

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: R. J. AUSTIN

Vice Presidents: G. B. ORRELL, F. PERKINS

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOL. LVI

FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1961

No. 643

FIXTURES

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MAY

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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.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for Membership. Michael Donald Heath, 26 Fleet Street, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, proposed by R. Wilson, seconded by C Selkirk.

Change of Address: W. H. Lloyd, "The Cairn", 13 Selworthy Road, Birkdale, Southport.

Derek James Byron, 64 Cumber Lane, Whiston, Prescott, Lanes. has been elected to Full Membership. We welcome John Gornall, 8 South Drive, Irby, Wirral and David Stacey, 25 Heather Road, Heswall, as Cadets.

The Secretary is still collecting names for the Easter Tour to Llansantffraidd. Sunday lunch has been arranged at the Tontine Inn, Molverley.

Members wishing to stay at the Lion, Shrewsbury, at Whit are again reminded to book early and direct.

CLUB DINNERS

The President spent a busy month attending Club dinners as the representative of the Club. The Dukinfield C.C. celebrated their seventy-fifth anniversary on January 7th, a feature of the occasion being a most interesting display of Club photographs and records connected with the Club's activities during its long existence. Amongst these were the minute books for the early years of the Club; I wonder what has happened to our early records!!

The Speedwell B.C. had a bumper gathering in Birmingham on January 14th to mark their eighty-fifth year, a noteworthy feature being the large number of long service members attending. That wonderful old cyclist, their President, S. T. Capener, presided, belying his 88 years by his youthful appearance and manner. The Club has a strong youth section, and it was noteworthy that both Senior and Junior Championships had been won by the same young man, who will doubtless have many more successes in the future.

The highlight of the Mersey Roads Club Dinner in Liverpool on January 21st was undoubtedly the interesting, amusing and entirely non-political speech by the guest of the evening, Mrs. Bessie Braddock, Member of Parliament for the Exchange Division of Liverpool. She disclosed that in the early part of the century she was an active member of the Merseyside Clarion, riding many miles both on single and tandem.

Bert Preston attended the 60th Anniversary of the Birkenhead North End C.C. on January 12th, at the Woodside Hotel, Birkenhead. Among the guests were Harry Pearson, President of the Mersey Road Club, Eric Mustill and Frank Slemen of the East Liverpool Wheelers, Stan Wyatt of the Birkenhead C.C., Bill Barrow of the Birkenhead Victoria, West Cheshire C.A., and the R.T.T.C. Our own President was unable to be present owing to 'tummy' trouble.

During the evening the J. J. Salt Memorial Trophy, a handsome Silver Rose Bowl was on view. Anfielders contributed approximately half the cost of this memorial to the one and only Salty.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Congratulations to Sid Carver and the Hull Phoenix Players who have won the National Drama League Cup with a play entitled "Royal Adventurer", written by Sidney who was also awarded a prize of 10 gns. for the best original play produced during the Festival.

Allan Littlemore received a big surprise and possibly a set back, when his wife Marian, was awarded the "Club Girl of the Year" trophy awarded by the Crewe section of the C.T.C. to the lady member whom they considered had done most for cycling during 1960.

When presenting the Trophy, the Secretary said that any woman who could live with A.L.L. deserved some reward !

At the North Salop Wheelers Dinner in December the A.B.C. was represented by Allan Littlemore and Derek Byron, who were accompanied by their ladies. Ira Thomas should have been on the programme but he was D.N.S. (probably couldn't get through the floods).

The A.B.C. was mentioned at the Annual Dinner of the Janus R.C. at Stockport in January, when Allan Littlemore was in attendance to receive his tricycle award in the Club's open "25".

It is interesting to note that this year the Mersey Roads Club 24 hours event will include the competition for the Tricycle Trophy. The last time an Anfielder won this magnificent Trophy was in 1932 when Syd Jonas covered what was then a record 374½ miles. Oh, that history could be repeated!

We wish to apologise to those members and friends who could not make the Ladies Night fixture due to the last minute change in the date. Due to a misunderstanding between the old management and the new, the room originally allotted to us for January 28th was not available, and putting the date forward a fortnight was the best alternative arrangement that could be made.

The Eagle & Crown, Upton, is a splendid house and there is no limit (short of perhaps a hundred) to the number the room will take. So we have taken the bold step of booking the date and venue for next year's fixture: January 27th, 1962, at the Eagle & Crown, Upton. (Guy Pullan please note.) Les Bennett has offered, and we have accepted his kind offer—to show some of his colour slides taken while touring.

Through circumstances beyond his control the Treasurer finds it necessary to dispose of his dear old trike and would like to find a good home for this "vintage" model!

Black, 22" frame, new H.P.'s, 30" back Abingdon axle, dynamo, Strata bars.

Excellent condition, no reasonable offer refused.

Stan Wild figured in the last issue of the Bath Road News, when, in a report on their seventy-fifth Annual Dinner describing Stan's toast of the Club as "a wonderful speech with flights of oratory which have seldom if ever been surpassed" the writer tells us that our worthy had taken the precaution "to fortify his spirit and lubricate his larynx" before "pouring forth a magnificent speech which took him up to the first page of his sheaf of notes." The guillotine was applied (metaphorically) in case the National Liberal Club wanted to lock up before page 2 of the notes was reached and also to allow time for Len Baker who, as the B.R. journal has it "must have shared Stan's aperitif".

It was in no way as a reward for this effort that Stan has been placed on the panel of Timekeepers by the Liverpool D.C., R.T.T.C. He is to lead a C.T.C. party to the Dolomites during the summer.

Harry England, N.R. President and Editor was admitted to hospital in January with coronary thrombosis. We wish him a speedy return to health and in the meantime Alan Blackman is holding the fort as Acting Editor.

Our President and Mrs. Rex will be in Switzerland from late February until just before the Birthday Run which is, of course, on Saturday, 25th March, at Halewood.

John Parr has deserted the sunny south and is now working in Blackpool and home at week-ends.

R U N S

CHESTER, 31ST DECEMBER, 1960

Whoever suggested patronising a Chinese Restaurant, and encouraging Communist infiltration into this peace loving country of ours, in the centre of a big city on a busy Saturday afternoon, with no parking for bicycles, earns my heaviest brickbat.

The menu was "pricey", the swarms of expressionless little yellow men, who snapped at you if you dared to suggest something that was on the menu, hardly enhanced my interest in the place. This, plus the fact of being suspected by the chief cashier (Chinese version), of not having paid for my meal just about filled my cup of disgust to overflowing. Because I stayed behind a few minutes in order to chat with other members and their wives, this enabled the other three members at my table to escape through the portals to freedom (one of them settling the a/c. for four persons). I was in a "sticky" position trying to explain to a chinaman who only wanted to know three words of English i.e., "man no pay"; that I was perfectly honest, before being eventually "rescued" by Jeff and Derek, in the nick of time.

However it was nice to see Mrs. Austin with Rex, Mrs. Len Hill and Vivienne, Mrs. J. Salt, and Bert's sister. Pat O'Leary (superbly dressed), Jeff Mills, Derek Byron, Allan Littlemore, Dave Bennett, and a small number of cadets were also present. For the readers' interest, only three persons attended on bicycles! No! No! No!, hardly a venue for a *cycling* club run, and one that the writer will never again revisit. For those who cycled homewards, it was a pleasant moonlight evening, and one wondered what 1961 had in store as we trundled away the last few miles of the old year. A. L. L.

DOODFIELD, 31ST DECEMBER, 1960

It was a happy thought on the part of the President to arrange a lunch time run on New Year's Eve, as several members were able to be present who would have been otherwise engaged in the evening. In all twelve members, six wives, two daughters, one son and one

son-in-law arrived in good time to enjoy a post prandial drink with the President before sitting down to a very excellent meal. Most had come by car, but at least Laurie and George Taylor gave the gathering some reason to be regarded as a cycling Club, the latter having motored from Nottingham to Peak Forest, where he had left the car and cycled the rest of the way. This was a grand idea had it not been for the fearsome climb which was required at the end of the day.

The meal over and the room cleared an hour was spent in cheery chat before the party broke up—most for their own homes and further festivities—but the President was off to Chester to wish a Happy New Year to the other half of the Club at their tea time rendezvous. The lunch time party was a great success and similar arrangements will probably be made for next year.

Those present were the President, Hubert Buckley, Alf Howarth, Bren Orrell and Harold Catling, each accompanied by his wife, Jim Cranshaw with wife, two daughters and a son-in-law, Laurie Pendlebury, Alan Gorman, Harry Duck, Dave Brown and Tommy Sherman, whose small son, aged three, behaved so very well that the Management gave him a free lunch.

R. J. A.

TARPORLEY, 7TH JANUARY, 1961

The forecast was showers and bright periods but even so I was agreeably surprised to see the odd flake of snow as I passed through Willaston.

While waiting at Two Mills for any further members it started to snow, not a lot but enough to deter two of those present from going any further, the remaining four decided to take a chance.

As we came up to Mollington the snow stopped but this was only a temporary reprieve as it restarted as we rode through Chester. It was not long before the snow turned to rain and, with the wind now head on, made progress very difficult. As we left Waverton Church behind and regained open country the wintry conditions began to take effect and by the time we reached the foot of the incline outside Tarporley the other three were only too glad to follow my example and walk in an effort to restore circulation.

Only one other member had braved the elements and was already in occupation. The warmth of the welcome coupled with the cosy atmosphere and the satisfying meal all helped to make us forget what we had endured.

All too soon we were brought back to earth and realised it was time to go, reluctantly we said au revoir and went on our way. The rain had stopped and although the wind was still cold we noticed that at least it would assist us home. The pace was moderately fast and apart from one heavy shower the ride home was uneventful and an anti-climax to the outward journey.

[Were the five members present all Alcoholics Anonymous? ED.]

HOLT (CASTLE CAFE), 14TH JANUARY, 1961

When I left home I could just about see across the road. My opportunities for going on runs are rather limited these days, but I soon began to regret my decision to tackle the twenty-five miles to Holt. But once past Clatterbridge it was clear enough not to be afraid of hitting unlighted parked cars. Mrs. Eureka helped too, though after half an hour of reading old C.T.C. Gazettes, I decided no-one else was coming. This move always works—after $\frac{1}{4}$ mile I espied an Anfield posse pounding the trail in the opposite direction. An about turn, and I soon caught the party up again. It proved to consist of John Farrington, David Bennett, Keith Sprason, David Bettany and John Mackintosh. A few minutes later Wally Rees turned up. Another bout of drinking (coffee) and we set off. The last two, not having well-trained fathers had to leave us at Chester.

I'm not sure whether it was the good lady's small son or certain small Anfielders who broke the pin-table, but we weren't charged for it. It's a pity they didn't break the juke box while they were about it.

No one else ventured out so the party remained at five and we made an early start for home. As far as Chester the going was quite good and here John and I said cheerio to the North Walians and made all haste towards the Mills.

The fog soon curbed our exuberance and for three or four miles we had two or three cars following us. After leaving John at the Glegg Arms I faced the worst part of the journey; it was bad enough trying to find the right turn in Barnston but down Lever Causeway the visibility was about half the distance between the cat's eyes and I ran off the road at one point and was glad to get home to a warm fire.

My spokes still had a thin film of ice on them twenty-four hours later. Still, it will be another ride to talk about and it was fun at the time too.

K. S.

HATCHMERE, 21ST JANUARY, 1961

After the dense fog of the previous week this Saturday dawned dry and reasonably clear. At least we could see where we were going. Accompanied by menacing clouds I set off for the Mills and arrived dry. After a quick cuppa, four of us (Jeff Mills, Les Bennett, Martin Gilbody and myself) set off through the lanes leaving David Bennett and his merry North Walians to follow. My suspicions about the weather soon proved unfounded for the sun came out and, with surprising warmth for the time of year, thawed out our frozen hands and feet. At the top of the Manley climb we were treated to a magnificent view of the sun sinking behind the Welsh hills while dusk had already fallen in the Cheshire plain. Dusk was also falling on us as we sped over the last few miles through the forest disturbing, as we went, a grey squirrel which amazed us with its agility as it raced along tenuous branches and climbed almost vertical trunks.

Of the venue the least said the better. Jeff summed it up, "Never have so many waited so long for so little." "So long" was forty-five long, weary minutes. I still shudder to think of them. Expectancy and anticipation are all very well but one can have too much of a good thing, we certainly did. For the record a total attendance of twelve was completed by Guy Pullan and the Captain who had repented of his rashness of a fortnight before and was again motor-assisted.

The ride home began in drizzle and mist but soon after Guy, Jeff and I left the North Wales contingent the rain began in earnest and capes were a must. Clouds obscured any moon there might have been and I was thankful for the beams of two powerful dynamos as we sped through the pitch-black lanes. At Rivacre the rain eased sufficiently for us to de-cape and enjoy a comparatively dry conclusion to the run.

D. W. B.

HOLT, 28TH JANUARY, 1961

I am writing up this run because, the garden being waterlogged after heavy rains, it seemed that no place could give such pleasure on a mild Saturday afternoon as the saddle of a bicycle. The iron went along its familiar track southward through Heswall. Damp mist hung over Wirral fields. The only fresh colour was in the stems of giant kale. Winter monotony and a slowly passing scene invited rambling thought: of a vanishing species. I am a lonely specimen continually passed by efficient little steel boxes from Cowley or Coventry. Welsh Corner lacks its expected busy air. No lightweights in gleaming enamels clutter open spaces in front of its cafés. Where are the cyclists of today and of tomorrow? Some youths there are who could swell the dwindled ranks, who loiter, unable to guess what great profit is over the hills or on the gentle plain.

Ahead were two riders. I was glad to catch Jeff Mills and David Barker. A few rays pierced the overcast as we made our steady ride past Chester Walls and Roodee and over Grosvenor Bridge. From then on Jeff's extensive knowledge of the by-ways came into its own. By Balderton and Doddleston the ditches were full, the elms and some flocks of sheep were etched on to a sombre background. Through Lavister and again on through narrow lanes. At dusk the familiar square of Holt, a meal and company, seven Anfielders in all.

I still must praise some delights of the homeward run. To Anfielders these pleasures are well known. The Dee at Farndon's narrow bridge was high, its waters a silvery grey between dark fields. The moon was in its first quarter and the Dipper, climbing up the eastern sky, was now on our right, now almost ahead as the northward road changed its course. Such events come too rarely. Subtopia and well-lit arterial roads seem to rule out their possibility, but they came when I had looked for nothing in particular beyond a gentle run to Holt.

R. A. A.

GOOSTREY, 28TH JANUARY, 1961

It had been a hard day, I had worked till 5 p.m., in atrocious weather, however the rain eased in late afternoon, so instead of pedalling home, I pedalled through the lanes to Goostrey, and enjoyed a well earned meal at hospice Bates.

The company was small but select and consisted of Rex. A., Bren O., Laurie P., and Allan L. We were in a very comfy room the warmth and comfort of which encouraged the usual natter about "old times", and what "so and so" did in "so and so" event about thirty to forty years ago! A lovely moonlight run home was the reward for the cyclists of the party.

A. L. L.

HUNTINGTON, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1961

A rather cloudy morning was succeeded by a bright and boisterous afternoon, so with a handful of trusty stalwarts I essayed the perilous journey to "Two Mills", assisted by a truly magnificent wind which made sure of our arrival on time, only just, for as we turned into the "Eureka" a large party of cadets were leaving for the rendezvous.

Fortified by a 'cuppa' and the convivial company of Jeff and Guy, we eventually tore ourselves away, and made for Huntington with all speed, still ably assisted by the wind.

I don't know how we managed it, but we arrived first, and were well into the second course before any more Anfielders showed up, various deviations from the "straight and wide" having accounted for their dilatory arrival.

Conversation soon flowed fast and furious, punctuated all too frequently by sundry noises from an infernal machine, around which we fondly hoped we had succeeded in making an impregnable barrier; among the items which brought forth comment was the one about Mrs. Littlemore having been awarded the Trophy for the "Personality Girl of the Year" by the Crewe Section C.T.C., it being inferred that, being married to Allan, deserved such a reward, Mrs. Littlemore laughingly protested that the reason was more fundamental, they wished to ensure it would be kept clean and safe for another year.

Jeff Mills very kindly offered to list all the members present, suffice it to say, a very goodly company was present, and an enjoyable run was brought to a close by a homeward run with practically no wind to impede our progress, a good augury for future events. J. M. F.

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.

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APRIL, 1961

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FIXTURES

MAY, 1961

- 1 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 6 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy). GOOSTREY (Mrs. Bates).
- 13 BIRCH HILL.
- 20/22 SHREWSBURY. OPEN "100" WEEK-END.
- 27 CILCAIN (Mrs. Jones, Tynllan). SOMERFORD.

JUNE, 1961

- 3 HATCHMERE (Forest Café). PHOTOGRAPH RUN.
 - 5 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
 - 10 TARPORLEY (Crown). INTER-CLUB "25" (Cheshire R.C.).
 - 17 BIRCH HILL.
 - 18 PARBOLD (Lunch—Mrs. Bentham, Mill Lane).
 - 24 HUNTINGTON. CLUB "50".
- Wednesday evenings—Eureka Café, Two Mills.
-

COMMITTEE NOTES

New member. Michael D. Heath, 26 Fleet Street, Ellesmere Port has been elected to full membership.

We welcome Keith Orum, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston, Wirral, and Alan Wynne, 23 Pen-y-llan Street, Connah's Quay as Cadets.

The name of P. Crutchley has been struck off under Rule 25.

At the request of the police the "50" fixed for 6th May is to be re-arranged later and members are asked to note the new fixtures for that day.

Will members available for helping at the "100" please advise the hon. secretary as soon as possible.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Hurried re-arrangements were made necessary for 6th May when the police requested that we alter the "50" planned for that day owing to a clash with Malpas Races. Please note the new fixtures. A new date for the "50" will be announced later.

Charles Barnard, for twenty-two years licensee of the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge, and for some years an Anfielder, died recently at his home in Hartford, aged sixty-nine years.

We hear that Russ Barker and Alan Gorman have both been in hospital but are out and about again.

For the Photograph Run on 3rd June we return to the popular Forest Café, Hatchmere. To ease catering, members are asked to order on arrival and so spread the load.

Stan Wild came up North for Easter and after attending a Club run with Laurie he pushed on to the Lakes, and speaks most highly of the Traveller's Rest at Grasmere.

The President is gathering together a Club set of colour transparencies and will be glad of any donations of suitable scenes of Club life or places.

Laurie Pendlebury pushed a bicycle to the March Committee Meeting in Liverpool. After the deliberations he set off to pedal home for some shut-eye before starting work at 6-0 a.m.

We hear that Keith Selkirk is to be married in August.

Rodney France has left school and is working at the Automatic Telephone Coy. with Len Hill and John Farrington.

Wednesday evening meets at Two Mills are again in full swing and we commend these mid-week gathering to all Merseyside members particularly those unable to get out frequently on Saturdays.

The "100" is almost upon us and the next CIRCULAR will be too late to remind you to get a job on the course from Frank Marriott who will be glad to have offers of help now.

HANDICAP CHAMPIONSHIP FOR CADETS

The competition is open to all Cadets under seventeen years on 30th September.

Entry forms must be submitted at least fourteen days before each event, giving details of previous performances and date of birth.

Events will be handicapped from a scratch time of 25 minutes.

For those not having previously finished in an event standard allowances will be:—Age fourteen years, 5 mins.; fifteen years, 3 mins. and sixteen years, 2 minutes.

There will be three awards based on the best aggregate of three handicap time.

R U N S

DOODFIELD, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1961

Only four of us out today, although the weather was quite good. Laurie and the President had cycled more or less direct, George Taylor had been walking the Derbyshire moorlands all day and

dropped in on his way home, whilst Rigby Band, on tricycle, arrived a little late and paid the penalty by getting wet. It was good to see both Rigby and George for the first time this year, but there were several notable absentees, possibly through the prevalent 'flu. There was a long natter after tea, whilst we waited for the rain to cease; but we managed to get away soon after eight o'clock and the rain held off until I, at least, was home.

R. J. A.

LADIES' NIGHT, EAGLE AND CROWN, UPTON (WIRRAL), FEBRUARY 11TH, 1961

Despite the hurried re-arrangements of the date for this fixture, which unfortunately prevented several members from attending this quite pleasant annual "do", exactly thirty members and friends sat down to a splendid meal of roast turkey and trappings. It was nice to know how pleasant turkey can taste a mere six weeks after Christmas, and everyone had enough. Even after all were filled, plenty of food remained.

The happy party comprise Rex and Mrs. Austin, who had brought along Mr. and Mrs. Sid Bailey of the Dukinfield C.C. Sid is an old friend of the Anfield, and he had offered to entertain us with some of his excellent touring slides. Then, first, our visitors. Elsie Salt, whom we are always delighted to see. Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Williams and their elder daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pearson. Johnny and Harry express great pleasure in being able to come to our Ladies' Night. Guy Pullan brought brother Harold and wife along, and also another friend, Ted Barnes, of the Walton C. & A.C. Thereby hangs a tale, and although perhaps Guy might prefer it to be excluded from these pages, it is far too good to miss.

Now although our secretary had stated quite clearly that the venue was the Eagle & Crown, Guy got it into his head that we were to visit the Coach & Horses. Ted Barnes arrived in Upton all right from Liverpool, walked past the Eagle & Crown while we were there. But this was not the Coach & Horses, so Ted got the Moreton bus, where there is an inn of that name, and ventured into the dining room. He looked for his name on the plan, and when he found that the party were celebrating the ancient art of bell ringing, Ted beat a hasty retreat. The people at the Coach & Horses re-directed to him to the Eagle & Crown. Ted arrived very late, and had a very good meal—on Guy!

Of ours, we had Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rock and Stephen (growing up nicely, thank you); Albert Preston and sister Hep., Mr. and Mrs. Les Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. John France, Mr. and Mrs. Len Hill and daughter Vivian, Arthur Williams, Frank Marriott, Jeff Mills and friend Stan Barker.

Some of our junior members and cadets, who had been for a ride on a windy and wet afternoon were: John Farrington, Davids Barker and Bennett. Cadets were David Bettaney, J. Whelan, Keith Sprason, and Wallace Rees.

Then for an hour we were thrilled and delighted at a most beautiful set of slides. Sid Bailey took us through North Wales first, and we saw some grand pictures of Bala Lake—taken on his club's "married men's week-end", before climbing on the long slopes from Llanuwchllyn towards the cloud-hidden crest of Bwlch-y-Groes.

These were memory chasers, and perhaps we could be permitted to recall the evening, one October Friday, when five of us were stretched across two miles of that historic road. We were making for Dinas Mawddwy, virtually a ride from home after tea, and dear old Salty, Frank Marriott, Arthur Williams, Eric Reeves and Peter Rock met for a later tea on the A5, where the Llandegla road meets with the way to Holyhead. Salty and Peter and Eric were at Dinas just on 10.30, but a half-hour elapsed before Arthur and Frank showed up. But it remains vividly in memory as one of the most exciting evenings ever.

Then to Lakeland, where we were not quite on such familiar ground, and, lastly, to Scotland. Rough-stuff on a tandem! How the nostalgia surged. How good to be away again on the heather-strewn trackways in the ever-delightful Land o' Cakes.

So, much too quickly, to the end, and a gentle chin-wag before making for home.

Please try and come to the Ladies' Night next year, and make the occasion a very real success. F.E.M.

THE OTHER LADIES' NIGHT, SOMERFORD, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1961

On this breezy and showery day, my wife turned up to meet me, after work at 5 p.m. *avec bicyclette* and said "Come on, I'll take you to Somerford!" Although a hard (?) day's overtime had left me somewhat jaded, it was good to ride the bike, with a howling gale blowing us along, over the Cheshire Plain (?).

The sole occupant of this popular alternative venue was Laurie Pendlebury who was no doubt glad to have the company of Allan Littlemore and his cycling wife, and that comprised the total attendance. The headwind ride home was "murder", but at least it did not rain, and it was nice to make a large pot of tea on arrival home.

A.L.L.

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- 29 BIRCH HILL.

AUGUST, 1961

- 5-7 TOUR. BATH ROAD CLUB "100".
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- 12 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 19 GOOSTREY.
- 26 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy). SOMERFORD.

COMMITTEE NOTES

We welcome Graham Lightfoot, 28 Hesketh Drive, Heswall, Wirral into our Cadet scheme.

Committee members are asked to note that the next meeting will be held on Monday, 24th July and not on the first Monday as usual.

As usual we are giving every possible assistance to the Mersey Roads Club in the promotion of the "24" on 22nd 23rd July. Help is specially needed at Nant Hall near Prestatyn late on the Saturday night and volunteers should contact Len Hill.

Change of address: Hugh Fletcher, 35 Kingsfield Drive, Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Owing to a chain of circumstances this Circular is a month late in publication and has become just another bi-monthly. With reasonable luck the next issue with full report of the Whit weekend and the "100" results sheet should be hot on its heels.

Our old friend the Forest Café, Hatchmere is back on our list but members are warned that service tends to be very slow and it is advisable to get near the trough immediately on arrival and not wait for a crowd to gather. Apart from this minor snag the place is as good as ever under the new management.

Wednesday evening meets continue to attract a good number to the Eureka Café, Two Mills, but there is plenty of room for more.

Members with outstanding run reports would help by sending them in immediately on reading this note. Space in the next issue will be at a premium and some cutting may be inevitable.

R U N S

BIRCH HILL, 18TH FEBRUARY, 1961

The new venue at Birch Hill, although quite close to our Delamere Forest haunts, opens up for us some attractive country with plenty of hills and distant views. I approached it from Frodsham climbing all the way between the twin ramparts of Helsby and Overton Hills, but at a cross-roads almost within sight of the café I made a wrong turn and turned my back on it! After putting in some strenuous hill-work I came upon David Barker consulting his map whereupon with great presence of mind I accused him of being lost. Actually his map-reading was above reproach and I retraced my steps with him, reaching the café in good time. Its isolation, surrounded with bare downs like those of Berkshire, tempted us to a short walk during which a group of cyclists was sighted slowly, very slowly, climbing the step-ladder of hills towards us, disappearing in the folds and reappearing on the crests. Only too glad to stop and chat with us were Les Bennet, John Farrington, David Bettany and John Gornall. Back in the café the party grew until the smallish room was comfortably full. A diversion was caused by two jolly country-women walking past who opened the door for an inspection of the gathering, wanted to know what each of us was ordering for tea, warned young David Skillen that beans would make him fat and departed cheerfully on their way.

Another diversion came when Frank Marriott arrived in his new Siddeley car (new to him, I mean) and everybody poured out again into the road to inspect it. Some seventy years ago another Siddeley used to attend Anfield runs but that was Jack Siddeley who designed the cars, and as Lord Kenilworth he died, still a member of the club.

The meal was a jolly affair, prices were reasonable, everybody

could talk to each other (which they did, plenty) and the new tea-place went down well, but on the road again everybody, bar one, shot off down the step ladder previously mentioned. The bar one was me who had a mind to try out a route not previously travelled in the dark which to me is always a joy, provided of course the lamp behaves itself. Through a series of hilly, winding, narrow lanes I felt my way until near Manley Hall I seemed to be on a shelf high up over the Mersey plain lying dark and silent below, the far distance resplendent with the lights of 'civilisation.' A quick descent by a hair-pin tricky in the dark and I was back on familiar ground expecting to see the club party behind me and sure enough the lights appeared and glad once again of company, I eased and for most of the way thereafter was one of a bunch, and very enjoyable it was with Jeff Mills and John France setting a useful pace in front and the youngsters steady as veterans behind.

E. G. P.

DALTON, 19TH FEBRUARY, 1961

As a change from the usual "Dalton" weather we were blessed with a sunny, spring-like day for our visit to Prescott's Farm. The morning mist on Turton Moor was soon dispused by the sun which was warm enough to dispense with wind-cheater and gloves. A lane route through Brinscall, Chorley and Wrightington (with a welcome pint at the Brook House Inn) brought me to Dalton and the company of four other members and two friends. It was a hundred per cent veteran turn-out: Frank Perkins, Guy Pullan, Arthur Birkby, Alan Littlemore and Rigby Band, with our old friend Johnny Williams and a new friend, Jack Seed, introduced by Alan.

Being a veteran company the conversation turned to more active days and the contemporaries thereof whom we see too seldom now. Alan departed early to meet the official 'Vets' who were lunching in Parbold while the rest of us, loathe to waste the glorious sunshine, lingered outside before breaking up the party.

J. R. B.

ALCAIN, 25TH FEBRUARY, 1961

After assuring Dave Birchall that there was no chance of catching foot and mouth disease, I set off with him through the driving rain. We tied up at the Eureka, and were joined by Johnny Farrington and two young Cadets.

From Two Mills, we took to the lanes and after passing through Queensferry, Johnny took us round the back of Ewloe, through Mold, and so to the tea place at Alcain where Guy was already toasting his tootsies in front of a cheerful fire. Jeff Mills arrived shortly after us, followed by two more Cadets, Len Hill, Reg Wilson and a foreign-looking young man who turned out to be—a Dutchman. It appears

he is over here for a few months studying, and had been put under Reg's care.

After an hour's exchange of pleasantries and insults in traditional Anfield style, the table was relieved of its last morsels, the umpteenth pot of tea drained also in traditional Anfield style, and everyone took skelter whilst Guy lit his gas lamp, and we followed its splutterings, explosions and smoke homewards.

J. D.

LLANARMON, 11TH MARCH, 1961

It was Friday, March 10th, when I first began to notice a slight looseness of my left pedal and so I decided to have the matter put right first thing in the morning. As I expected, I had stripped the thread in the crank and so a sleeve had to be inserted.

In the afternoon, David Bennett, David Bettany and myself set out for Llanarmon against a howling gale. As we began the relentless climb up Wood Lane to Buckley I heard the familiar clang of metal on tarmac and looked down to see my pedal lying on the floor. Thereupon one of our number brilliantly deduced that it would be inadvisable to go on a club run with such an infirmity in my machine (trivial as he thought it was). Giving his gears a sly kick I thanked him for his advice and began my descent back home.

After what seemed hours, I arrived home and dragged my other bike from under the numerous old sacks and pieces of plumbing which adorn our garage. A quick spray of oil (on the bike I mean!) and I was off again. The wind had risen to "Force 10" by the time I had reached Penynynydd cross roads when I saw D. Royle sprinting past in the opposite direction. After four miles came the hills at Pontblyddyn, shattering even under perfect conditions, but this time absolutely unbearable.

However, I finally reached the small road which turns off to Llanarmon, and fortunately there was a grass verge upon which I sat down. From here on things eased up slightly and I arrived safely although exhausted, at the "Raven" where I was helped off my bike by D. Bennett and D. Barker.

Those present were:—D. Bettany, D. Bennett, L. Bennett, D. Barker, J. Parr, J. Mills, J. Whelan, J. Farrington, Joe Dodd, K. Sprason, D. Birchall and W. Rees.

W. R.

GOOSTREY, 11TH MARCH, 1961

Five members attended this run in truly spring-like weather, namely V.P. Bren Orrell, Laurie Pendlebury, Alan Gorman, Rigby Band and Dave Brown. We were glad to see Alan out and about

again after three weeks in hospital and also to know that Russ Barker was home again after a spell in dock.

Conversation ranged over various aspects of cycling and the open road during which we learned that Bren, junior, has now moved to Preston, thus enabling our Manchester V.P. to get some real training.

The party broke up early, Bren disappearing into the lanes, Alan and Dave heading for Hazelgrove in Dave's car while Laurie and Rigby pedalled north to Flixton and Bury respectively.

J. R. B.

HUNTINGTON, 18TH MARCH, 1961. CLUB "25"

A strong wind made the going hard out to the turn in this first club event of the season which was made notable by the attendance of Alex Beaton our member for Dundee who obviously cannot be in our area very often. We had hoped to see him at the "100" but learned that this is not to be though he hopes to make amends during July.

Apart from riders listed below there were out on the course Rex Austin, Frank Marriott, Guy Pullan, Ken Barker, Len Hill, Reg Wilson, John France, Jimmy Long, Russel Barker, Alex Beaton, David Birchall David Skillen and Pat Collins, a prospective Cadet.

The seniors used the Whitechurch road course for the "25" while six Cadets raced over the Huntington—Farndon ten mile route. In this latter event John Whelan was fastest with 27 mins. 11 secs, then David Bettaney (29. 27), Alan Barker (30. 36), Keith Sprason (31. 39), Robin Hooper (33. 8), P. Breckon (33. 13).

In the "25" John Parr took fastest time award and David Barker collected the handicap prize with a good low gear effort of 1.13.10 less 7 minutes.

| | | | <i>Actual Time</i> | <i>H'cap</i> | <i>H'cap Time</i> |
|----|--------------------------|-------|--------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. | J. Parr | | 1. 7. 6 | Scr. | 1. 7. 6 |
| 2. | D. W. Barker | | 1.13.10 | 7 | 1. 6.10 |
| 3. | D. Bennett | | 1.13.20 | 6 | 1. 7.20 |
| 4. | J. Dodd | | 1.16. 2 | 7 | 1. 9. 2 |
| 5. | D. Royle | | 1.16.22 | 7 | 1. 9.22 |
| 6. | J. F. Mills | | 1.18.31 | 8 | 1.10.31 |
| 7. | W. Rees | | 1.18.40 | 7 | 1.11.40 |
| 8. | A. L. Littlemore (Trike) | | 1.22.48 | 11 | 1.11.48 |
| | J. Farrington | | D.N.F. | | |

K. W. B.

HALEWOOD, 25TH MARCH, 1961. BIRTHDAY RUN

The eighty-second anniversary of the formation of the Anfield was celebrated by a fine gathering at the Derby Arms, Halewood on the last Saturday in March.

This house, with over sixty years' association with the Club, put on a first class meal at a most reasonable price; we had just a few friends in Johnny Williams and Dick Corris (Mersey Roads Club) and Ted Barnes, Walton C. & A.C. who was second in our "24" in 1927. We had on show the Club's old Long Distance Shield and the new W.C.T.T.C.A. Jack Salt Memorial Trophy and to round off a grand evening we had a tour, conducted by Guy Pullan in colour of "Anfield-land" which means anywhere a bicycle can take its owner and occasionally anywhere its owner can manhandle a bicycle.

President Rex, stannated after an early stay in Switzerland presided over a merry throng which included Eddie Morris, Jim Cranshaw, George Taylor, Harold Catling and Hubert Buckley then in no particular order Rigby Band, G. Parr, F. B. Churchill, L. Hill, P. Williamson, A. Preston, E. G. Pullan, John Parr, J. Mills, R. Wilson, Ken and David Barker, John France, Joe Dodd, J. Farrington, David Bennett, A. Birkby, F. E. Marriott, L. Pendlebury, A. Littlemore and Cadets Rodney France, D. Birchall, D. Skillen, D. Bettaney and Wallace Rees.

After the tables had been cleared and the projector set up Guy took us through well known Wirral Lanes to those parts of Cheshire beloved of generations of Anfielders. Then we moved south to the Shrewsbury area for shots on the famous "100" course before tackling some rougher country including fine views on the "Conquering Hero" pass.

Interspersed with the modern colour transparencies were some memories of the past, made up from old slides from bygone days and from drawings by the late Frank Patterson.

Rex voiced the feelings of all present in thanking Guy for a most entertaining evening, quite the best Birthday Run for many moons, and well satisfied we moved out into the night and the varied roads which led to home.

EASTER TOUR—LLANSANTFFRAID

Easter dawned with a damp morning, but damp or not it was time for goodfellowship towards all Anfielders who were going to the "Sun" at Llansantffraid. No matter why we go, to be astride a bicycle, to get away from washing up, to get some good food and beer, or to breath some magnificent Welsh air, it was a time for good fellowship amongst Anfielders. Two Mills Café embraced the Incomplete One

first, and revived his weakness with good coffee. Then arrived the Imperturbable One, with the Experienced One, who was to be Vice P. on the tour. The Unique One came from Liverpool, to see fair play and proceed ahead to organise Joe Dodd and David Birchall, who were to accompany us to the lunch stop. They amused us by their youthful chatter, vigorous sprinting and derogation of the Unique One, who would behold us through his spectacles with a mixture of love and joy. It was raining but that mattered not, for, how can the gentle dew from heaven interfere with one's pleasure when one is cycling in such company. Huntingdon was a 'must' for good coffee, but when the jocular Joe placed a coin in the Juke Box the Imperturbable One and the Unique One, 'unwound' and rushed out into the rain for the road through Cheshire Lanes to Bangor-on-Dee.

The Old Smithy after years of serving good food to cyclists, still provides the hospitality which builds up the treasures in one's memory. We were much amused by the leggings of the Unique One, who with his yellow peaked cap, looked like the proverbial Donald Duck. He no doubt, was delighted to provoke such mirth and his cup of happiness was full. We always stop at the lakeside café at Ellesmere, to sit on a seat in the open, and gaze with wonder at the glorious scene of aqueous and bucolic delight. Here the Unique One provided tea for us all, after he had D-Donald Ducked himself.

The rain had ceased, the wind was on the beam, the afternoon sun lengthened the shadows from the bursting leaf buds of the hedgerows and spinneys, the young men were blasting their way home and for us—quiet lanes—winding amongst the great estates of Shropshire until, a blast was sounded, and a rent as big as an eagle's beak appeared in the rear tyre of the Incomplete One and all the sentimental trash that has previously been splashed should be deleted therefrom. Because, the Experienced One sounded full brass, the Imperturbable One 'purturbed', Unique One "ununique", all because the Incomplete One could not produce a spare tyre. Nevertheless, from the bowels of his saddle bag a spare tube was belched and with bits of rubber and sandpaper a revolving wheel again wobbled beneath his seat. But, alas, soon again "ablast" and the yokels at Baschurch thought Hiroshima had come. To the appreciation of the Incomplete One, the Unique One rendered a speech to the effect that 'HE' would seek a new tyre and so we sat in the warm sunshine on the troubled village green at Baschurch, whilst 'HE' on the Friday that should have been GOOD sought—a tyre. Soon 'HE' returned with a spanking new tyre and with Mephistopholish delight watched the Incomplete One fail to get it on the rim. 'HE' had shrunk it as punishment, but pity and sorrow prompted the remaining Ones to assist and three sweating, cursing, bleeding Ones eventually 'rimmed' the tyre, whilst 'Mephy' sat on the village green wall and rendered his mocking song. The Experienced One, the Imperturbable One, the Unique and the Silent One now rode to Llansantffraid.

Slowly the Friday became 'GOOD' and around the dinner table and over beer afterwards under the benign countenance of the Cynical One (released from his prison in the wild fastnesses of Lancashire to entertain us with his wisdom and wit) tales were told, some kind, and some unkind and the friendships of years were again established.

X. Y. Z.

EASTER TOUR, LLANSANTFFRAID, SATURDAY, 2ND APRIL, 1961

After the stirring events of Friday, my contribution can only be an anti-climax. Our party, consisting of Frank Perkins, Jeff Mills, Bert Preston, Len Hill and Fred Churchill, left the "Sun" at 10.30 a.m. with the intention of enjoying elevenses at Meifod; this hope was shattered by an un-co-operative tea cottage, but Len, that hopeful traveller, did manage to buy a pair of brake blocks. (Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of Len, or his cycle, only one brake block on each wheel makes contact with the rim!). Thirsty, but undaunted, we pressed on to Llanfair Caerinion only to find that our usual venue, the Wynnstay Arms was fully booked for lunch. This confirmed our feelings that we had a Jonah in the party—the most fancied suspect was Jeff ("Satanic") Mills with his Woad Hose. Some kind soul advised us to try an inn higher up the road (the name of this escapes me), and from now on our luck changed. The hostess described it as a scratch meal, but it was first-rate and large even by Anfield standards, also extremely moderate in cost. We must pass this way again!

After lunch, Len departed alone in search of a pre-glacial cow-barn with a crux on top, and so vanished from the ken of mortal men for several hours. The rest of the party climbed the steep hill to New Mills the tedium of this was relieved by our hearing the Boat Race commentary on a pocket radio; what a boon it will be when somebody produces a pocket "telly", then we shan't have to look at all those dreary fields and mountains!

Tea was drunk at Welshpool to the accompaniment of "Top Pops" from a juke-box, that other priceless gift of modern science! In the café we were joined by a tandem couple, these were the good folk who gave the recent lantern lecture at the Ladies' Night. (Sorry, no name).

The wind-assisted ride back to the Sun was speedy and without incident; soon after our arrival, Joe Dodd, the witty lad from the Wirral made his welcome appearance, having been delayed at the bank by a slipped overdraft or something. By now we were all ready to do justice to the excellent dinner which this hostelry always provides, we had almost finished before Len arrived, soaking wet but triumphant, apparently some dry watercourses weren't! On returning to the lounge, we found that Joe, for some obscure reason, was now

attired in pyjamas (an old Wirral custom, perhaps?). During a discourse on the banking life, we learned that the grand old game of "passing the buck" flourishes even in these austere temples of high morality; Joe's only grouse was that being at the end of the line, he has no one to pass it to!

One mystery which has not been solved even at this late date, is the non-appearance of Guy Pullan. Many and ingenious were the theories that were advanced, it is a pity that some of the most colourful were also probably the most unlikely! The hint of cloak and dagger was underlined by the appearance of a letter addressed to Guy at the Sun in his own handwriting. I wonder if he really is Brigitte Bardot after all?

F. B. C.

EASTER SUNDAY

Easter Sunday morning was dull but dry and all but Len were down promptly for breakfast. He was only a few minutes late, having postponed shaving until after brekker. His strenuous efforts of Saturday in search of the old house of Bryn Mawr had left him very tired. We loitered around and eventually left without him and promised to have his coffee ready at Llanfyllin. Here again we left him to follow, and the fast boys Jeff and Joe pedalled away up the hill to Waen Alen, whilst we walked briskly behind.

The drop down to Llen y Garnedd was cold, but across the valley the sun was shining, promising us fine conditions for the afternoon.

Rex and Mrs. Austin were waiting at the New Inn, Llangynog, our luncheon place, but we started without Len, and were just starting on the second course when he arrived and soon was tucking in. After lunch the photographers got busy and Joe decided on a ride over the Miltir Cerrig to Bala, and back over the Hirnant Pass (he made it and arrived back at 6.55 p.m.).

Rex in the car and Joe were waved away leaving Fred, Jeff, Len, Bert and Frank to repeat last year's visit to Celan Melangell.

This time we were able to inspect the reconstructed shrine and altogether spent a very interesting half hour here, and inside the old church. All about was peace and quiet, a real boon to us workers from the "smoke".

Back to Llangynog and out by the old road and through the lanes to Penybont Fawr and so to Llanrhaider-Yn-Mochnant for tea. This over, a fast ride down the Valley brought us to the other Penybont and the turn for the climb over the hill and back to the Sun.

Conditions were so perfect that on reaching the top, Len and I stayed some twenty minutes or more enjoying the last of the sunny

afternoon before dropping down to join the others at the Inn. Thus ended our last ride, leaving us with happy memories to see us through until our next visit.

F. P.

EASTER MONDAY, 3RD APRIL, 1961

Two further members joined us for the homeward run, John Farrington who left home in the early hours and David Barker who had spent the night at Four Crosses.

Frank was the first away heading for Gobowen—and a train to Woodside. Len, Fred and Bert decided on Oswestry for elevenses which left John, David, Joseph and the writer.

My original intention was to have elevenses at Montford but shortly after crossing the Severn I suggested that we cross the river again into Melverley. All were in favour so at Crew Green we turned down a track to the old railway and found that although the lines have gone the crossing presented no problems.

In Melverley opportunity was taken to visit the old Church before continuing on through Wilcot, Great and Little Ness to Baschurch, scene of a battle on Good Friday between four cyclists and one tyre. After checking that Len's tyre was still in the litter bin we pressed on to Loppington. We had our oneses at the Dickin Arms and on leaving Coppington we took the Wen road for a while before turning off through the lanes to Whixall, Fenns Bank and to Whitewell for a late lunch.

So that we could continue our wanderings in peace as long as possible we set off for Tallarn Green, turning shortly before Tybroughton Hall for Lower Wych and Malpas. Our route now went over Kidnall Hill and through Tilston and Farndon. Near Churton we met Bert who had left Len and Fred feeding their faces at Holt. We kept together as far as Chester where Bert said he was going straight through leaving the four of us to stop at Two Mills for a meal prior to dividing to go our separate ways. Thus ends a very enjoyable weekend.

J. H. M.

ALTERNATIVES TO EASTER TOUR, 1ST APRIL, 1961

Only Stan Wild and Laurie Pendlebury found their way to Somersford and report a pleasant ride and natter but nothing special to write about. At Holt, Ken and David Barker joined up with John Farrington David Bennett and David Bettanev at this popular venue in the Dee Valley where the Editor gently but firmly declined four kind offers of a "a bit of pace" and returned home through Eaton Hall grounds at a speed befitting his years and lack of fitness.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 8TH APRIL, 1961

Shortly after the hour of noon I was leaving the western suburbs of Manchester en-route for the club run at Tarporley. I meandered through the lanes to High Legh, admired the beautiful show of daffodils beside the moat at Livinyard Hall, decided to have a cup of tea in Frodsham but changed my mind and hammered over the hills of Delamere to Tarvin.

This was surely the place for tea and cakes, but no! I had another idea. What about the Gowy bridges? Soon I was contentedly traversing this ancient pack-horse route, to emerge at the Plough Inn at Cotton Abbots. And still I had time in hand. So I made for Tattenhall and was pleased to get a glimpse of the old inn quaintly named "The Bear and Ragged Staff". The inn used to figure regularly on Anfield runs lists many years ago and was a C.T.C. appointment too. And now it doesn't seem to cater at all!

Now I climbed gradually to Burwardsley and at round about the 500 feet level penetrated the Peckforton range through the long-famed Peckforton Gap. What a delight it was to *walk* down the sandstone rocks (hereabouts in the form of natural steps) and to reach the main road beneath Bulkeley Hill with my tyres coloured red from the sandstone road surface. Now time was at last getting short and down the Beeston Castle road I flew, past the elephant and castle which was carved in living rock by workmen building Peckforton Castle nearly a hundred years ago, and up the long drag from Beeston Station, but by now I wasn't flying!

So on to the Crown at Tarporley dead on 5-30. But there were no bicycles in the yard and a lady popped out to say that the party due here today had gone to Highwayside. Good! (thought I) I always liked the Traveller's Rest and at long last and with nearly 60 miles in my legs I reached the sanctuary of "Mr. Johnson's Place."

And what a splendid crowd greeted me here! Rex, the Presider, on the right side of tea, beamingly greeted me, Allan Littlemore offered his hand, Fred Churchill received me with a shy and silent nod and just as I was beginning to think what a lot of new members there are, Laurie Pendlebury arrived with his brow covered in sweat and, to exemplify the difference between cycling and motoring, Len Hill rolled in as cool as a cucumber.

Mr. Johnson's tea was as good as ever (what I like here is the way a young lady immediately replenishes your tea cup as soon as it becomes empty) and only too quickly we had to rise to disperse in our various homeward directions. Now I had been admiring the way Jeff Mills had been conscientiously booking the attendance—all comers late or early—and I should have kept out of his way as when he asked me to write up the run I hadn't the heart to refuse. Men of Jeff's calibre should be nursed and encouraged and due appreciation shown of their services to the Club. Anyway I had enjoyed my trip

around some of my old haunts in Cheshire (I covered 92 miles by the time I had returned to Manchester) and it was a real delight to be in Anfield company once more. I am sorry there were so many excellent young men I couldn't address by name but (in collaboration with Jeff Mills) I append the attendance which was as follows: Presider Rex, Jeff Mills, David Barker, J. Farrington, Les Bennett, Fred Churchill, Allan Littlemore, D. Bettaney, M. Gilbody, M. Heath, K. Drum, D. J. Byron, Len Hill, J. W. Rees, Laurie Pendlebury and the writer (S. Wild).

HUNTINGTON, 15TH APRIL, 1961 CLUB "25"

The Whitchurch road provided another windy ride for starters in the second "25". This time the slog was over the first leg to Tushingham where David Barker was turned fastest in 36.26 with eleven seconds in hand over Peter Jones.

On the Farndon road the Cadets were also finding it tough out to the turn. John Whelan again returned fastest in 26 mins. 47 secs., followed by D. Bettaney 27.30, A. Barker 29.36, P. Breckon 30.00 and K. Sprason 30.15.

The "25" resulted in a win for Peter Jones (1.8.50) with David Barker inside a minute slower in 1.9.45.

| | <i>H'cap</i> | <i>Actual Time</i> |
|---------------------|--------------|--------------------|
| 1. P. Jones | 4.00 | 1.8.50 |
| 2. D. W. Barker | 6.00 | 1.9.45 |
| 3. D. Bennett | 8.10 | 1.10.14 |
| 4. D. Royle | 5.00 | 1.10.22 |
| 5. W. Rees | 11.30 | 1.12.33 |
| 6. J. Dodd | 7.30 | 1.14.54 |
| 7. D. Byron | 2.00 | 1.16.29 |
| 8. A. L. Littlemore | 14.30 | 1.18.8 |
| J. Parr | Ser. | D.N.S. |

In addition to riders named above there was a good turnout of members and cadets. For the purposes of record Jeff Mills has a complete list which includes Ken and Russel Barker, John France, Jimmy Long, A. E. C. Birkby, Pat O'Leary, Len Hill, Les Bennett, Rex, Bren Orrell, Reg Wilson, D. Birchall, Laurie Pendlebury, Paul Storry, David Skillen and Keith Drum. Possibly others were out and escaped the notice of the writer.

K. W. B.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: R. J. AUSTIN

Vice Presidents: G. B. ORRELL, F. PERKINS

Captain: R. WILSON

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

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FIXTURES

SEPTEMBER, 1961

- 2 HUNTINGTON. CLUB "50".
- 4 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 9 BIRCH HILL (Special Cadets' event—see notes).
- 16 LLANARMON (Raven). RAINOW (Mrs. Belfield).
- 23 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest).
- 30 HUNTINGTON. CLUB "25".

OCTOBER, 1961

- 2 COMMITTEE MEETING. FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 7 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 14 HALEWOOD. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.
- 21 22 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR (Sun. Llansantffraid).
- 21 WOLT (Castle Café). SOMERFORD.
- 28 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy). RAINOW (Mrs. Belfield).

Sunday lunch fixtures have been arranged at Mrs. Bentham's, Parbold, on 20th August, 17th September and 8th October.

The attention of members and Cadets is particularly drawn to a note in this issue regarding future fixtures.

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.

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.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Among the many personalities at the "100" was Seymour Coble—North Road C.C., who won the event in 1901 and had travelled to Shropshire from Bideford specially to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of his victory.

Many members will remember that he attended our 80th Birthday Dinner in Shrewsbury in 1959 and that he is the same age as the Anfield.

In the B.C.T.C., Allan Littlemore gained 3rd place in the Liverpool Heat with 88% against the winner's 92%. Derek Byron's 77% gave him fourth place in the Chester Heat.

A note to the Treasurer from W. J. Finn contains greetings to all the clan Anfield from Castlenock, Co. Dublin.

Pat O'Leary missed the "100" owing to an accident at work on the Friday before the Whit weekend. This necessitated some stitches in Pat's face and one hand but we understand he is now in full circulation again.

A glossy view of Loch Leven postmarked Strathpeffer brought greetings to all Anfielders from Frank Chandler on tour towards Skye and Oban during early June.

After timing the "100" Stan Wild set off for the Hirnant and Bala for the night. Then followed a tour through Ffestiniog, the new Tryweryn reservoir, Betws-y-Coed, Beddgelert and so to the Caernarvon area, the Nantlle Valley, Clynog Fawr with its fine Cathedral-like Church and then over the Saints' Road to Nevin, Aberdaron, Aberdovey, Harlech and Barmouth were visited again before Stan made for Rhayadr via Devil's Bridge. Joining up with his wife and daughter Stan then motored back to Snowdonia and by chance met David Barker returning from a Youth Hostel tour of South and Mid Wales.

A recent enquiry revealed that our newer members are unaware of times and distances necessary to qualify for Standard medals. The Editor hopes to have a leaflet available shortly with full details.

Riding down to the "100" in the early hours of Whit Monday, Les Bennett and a group of Cadets noticed some farm buildings on fire. With some difficulty they roused the farmer, then spent a couple of hectic hours helping to get livestock out of the blazing buildings. Although they had some success the fire had a good hold and many pigs and chickens were roasted alive.

Tourists so far this year include Frank Perkins who pedalled round large pieces of Scotland and crossed to Skye; David Barker who visited the Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains; Joe Dodd who made for the Cotswolds and Wye Valley. Jeff Mills went southwards and included the lovely village of Weobley in his route. John France and Les Bennett are shortly off to Somerset with a group from Pensby Secondary School—all Anfield Cadets.

Peter Jones has made a welcome return to Hawarden after his year at Worcester.

ATTENTION - ALL MEMBERS AND CADETS

This issue has been held back until after the meeting of the Committee on 24th July, when future plans particularly concerning special events for Cadets were discussed.

Plans are in hand already for next season but in the meantime a start has been made.

The fixture on 9th September at Birch Hill will include a mildly competitive event. Details are not yet finished but will be available as soon as possible.

A Youth Hostel week-end at GYNWYD has been suggested for September 16th when the fixture is Llanarmon. There is a possibility of a crossing of the Rhyd Nant Wilym on the Sunday.

The annual Autumn Tints Tour will again have the Sun at Llan-santffraid as headquarters on the weekend 21/22nd October. Alternative accommodation nearby will probably be available at a price not exceeding 12/6d. for evening meal, bed and breakfast. Those interested in any or all of the above should pester the life out of Guy Pullan, Allan Littlemore, Les Bennett, Ken Barker or other Committee members until details are forthcoming.

For the weekends mentioned names will be required in good time in order to complete bookings.

R U N S

LLANARMON, 29TH APRIL, 1961.

The afternoon was overcast, a grey rolling blanket of cloud stretched over the vast sky above us, and our hopes of a fine afternoon vanished. But through the thin skin of cloud a slit had been pierced, and faint rays of sunshine issued forth. Deciding to make the most of the brightening weather, we dragged ourselves away from the teapot and dawdled into Queensferry, where we saw signs of the development of the new by-pass which is being built.

The early spring had brought out the new buds and flowers, and through Hawarden woods we travelled beneath a leafy tunnel of fresh green foliage. The green countryside crept slowly by, and the clouds above crept slowly downwards, for at Treuddyn an ominous black cloud hovered above us, waiting for the first opportunity to catch us unawares, and then soak us. But we foxed it, and retreated under-cover to have a much-needed "cuppa-char" after the climb up from Pontblyddyn! Having had the usual excellent meal at the Raven, certain members' surplus energy was used in keeping Joe Dodd from an inviting bar!

Our return took us along an extremely muddy path, hidden under a mass of young trees, bordering a steep-sided valley. But the darkening sky, which now would light up the first evening sentinels to watch the world lie down and sleep quickly closed in upon us as we sped back home at the end of another enjoyable run.

RAINOW, 29TH APRIL, 1961.

Having decided to support the "Manchester" run on this spring-like day, I pushed off about 3.50 p.m. into a light breeze, which made the otherwise pleasant going a trifle "sticky". Familiar lanes, albeit quiet ones, to Knutsford, then a steady slog up to Macclesfield, where I entered the "silk town" at precisely 5.30 p.m. (not bad for a D.O.F.,?). I would have ridden all the way to Rainow, but I joined up with Laurie, using his "lowest gear of all" on a steep pitch, so we walked together.

Mrs. Belfield's Café, at Rainow, is really first class and deserves a regular place in our fixtures, food was good, plentiful and at a very reasonable price. As for the company—well, who could object to Rigby Band, George Taylor, Alan Gorman, Laurie Pendlebury, Harry Duck, and the author of these few lines, A. L. Littlemore? [Only Rigby Band, George Taylor, Alan Gorman, Laurie Pendlebury and Harry Duck. ED.]

The usual natter about photography, racing men and racing performances, was a pleasantry which can only be experienced when Anfielders really get talking. A fast run home, mostly through lanes, completed a brief trip into an extremely mountainous part of the Cheshire Plain.

A. L. L.

BANGOR-ON-DEE, 6TH MAY, 1961.

Joe Dodd, David Birchall and I had decided on an all-day run. We set off from Two Mills along the well-worn Anfield furrow to Hawarden, Pen-y-ffordd, Pont-Blyddyn and so to Llandegla moors. Shortly after Llandegla village we turned off down a 'Z' category lane and the rough stuff really began. Sheep pens, slate quarries, bogs, streams, back-breaking climbs and a hair-raising descent on a grass ledge with a mountain on one side and "nowt down there" all added to the fun. Miraculously we arrived at the Conquering Hero in three whole pieces and after lunch in Llangollen climbed over the tops to Llan-santffraidd Glyn-Ceiriog. From here we enjoyed a flyer down the valley to Chirk and over to St. Martin's, Overton and Bangor.

Outside the Smithy we found a member of the local constabulary handcuffing David Bennett—or so we thought. As it turned out he was only telling him he had taken his father's jacket with the family fortunes in it by mistake (!) and he'd return home without it at his peril. Meanwhile inside a further seven members and cadets had gathered. Pat O'Leary had ventured a full five miles from home; Allan Littlemore had promoted himself to Jeff's high and rewarding post of scribe-in-chief and also making nuisances of themselves in various ways were Wallace Rees, David Bettaney, Jonathan Vickers and two others who will remain anonymous.

And so, after an excellent feed, en route again, this time for home and bed. It had been an excellent run, with grand company, in glorious country. What more could we want?

D. W. B.

WHIT WEEKEND AND THE OPEN "100".

There was every promise of another glorious Whitsunide for the sun shone brightly on the Saturday which started the annual Anfield trek towards Shrewsbury.

The ancient walled city of Chester was thronged with pedestrians and vehicles of all sorts and sizes but soon peace was restored as the road dipped down to the Dee near Huntington. Aldford and Churton dozed in the morning sunshine and soon the Editor was approaching Shocklach and the trysting place with the family four-wheeler which was to bring food and drink.

Just before Worthenbury a pleasant roadside spot was chosen for an alfresco meal then came the familiar road to Bangor and a chance meeting with Jimmy Long and Mrs. Jimmy who had a load of urns and other impedimenta needed for the "100".

Also in Bangor was noted a heap of bicycles propped against a café from which tumbled Eric and Peter, Len Hill, Sammy Marriott and Jeff Mills, all bent on covering the arduous few miles to Ellesmere for more refreshment and reporting contact earlier in the morning with the sub-editor who had peeled off for the Ceirjog Valley and some rough stuff before making Four Crosses for the night.

A cup of tea by the lake at Ellesmere made a pleasant break before the long climb through English Frankton to Whittington and so to busy Oswestry, Llyncllys and the start of the Tanat Valley before turning off along the Vyrnwy to Llansantffraid and left again for the lovely five miles to Four Crosses, our depot for the next few days.

With the family re-united at the always hospitable "Street House" we settled down to wander round old haunts and look forward to the luncheon meeting next day at Bishop's Castle. Once again our old friend Len Baker of the Barf Road took on the job of reporting this fixture and the next page or so are all his.

K. W. B.

WHIT SUNDAY, BISHOPS CASTLE.

A more sober note was apparent at this year's gathering. A great pity this, at least from the author's viewpoint, for the proceedings were mild compared with the wild abandon which prevailed a year ago.

On the stroke of 10-0 a.m., ten riders appeared, seized their machines and were away echelon fashion with F. Marriott in the van. On the first changeover near Welsh Bridge—S. Wild took the lead, until at the Boat House Jeff Mills took over and lasted to the roundabout when hell for leather went the peloton; this wild scramble lasted for at least three quarters of a mile before age took its toll and we settled down to a sober pace befitting our years.

The party consisted of S. Wild, Len Hill, F. Marriott, P. Rock, E. Reeves, P. Jones, L. Baker, J. Westaway, J. Dodd and J. Mills. At Minsterly we halted and sent to the pub the polished debonair, suave man-about-town, to wit Len Hill, to negotiate pre-opening time drinks.

In ten seconds flat he beckoned us in and welcome pints were downed. Unfortunately, just as the dust was being nicely washed away Jeff Mills looked through the window and there was the village policeman standing outside the pub, just across the road gazing reflectively at our bicycles.

The landlord became a little anxious and out we went trying to look as if we had not partaken of any liquor—somewhat spoilt by one of the party tripping over the doormat. We then asked the policeman where we could get a drink and he suggested going over the top to where apparently a pub would be open at the legal time, and this we did, all tame and orderly, even Frank drank two ginger beers.

At lunch a crowd of twenty-seven were present—in addition to the ten already mentioned were Ken Barker, wife, son and daughter, Rex and wife, Harry Pearson and Guy Pullan, Will Townsend and wife, Jimmy Long and wife, David Brown, Jack Beauchamp and wife, and finally Jimmy and Marion James. After the excellent lunch somehow I found myself collecting the money. With memories of this difficult task with my own club—I took the plate round—money rattled on the plate—change taken out and at the end I counted up and to my utter amazement, the correct amount was there.

Lunch over we went along to Stokesey Castle—this is a mediæval fortified manor house of the Welsh Marches—a pleasant two hours were spent admiring the old house, and trying to visualise what it must have been like in its heyday, with hordes of stout lusty men, hefty wenches and all that went with it.

Soon it was 5.0 p.m., so the Bath Road quarter, the ones who ride bicycles, bade goodbye to the Anfielders who were staying out to tea, and rode back to Shrewsbury.

L. M. B.

During Sunday morning also the annual Tricycle Association "100" had been won by A. Wills, North Worcester R.C. with 4. 57. 43. John Parr completed a good ride in 5. 21. 47 for tenth place.

THE SIXTY-SECOND ANFIELD HUNDRED

22nd May, 1961

Whit Monday dawned cloudy and cool with very little wind as officials and early starters made for Bicton for the five a.m. start.

Stan Wild was timekeeper for the event, Hubert Buckley added weight as Judge and Referee and Ira Thomas did a fine job as Starting Steward.

Eighty-five of the hundred on the card faced the timekeeper. A clubmate of H. Morgan (Abercynon R.C.) apologised for his absence due to an accident at work a day or so earlier and among the notable non-starters were Barr and Slater of the Ericsson Wheelers.

All round the course members and friends were spreading themselves to await the hurrying figures and once again we acknowledged the

help received from other Clubs including:—Mid Shropshire Wheelers, who took charge of all islands on the bypass, Bath Roaders Len Baker and Jack Westaway with Eric Jones (B.N.E.) at Meole Brace, Mersey Roads Club who arranged drinks at 48 miles, Jack Beauchamp (B.R.) and Harry Pearson (Mersey Roads) for the halfway check, Birkenhead North End C.C. for drinks near Copthorne on the last leg to the Worthen turn where the East Liverpool Wheelers turned, checked and passed up a final drink.

Once again our good friend Mr. Mitchell provided telephonic communication between timekeeper and results board.

The story of the race is a fairly simple one of a super fast start by Harry Middleton, twenty-two years old East Liverpool Wheeler who led all the way, building up a commanding hold over the first half of the course and then hanging grimly on to his advantage.

A check at nineteen miles showed Middleton leading Booty by some forty-five seconds and Logan by one and a half minutes.

At 27½ miles Middleton had taken sixty-six minutes, Mid Shropshire Wheeler Blackhurst was here less than half a minute down and Booty was two minutes in arrears.

By mischance the intended halfway check was taken (by Jack Beauchamp and Harry Pearson) at fifty-two miles and here Middleton was timed at 2. 4. 33., Booty 2. 6. 41., and Blackhurst 2. 7. 24. At this point young Peter Gordon, 17-years-old Flixton C.C. rider showed promise of his excellent sixth place ride by clocking 2. 15. 0.

At Copthorne Island with eighty miles covered Middleton and Logan, last year's winner, went through together scrapping fiercely up the rise from the island with Logan ten minutes down but he broke away from his rival and pulled back 2¼ minutes of the deficit in those last twenty testing miles. At this point Booty was a little over three minutes down on Middleton and interest now centred on whether the Ericsson man could pull out enough stops and produce one of his famous fighting finishes. It was not to be however and the sixty-second Anfield Hundred winner is Harry Middleton with a new course and event record of 4 hours thirteen minutes fifty-six seconds. But we anticipate, for the three fastest times were recorded by men with starting numbers 90, 100 and 80 and to get events in proper order we must move to the finishing lane where at 9-30 a.m. all eyes were watching for the first to complete the distance.

Traditionally, No. 10 is the first man to finish but this year No. 5, C. M. Delaney of the Warrington Road Club was first home at 9. 33. 26 with a good 4. 28. 26. Next arrival inside 4. 30. 0 was R. Corden, Birkenhead North End C.C. whose 4. 29. 47 was four minutes slower than last year when he took second place.

At 10. 9. 54 came a big surprise as Peter Gordon, seventeen year old Flixton C.C. rider completed his first "Hundred" in 4. 25. 54, a time which remained fastest until Mid Shropshire Wheelers' Blackhurst romped across the line with 4. 23. 35, ultimately fourth fastest

and a good start for the winning team. Former winner Pickford clocked 4. 41. 0 and half a minute later Lyr Logan, winner in 1960 finished his first ride of the year with 4. 21. 25, nearly six minutes slower than a year ago but still good enough to take him into third place.

It was known, of course, that Middleton and Logan had been scrapping it out at eighty miles so that all eyes watched the finishing straight for the hurrying East Liverpool Wheeler. It was not a long wait for at 10. 43. 56 he flashed over the line with a new course and event record of 4. 13. 56. Booty was still to come and ten minutes had to elapse before Middleton could be considered home and dry having reversed the placings of 1959 when he was second to Booty.

The minutes ticked by and eventually the big Ericsson Wheeler came into sight and finished his second Anfield "100" in 4. 17. 14, over three minutes slower than Middleton but still a one minute forty-two seconds improvement on his winning ride of 1959.

What remained was anti-climax for only one of the remaining riders clocked inside 4. 30. 0. He was Solihull's B. W. Keogh who came into fifth place with 4. 25. 50 after a terrific sprint finish.

Geoff Whitham of the Cheshire R.C. rolled down the curtain on the 1961 Anfield "100" when at 11. 36. 7 he passed the timekeeper having taken 5. 5. 7 for the journey and all that remained was to check over the clerical work, tidy up the site and pack all the impedimenta which helps to make an event like this possible.

Of the eighty-five starters, sixty-eight survived and returned to Stan Wild, fifty-eight of them inside five hours. Some recompense for the great help given by our friends of the Mid Shropshire Wheelers came when they were found to have won the first team medals with Warrington Road Club second.

The full results sheet was included with our last issue and all that remains is to record the names of nearly fifty members and Cadets on the course and to express the sincere thanks of the Club particularly to Jeff Mills, Frank Marriott, Ira Thomas and Eric Reeves for the vast amount of work put in before, during and after the event. Let the last words on this subject be those of Ken Matthews whose report in "Cycling" concluded "and the organisation was fully up to the first-class Anfield standards".

Members out over the weekend were:—R. J. Austin, S. Wild, L. J. Hill, R. Wilson, J. H. Mills, D. H. Brown, P. Jones, F. E. Marriott, W. P. Rock, A. L. Littlemore, J. Long, M. Haslam, I. A. Thomas, H. G. Buckley, K. W. Barker, D. W. Barker, J. Parr, E. G. Pullan, P. Williamson, J. R. Griffiths, J. L. Bennett, J. Farrington, D. Bettaney, D. L. Bennett, K. Orum, J. Chapman, D. Skillen, P. Storry, R. France, J. Whelan, E. Haynes, D. Stacey, J. Dodd, D. Birchall, A. Barker, R. Barker, J. C. Futter, A. Birkby, G. B. Orrell, J. Pitchford, A. Gorman, A. Howarth, H. Austin, H. Fletcher, J. E. Reeves and G. Lightfoot. (46)

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: R. J. AUSTIN

Vice Presidents: G. B. ORRELL, F. PERKINS

Captain: R. WILSON

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

VOL. LVI

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1961

No. 647

FIXTURES

SEPTEMBER, 1961

23 The Travellers' Rest, Highwayside, will be unable to cater on this date and the run will be to the Grotto Café, Tarporley.

NOVEMBER, 1961

4 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).

6 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.

11 HUNTINGTON (Pavilion Café). SOMERFORD.

W.C.T.T.C.A. DINNER, (Chester).

18 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest).

LIVERPOOL D.A., C.T.C. SOCIAL AND DANCE.

19 PARBOLD (Mrs. Bentham, Poplar Café). LUNCH.

25 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy). SHREWSBURY Y.H. WEEKEND
GOOSTREY.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Copies of the Club History have been awarded to David Letts and John Chapman in recognition of their excellent novice rides in the Inter-Club "25" on 10th June.

The Committee have recorded hearty congratulations to Leslie Bennett on being awarded the C. F. Elias Memorial Trophy by the Liverpool District Association, C.T.C.

We welcome Harry Taylor and John Smith into our Cadet scheme.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on Saturday, 14th October, 1961. Matters for inclusion on the agenda should be notified to the Hon. Secretary without delay.

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.

THE EDITOR,
"ANFIELD CIRCULAR"

70 HARVEY LANE,
GOLBORNE,
WARRINGTON, LANCs.

Dear Sir,

"Anfield-land"!! The meteorological rubbish tip of Europe!
Perpetual Siberian winter, Patagonian rainfall, fog, plus a hostile peasantry. What a wonderful training ground for the Nato forces!

Yours etc.

F. CHURCHILL.

NEWS IN BRIEF

It was with great regret that we learned of the death of H. H. England, for many years editor of "Cycling" and President of the North Road C.C.

Allan Littlemore collected the trike handicap award in the Janus R.C. "25" for the second year in succession. John Parr recorded 1.11.29 on a barrow in the same event. On July 23rd, Allan recorded a personal best when he pushed a bicycle round a Vets "25" course in 1.10.54.

Names please to the Secretary for the Tints tour at Llansantffraid on 21/22nd October and while the diary is out book 14th October for Halewood and the A.G.M.

An attempt is being made to get the Circular up to date and members will assist greatly if outstanding reports are sent in immediately and if future reports can be sent to the Editor within the week following a run.

Each year the C.T.C. Liverpool D.A. considers the award of the C. F. Elias Memorial Trophy. The terms of the award leave the choice wide open and former holders include Norman Shiel and Joan Kershaw. We are delighted to hear that the recipient this year is to be Les Bennett who is to be honoured for his work among young cyclists. The award will be presented at a C.T.C. Social and Dance on 18th November and this has been included in our fixture list.

Ed Green, T.A. President, was knocked from his trike during the night of the Mersey Roads "24" while out helping. He spent a time in Ellesmere Port Hospital and we hope he is now fully recovered.

RUNS

BIRCH HILL, 13TH MAY, 1961

This new venue is becoming deservedly popular; set in some lovely country with a variety of mildly hilly approaches the tea-room makes for an intimate meeting round a common board and the service, if not exactly rapid, is cheerful and friendly and prices are reasonable.

After a run through quiet lanes to Mickle Trafford there came the mile or so of busy road before the turning for HOLLOW MOOR HEATH and Great Barrow. Then round to Manley Quarry to join up with

Jeff Mills and a group of lusty youngsters who stormed away up the bank leaving the two veterans to walk in peace.

A stack of bicycles outside the tea-place indicated a large attendance and more were still to come.

President Rex had added another layer of tan during a tourlet to see Bob in Lincolnshire. John France walked the last stretch as an example (unheeded) to a group of young Cadets he was schooling.

Sunning themselves outside were Laurie Pendlebury, Les Bennett, John Farrington, Derek Byron, Allan Littlemore, David Bennett, David Barker and the Editor.

Frank Marriott rolled up to see us after tea when we were also joined by Fred Churchill who found us just in time after a bit of faulty map reading.

Also in the party were Cadets Bettaney, Storry, Gilbody, Skillen, Rees, Vickers and Drum to which list we might add John Parr riding his trike in the W.C.T.T.C.A. "50" on the morrow when the Anfield job of work was carried out by Reg Wilson, Michael Heath and David Barker.

K. W. B.

CILCAIN, 27TH MAY, 1961

After a week around the Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains following the Whit weekend, I spent Friday night at Dolgellau Hostel with the intention of calling in at Cilcain on the way home. Everything went beautifully: a wonderful night at one of the best-situated hostels in the country, elevenses at Bala, lunch at Pentre Voelas and a whole afternoon to struggle over the Sportsman to Denbigh and on to Cilcain.

For once I was the first arrival but the Flying Column consisting of Davids Bennett and Bettaney and Wallace Rees soon showed up, to be followed at intervals by David Letts, John Chapman, Jeff Mills, Eric Reeves, David Skillen, Paul Storry, Jonathon Vickers, John Thompson and Pat Collins.

After a rather longer interval Len Hill and Len Walls rolled up. We naturally expected Len's usual yarn about forgetting his map. But no, this time his ingenious, creative faculties excelled themselves and we heard a heart-rending tale of how he turned up at Huntington for the Club "50" and spent half the afternoon sitting outside Lughton Camp gates awaiting the start. At last, in despair, he phoned the Editor to discover that the run was at Cilcain. Without more ado our intrepid adventurer set off and finally arrived, hungry and weary and late. The tears of sympathy and pity which had been welling up within us during this tragic narrative abruptly evaporated when one of the party chanced to glance out of the window and observed that a familiar Hillman Minx was parked outside.

Soon we pushed off homewards over the familiar route through Pant-y-mwyn, Mold, Queensferry and Two Mills. For me it was a very pleasant conclusion to an excellent tour.

D. W. B.

SOMERFORD, 27TH MAY, 1961

The trouble with writing a club run in rhyme, is that it takes an incredible time to twist the words and after the emphasis—a terrible wrangle with metre and synthesis.

This being the case I don't think I'll trouble; I'll write it in prose and I don't think the club'll grumble about it as long as it's done. What they do want to know is—who was out on the run?

Well:—Rex Austin was out on the run, having cycled from Bramhall. Russ Barker was there, on his son's bike! Wasn't the size unsuitable, you may ask. It was, but Russ managed to reach the pedals with a bit of a stretch. Bren Senior was there on his bike, and dressed in a posh suit. Something to do with women, as far as I can remember. Rigby Band had triked it all the way through the Capital of the North, Harry Duck had come on his new iron, and Laurie Pendlebury had pedalled out from Flixton on his bomber-tyred R.R.A. Finally, very late indeed, Allan Littlemore cycled up with his wife.

Notice something? All on bikes! Not a single petrol or petroil-propelled stink-waggon between the lot of us. A somewhat unique occurrence with the A.B.C. these days.

Anyway, the meal and the company being as excellent as ever, we sat and talked for a long time. After that we stood and talked for a long time, and finally got on our bikes and rode home talking—this also took a long time.

Our particular dense mass of wheelmen (no comment) rode together for some miles until eventually Alan Gorman (also on his son's bike) and I peeled off for High Lane.

Those present were: our President Ox Restin and Ben Rorrell, Bad Ringby, Bass Rucker, Penny Laundlebury, Ammon Gorlan, Hack Durry, Little Allamore and Half Dwarth.

HATCHMERE, 3RD JUNE, 1961. PHOTOGRAPH RUN

No pen could describe the handsome and athletic body of members, cadets, prospective cadets and a friend gathered at the Forest Café on this sunny June afternoon and Fred Churchill's excellent photograph must tell its own story.

For the purposes of the records, and to aid those interested in putting names to faces those present (two are missing from the photograph just to make it harder) were:—R. J. Austin, R. Wilson, J. H. Mills, D. Birchall, E. G. Pullan, F. B. Churchill, G. Parr, D. J. Byron, D. W. Barker, J. W. Rees, J. Whelan, D. Bettaney, J. Cornall, D. Royle, J. E. Reeves, A. Birkby, P. Williamson, J. L. Bennett, J. France, P. Storry, K. W. Barker, H. H. Duck, L. J. Hill, J. R. Griffiths, A. L. Littlemore, J. Vickers, D. Skillen, J. Thompons, L. Pendlebury, G. Shimmin and P. Collins and friend H. Beech, Newton le Willows C.T.C.



HATCHMERE, 3rd JUNE, 1961

© Anfield Bicycle Club

HIGHWAYSIDE, 10TH JUNE, 1961 INTER CLUB "25"

Heavy and continuous rain before and during our annual scrap with the Cheshire Road Club made this an afternoon to be forgotten as soon as possible. A dirty ride out to the headquarters at the Travellers' Rest was followed by a most unpleasant hour or so of racing and checking.

For two of our riders this was their baptism into the racing game and one of the bright spots of the day was the way David Letts and John Chapman survived their initial event and returned times two and a half minutes inside "evens" and managed to look cheerful all the way round.

David Barker returned fastest Anfield time of 1.10.18 and Allan Littlemore did another excellent veteran's ride of 1.15.5.

Fastest in the event (times by Arthur Wood) was returned by K. Jones (C.R.C.) 1.4.10 closely followed by J. E. Conway's 1.4.48.

The unpleasant conditions made this less of a get-together affair than we have had in past years but we can only hope for better things next year.

Full results are as follows:—

| | Name | Club | Actual Time | H'cap Min. Secs. | H'cap Time |
|----|---------------|--------|----------------|---------------------|---------------|
| 1. | K. Jones | C.R.C. | 1. 4.10 | 1.15 | 1.2.55 |
| 2. | J. E. Conway | C.R.C. | 1. 4.48 | Scr. | 1.4.48 |
| 3. | J. Goodier | C.R.C. | 1. 5.51 | 2.40 | 1.3.11 |
| 4. | R. Grainger | C.R.C. | 1. 6.33 | 3.25 | 1.3. 8 |
| 5. | D. E. Norris | C.R.C. | 1.10.11 | 1.10 | 1.9. 1 |
| 6. | D. W. Barker | A.B.C. | 1.10.18 | 7.15 | 1.3. 3 |
| 7. | J. Chapman | A.B.C. | 1.12.25 | 5. 0 | 1.7.25 |
| 8. | D. Letts | A.B.C. | 1.12.30 | 5. 0 | 1.7.30 |
| 9. | A. Littlemore | A.B.C. | 1.15. 5 | 11. 0 | 1.4. 5 |

TEAMS—ON HANDICAP

| 1. Cheshire R.C. | | 2. Anfield B.C. | |
|------------------|--------|-----------------|--------|
| K. Jones | 1.2.55 | D. W. Barker | 1.3.3. |
| R. Grainger | 1.3. 8 | A. Littlemore | 1.4.5 |
| J. Goodier | 1.3.11 | J. Chapman | 1.7.25 |
| <hr/> | | <hr/> | |
| 3.9.14 | | 3.14.33 | |
| <hr/> | | <hr/> | |

Anfielders out on the course in addition to riders named above, were Reg Wilson, Jeff Mills, Ken Barker, David Bennett, G. B. Orrell, D. Byron, Martin Gilbody and Jonathon Vickers.

BIRCH HILL, 17TH JUNE, 1961

Another lovely June afternoon was a temptation to wander in quiet lanes with no thought of piling up the miles. Eventually Manley Quarry provided an excuse for dismounting and a stroll up the first steep jump from the flat land.

On the little shelf road sufficient altitude has been gained for extensive views to be obtained and on this bright afternoon the Welsh hills stood out, gently rounded and calling for further exploration.

Green and well wooded, the Cheshire Countryside was at its best while a glimpse of the Mersey and Liverpool's Cathedral served as a reminder of the teeming city so quickly and easily left behind with the aid of a bicycle.

The little tea room was already full, or nearly so, when the Editor arrived to find Derek Byron, Allan Littlemore, Les Bennett, David Barker and John Farrington already on their perches with David Birchall, Paul Storry, David Skillen, Jonathon Vickers, Keith Orum, John Thompson and Pat Collins in strategic positions near the hatch. David Fleetwood, a new addition to our ranks, was weighing up his new clubmates when we were joined by Fred Churchill sporting a natty little transistor radio set he had assembled all by himself.

Jeff Mills rolled in with the news that Frank Marriott and Eric Reeves had been sighted and should soon be with us.

After tea most of the party made up the hill before sweeping down to Rangers Bank, Manley and the level roads to Mickle Trafford before turning again into the byways for Picton, Stoak and home.

PARBOLD, 18TH JUNE 1961

This new venue for a Sunday club run proved very successful except for the numbers attending. Arthur Birkby was the first arrival and had to wait nearly an hour before anyone else turned up. Then Laurie Pendlebury and Rigby Band, who had met at Bolton and ridden together via Rivington, completed the party of three.

The glorious weather tempted Laurie and Rigby to climb Ashurst Beacon on the way home. Then through the lanes to the East Lanes. Road and strong west wind astern. At Astley they parted north and south for Bury and Flixton respectively. Next day it was reported that Astley Church had been burned down but no Anfielders appear to have been implicated.

J. R. B.

HUNTINGTON, 24TH JUNE, 1961

Two competitors and one private triallist is a very disappointing field for a Club "50" but a number of factors combined to keep the number small in this event.

The day was far from fast and those who know the course felt that this would be a testing event for the riders all of whom were trying their first fifty.

Cadets riding in an impromptu "10" found the going hard and those who had ridden the course before found themselves some two minutes slower than usual.

David Bennett, David Barker and Wallace Rees were sent off in that order and half an hour later passed through Huntington again on the first lap of the main circuit. By this time Barker Junior (a classical scholar!) had managed to mis-interpret a large NO THROUGH ROAD notice (in English)! and had lost about one and a half minutes off course.

With the seniors out of the way for an hour or so six Cadets lined up in turn for the ten mile blind to Farndon and back—no handicap having been framed this was an impromptu affair not counting in the Competition. A newcomer David Fleetwood returned fastest time eleven seconds outside "evens" on a gear that would have made Reg Harris blink on Herne Hill track.

By now it was time to look out for the fifty milers at the start of their second lap and soon David Barker went through riding comfortably and a little over a minute up on Wallace Rees on the road.

A few minutes later David Bennett passed through and there was just time for some quick refreshment before wandering along to the finish.

In addition to the riders there were dotted around the course:—Frank Perkins, Ken Barker, Russell Barker, John Farrington, Pat O'Leary, Reg Wilson, John Whelan, Paul Storry, David Bettaney, John Vickers, Graham Lightfoot, David Stacey, Les Bennett, John France, Allan Littlemore and two friends, Harry Taylor and Graham Smith.

Results:—

| | | | "50" Actual | H'cap | H'cap Time |
|----|--------------|-------|-------------|-------|------------|
| 1. | D. W. Barker | | 2.28.38 | Scr. | 2.28.38 |
| 2. | D. Bennett | | 2.38.21 | 2 | 2.36.21 |
| - | W. Rees | | 2.31.57 | P.T. | — |

Cadets "10" D. Fleetwood 30.11, A. Barker 31.14, D. Skillen 32.27, K. Orum 34.47, J. Smith 35.2, M. Gilbody 36.49.

DOODFIELD, 1ST JULY, 1961

The weather this Saturday called for shirt-sleeve order and a leisurely amble through the urban lanes of East Lancashire and Cheshire. Being first to arrive at Old Clough Farm I sat in the sun to await the second arrival in the person of Percy Williamson. We were just getting our feet into the trough when Russ Barker and Alan Gorman arrived to complete the party of four.

After the usual good meal we sat outside yarning in the sun for an hour before discovering that Percy's back tyre was flat. However, it

was only a "slow" and he managed to get home with two stops to pump up.

Alan peeled off before Hazelgrove to avoid the traffic from the annual show there and Percy, Rigby and Russ took to the lanes through Bramhall, and Cheadle for same reason. Being such a pleasant evening it proved a welcome alternative to the houses of the A.6.

J. R. B.

TARPORLEY, 8TH JULY, 1961

I set off for Tarporley in the company of David Royle and a party of five cadets. David Birchall was navigating, and his nose led us unerringly over the Pack Horse Bridges, past Beeston Castle, and so to the Grotto Café. Inside, members of the Anfield were assembled to do homage to Grub, the God of Stomachs. Once the ancient ritual of feeding had been finished, we heard that en route for the tea-place, a number of young Anfielders had fallen upon Jeff Mills and cast his shoe into the River Gowy. It appears that even the Gowy has its limits, since it propelled the vile object to the river bank and deposited it thereon, from whence Hoppalong Mills was able to retrieve it.

The homeward route took us over the Peckforton Gap. Near the top David Skillen entertained us with a fine display of strength by dragging his bicycle on to the Haunted Bridge only to find that the rest of the party had not brought their bikes up, as he had been led to believe, but had hidden them in the ferns at the side of the road! Once over the Gap, a good speed was maintained home, after a short stop for lemonade.

RAINOW, 15TH JULY, 1961

Of course it had to happen sooner or later but after 31 years of more or less regular attendance on club runs I was the only one at Rainow. After an earlier than usual start I called at the new Gorman bungalow at High Lane but found Alan otherwise engaged and unable to accompany me the rest of the way.

However, I discovered a delightful lane from Bollington along the ridge of Kerridge Hill and Rainow which made up for my lone but satisfying meal at Mrs. Belfield's.

J. R. B.

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.

ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: R. J. AUSTIN

Vice Presidents: F. E. MARRIOTT K. W. BARKER

Captain: J. H. Mills

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

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FIXTURES

DECEMBER 1961.

- 2 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
- 4 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
- 9 LLANARMON (Raven).
- 16 RAINOW. BIRCH HILL DOODFIELD (Old Clough Farm).
- 23 TWO MILLS (Eureka Café).
- 26 HALEWOOD (Lunch 1.0 p.m.)
- 30 VICARS' CROSS (Silver Teapot). GOOSTREY.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of address. Keith Selkirk, 2b Cardington Road, Bedford.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Derby Arms, Halewood, 14th October, 1961

Present: The President, R. J. Austin in the Chair and:—
J. R. Bard, K. W. Barker, J. L. Bennet, D. Bennett, D. Bettaney,
D. Birchall, A. E. C. Birkby, D. Byron, F. B. Churchill, W. G. Connor,
J. Dodd, J. Farrington, J. M. France, R. France, L. J. Hill, P. Jones,
A. Littlemore, F. E. Marriott, J. H. Mills, J. Parr, G. Parr, L. Pendlebury,
E. G. Pullan, W. Rees, J. E. Reeves, D. Stewart, R. Wilson,
P. Williamson, together with Cadets P. Collins, M. Heath, D. Skillen,
G. Shimmin.

After Minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed the General Secretary read his report on an active year in which there had been a nett increase of three in membership. Cadets, numbering 29 of whom 18 had attended during the year, now form part of the membership as a resolution to that effect was later passed unanimously.

The Racing Secretary's Report showed a season full of interest and activity. Three Junior Members gained Bronze Standards for beating 68 minutes at 25 miles.

The Treasurer's Report and accounts showed a small excess of income over expenditure and the form of the accounts was referred to the Committee for consideration.

The highly successful Cadet scheme, until now on a rather informal basis, was put on a proper footing and a minor amendment of rules regarding the signing of cheques on the Club account was agreed unanimously.

The question of Club tours, racing programme and a possible Club Championship were referred to the Committee.

Jeff Mills topped the attendance list with 49 runs, two more than David Bettauncy, who ran second for the second year.

There was no doubt about the feeling of those present when Rex Austin was proposed as President and he will therefore continue the good work for another year.

A letter from Bren Orrell regretting absence from the meeting and asking that his name should not be considered when electing officers was received with regret. It was felt that Bren's request could not be ignored and the meeting, after recording appreciation of his services as a Vice-president and in so many other ways, proceeded to elect as Vice presidents Frank Marriott and Ken Barker.

Frank Marriott joined in 1930 and has served the Club in one capacity or another almost continuously since that date including two spells totalling nine years as Editor of the Circular. He was also general editor of the Club History in addition to writing no small part of the book. For this and other services he was elected a Life Member and since then has had several years as General Secretary.

Ken Barker's slender claim to this high honour rests on the fact that having now completed eleven years as Editor he can be regarded as the most expensive member the Club has ever had.

Not content with their lavish honoraria as Vice-Presidents the two above mentioned will continue in their lucrative posts as General Secretary and Editor respectively.

The solid work done for the Club by Jeff Mills over the past years has now been recognised by his appointment as Captain and he will head a troika which will include John Farrington as Vice-captain and Joe Dodd as Racing Secretary (Club Events). Arthur Birkby continues as Treasurer and Laurie Pendlebury as Manchester Vice-captain, no sinecure this as it involves arranging the alternative fixtures.

Committee members without portfolio are:—

Les Bennett, David Birchall, Derek Byron, George Connor, Len Hill, Peter Jones, Allan Littlemore, Guy Pullan, and Reg Wilson.

Congratulations were extended to Les Bennett on the award of the C. F. Elias Memorial Plaque.

And so ended another A.G.M. in the pleasant and familiar surroundings of the Derby Arms at Halewood.

K.W.B.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Congratulations and very best wishes to Keith Selkirk on his marriage in August.

A few lines from W. J. Finn sends kind regards to all the clan and mentions the recent correspondence on "Anfield-land" referring members to the Circular for January 1942. This suggests that the lovely wooded road near Chetwynd Church is well in our country for it was here that the ashes of the late Jack Fowler were scattered at his request.

A few days late leave towards the end of September provided Rigby Band with an opportunity to tour Wensleydale again after falling for it during a short trip last year.

David Barker is now up at Oxford reading Classics (Derby, Oakes, Two Thousand Guineas etc.) but expects to be home slightly more than he will be away and to get plenty of runs in.

Once again we would appeal to members to send in run reports immediately. Frequency of publication goes completely haywire when reports for August are still awaited at the end of October!

As promised earlier in the year the Committee have under active consideration a number of possible competitive events for Cadets.

A new list of members, including Cadet members, is being prepared and should be ready for circulation fairly soon. This is also an opportunity to get our mailing list complete and correct and those with complaints re non-delivery of Circular should contact Frank Marriott without delay.

The Annual Ladies' Night of the Liverpool end of the Club is fixed for 27th January at Upton. More details in next issue but meantime please book the date.

RUNS

TARPORLEY AND MERSEY ROAD CLUB "24" 22-23RD JULY, 1961

We had hoped to return to Utkinton for this fixture but Mrs. Badrock was not well enough to cater for us and regretfully the run was re-arranged at Tarporley.

After crossing the pack-horse bridges and on entering the main Tarvin—Tarporley road one of our most regular cadets, David Skillen, was struck by a fast-moving car and sustained injuries which kept him in a Chester hospital for several weeks. We are glad that he has made a good recovery and is out and about again.

The Mersey Roads Club put on their usual first class promotion and the "24", which incorporated the R.T.T.C. National Championship and Tricycle Trophy event, was of more than usually great interest owing to the inclusion in a hot field of men like Harding, Burrell and Poole of the Middlesex R.C. and former winners Usher, Bate and Okell.

Veteran Arch Harding, forty-eight years of age and winner of the "100" championship seventeen years ago had a grip on the race right from the start. He held on grimly during a long bad patch on the

Sunday morning and early afternoon and then lapped the finishing circuit with most amazing regularity at about half a minute outside "evens".

Harding's winning ride of 470.3 miles was three miles better than clubmate Burrell's 467.4. Third was C. Smith of the East Midlands C.C. (464.7), with Poole, also Middlesex R.C., fourth with 460.7 miles.

Mid Shropshire Wheelers Brissenden (455.2) and K. D. Hughes (454.4) filled the next two places and Birkenhead N.E.C.C. rider Spraggett covered 438 miles for eighth place after being knocked off his cycle by a car during the night.

The Tricycle Trophy was won by J. K. Kelly, Yorkshire Century R.C. with 410 miles.

Helping at various points on the course were:—R. J. Austin, J. Mills, L. Hill, K. W. Barker, P. Jones, J. Dodd, D. Bennett, D. W. Barker, D. Bettaney, W. Rees, Len Walls, P. Budd, Ben Griffiths, J. Farrington, J. Parr, S. Bradley, A. Littlemore, D. Byron, G. Pullan, and Ira Thomas. In addition to some of those named above John France and a bunch of cadets attended the Tarporley fixture and Bert Rourke breezed into the feeding station at Two Mills in the early hours of Sunday and paid his sub to the Editor!

TOUR TO BATH ROAD CLUB "100". 5TH/7TH AUGUST, 1961

This year I made known my intention of cycling down and having been granted the Friday afternoon off I caught the 12.45 boat and was awheel by one o'clock. The wind was astern and so with prospects of a fairly easy ride on reasonably quiet roads I made good progress to Whitchurch in a shade over two hours.

After some refreshment progress was fair along the Newport Road and through Hodnet but I thought Wellington would never come and the road surface left much to be desired.

Eventually I joined the A5, staggered up some hills but started to take more interest again on the road to Bridgnorth. Kidderminster was reached an hour ahead of schedule and Pershore provided accommodation for the night.

Saturday started dull and overcast and heavy rain had fallen in the early hours. Using a relief road I went via Wyre Piddle and Evesham to Broadway where some surplus clothing was removed for the long climb up Fish Hill in bottom gear. Then came the scamper along the Five Mile Drive through Bourton-on-the-Hill to Moreton-in-Marsh for elevenses. After this short break good time was made to Chipping Norton and so to Wordstock for lunch.

After a meal, of which it can only be said that it fulfilled its purpose, came Oxford and enough rain to call for a cape but fortunately not for long; with the sun out again I longed for a pint but found southern closing times much earlier than our local ones and had to wait until Shillingford, Streatley and Pangbourne had been left behind before Tidmarsh provided a Pepsi. And so to Beenham and the Hare and Hounds to find Abdul and Percy already installed and President Rex

the next arrival. We were soon joined by Jack Beauchamp with details of our duties on Monday in the "100" and our little party was complete except for Len and Mrs. Hill; Len's excuse for his customary lateness was Mrs. Len's map reading.

After an excellent meal an avalanche of people arrived and bedlam ensued until time for bed.

Sunday dawned fine with a light breeze which got up at the right time to help the ladies home. Rex had the best view and he could sit up in bed and watch the fun but we were all out in time to see the final run home and later went to the finish to note the times. Len's comment that if riding he would have been last was accepted without the obvious reply!

Jack Beauchamp had extended an invitation for elevenses and it was quite a party, the highlight being a roller demonstration with Jack doing his nut and getting no place.

Lunch was at the Swan at Compton—a big improvement on last year but still pricey although I was all right having been instructed to demolish a spare lunch.

Twenty-five sat down to this meal, twelve of them Anfielders, wives and friends. In addition to those already mentioned the party included Bren, Jimmy and Stan Livingstone each with his wife.

The venue for afternoon tea was the Mill House, Aldermaston and the four cyclists had a delightful ride through lanes around Hampstead Norris and Buckleberry Ford before joining the Bath Road at Woolhampton and so to the Mill House, a lovely spot on the bank of the River Kennet where we spent an enjoyable time looking over the Mill which is built over the race. After a first class meal for only a half-crown we had a leisurely ride back to Beenham where we were soon joined by Stan Wild and later Peter Jones and David Barker completed the party.

The Bath Road contingent joined us for the evening and we spent a most enjoyable evening, the tit-bit being Jack Beauchamp's amusing recollections of his experiences as an auctioneer.

On Monday Rex, Albert and I were up early and left at 6.40 a.m., Rex for the 50 mile point with Albert as clerk while I was for Thatcham to see that no riders made for the station.

The morning was fine with little wind but some patches of mist made it cold until the sun broke through and I was able to bask in the sunshine while seeing the riders through.

After the job was completed it was pleasant to wander back for breakfast and await Len's return from Pangbourne Lane then to fix my bicycle on his roof rack and start the journey to Merseyside.

Through Pangbourne and Streatley we went before taking the road for Wantage and an alfresco lunch at Lechlade. Our route now took us through Cirencester and Birdlip Hill, the Gloucester ring road and on to Newent.

At Leominster we decided to dodge the traffic and took the pleasant road through Richard's Castle to Ludlow. I had never been in the centre of this old town and Len decided to complete my education but after four right turns and finding ourselves nearly at our starting point we made for the quickest way out.

Traffic was surprisingly light and we made good progress to Church Stretton for tea. After that it was the main road but almost non-existent traffic until Whitechurch where a three mile jam was heading in the opposite direction.

And so to Backford where I disembarked and finished the week-end by riding the remaining miles to home.

J.H.M.

HOLT AND RAINOW, 5TH AUGUST, 1961

These alternatives to the tour attracted sixteen members and Cadets. At Holt there were eleven out, Joe Dodd, David Bennett, David Bettaney, Pat Collins, John Gornall, J. D. Smith, G. Shimmun, W. Rees, P. Storry, D. Stacey and J. Vickers. While away up at Rainow there was a select party consisting of Rigby Band, Alf Howarth, Eddie Goodall, Harry Duck and Laurie Pendlebury.

HATCHMERE, 12TH AUGUST, 1961

"Somebody's got to be summonsed" as Alf's wife said when the lion ate Albert. August was a blank month for run reports and all we can say about this run is that it duly took place, those present are listed below and so far we know a good time was had by all. Out at the Forest Café were Jeff, David Barber, Len Hill, Guy Wallace Rees, David Birchall, Joe Dodd, John Whelan, David Bettaney, David Bennett, Paul Storry, Pat Collins, Les Bennett, Allan Littlemore, Derek Byron, Graham Lightfoot, J. W. Smith, David Stacey, Laurie and D. Keighley introduced to us through Don Stewart.

GOOSTREY, 19TH AUGUST, 1961

The experiment of making what is usually regarded as an alternative into the main run was a great success. True there were only fourteen attenders and perhaps we made a mistake in not providing an alternative for the crocks and younger Cadets but at least the eleven Merseysiders who attended put in a good training ride and most if not all of them covered upwards of ninety miles and all were enthusiastic about the fare provided at Goostrey and resolved to repeat the visit.

Laurie Pendlebury and Eddie Goodall made up the Manchester reception committee. Allan Littlemore might be regarded as the Half Way House while those who travelled from the Wirral were Ray Atherton, John Farrington, Davids Bennett, Barker, Royle and Bettaney, Joe Dodd, John Whelan, Graham Lightfoot, John Gornall and Jeff Mills.

Next morning Peter Jones rode in the Merseyside Wheelers' "50" and later on the Sunday Guy Pullan and George Parr were the only attenders at the lunch fixture at Parbold.

BANGOR-ON-DEE, 26TH AUGUST, 1961.

Bangor is one of our most popular venues and the Smithy provides an excellent meeting place with its spacious dining room and friendly welcome.

There was a good turn out of twenty here for tea on this fine August Saturday and in addition Peter Jones was making final preparations for his ride of 218 miles next day in the West Cheshire "12". In the course of this he received assistance from Reg Wilson, Len Hill, Frank Marriott and John Chapman apart from several of the undermentioned who made up the party at Bangor:—Jeff, Guy, D. Bennett, D. Bettaney, W. Rees, J. Whelan, G. Lightfoot, D. Barker, J. Farrington, J. France, J. Dodd, P. O'Leary, J. Gornall, D. Birchall, D. Stacey, P. Storry, A. Littlemore, G. Shimmis, J. Thompson and J. W. Smith.

HUNTINGTON. CLUB "50", 2ND SEPTEMBER, 1961

How did we manage to pick just about the hottest and heaviest afternoon for this Club "50"? Ambling out quietly to the start was like pushing into a steaming blanket but the conditions as described by the riders is quite unprintable.

With Rex and Jimmy both missing, timing duties in the "50" and Cadets' "10" were shared between Reg Wilson and Guy Pullan and helping with checking, drinks, sponges etc. were Jeff Mills, Ken Barker, John Farrington, Pat O'Leary, Dave Brown, Les Bennett, Bren Orrell and Cadets Paul Storry, David Stacey, David Birchall and Martin Gilbody. In addition the riders named below all totalled up to a good turn-out. Jack Duckers, North Shropshire Wheelers' veteran was a welcome sight for the riders each time they reached Broxton Island where he had stationed himself with sponges.

The fifty developed into a battle between Peter Jones and David Barker as check after check showed them within a minute and not far away Joe Dodd was giving chase and obviously all set for doing a flyer.

Meanwhile on the Farndon road four Cadets were having their own private scrap with John Whelan fastest in 26.21 followed closely by Graham Lightfoot (26.28) David Bettaney 27.14 and John Gornall 27.24.

Quite a gallery gathered at the finishing point of the "50" and soon the first finishers appeared, Davids Bennett and Barker scrapping it out for the line with the sprint going to the former by three seconds.

Full results were as follows:—

| | <i>Actual Time</i> | <i>H'cap</i> | <i>H'cap Time</i> |
|------------------|--------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. P. Jones | 2.21.48 | Scr. | 2.21.48 |
| 2. D. W. Barker | 2.21.53 | 8 | 2.13.53 |
| 3. J. Dodd | 2.24.29 | 20 | 2. 4.29 1st H'cap |
| 4. D. Bennett | 2.27.50 | 18 | 2. 9.50 |
| 5. A. Littlemore | 2.34.57 | 16 | 2.18.57 |
| W. Rees | 2.43.23 | P.T. | — |

BIRCH HILL, 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1961

Twenty-two members and cadets turned out to do battle for the Freewheeler of the Year Contest, held at Birch Hill. W. Rees, an early starter took the lead with D. Bettancy a close second. Excitement rose as last man off, scratch-man Dodd was pushed off, but Wally survived to become champion.

Afterwards all repaired to the tea-place for refreshment and it was most encouraging to see the room packed out. Fred Churchill and Percy Williamson had taken advantage of a following wind and had joined us from Manchester way, and we also had the pleasure of Johnny Parr's company.

After tea a party of us set out for Hatchmere to watch Derek Byron, and mate partake of the waters. Imagine everyone's consternation when on returning from his bathe, Derek found his trousers were missing. Fortunately David Barker, David Bennett, David Bettancy, Wally Rees and Joe Dodd sportingly offered to help him look for them and we finally found them among the bull-rushes. What good luck!

At Hatchmere the usual tear-up commenced, and we all arrived home pleasantly refreshed (this last remark to be accompanied by a hollow laugh).

J.D.

CYNWYD Y.H. WEEK-END, 16-17TH SEPTEMBER, 1961

If future Youth Hostel week-ends are as successful as this one they are going to prove an excellent addition to the Club's range of activities. Everything combined to give us a thoroughly enjoyable week-end. The hostel, though rather Spartan, possesses that friendly atmosphere which is typical when the "get there under your own steam" brigade congregate. The weather was perfect throughout and the mountain scenery and panoramic views were magnificent. The highlight of the week-end was of course the crossing of the Berwyns by the Nant Rhyd Wilym. The Cadets were a little taken aback by their first glimpse of the track; one of them had been under the impression that we were going straight home, poor chap. However they soon entered into the spirit of the thing undeterred by anything either the mountains or Peter Jones could (metaphorically) throw at them. The latter's contribution consisted of graphic account of the agony surrounding the last hours of "Rough Stuff" Mills when he undertook that tortuous crossing a few years previously. The present Jeff is but a ghost of his former self. At the summit seven Anfield names were added to the 1,366 lunatic-fringe enthusiasts who had already signed the book. For Peter this was the second time—it's getting him bad.

Those present on the week-end were Peter Jones, Joe Dodd, Paul Storry, John Gornall, David Stacey, John Thompson and David Barker. Guy Pullan spent the night at Llangollen and joined us for lunch at the Craig Hotel, Port Fadog.

D.W.B.

RAINOW, 16TH SEPTEMBER, 1961

A half-gale from the south effectively cancelled out an early start but I still arrived at the Gorman domain in time for a cuppa with Alan and Mrs. G. before setting out on the second leg of the run with Alan.

The company at Rainow numbered seven and consisted of Rex and Mrs. Austin, Percy Williamson, Alan Gorman, Harry Duck, Eddie Gordall and Rigby Band. Conversation seemed to centre round members' experiences with H.M. Customs Officers but no worthwhile tips were offered on how to avoid paying duty when returning from abroad.

Soon after 7 o'clock the cycling party said farewell to Rex and Mrs. A. and leisurely sampled a spot of rough stuff over the hill to Port Shrigley. At the next cross-roads the party split up. Alan, Harry and Eddie to the north and Percy and Rigby westwards through the lanes to Bramhall and home.

PARBOLD, 17TH SEPTEMBER, 1961

Brilliant sunshine heralded the approach of Autumn as I ambled along the Southport road en route for "Pilkington Manor". I had in mind to dig up George Connor which noble effort would have been successful had he not been plagued with "tummy trouble" over night.

The lanes around Scarisbrick were very quiet for a fine Sunday and I thoroughly enjoyed an easy ride through Burscough and Newborough, arriving at this excellent new venue, Poplar Café, Parbold. Here our old friend Johnny Williams blew in and rattled off the latest record attempts and times of the racing fraternity.

The only other member present was the President, whose layer after layer of suntan proved the existence of some sunnier clime.

A.E.C.B.

HUNTINGTON, 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1961. CLUB "25".

Those in the know fully expected this last "25" to develop into a dog-fight for on the previous Sunday in a West Cheshire T.T.C.A. event three of our Juniors had done "one-sixes" another one-seven and a third a "nine" after hitting the deck at an island. The result sheet showed Anfielders 1, 2 and 3 in the handicap; as a member of another Club remarked at Two Mills following the event "The Anfield swiped the lot!"

There were eight starters on this fine breezy afternoon, two of whom failed to finish and President Rex Austin returned times as follows:—

| | <i>Actual Time</i> | <i>H'cap</i> | <i>H'cap Time</i> | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|--------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. D. W. Barker | 1. 5.56 | Scr. | 1.5.56 | |
| 2. J. Whelan | 1. 6.33 | 0.20 | 1.6.13 | |
| 3. J. Dodd | 1. 8.36 | 1.10 | 1.7.26 | |
| 4. D. Bettaney | 1. 9.10 | 3.20 | 1.5.50 | (<i>H'cap</i>) |
| 5. D. Royle | 1. 10.5 | 3.40 | 1.6.25 | |
| 6. J. Parr (trike) | 1. 13.8 | 4.00 | 19. 8 | |

David Barker collected fastest time award and David Bettaney the handicap prize.

In addition to riders and timekeeper, already mentioned, Wallace Rees and David Bennett failed to return to the timekeeper and out to see the fun were Guy Pullan, Reg Wilson, John Farrington, John France, Peter Jones, David Birchall, Ken Barker, Dave Brown, Alf Howarth, Les Bennett, Pat O'Leary, Jeff Mills, Harry Duch, Allan Gorman, Russ Barker, Len Hill, Paul Storry, Graham Lightfoot, John Smith, David Stacey, Keith Orum, Pat Collins, John Thompson, David Shimmin, Andrew Barker and friend, David Skillen and John Vickers. Last, but by no means least, we had Denis Ryan home on leave from the Navy. Altogether an excellent turnout, a good scrap and a fitting end to an active Club year and an indication of some lively times to come.

LLANARMON, 16TH SEPTEMBER, 1961

That wildest of wild women, Carla the hurricane, although somewhat exhausted after her rake's progress in the States, had arrived in North Wales and was howling in the tree tops as I dodged her rough attentions in all the sheltered lanes I could find on the way to Llanarmon. Just beyond Northop I was forced into the open and met her face to face. Not for the first time under feminine pressure, usually more subtle than this roaring tearing fury, a cyclist gave up his riding and giving her best, I walked in ignominy, and was glad to make even this progress. The turmoil in the great trees of Lower Soughton was fearful to hear. When cycling was again possible Mold came as a haven and shelter.

Restored with an adequate lunch, more lanes were chosen for their entrenched depths that provided shelter whilst the necessary altitudes were achieved by liberal use of the lowest of low gears. Once more in the open but with the buffetings now broadside (was it possible that Carla was less violent now?) hill tracks in due time deposited me at the hospitable Raven Inn. Young John Vickers arrived with unimpaired equanimity soon after, followed closely by David Bennett who had taken in his stride the Moel Arthur crossing and the Bwlch-y-Parc. A party led by David Barker had evidently sought adventure off the beaten track as John Thompson was heard to ask why it had been necessary to leave a perfectly good road. Ken Barker arrived in good shape after such a hard ride and altogether a splendid muster of seventeen members built up.

Of these, seven proposed to continue on to Cyrwyd hostel for the night preparatory to crossing "over the top" of the Berwyns and what is intended to be an annual pilgrimage to the "Wayfarer" memorial stone. To us oldsters it is very heartening to observe the Anfield spirit and traditions taking hold of these keen youngsters of ours. For my part, the evening's programme took in the Horseshoe Pass and finished with "can you put me up for the night, please?" at an open door in Llangollen. Also present on the run were Joe Dodd, David Birchall, David Bettaney, Wallace Rees, Peter Jones, John Whelan, Harry Taylor, David Stacey, Paul Storry, John Gornall, prospective Cadet G. Shimmin and Guy Pullan. E.G.P.

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ANFIELD



CIRCULAR

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

President: R. J. AUSTIN

Vice Presidents: F. E. MARRIOTT K. W. BARKER

Captain: J. H. Mills

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FIXTURES

JANUARY 1962.

- 2 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
6 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
7 PARBOLD, Lunch 1-0 p.m.
13 PONTBLYDDYN SOMERFORD.
20 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest).
27 LADIES' NIGHT, UPTON (Eagle & Crown)
alternatives
TWO MILLS (Eureka Café). GOOSTREY.

FEBRUARY 1962.

- 3 HATCHMERE (Forest Café).
4 PARBOLD, (Lunch 1-0 p.m.)
5 COMMITTEE MEETING, FREE CHURCH CENTRE, LIVERPOOL.
10 PONTYBLYDDYN. RAINOW.
17 HIGHWAYSIDE (Travellers' Rest).
24 BANGOR ON DEE (Smithy) GOOSTREY.

The Compliments of the Season and best wishes for good wheeling in 1962 to all our readers.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The President cycled down to Birmingham on October 28th to attend the Annual Dinner and Reunion of the Tricycle Association, at which he had been inveigled into proposing the toast to the Association. John Parr and Allan Littlemore were also there and a most enjoyable evening ensued. Rex did have a bed for the night, but Allan and John slept on the floor of the van in the front garden of an unsuspecting member of the Solihull C.C., who found himself morally bound to supply breakfast to the pair of them.

Sunday morning was warm and sunny and whilst the tricyclists spent the morning at their A.G.M. Rex had an enjoyable ride to Alton, where he lunched with about twenty members of the Speedwell B.C. before completing the homeward journey.

* * * * *

The President and Mrs. Austin were the guests of honour at the Annual Dinner of the Birkenhead North End C.C. on November 4th. Rex was entrusted with the toast to the Club and took the opportunity to indulge in some acceptable memories of the past. He mentioned that the North End was one of the four Merseyside clubs invited to send riders to our "100" in 1907, the others being the East Liverpool Wheelers, North Liverpool B.C. and Birkenhead C.C. In 1922 there were still but four, the two latter having been replaced by the Walton and the Liverpool Century. He also took the opportunity to thank the Club and it's members for the assistance so freely given on Whit Monday.

The Prize Distribution that followed revealed something of the strength of the Club, no less than 26 members taking awards gained on the road during the past season.

The popular café in Pontblyddyn which closed down owing to the illness of Mrs. Thomas, our hostess at many enjoyable runs has reopened under new management. A rear room has been specially furnished and we are assured of a warm welcome there on January 13th.

Twenty-seven members were in arrears with subscriptions at the time of the A.G.M. We hope that those concerned will let Arthur Birkby have a remittance without delay.

On the way through Liverpool while making towards Chester for the W.C.T.T.C.A. Dinner Jeff Mills was hit by a car which crossed the traffic lights while at red. Our Captain was taken to hospital where a row of stitches was put in his head. He is now out and about again but his new bicycle is a near wreck. The police are prosecuting the driver concerned.

By some mischance we missed a reference to another accident—this time to our Vet Allan Littlemore who was brought down heavily by some loose barbed wire on a lane near Dolgellau while on tour. Both Allan and his bicycle suffered damage but he also is going strong again now.

The North Road C.C. have elected Bill Frankum to another term as President in succession to the late H. H. England.

The Ladies' Night will be held at the Eagle and Crown, Upton on 27th January and a special invitation is extended to all friends including parents of any of our Cadets who would like to meet us. The charge is 12/6 and Frank Marriott will be glad of names please as early as possible. An alternative tea at Two Mills will Count as a Run.

RACING NOTES

The Club programme for 1962 has been settled in good time in the hope that members will try to arrange their Open rides to allow them to ride in our own events. In addition to the usual fastest and handicap prizes of £1. 1. 0 each there will be a second handicap prize of 10/- provided there are ten starters in the event.

Dates to be booked are:—24th March (25), 7th April (25), 12th May (50), 30th June (Inter Club 25—subject to confirmation), 21st July (50), 25th August (50), 8th September (25).

Details are being worked out for a Club Championship over three 25 mile events and two at 50 miles.

In addition to the above events there will, of course, be the usual series of ten mile events for Cadets.

This year Whit Monday, and our "100", fall on 11th June and it is not too early to think about booking a bed in or near Shrewsbury in good time, before all the best jobs are distributed.

LLANSANTFFRAID, 21/22ND OCTOBER, 1961.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR.

The Anfielders John Farrington and David Birchall called for me at 9 a.m., that was to get me out, there was no escape. With muskets at the "ready", they escorted me on to the B-17, which had great joy in taking me to the site of the water mills, where Ada's refreshing coffee passed the time away, whilst we planned a route through the mountains to the Sun at Llansantffraid. Up the glorious Ceiriog valley, over the hills of Rhiwlas and Llansilin and across the Tanat, grand stuff, tough stuff for strong cyclists (which let me out), so John and David went whilst I took the low road across the Cheshire Plain to Holt, where I was to meet my friends Benno and Lenno for lunch. Benno was on a borrowed bike, his own was wrecked. You see, he was riding towards the narrow humped-back bridge at Christleton, when an old woman wobbled along on the wrong side astride her bicycle. She shook her fist at the calm Benno and shouted "Pig, Pig". Benno's normal gentlemanly reserve broke, he filled the air with damnations and for a second or two his focus was not on his riding. He came over the hump and smack into a big fat pig. Lenno was of course riding his bicycle, as usual behind his camera.

For the route thence onwards read, VOL. LV. No. 645 Page 327, Para I to III, but delete Bascchurch blast and all references to Albert Preston, weather similar, roads dry, sky clear and temperature mild. Benno was back in form cycling and jocularising (he should come out more) to entertain Lenno and Lenno.

We all arrived on bicycles, the President from Bramhall, the Captain from Liverpool, John and David from the mountains, Percy Williamson from Manchester (he perhaps cycled more than most), Len Hill from Heswall, Len Walls and Peter Jones from Hawarden, Ben Griffiths from Broughton, Guy Pullan, we suspect used rails

for some of the way, Joe Dodd after locking up the Bank at Bromborough and Doctor Rees from Connahs Quay. Arthur Birkby was actively engaged in business during Saturday afternoon so he utilised a scooter to be in time for dinner at 7-30 p.m. Now last, but not least, good old Stanley Wild came all they way from Bexhill in Sussex, by train to Shrewsbury and thence by cycle to the "Sun". Stanley is an example to old and young, his love and devotion for the club is such that borders hold no bounds, we love to meet him, to hear him talk, for he is a mine of information and his visits are all too rare.

We did not need an appetiser (but we had one) and when the Captain blew his whistle we fourteen "fell in"—at the table with the President at the head, and with soup, conversation ceased—why—well the grub was good and plenty, so to relaxation, laughter, chatter, reminiscences for a merry evening. We missed old "Tinters", Fred Churchill who was kneeling in industry at Golbourne and Bert Preston (who was serving beer to thirsty rugby boys at Birkenhead) and old Jack Salt.

Dear members and friends—another old tradition of the Anfield is preserved and chronicled. Let it be known that every Captain should provide a round of drinks to all attenders at the annual Autumnal Tints weekend, and when our Captain staggered in with that tray the President joyfully led the assembly in singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" and so sang all of us as we "supped" to his badge. We also sang later to the strains of PadeREESky at the piano, for from "The Quay" comes much musical talent.

We usually sort out the beds all right, even without Alf Howarth's mathematics, but someone found out—one goes into a double bed without one over, and three goes into two and if you heard things that go bump in the night, it was only Len Hill being pushed out of bed. For some obscure reason Joe finished sleeping on the floor, he being too snobbish to share with Rees and Hill, but our joy was consummated—for when Lorna brough our morning tea, she also brought her dog, who mistook the lagacious Joe (asleep on the floor) for something else, but why blame the dog. Anyway we are grateful that foam rubber pillows don't have feathers.

Sunday lunch was Whitewell and it is said that Benno and others had to get a boat some of the way. The faithful Stanley cycled to Whitchurch to meet his old friends of the "Ches". After lunch the first rains of the weekend came, but fortunately did not persist too long, so it was a grand weekend and as we sit by the fire scribbling, we have memories—what of?—a grin that spread from ear to ear, as a gold badge pushed in a heavy tray, Benno tearing along with a bunch of boys on his wheel, herons in flight, the russet of the foliage, the criss-cross quilt of Cheshire with its cottages, bee hives, hedgerows and spinneys—that's Anfieldland.

L. J. H.