred by hordes of flies and we were glad of the climb over to Meifod to get away from them. It was surprising to find so much water in the rivers and who could tire of the delightful run along the Vyrnwy? The eight miles from Pont Robert to Llansantffraid is a never-failing joy.

Jeff started to sprint to the 'Halt' sign and Len took up the challenge but he is not the man he was and got badly left at the post. So we drifted in to the Sun to be greeted by Stan Wild, Fred Churchill, Peter Jones, Arthur Birkby and Percy Williamson. There was just enough room to squeeze into the snug with them and we gladly allowed them to buy us beer.

No time was wasted on washing, shortage of water being the excuse; with the arrival of Rex Austin the party was complete and a move was made to dinner, a protracted meal with much backchat and gossip.

Large jugs kept moving between us and the bar but poor old Arthur snored away the evening. We settled for breakfast at 8-30 a.m. and of course an extra hour in bed due to the clock being put back.

In the morning the usual walk to the bridge was neglected, by me as I chose a walk by the filter beds for a change and by Arthur and Jeff because the former evidently thought the bridge was about half-way to Llanfyllen—after all these years too!

During breakfast Ben arrived and joined Albert, Peter and me in the ride home. Arthur left early to pay a visit to Carl at Hen Dafarn; Rex of course went on his lonesome being on four wheels. Len the antiquary was eager to see some ancient house near Pistyll Rhaiadr and Fred we presume, accompanied him but how they made their way from there is anybody's guess.

We had agreed to meet for tea at Llanarmon's Raven, but our wanderings did not allow it. Making up our minds as we went along, 3-15 found us in Corwen having a belated lunch-cum-tea. We started off for Meifod, Ben playing steam with sundry motorists for blinding through such a glorious scenery, then along the Machynlleth road to the Dolanog turn with elevenses at Llwydiarth; Peter not satisfied with our mileage pushed on ahead and had to retrace and overtake us.

After downing tea and cakes we took the stony road via Cowwry to Vyrnwy. Bowling along with the wind we just had time to note the low level of the lake before hitting the Hernant. Albert and I were good company to the top as the youngsters left us behind, but down the other side we gave them what for.

Halts at Llandderfel, Llandrillo and Cynwyd failed to find food, hence our belated stop in Corwen. Later we walked over the old bridge and took the field track, a favourite byway of pre-war years, Albert and I brought up the rear in style, not a hair out of place.

Ploughing along through Bryn Eglwys we caught Peter and Ben supping milk at a Llandegla farm and continued together until Ben left us at Penyllfordd and Peter at Hawarden. And so to the Eureka for a pot of tea to prepare the way for shandies at Willaston before the final miles home to close a glorious weekend.

TWO MILLS, 3RD OCTOBER, 1959.

This alternative to the Tints Tour was attended by John Leece, Les Bennett, John Farrington, David Bettaney, David Bennett, David Barker, Rodney France, Paul Storry, Keith Sprason, David Skillen and Malcolm Jones. The Editor set up an all time record by arriving after all had gone, but met Captain Wilson on Parkgate front later and concluded a pleasant few miles of lane wandering in his company.

RUNS

HATCHMERE, 19TH SEPTEMBER, 1959.

I think I ought to start this by saying "I believe we went to Hatchmere". The disadvantage in putting off the business of writing up the run for a fortnight is that while one can only think of half the amount

to write, it takes three times as long to think of it. (*Will other correspondents please note? It's far worse after three months!* Ed.) On searching a misty memory, I recall arriving at the Eureka about three o'clock, expecting, like the Irishman, to find everyone gone. I should have known better. After seeing a fast party off to Chester in search of a gear cable, a more sedate sextet set off through the lanes. The mysteries of Capenhurst, Lea and Backford are quite well known to me, but the lanes through Croughton and Wervin were new to most of us. Mysterious yells from the rear kept telling us which way to go; but no-one would own up to them. In the end it was the Ordnance Survey who assured us we were on the right road. However, it did not take long to reach Hatchmere; the steep hills and the first autumn colours in Delamere Forest could not detain the hungry horde when food was ahead. Gradually the party assembled, gradually faded away. Although my table was the first to arrive, for some mysterious reason it was the last to be served. Naturally, at this time of the year, tours were in the news, and photographs were being passed around for admiration by those who weren't bemoaning their lack of them for one reason and another. The cycling press was another hardy annual which cropped up again in conversation. Soon seven o'clock came—time to wend our way homewards, though with a very necessary stop at the Bunbury Arms. Here a certain gentleman was bought a pint by another (presumably also a gentleman) when he'd only asked for half. The Captain was complaining of having had too much all the way home.

Those present were:—D. Bennett, L. Bennett, D. Batteney, J. Chapman, J. Farrington, J. France, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, P. Jones, B. Orrell, G. B. Orrell, L. Pendlebury, K. Selkirk, K. Sprason, A. Waring and R. Wilson.

DALTON, 19TH SEPTEMBER, 1959.

A Dalton run with a difference: neither wind nor rain!

Thus encouraged I pattered around the lanes towards Barrow Nook and Rainford Junction intending to see how much more of the countryside the 'open-cast' coal mines had gobbled up. I was to be pleasantly surprised, however, for what, on my last visit, had appeared to be a battlefield, was now fields of crops, the road having been re-laid with an excellent surface.

A brief slog along the ridge road to Ashurst Beacon and a thrilling rush down hill to Dungeon Lane brought me to the farm, where a few people were milling around the premises. A suave "Good afternoon Mrs. Barnes!" from Fred Churchill, who had already gained a strategic position near the door, gave us the 'open sesame' and soon George Parr, Rigby, Fred and Birkby were seated around the kitchen table sampling the always appetising meals supplied here. What a pity we have so few like it.

Rigby told us he had been to Southport in an endeavour to lure George Connor out, but apparently the latter and his good lady had a dinner date with the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland!!!

Whilst on the subject of celebrities, Churchill tells us that whilst on a recent Austrian tour he had the privilege of swapping yarns and drinking beer in a "pub" with the Prime Minister of Austria!! But I like the bit recorded in an old *Circular* about the occasion when Syd Jonas biffed the Bishop of Chester in the waistcoat whilst on his trike (Syd was on the trike, not the Bishop)! Don't some people move in aristocratic circles!

The evening was warm and clear with very little traffic as George and I pedalled along the familiar lanes to Stanley Gate and the Hen & Chicken.

Perhaps a few more members can be encouraged to attend the next Dalton run—the food is excellent and reasonable in price, with a "cuppa" on the way back at Kirkby—George knows!

BANGOR-ON-DEE. 26TH SEPTEMBER, 1959.

The day was almost perfect for an Anfielder to go into 'Anfieldland', what a glorious blue sky, all one needed was shorts and shirt for this September in the sunshine. A refreshing ride to Two Mills; what riches are missed by not riding a cycle through delightful lanes of leafy borders, some overgrown and others neatly trimmed, with the many pleasant views *en-route* of Thornton Manor, Thornton Hough and Raby Village. A soothing cool drink served by Mrs. Eureka put us on the rolling road for Bangor-is-y-Coed or to the English, Bangor-on-Dee. It was Bangor-on-Mud, the Dee having reverted to a trickle of mud, and who could blame it, during the best cycling summer for 200 years: let's hope we shall not have to wait another 200 years for its equal! After an excellent tea the Smithy eventually "shooed" us away. The big anvil there looked embarrassed when Ben and Jeff were standing around it, only our Bishop was required to perform the ceremony. We were pleased to see Keith Selkirk on vacation from Oxford.

A group of us travelled through Bowling Bank, Ridley Wood, Holt, Allington, Dodleston and Broughton. And we saw the sun drop down in a scarlet sky, leaving the emerald green heavens deepening to a cold night blue, with silver winking stars throwing down much bitter cold. But Benno, knowing we would freeze to death "freezing" down to Queensferry, promptly lent an Antarctic outfit. A lesson was learnt, to carry a spare battledress, even if it's been the best summer for 200 years. The Bennett boys turned for the Quay and Wirralites slowly potted home.

Assistant Sec. Mills ordered the above and gave me the following list:—Captain, J. R. Griffiths and brother, E. G. Pullan, J. L. Bennett, J. Farrington, D. Bennett, P. Storry, D. Bettaney, L. J. Hill, K. Selkirk, S. Twiggs and D. Skillen.