

A Story

Told by Members

1881 - 1981

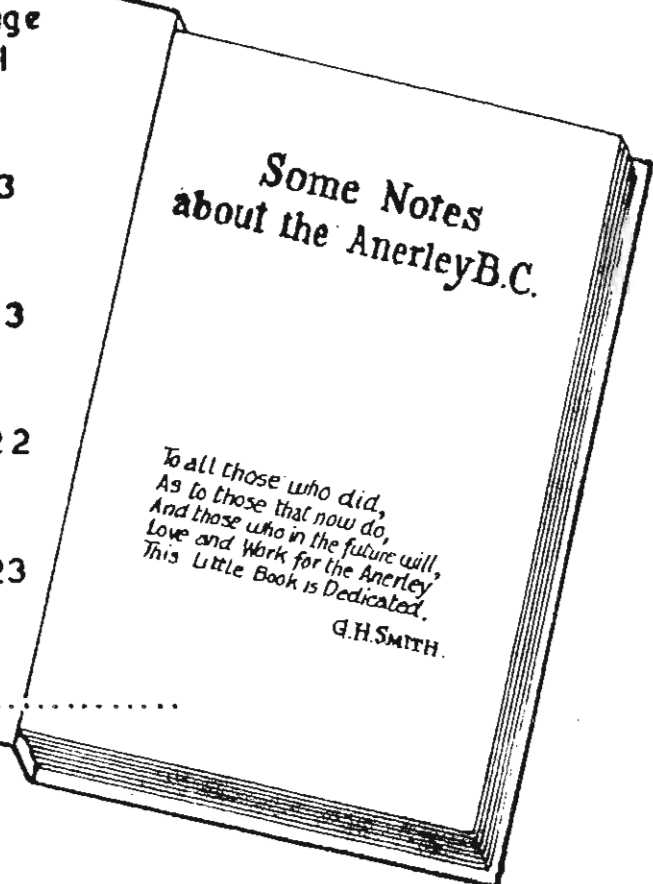
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to min'?"
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and days o' lang syne?"

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Taken from the Book
Written by G.H.Smith in 1929
 to celebrate the Club's Jubilee in 1931
 (G.H. joined the Club in 1886.)



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Hon. Editor and Draughtsman...W.R.H.M.
 Booklet produced by....J.F.J.&W.R.H.M.

Illustration on front page adapted from George Moore's sketch drawn in 1890
 for the first printed Anerley Gazette.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF EARLY DAYS.

Before actually starting to tell the well-worth-telling story of the Anerley Bicycle Club, we will endeavour to charm back memories of the condition of things in general, from a cycling point of view, at the time (1891) that Anerley men first ventured forth as a Club, and for some years after that date. The whole position of affairs for a cyclist, was in those days so utterly different from what it is now, that without this little preliminary digression the grit and enthusiasm of the fathers of the Club could not be even guessed at by any member whose riding experiences are limited to the 20th century, and the atmosphere of the early days would not again be breathed, even in imagination.

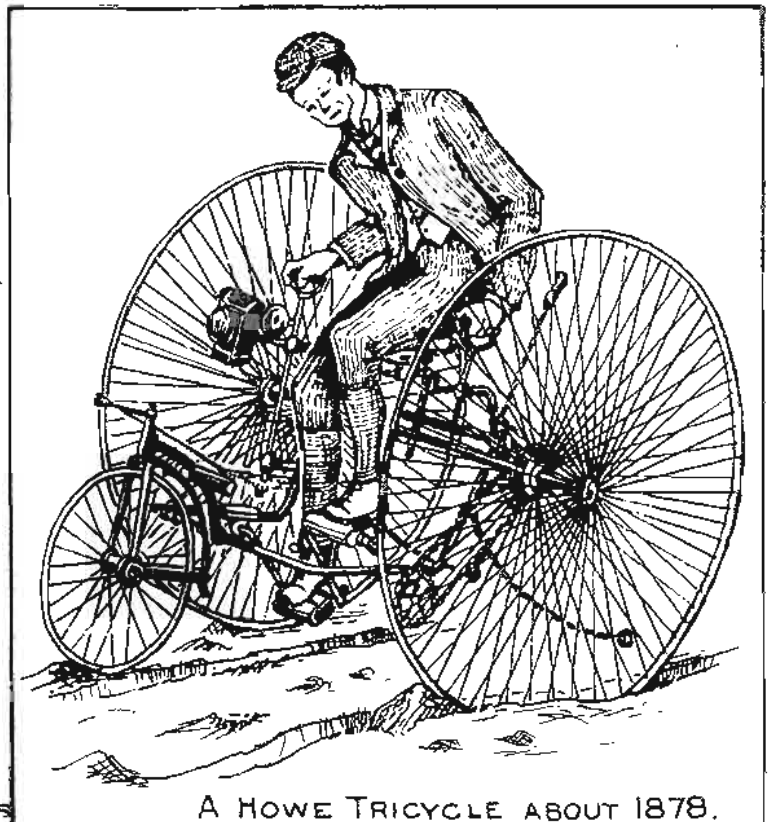
Two types of machines were in use, the ordinary high wheel bicycle and the tricycle. The ordinary was very nearly standard, the variations been mainly the names of the makers, and the size of the large wheel, which of course was controlled by the length of the rider's legs.

Tricycles, on the contrary, had a considerable range of variety of pattern, such as front, rear and side steering, single, tandem, and side by side, known - ironically perhaps - as "sociables," for anything more liable to generate unsociable feelings than two hot and tired cyclists trying to get a little pace out of these crushing masses of heavy tubing and wheels, would be hard to find. It must not be thought that the tricycle was confined to old gentlemen or safely first youths; the type was extensively used by many of the champions of the day, sometimes exclusively, sometimes change and change about with the ordinary, although the art of riding both was quite a separate and widely different attainment.

All the machines had solid tyres, and, as time went on, the tendency was to fit smaller and smaller tyres on the theory, probably erroneous, that it made for speed. So small did these tyres eventually become that their nickname, "bootlaces" was really quite appropriate.

The root idea of these solid tyres, that their mission in the scheme of things was to reduce vibration to machine and rider was never fully grasped by the tyres themselves; they thought it was their real job to come unstuck from the cement in the rim, come off, jam in forks, and generally make things lively for the rider. The remedy, frequently resorted to, was to soften the cement by the application of red hot metal and tie the straying rubber on with string. One of the many results of the advent of the Dunlop was the marked slump that followed in the kitchen poker trade.

The roads over which these early machines were somewhat laboriously propelled, bore little resemblance to modern highways, either as regards surface, nature and extent of traffic, or the type of individual commonly met journeying over them. The surface was sometimes macadam, nearly always



A HOWE TRICYCLE ABOUT 1878.

so in the larger towns, whilst in the southern counties it was either sandy gravel, or chalk. In summer every road became very dusty if a wind blew, and if the dry weather was at all prolonged the sand roads became terribly loose and cut up, indeed we have known the Brighton road to be impassable for cycles beyond Purley, from this cause. In wet weather the macadam, and to a less degree, the chalk, became very slippery and accounted for many croppers, whilst the sand would be lifted up by the splash of the water into the pedal and other bearings; any chain driven machine suffered intensely, the block chains simply sucking in the grit until they became so gorged with it that they were literally incapable of bending and little short of bars of solid metal.

No danger boards existed in the times of which we now write, no special maps were published giving details such as cyclists, particularly in the days of entirely inadequate brakes, wished to know; the bold wheelman travelling along any road for the first time was practically on an uncharted sea and too often discovered a hill was dangerous by the smart of assorted bruises and the still greater bitterness of the sight of a wrecked machine. Then the loneliness of those roads. It is past all belief to those who never cycled over them and only know the whirl of traffic that congests the highways today, and even penetrates in diluted form into the lanes.

Perfect quiet reigned out in the country, miles would be covered without meeting a vehicle, and those that were met were mostly farmers' waggons slowly drawn by heavy horses, their brass ornaments pleasantly jingling, a treble to the even bass of the blows from their ponderous hoofs. But this ideal picture, from a cyclist's point of view, had a very ugly frame to it, that took much from the general effect; the hand of nearly every other user of the highway was against him, from the tramp who shouted his curses to the village policeman who itches to bring him in the meshes of the law. Horsey people slashed him with their whips, small boys hurled stones or tried to thrust sticks between the spokes, the very dogs joined in the fun, seized and hung on to the revolving calves, charged tricycles head on with disastrous to all concerned, including the dog, and even the fox hounds were liable to hunt him. The writer once had a whole pack in full cry after him and only escaped a nasty mauling by dismounting and standing quite still until the huntsmen arrived and flogged the hounds off.

The wayside hotels and inns that now look so smart and prosperous were then, mostly, in the last stages of decay, the larger ones partly shut up, the fare, in the south generally indifferent, but in the north generous and very cheap. Depressed as they were for want of custom they too frequently gave no welcome to the cyclist but treated him as a foreign and probably dangerous person; often and often have we been refused food and shelter on the patently false plea that they were full up. All this unfriendly attitude naturally tended to draw all cyclists together, and is the real foundation of that brotherhood of the wheel that exists, in an attenuated form, to this day. If a cyclist, or party of cyclists, met others of the clan journeying in the opposite direction they would dismount, exchange information about the roads, examine each others machines, and behave much on the lines of two explorers in the wilds who made a chance meeting. If a cyclist overtook another riding in the same direction he did not sprint past as became the fashion later, but rode beside him and conversed. In this way early clubs came into being, recruits were gained, and we can recall that kind fate brought us into the Anerley fold exactly by this procedure.

Having thus briefly but very truly told the real nature and character of the world into which the Anerley B.C. was born in 1881, we will endeavour to tell something of the story of the Club up to its Jubilee with like conscientious veracity.

ABOUT RUNS AND TOURS AND MANY THINGS.

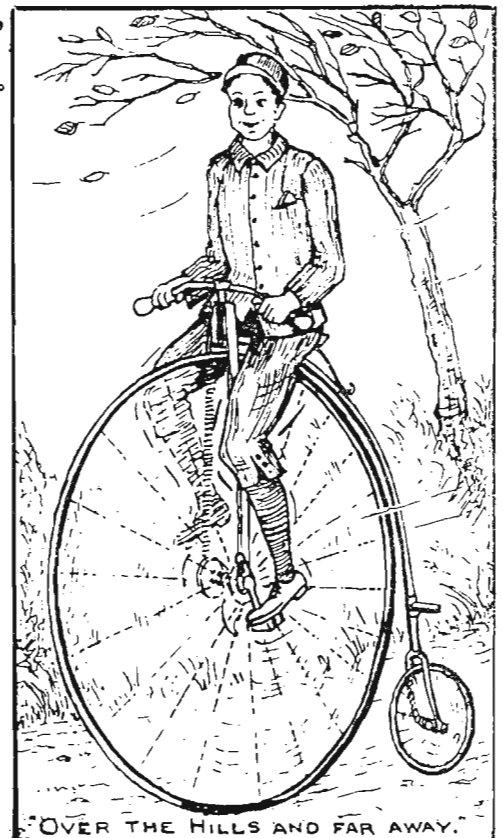
The Anerley B.C. is nothing if not unique, and therefore it is not surprising that although in its 50th year of continuous activity, its whole history can be clearly traced back to its embryo days. It sprang from a Hoop Club formed by a few young boys who resided in Anerley. They used to meet together on Saturday afternoons and run their iron hoops in company, the party usually numbering about eight - through the surrounding districts, special long distance expeditions extending as far as Croydon.

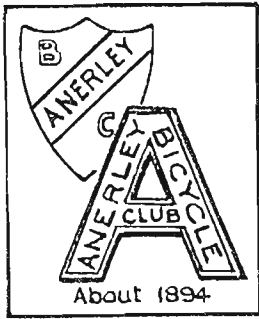
The boys grew larger, as boys will, went to Dulwich College, gradually acquired new or second-hand ordinary bicycles of primitive design, and then some bright gen-ius of the group of friends, said, "Why not an Anerley Bicycle Club?"

So early in the year 1881 a meeting was called at the residence of Mr. Wm. Ruston in Anerley Park, to put the whole matter in due trim. This Mr. Ruston was the Uncle of Harold J. Ruston, and he was evidently a very worthy member of the family, true to type, for he encouraged the project, in fact really started it, and became the first President of the Anerley B.C., his son Wm. Ruston, Jr., being about the first member, later to be followed by the younger son, George.

The first Captain, then elected, was H. S. Hughes, who afterwards re-lapsed into horse riding and became proprietor of a very horsey paper. W. Seymour was the bugler; no really respectable Club, in those days, would have thought of starting on a Club run without their bugler in line. The Hon. Sec. was H. McKinlay, a wonderfully fast pedaler on the ordinary, very strong and very bold, in fact a dare-devil. We recall his jumping out of a first floor window in one of his mad moods. McKinlay later became Captain. The post of Hon. Treasurer was taken, with parental wisdom, by the President. There was one Vice-President, a Mr. F.L. Blake, but the only why and wherefore of this that we can discover was the fact that this gentleman had once been Mayor of Birkenhead. The little Club, destined to become so large and to be known far beyond the confines of its original locality, was thus well and truly launched. A badge was designed by Vaughton, really a monogram of A.B.C. but it was not very long before that was dis-carded in favour of a shield, which at that time was a more or less original design, but ultimately it became so universal that the present plain "A" was adopted in about 1894.

The Club Runs of these pioneers started every Saturday from the Robin Hood, the inn that still is practically the same to-day, standing at the junction of the Anerley and Croydon Roads. The rides were not at first very lengthy and it was only once a month that they roamed so far afield as to have tea out, the earliest tea destinations being Cudham, Godstone and Merstham. It must be remembered they were all still school boys of a period when parental ideas on the important pocket





money question were much less developed than they are now, and also, places where teas would be served to cyclists did not bloom on every roadside, and that dubious collection of establishments labelled "Cyclists' Rest" had not even been dreamt of.

Amongst the very earliest members, in addition to those mentioned, were Frank Young, T.D.McMeakin, A.J.Stallard, S.F.Edge, Harold J.Ruston, Percy Sanderson, H.Shearwood, H.W.Bartleet, Alf Nixon, P.Runciman, Fred Voss, Fred Grover, E.W.Housden, G.H.Smith, Murray James and G.F.Osmond.

Such were the young men who ventured forth on their high bicycles or massive tricycles to explore the surrounding country and experience those peculiarities of the highways that we have attempted to picture to the modern rider.

When we write "explore" we use the word strictly in its dictionary sense, for on these early runs they really were exploring, they were adventuring into what was to them the absolutely unknown. Every bend in the road was full of pleasant speculation as to what was round the corner; sometimes it revealed a long steep hill, and whether up or down was equally engrossing either of muscle or nervous tension. As Harold Ruston has said, it was the uncertainty as to the state of the roads and the certainty of some of the riders having headers that made each run an adventure and a great novelty. Then the pleasant experience of finding some really nice place for tea, where one was made welcome, although a cyclist.

One of the very earliest runs was to Merstham, quite a long run for those times, and there "The Feathers" was discovered; not quite the same "Feathers" as the speedy passers through Merstham now see, but a homely little inn on the same spot.

"The Feathers" took them in and fed them well and after, round a roaring fire, they talked that talk of machines and sprints and croppers that cyclists still chat, only the cropper section is much rarer. But whilst these pleasant hours passed the mud ruts outside were being turned by frost into iron rails, all but impossible to ride with the small diameter tyres, and most of the way back to Croydon had to be walked. One of the party came on horseback, this will give an idea of the moderate speed, but he fared no better than the others on return, the horse finding difficulty on the ice. Such an incident never discouraged an Anerley man! Whatever the weather the run was carried through. On one early occasion, recalled by S.F.Edge, the run was to the "Salt Box," Cudham, and when he, McKinlay, Shearwood, Stanner and one or two others, names forgotten, turned up at the Robin Hood, the snow beyond the streets was found to be so deep as to make cycling impossible. Discard the run? return home to the fireside? No, perish the craven thought! they walked it. Now that was some walk under such conditions.

The tone to the Anerley Club Run was well and truly set and it has never withered; the run today is just as faithfully carried out and is just as enjoyable, not perhaps so much of a struggle and adventure, but having other joys to compensate.

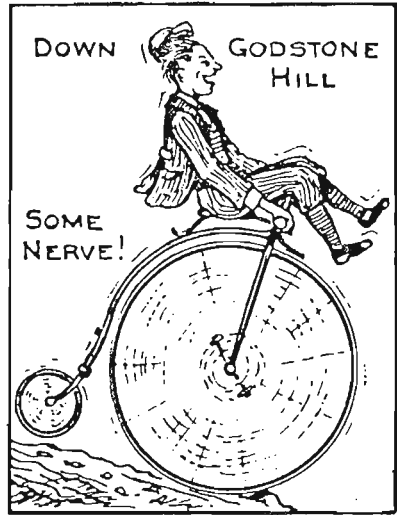
We will give a few samples of runs after the Club has got into its full stride and members are no longer school boys, but they can only be samples. A very favourite destination for a great many years was the "Clayton Arms," Godstone. The date of the first run there we cannot be sure of, but we have a record of one on March 17th, 1888, and that the hills were snow covered. In those days the "Clayton Arms" was run by Churchill, a fine specimen of mine host, old and white haired, yet straight backed, bright eyed and active. He dressed in rich brown velveteen and had a grand manner as well as appearance; one felt when there as if one were the guest of the Squire at some ancestral hall. The customs of the house supported this delusion, for in a room on the ground floor, close to the entrance to the fine old house that has cheered the traveller on his way since the days of

Richard III., there was kept all day and every day a wonderful assortment of cold dishes that the caller could walk straight to, without even announcing his arrival, and carve to his taste and eat till satisfied, the cool light ale of the house being included in the moderate price and drawn in accord with the thirst of the guest. Such an ideal arrangement naturally appealed strongly to cyclists, who have always been efficient at table. In the large timbered room upstairs, which, when we first visited the "Clayton" was used once a week for the local Magistrate's Court, how many merry Anerley gatherings have taken place! We think the first Boxing Day run was held there, that is to say the first run on that holiday when the Club dined on the road. This was in 1888 and the fact that 13 sat down had not the slightest damping effect on anyone's spirits, indeed they rose above par when, in accord with the good old custom, the Captain stood a bowl of steaming punch. It was the custom to make up little parties to ride to Godstone on Sunday afternoons to tea, and after hold an impromptu concert, semi-sacred in character, members singing and dear old Brookes with his spectacles perched precariously on his nose working steadily away all the evening at the piano.

The first run of the Old Boys' Section was to the "Clayton Arms" in 1905. This Old Boys' Section, we might here explain, was a rather happy thought that germinated into action that year, to bring again on to the roll of membership as many as possible of those who had been active in the Club in former years but had from time to time dropped out. The annual sub. to this Section was ultimately fixed at 5s. per annum, which included the Gazette. It proved a most happy success and did much for the Club. Every three years a special run for the Old and New Boys is arranged and is largely attended, the ninth re-union being in 1929, when the whole party were the guests of then President S.F.Edge, the trip being to Weybridge from Kingston by steamer.

This first gathering of the Old 'Uns on Oct. 7th, 1905, was not less a mighty and enjoyable assemblage than any of the series. No less than 83 were at the tea, S.F.Edge in the Chair, and Captain H.H.Hollands in the Vice-Chair, the company including a wonderful crowd of world and British record breakers. H.W.Bartleet rode down on an ordinary, as also did a visitor from the Brixton Ramblers, Percy Nix, who dropped down Godstone Hill legs over the handle bar, a sight that several of the younger onlookers had never seen before. Nix was a fine sportsman and a very good man at a "24". It was on this occasion that S.F.Edge suggested the Old Boy's Cup and started the list of Old Boy subscribers with a handsome donation. The Cup is raced for annually and forms a happy link between the "Has Beens" and the present cracks of the Club.

Another place on the same road that became much associated with Anerley runs was the "Rose and Crown," Riddlesdown, then a very small



but well kept up road-side inn with one large room built on. In the early days it was a convenient distance to be used as a regular meeting place on Sunday morning spins and thus the members got to know the genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Sacker. They were well advanced in years, he rather sparse, which was fortunate, for she was not, and the space behind the bar very limited.



But it did one good to see her beaming ruddy face, when, after skilful manoeuvring she had managed to turn round in the confined space and secure the desired decanter, without knocking any glasses over by collision with her outer suburbs, and poured out the measure with a sort of motherly pride and enjoyment, as if she was serving some long lost son rather than a mere casual, begrimed cyclist. Thus we grew to like the place and its people, and when winter runs were instituted this became the first house used for the purpose, in fact the Anerley took the house over every Saturday evening for eight winters in all, not quite consecutively. Exactly when these Riddlesdown runs started we are not sure. The earliest definite record that can be traced was October 13th, 1888, when E.W.Housden won a Club 10 miles handicap.

It must read very strange to modern members, these runs for such short distances, and races over mere 10 miles of roads, but the circumstances of the machines and the highways must be kept in mind or an entirely wrong perspective of the situation will confuse the picture. To ride home from Riddlesdown on a dark winter's night, with ruts, mire, heaps of metal for machines, and strips of rubber for tyres, was quite far enough for most of us.

A few figures will give an idea how intensely popular these runs were. On Oct. 26th, 1889, the attendance was 50. On Nov. 1st, 1890, 29; Dec. 6th, 35 and on 13th 40, whilst in 1891, at a closing summer run to the "Rose and Crown" on Oct. 31st, no less than 85 set down to tea. Thirty-five members congregated at the Anerley Vestry Hall and under the command of Capt.F.W. Baily cycled to Riddlesdown together, several other members joining in en route. In those days it was the custom to ride in a mob, handle-bar very often over-lapping handle-bar, the small amount of other traffic allowing of this, and to see 40 or 50 young fellows swinging along in one mass on a great variety of machines, very seldom bringing each other over, was a pretty sight and a testimony to the control they had over their rather awkward mounts. The 85 were not entirely Anerley men, a few visitors, such as C.P.Sisley, then Editor of Cycling, Jackson the Catford Hon.Sec., C.W. Nettleton, the gentleman of the ordinary, and a Tooting B.C. man or two; indeed it became a custom for cyclists to drop in on these Anerley gatherings and not a few new members were thus gained. One great thing, there was plenty of room, and it was wanted, for after tea the ring was cleared and all sorts of sports and fun were indulged in, boxing, wrestling, and on this particular occasion a once very useful member, A.R.Smith, gained the proud title of Anerley B.C. Champion Hopper and Staircase Sprinter, a most strenuous competition that he happily survived. It was not all so furious, musical talent, some of it of a really high order, then abounded in the Club and a most enjoyable concert was given by such sweet singers as C.H. Letts, B.Tyrrell, and J.Purdie.

At times the Yoicks Walking Club from Croydon would join us at Riddlesdown and they had a melodious membership. At the closing winter run of 1896 they turned up 14 strong and sang merrily to our Anerley 25. The last run to Riddlesdown that we have a record of was in the Autumn of 1897, when 60 turned up. Those were really very jolly winter days. In the winters of 1893-4 the runs were to "The Joliffe Arms," Merstham. This was not the present building of that name but a much older one in the hollow at the back. The first run there was on November 4th, 1893, and as it is recorded that the members went by road and came home by water, the inference is there was some rain. The second run was less trying and 27 mustered. The "Joliffe" did its best for us and there are no complaints, but the large room and the Roman games in the Caterham Valley were missed.

At this period an exhaustless subject for conversation was tyres. All sorts of weird things in tyres, striving to avoid both the vibration of the solid and the real fear of puncture on the early pneumatics, were being tried by members, and their good and bad faults were debated for hours. We are not quite sure of it but have a strong tendency to believe that the first cushion tyre, known as the "Kinetic" was ridden by member K.E.Edge on our Easter tour, 1890. It is a little strange, but nevertheless a fact,

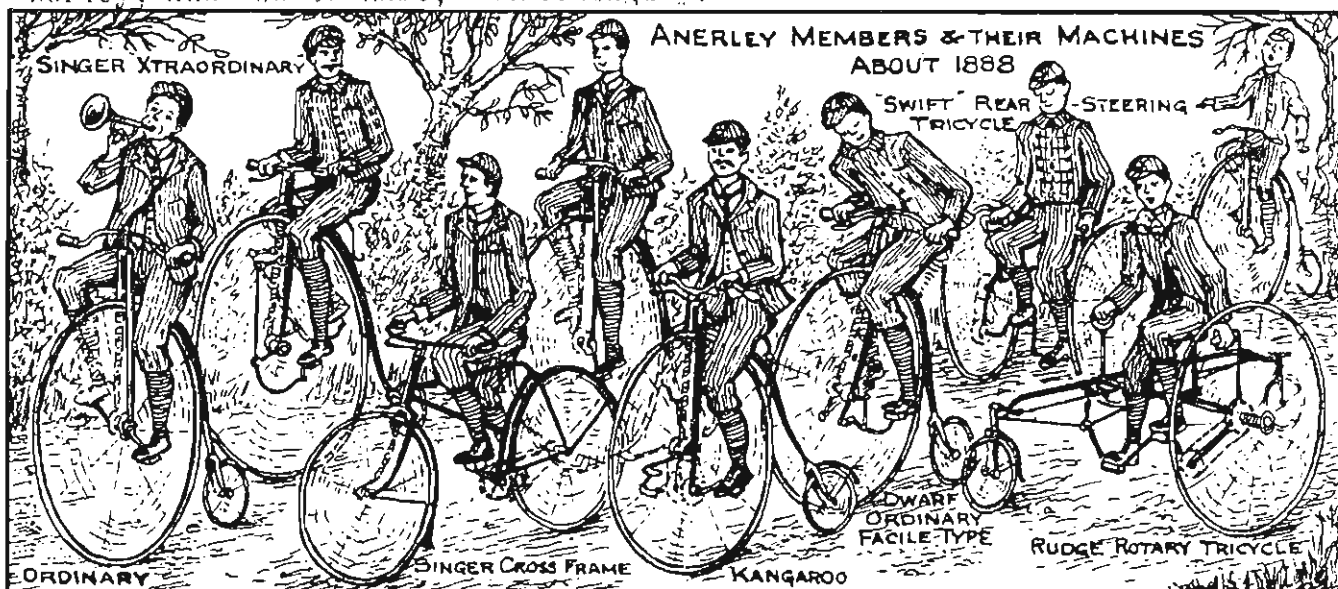
that one could ride on a solid for years and not be conscious of any discomfort, but once you rode a pneumatic or cushion for a few weeks, it was absolute agony to go any distance on a solid afterwards. The writer remembers such an experience with a solid tyred machine that he had regarded as the pink of luxury; returning to it after a fortnight on air, he could not stand it, but had to walk the whole intended way.

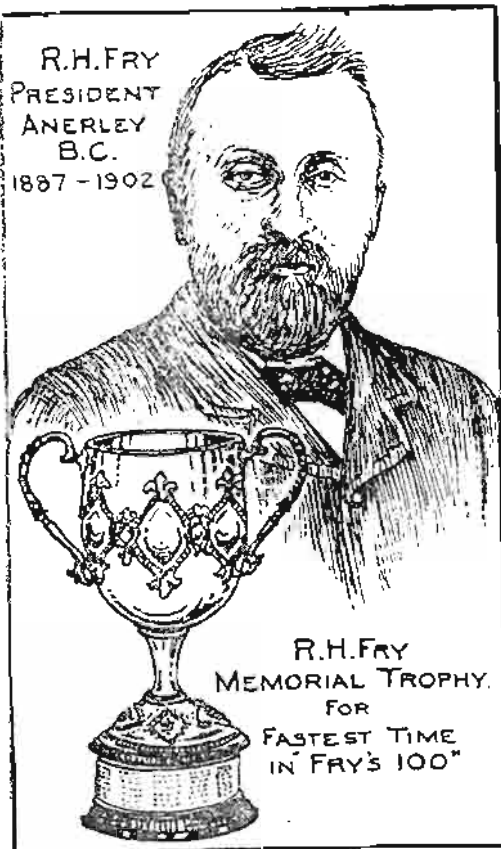
"The Cricketers," Addington was another of those old inns that worked their way deep into Anerley memories, because they gave generous welcome when so many others were chill or positively abusive. From 1889 and onwards they served the Anerley with excellent meals with a good bowl of punch, as the Club first discovered on March 2nd, 1889, when that famous pusher of the three wheeler, Alf. Nixon, stood us a bowl, a most excellent brew. It was not an unusual thing on special occasions, such as a birthday, or Christmas for someone to call for a bowl of punch to honour the event. We live now in less convivial days, some will say better days, and it may be so, but we cannot recall any harm coming to any Anerley man from a glass or two of punch, whilst on the other hand, what friendly feelings, what real wit has mingled with the aromatic steam of the bowl, what memories lingers yet! To see the portly form of Captain Fred Baily presiding, ladle in hand, over one of these concoctions, to observe his benign smile as he lovingly filled each glass for the company, to hear him give the toast, "Success to the Anerley," was worth riding many a hard mile for, was a memory to bring some genial warmth to many a cold hour in life.

It was another occasion at the "Cricketers," when there was a little evening dinner, but no punch, to entertain a member, that on the return home one of our most respected and quiet members for some reason that was never disclosed, formed the strong opinion that the drinking fountain that used to stand at the junction of the Addiscombe and Woodside Roads was drunk. He would insist on calling a halt and giving the fountain a long and elevating address on the evil of its alleged condition, and appeals for reform. After the address, of which the fountain took no notice, our member resumed the journey and was then perfectly normal, nor did he, throughout, let a suspicion of a smile escape him.

The winter runs from 1907 to 1910 were to "Ye Olde Fox" on Coulsdon common, a small house, but the parties had become smaller. Since then the "Warwick," Redhill, has been the most popular resort after the summer, and there is good accommodation, including hilliards.

Popular destinations for the summer runs at the end of the nineteenth and start of twentieth centuries, were "Glyn Arms," Ewell; "Grapes" (no longer there), Reigate; "George and Dragon," Westerham; "Wheatsheaf," Dorking; "Chequers," Horley; "George and Dragon," Igham; "White Horse," Horley; and "White Hart," Bletchingley.





We went twice to the "White Hart," Reigate, on both occasions as guests of a princely President, R.H. Fry. The first of these was on May 28th, 1892, when the President presided over a party of 70, at a dinner that vied with the feasts one reads of in the Tudor period, but very rarely encounters in modern real life. It was splendidly cooked and served, dish followed dish, the birds being piled up one on the other on big dishes, mountains of brown tenderness, and as for the wine, the champagne, Rhine wines, and claret, they simply flowed in one perennial stream from the start to the finish. It was a right merry occasion in a fine old house with a beautiful garden, where we grouped for a photo before dinner. It was 10 p.m. when the feast was over, and then all had to ride home or further out for the night, and all did it without mishap; wonderful chaps these Anerley men. Taken all in all, that run was unique amongst the many.

The runs today naturally go further afield, more mileage is covered, longer time spent on the road, but there is still time enough for those chats that all true cyclists love to have with cyclists. The runs are what the active

members want and enjoy, and they are carried out summer and winter. Of late years there has grown up a charming custom amongst some of the older members of inviting the whole Club to tea on a Saturday run. The writer first started it by his strawberry run to "The Plough"; an old low pitched inn with one large modern room, situated in a side road in the Dormans Land district. It is still a most restful retired spot, and Miss Glover is a master hand at putting on a tea to rejoice the heart of any cyclist, such heaps of fresh strawberries, broad dishes of real cream in addition to all the usual solid fare. S.F. Edge entertained large Anerley run parties at his home "Gallops", near Ditchling Beacon in Sussex and gave the Club a change from the road for the last two years by a river trip to Weybridge, a most enjoyable and very largely attended voyage.

But truth forces us to say, and in saying it we know we shall hurt no one's feelings, that the invitation run that the members most absolutely enjoy is that to the private home of the very old and much loved member, H.J. Ruston. There is a homeliness about this visit that is experienced on no other run of the year, the comfortable house, the attention of Mrs. Ruston and family, just as been on the Anerley as the head of the household, the lovely garden to wander in and play gentle sports, it is all the best side of English home life, and the Club is given free run to it for the afternoon. The first of this delightful series to Woking was on June 4th, 1921, and every year since has been a repetition of the first delightful experience.

No wonder the Club Run, the least exciting part of Club life perhaps, is yet the part that sinks deepest into our souls, so that members, such as Macey, settled in Africa, writes for the handbook, in order in fancy he may attend each Club run.

We have spoken of comfortable resorts, but there were other types, too many of them, in the earlier years of the Club. In 1891 the Club ran to Dorking one Saturday and put up at a smart looking house. The Captain informed them he thought there would be about 25 to tea. The exact number was 23, but the landlord demanded payment for 25. This the Club resented, paid for 23 and went to get their machines out. They found the yard gate locked and the key was refused until they paid for two more teas. A deputation then went to the police station, but the Inspector was not interested and said, "Tram home and summons the landlord".

With great difficulty, some of the machines being heavy triangles, the machines were lifted over the top of the high gate. That was the sort of treatment cyclists had to put up with now and then.

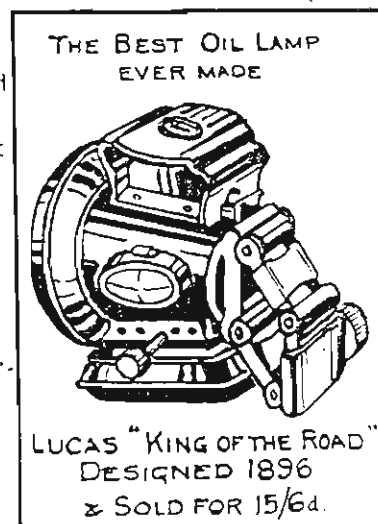
Then the surly police waged an absolute war against the innocent club runner, being abetted in this unbecoming conduct by the local horsey magistrates. In April, 1891, two members were wheeling their machines in the gutter whilst walking on the path in Epsom town when a constable came up and marched them off to the police station, charging them first with riding on the path and then with wheeling on the path. At the station one culprit, Kemp, noticed the constable smelt strongly of liquor, charged him, at a venture, with being drunk, whereupon the man turned round and charged Kemp with being drunk. This was too much even for the Inspector, and the criminals were released and the constable subsequently lost four days' pay. It was rare, however, for the cyclists to come off best. In one day in 1897, 80 cyclists were fined at Reigate for alleged offences, two of the batch were Anerley, and one of those two, Edwardson, was fined again the same week with costs 23s, each time. One required a little capital to be a cyclist in those weird days. The most awful offence was to let your lamp go out. Remember this was at a time when it was no offence to take a horse drawn vehicle out at night with no light at all, and it was done wholesale. The Club was returning in a body one night along the Brighton road when a mounted constable challenged a member whose lamp would not burn. He was, for that reason, riding in the middle of the mob, so was no danger to other road users.

The challenge was ignored, whereupon the constable galloped his horse towards Croydon. At Purley we discovered his move, for he had pulled up under a lamp the better to see the lightless one. The main body rode on, leaving the wanted man behind. After getting well beyond the constable, some returned taking a lamp off one of the machines with them. The man left behind was thus fixed up and rode boldly past the enemy, wishing him "Good Night". We give these instances, trivial in themselves, as illustrations of a temper and outlook that was continually exhibited.

A very keen observer of men and things, Mister Edmund Dangerfield, Proprietor of Cycling, once remarked that it was a peculiar thing about the Anerley, they did not seem to join as individuals but as whole families. There was much truth in that and this family party character doubtless assisted towards the success of not only the runs but also the tours. For the Club has never ceased to be keen on touring, nor has it ever lacked those who had a real appreciation of the country in all its varied moods.

A very hardy annual in the tour department was the joint run with the Stanley Club. Instituted in 1885 these runs have never lapsed, except in the war years, and the attendance has had on both sides, a wonderful continuity, although by 1920 there was only one present, C.A. Riminton, who had taken part in the 1835 tour. One of the happiest of these Stanley runs was to the "Albion Hotel," Worthing, in 1901, when 17 of that Club and 28 Anerley men made Worthing bright and merry. The "Albion" was for long a most popular resort of the Club, and was for some time the country headquarters, and trips there, extensions of the Club run, were frequent in the summer. They used to cellar a very fine Sparkling Moselle, and after the 52 miles from Anerley on a warm and dusty afternoon and evening, a half bottle of it, served in a nice clean tankard, went down remarkably well. The "Norfolk Arms," Arundel, was another favourite for these joint expeditions.

Now and then the Stanley cum Anerley brothers ventured North together, a very pleasing experience being the run to St. Neots in 1921, when we stayed at the cosy "New Inn", so called because it is the oldest in the town.



It is a good ride to St. Neots for Southerners, and in the evening carvers "Tubby" Briggs of the Stanley, and "Curly" Clarke of ours, were overworked. The ride home next day was superb, a fierce wind at the back all the way.

Whilst still up North we might mention that our first expedition there was during Easter, 1889. We had been credibly informed by one Edge, who had already ventured to those parts, that the land abounded in level roads with ideal surfaces; that cycling there was more a matter of sitting on a saddle and viewing the scenery than any noticeable exercise; that hotel keepers kept anxious watch at their doors until a party of cyclists came along, when they fell on their knees and implored them to enter, and having got you inside they regaled you generously with the best of the land, slept you in luxurious beds and when they tearfully parted with you next day, the bill presented was so small that one felt a delicacy in paying it.

As regards the fare and the bills the report was not untruthful, we lived extraordinarily well at the "George", Buckden, for a few shillings a day, but all the rest was a terrible disillusion. We struggled to "Normans Cross", Peterboro', Kimbolton, Biggleswade, but whatever the direction the wind howled in our faces, the rain obscured the scene, the dull grey clouds forbade the slightest ray of warmth, whilst the alleged perfect and level roads seemed to bristle with young mountains directly the old North Road was left, and as for the surface, it was a heart breaking morass concealing rocks. At Oundle the gale blew Harold Ruston's Facile over and hopelessly damaged it. He smiled for the first time that tour and promptly went home by train. It was the only entirely disastrous tour we know of in 49 years, and it has kept us south.

The "Crown" at Alton became a favourite headquarters for our Easter tours. It was in 1890 we first went there, a party of 22. There is nothing very attractive in Alton itself, but it is surrounded with a variety of quiet Hampshire country, very pleasant and restful, whilst those with antique and historic tastes have Winchester within reach per cycle. The Surrey B.C. also liked the place and used to put up at "The Swan". They always made us extremely welcome in the evening and Alton would not have been quite the same if we had not found them there.

Unfortunately a real tragedy was associated with the Alton tour. On an Easter Monday a member, De Loecker, was coming down alone to meet the Club and when passing the stone wall that surrounds Earl Lovelace's park at Effingham, his machine is supposed to have broken in two as he was sprinting down the hill, and he was thrown violently against the wall and killed. No one saw the accident, and although the Club rode over the very spot later in the day, they were spared knowledge of the sad affair until the tour was over. This is the only fatal accident in the records of 49 years of a very active Club's life.

Another very delightful series of Easter tours is associated with "The Mitre", Oxford. "The Mitre" may now be a little above cycling clubs but in 1893 and the subsequent years we went there, they were very glad to have us and served us royally. For one thing we nearly filled the hotel up and the few ordinary visitors were a hopeless minority, but enjoyed watching the fun go on. Strenuous boating trips were a feature, and two boats raced so exhaustingly that Ernest Osmond declared he was too baked to walk on landing and was brought to the "Mitre" in a hansom. It was the early days of Dunlops and the frequent bursts were a bit of a trial. The repair of an early Dunlop was a serious operation, nearly as bad as mending a human limb and taking much longer.

We cannot state precisely when Selsey was discovered but there is extant a record of a Whitsun tour there in 1892 written by that prince of run and tour chroniclers W.R. Matthews (Mat), that tells of pleasant days at the "Crown", much bathing by day and night, and a moon - "that seemed to countenance the Anerley tour in the plenitude of her glory." We will endeavour briefly to reconstruct one of these Selsey Whitsun tours. The

party would usually number about 20, but in the group below it is 22, and under the careful charge of Captain Baily it would get away from Anerley Vestry Hall about 4. Pushing on steadily the mixed crowd of machines would make a halt at Terry's at Crawley, not "The Albany" of later years, but an old-fashioned cottage on the opposite side of the Brighton road, near Crawley church. It was the very first cyclists' resort in Crawley, and Terry grew up with the cycling movement and loved it, and cyclists learnt to love him. He had the typical Britishers love of sport, and never a race or record attempt but Terry was somewhere on the road, and doing something useful. Leaving the genial Terry and his inexhaustible anecdotes, the Club is off to Horsham, and then away to the "Swan" at Pulborough for tea; a short time on the bridge over the Arun watching the sleek red Sussex cattle knee deep in the rich pasture by the slow river, that the fishes love; tea is digested and the travellers are ready for the stiff climb up Bury, rarely ridden, and then the glorious drop through forest-like scenery outside Arundel Park, down towards the levels of Chichester, its spire a mark to steer to.

From there it is only 9 miles more in the dark to Selsey, sometimes very bad going, and beware the bridge over the canal with its dangerous cart-wheel guides. At Selsey there used to be only the choice of "The Crown" or the "Fisherman's Joy", both in their time have done the Club well and at both we have found the Selsey Bill a very moderate one; particularly in view of the huge dishes of baby lobsters that always graced the dinner table, and no one has learnt what a lobster can really be unless he has had two or three babies of the clan at a sitting. Now, of course there is a big hotel on the front, boarding houses, bungalows galore, and we dare say a cinema, but 50 years ago Selsey was an undiluted straggling village inhabited by lobster fishermen, and it may be a smuggler or two; a place for a real holiday.



AT THE "CROWN", SELSEY, WHITSUN TOUR IN EARLY NINETIES.

BACK ROW FROM LEFT - BRIANT, W.A.VOSS, E.J.HOUSDEN, GEO. GUBBING, TOM FEAVER, GEORGE RUSTON.
 MIDDLE ROW - JEFFERIES, F.C.VOSS, FEAVER JNR, W.R. MATTHEWS, S.T. EDGE, FIELDING.
 FRONT ROW - J.G.H. BROWNE FRONT AND S.F. EDGE BACK OF OLYMPIA TANDEM, C.S. DAVENPORT,
 HAROLD RUSTON, F.W. BAILY, G.H. SMITH, A.W. BROOKES, KELBURNE, E. EDGE ON "KINETIC"
 CUSHIONS, H. SHEARWOOD ON FRONT AND A.E. EDGE ON BACK OF OLYMPIA TANDEM.

On the Whit Monday the custom was to ride over to Chichester, lunch at the "Black Horse", and those that cared for it attended the cycle race meeting in the Priory Park. This was a very pleasant meeting on a grass track, well organised by the able Secretary of the Chichester C.C., a great friend of the Anerley and ever willing helper to our 12 hour medal hunters. Fred. Baily of ours was judge and other members had duties at the meeting, which always drew a large local crowd. By the time it was all over, a meal taken

and the long ride home accomplished, most of us felt we had had a pretty full day.

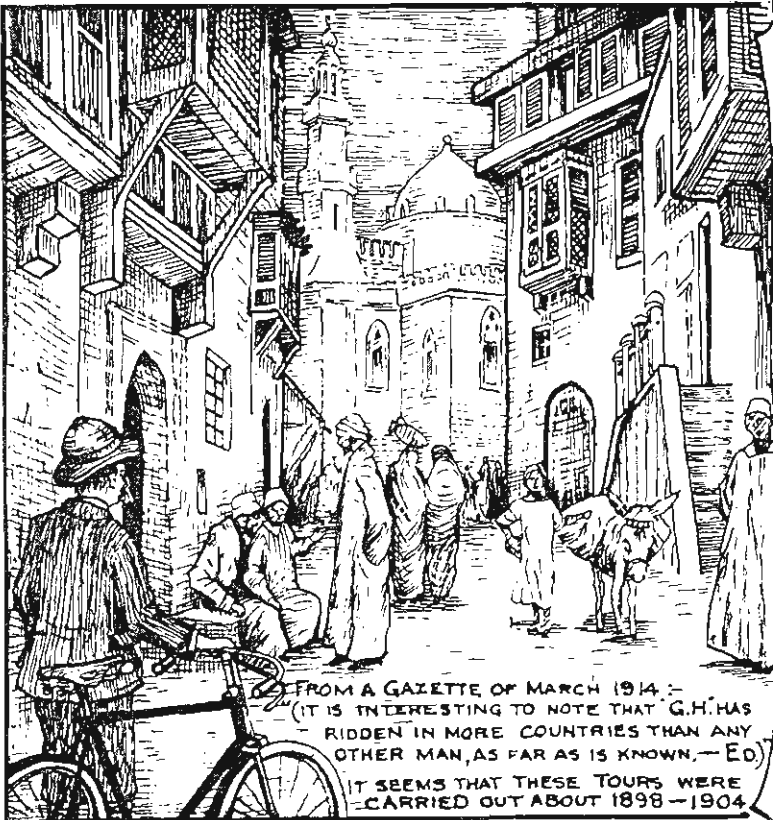
At a conservative estimate the Club in its time must have carried out quite 150 tours in England, in addition Club-parties have toured in France under the guidance of Mr.T.R.Marriott, a friend of the Club, who knew a great many things about cycling in France, also in the Black Forest, Ardennes, Rhine districts, Pyrennes and Switzerland. A Club tour in France in 1894 was engineered by H.H.Clarke and he wrote to the British Consul at Dieppe about getting the bicycles through. He was officially informed that if the party would wear the Anerley Club badge all would be well, and no difficulty or delay at the Customs would occur. Great was the power of the Anerley badge then as now.

There is a member still on the books who has toured in every county in England, bar two, in Isle of Wight, Southern Ireland, North Wales, Scotland, a 360 miles run, including a very wild bit from Inverness to Glasgow thru' the Western Highlands. He was the first bicyclist ever to get through that Western Highland bit. The same member has cycled in Portugal, Greece, Malta, Madeira, Egypt, Ceylon, Southern India, Straits Settlements, Cape Colony, Transvaal, Natal, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, Hong Kong and Japan. In some of these places he was the first cyclist ever seen. It is very doubtful if any other Club has such a combined touring record as the Anerley.

Still the merry game goes on and touring is to-day as much part of the Club's life as ever. The last one before publication was August, 1929, to Theale, where a large party made headquarters and shared in the fun of the Bath Road "100".

The present members and those whom we hope will join us, can entertain lively expectations of many and many a jolly run and tour in company yet to come, building up a score of memories that will amuse and cheer them when the distant days arrive that they can ride no more; then they will be able to repeat with deep meaning Horace's lines as interpreted by Dryden.

"Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour."



FROM A GAZETTE OF MARCH 1914:—
(IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT G.H. HAS
RIDDEN IN MORE COUNTRIES THAN ANY
OTHER MAN, AS FAR AS IS KNOWN.—ED)
IT SEEMS THAT THESE TOURS WERE
CARRIED OUT ABOUT 1898—1904

G.H. BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS JIGGER.

WE'VE JOGGED IT MANY A MILE TOGETHER,
TREASURED JIGGER MINE,
ALL SORTS OF ROADS, ALL SORTS OF WEATHER,
FOUL AND FINE,
BUT WHETHER IN SUNSHINE OR IN RAIN,
FATE HAS DECREED — NEVER AGAIN.

THROUGH MANY A QUIET ENGLISH LANE,
WITH MANY A TURN,
ON DUSTY HIGHWAYS WHERE FOR MEDAL GAIN,
THE "SCORCHERS" BURN;
TOGETHER WE HAVE JOYED TO TRAIN,
BUT NEVER AGAIN, NEVER AGAIN.

MEMORY RECALLS RUNS IN CLASSIC GREECE,
SLIPS ON GREASE LESS CLASSIC,
AND FURTHER EAST THAN THE LAND OF THE FLEECE,
ABODES OF MYSTIC MAGIC;
O'ER THE BRIGHT PICTURE THIS REFRAIN,
STILL SOBS A DIRGE, NEVER AGAIN,

BY PURPLE SUNSETS OF CEYLON'S SEAS,
THE PARK-LIKE ROADS OF SINGAPORE,
THE CLEAN TRACKS OF THE JAPANESE,
BORDERING THE INLAND SHORE,
THE CROWDED PAGENT OF INDIA'S "MAIN",
ALL HAVE BEEN WHEELED, BUT NEVER AGAIN.

MANY OTHER LANDS HAVE WE EXPLORED,
AND NARROW SHAVES HAVE HAD;
FULL CROWDED IS THE MEMORY STORED,
WITH ADVENTURES HARD AND GLAD,
AND THE "GLAD" IS LIKE THE PEACE OF A FANE,
THE "HARD" IN THE SENTENCE — NEVER AGAIN.
FROM A GAZETTE, SEPTEMBER, 1926. G.H.

RECORDS AND RACES.

This chapter is a glorious one for the Anerley B.C. From 1883 to 1913 first claim Anerley men were either breaking records or winning classical open events with a frequency and distinction that gained for the Club that honourable publicity and regard which still clings to it. The racing men brought great honour to their Club, fired the rank and file with enthusiasm, attracted new members, trained on some of those members to be also speedy winners, and indeed did more to make the Anerley and help it to continue to live than was fully realised at the time of their zenith, or is perhaps quite adequately appreciated to-day.

Since 1913 no great light has shone, the cruel war years destroyed or marred our best, riders after the war were notably slower, and it was not until 1929 that real speed powers seemed at last to be returning to the membership.

The reading of many figures is apt to bore, but to those who love the Anerley the following will be positively refreshing.

National Cyclists' Union Championships.

S.F. Edge (Tricycle)	
1 mile, Halifax track	1888
C.G. Wridgway (Bicycle)	
50 miles	1895

N.C.U. Track Records.

S.F. Edge (Tricycle)	
25 miles, Coventry	June, 1888
S.F. Edge (Geared Ordinary)	
64 miles to 100, Herne Hill	July, 1892
W.H.M. Burgess and F. Cole (North Road) (Tandem Safety)	
30 to 50 miles inclusive	14th Oct., 1893
W.H.M. Burgess and G.E. Osmond (Tandem Safety)	
2, 3 and 4 miles	30th Aug., 1893
W. Ellis (Tricycle)	
38 to 100 miles, inclusive	1st Oct., 1894
W. Ellis (Tricycle)	
11 to 25 miles and 1 hour	18th Oct., 1894
J.A. Poole and A. Hoffman (Bath Road) (Tandem Tricycle)	
36 to 210 miles and 2 hours to 12 hours inclusive....	17th Nov., 1894
This same Hoffman was later metamorphosed into A. Codrington of the Anerley B.C.	
C.G. Wridgway and W.S. Yeoman (Silverdale)(Tandem Tricycle)	
24 to 35 miles	17th Nov., 1894
C.G. Wridgway (Tricycle)	
27 to 100 miles and 2, 3 and 4 hours	6th July, 1895
J.B. Cooke and W.S. Yeoman (Silverdale)(Tandem Safety)	
19 to 24 miles, 26 to 100 miles, and 1, 2, 3 and 4 hrs	6th July, 1895
H.H. Clarke, P.J. Litchfield and F.J. Little (Triplet)	
1 to 100 miles, 1, 2, 3 and 4 hours	6th July, 1895
C.G. Wridgway (Tricycle)	
3 to 50 miles	31st Aug., 1895
C.G. Wridgway (Tricycle)	
49 and 50 miles	7th Sept., 1895
R.A. Marples (Safety)	
1 mile	1895
C.B. Jaws (Safety)	
Flying Mile	1898
G.A. Olley (Unpaced Safety)	
$\frac{3}{4}$ and 1 mile	15th Sept., 1900
G.A. Olley (Paced Safety)	
160 to 270 miles, 7 to 12 hours	5th Aug., 1901

G.A. Olley (Paced Safety)	110 - 150 miles, 4, 5, and 6 hours	4th Aug., 1902
G.A. Olley (Bicycle, Motor Paced)	1 - 25 miles, 1 mile flying start	28th May, 1903
G.A. Olley (Bicycle, Motor Paced)	26 - 35 miles and 1 hour	6th June, 1903
G.L. Hopkins and O.J. Hopkins (Tandem Safety)	51 to 61 miles and 2 hours	29th Aug., 1903
G.L. Hopkins and O.J. Hopkins (Tandem Safety)	51 to 100 miles, 2 and 3 hours	20th Aug., 1904
H.W. Buck (Bicycle Unpaced)	$\frac{1}{4}$ mile	16th Aug., 1907
B.H. Hogan (Tricycle Paced)	11 to 25 miles and 1 hour	25th June, 1909
B.H. Hogan (Tricycle, Unpaced)	$\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile	2nd Aug., 1909
B.H. Hogan (Tricycle, Paced)	40 to 100 miles, 2, 3 and 4 hours	11th Sept., 1909
These records still standing in 1930.		
B.H. Hogan (Tricycle, Unpaced)	$\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1 mile	18th Sept., 1909
H.W. Bartleet and B.H. Hogan (Tandem Tricycle, Unpaced)	$\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1 mile	29th June, 1911
B.H. Hogan (Tricycle, Unpaced)	$\frac{1}{4}$ mile	22nd July, 1911
B.H. Hogan (Tricycle, Paced)	2 miles	26th July, 1913
B.H. Hogan (Tricycle, Unpaced)	Flying start, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile	26th July, 1913

It will thus be seen that whilst we can only claim two N.C.U. Championships there are 19 Anerley men who between them have had 1,014 records on the N.C.U. books. The frequency of the tricycle amongst them is quite appropriate for the three wheeler had its votaries for most of the years.

The record of the membership is not less striking when we leave the track of the N.C.U. for the corresponding accepted authority of all classic road events, the Road Records Association.

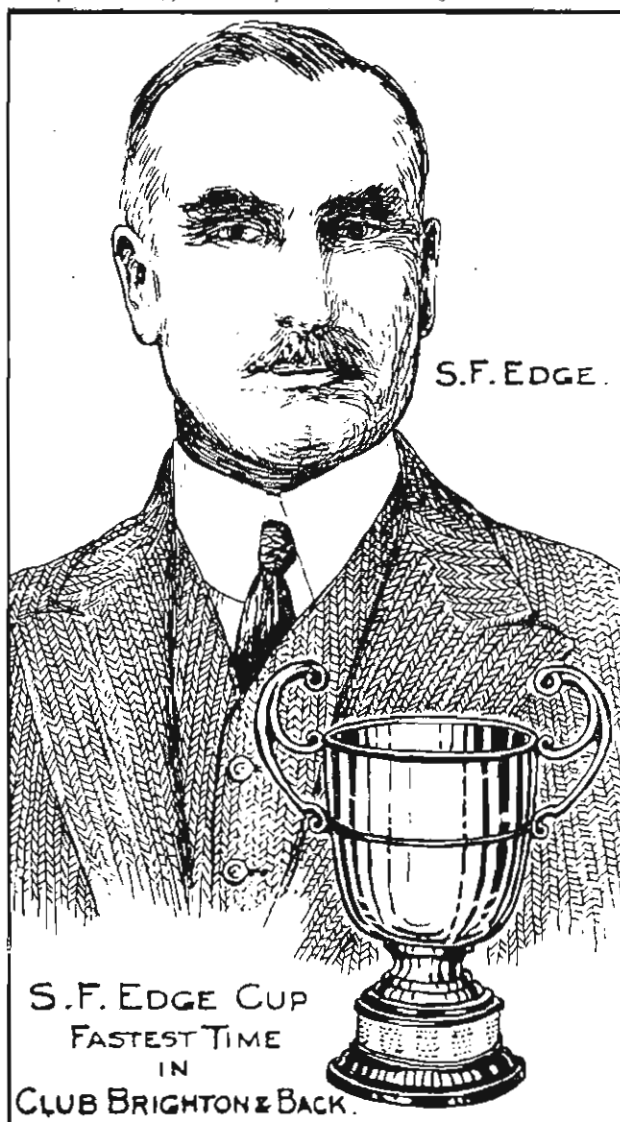
50 miles, Tandem Bicycle, Solid Tyres.

J.G.H. Browne and	W.M. Crosbie (North Road)	2h.42m.3s.	1890
<u>50 miles, Bicycle.</u>			
J.W. Stocks		2h.1m.8s.	1895
<u>100 miles, Bicycle.</u>			
S.F. Edge		5h.24m.57s.	1893
<u>100 miles, Tandem Bicycle.</u>			
J.G.H. Browne and	W.M. Crosbie (North Road)	6h.25m.39s.	1890
W.H.M. Burgess and	F. Cole (not A.B.C.)	5h.30m.32s.	1893
W. Stocks and	M.A. Holbein (North Road)	4h.46m.18s.	1895
<u>100 miles, Tandem Tricycle.</u>			
S.F. Edge and	G.L. Morris (Poly)	6h.57m.32s.	1887
S.F. Edge and	J.F.L. Bates	5h.30m.31s.	1890
This road record by two Anerley men stood 34 years and then was only beaten by 5 minutes.			
<u>1,000 miles Bicycle.</u>			
G.A. Olley		4 days 9h.3m.	1907

	<u>12 hours, Tricycle.</u>	
E.J. Steel	190 ^{1/2} miles	1894
	<u>12 hours, Tandem Bicycle.</u>	
J.W. Stocks and and M.A. Holbein (North Road)	221 miles	1895
	<u>London to York, Bicycle.</u>	
S.F. Edge	12h. 49m.	1892
	Edge rode a geared ordinary. <u>London to Liverpool, Bicycle.</u>	
E.J. Steel	12h. 29m.	1895
	<u>London to Edinburgh, Bicycle.</u>	
G.A. Olley	27h. 10m.	1904
	<u>Land's End to John O'Groats, Bicycle.</u>	
G.A. Olley	3 days 20h. 15m.	1905
G.A. Olley	3 days 5h. 20m.	1908
	<u>London to Bath and Back, Bicycle.</u>	
C.G. Wridgway	14h. 22m. 57s	1893
C.G. Wridgway	12h. 55m. 14s	1894
	<u>London to Brighton and Back, Bicycle.</u>	
S.F. Edge (cushion tyre)	7h. 2m. 50s.	1890
S.F. Edge	6h. 51m. 7s.	1892
S.F. Edge	5h. 52m. 30s.	1895
C.G. Wridgway	5h. 35m. 32s.	1894
C.G. Wridgway	5h. 22m. 33s.	1896
E.J. Steel (unpaced)	6h. 23m. 55s.	1898
It will be observed that the above record became a regular Anerley habit.		
	<u>London to Portsmouth and Back, Bicycle.</u>	
G.A. Olley	8h. 31m. 48s.	1899
In all 25 classic road records divided amongst eight Anerley men.		

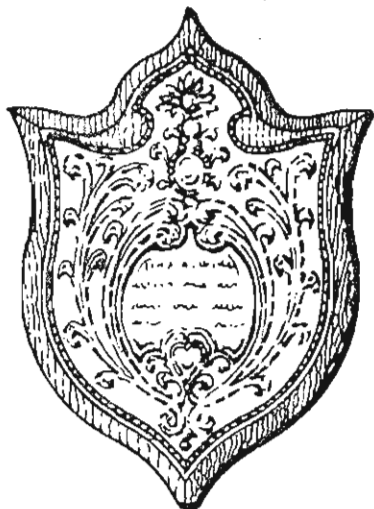
The above classic events far from cover all the meritorious performances of the members mentioned and we cannot refrain from giving other examples of their prowess. For instance S.F. Edge won the Catford Open Hill Climb up Westerham in 1887, his perfect ankle action being ideal for this sort of thing. In 1888 he won the North Road Club's Open "100" against 45 competitors, including Holbein; it was over 8 mins. before the second man followed him in. He won the same race again in 1889. In 1891 he dead-beated with Walsh, a very fine rider of the ordinary, in an open 12 hours run by the Catford on the North Road, their distance being 166 miles. In 1893 Edge won the Bath Road open "100" the same occasion making world's record for the century, our man Wridgway being only 10 sec. behind for second place, his first "100" in competition. Edge was a fine road rider, particularly at 100 miles.

To turn to Olley, he made the Southern unpaced 100 miles road record 5hrs. 44mins. 7secs in 1901, and the same year won the Dibble Shield, 12 hours path, with 277 miles, and the Carwardine Cup open path "100," run by



THE APPLETREE SHIELD.

PRESENTED TO THE CLUB IN 1955 BY
B.A.OLLEY IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER
G.A.OLLEY.



G.A.OLLEY WON THE SHIELD
WITH 3 WINS OVER 12 HOURS
IN 1901, 1902, & 1904.

THE 1904 RIDE WAS A SOUTHERN
ROADS RECORD OF 202 MILES.

the Anerley, his time being 3 hrs. 46 mins. 17 1/5 secs. In 1902 he put the Southern 12 hour mileage up to 193 miles and again won the Dibble Shield, this time for 6 hours on the path, 151 miles 1,705 yards. The Carwardine Cup, run in 1902 as a "100" on the path, again fell to him in 3 hrs. 48 mins. 31 4/5 secs.

In 1903 and again in 1904 he held the Southern Roads "50" records, his 1904 time, 2 hrs. 17 mins. 39 secs., standing for eight years. Other little activities of Olley in 1904 were Southern road record 100 miles, 5-26-18, and 12 hours, 202 miles; North Road 24 hours, 344 miles; a rare good man was Olley, we have never had a better.

Ever-popular Hogan (Beefy) was best as a tricyclist, although his first cycling years were spent on a safety. He started work with his tricycle in 1909 by winning the handicap in the Catford Open Road "50," his time 2-48-13 being only 1 sec. slower than the then Southern record. This race was the first in which the entries numbered over 100. He won the Anerley Club "100" in 1909 on a safety, over the S.R.R.A. course, worthy of mention as his time, 6 hrs. 10 mins. was 7 mins. better than the then Southern record. He races

no more but his heart is in it as much as ever and he served on the Committees of both the R.R.A. and S.R.R.A.

We cannot, whilst on the subject of records, omit mentioning Alf. Nixon who established the Land's End to John O'Groats' record, on a tricycle, in 1892. He took 14 days to cover the 1,007 miles his route took him, on his massive solid tyred three wheeler. It may sound slow, but there are few today who could ride 72 miles on 14 consecutive days, under the same conditions.

There was no R.R.A. then, but Nixon became the first Hon. Secretary of that honourable body. Nixon did other things on his tricycle in the dim early days, but his performance that made the greatest impression on the membership was his winning, on a safety, the finest prize ever put up in a Club event, a solid silver tea service, given by R.H. Fry for a 20 miles road handicap.

To resume our comments on our men in the record lists, C.G. Wridgway joined the Club in 1893 and was a very prominent member until business calls took him first to America and later France, where he died suddenly in 1924, only 51. He was a very happy speed rider, full of jokes, enjoying those at his own expense as much as any other. It was impossible to be sad or dull when he was of the party and he had behind it all a very practical vein of kindness, he never missed a chance of helping a friend, particularly an Anerley friend. G. Ernest Osmond was quite good on a bicycle, but he never reached the heights of his wonderful handicap riding brother, Fred. J. He too (Ernest) was a humorist with a sardonic touch foreign to Wridgway. Both Burgess and C.B. Lawes became Club Presidents and are referred to hereafter. H.H. Clarke has done far more for tracks than he has ever done on them, he belongs more to the hard Club workers than the speed division. A man of few words but many actions, a very wise counsellor in Club affairs he has never ceased to help in every type of activity for over 40 years. Percy Litchfield, one of the oldest cyclists in England, both as regards the length of his cycling career and his age. He joined us in 1891 and had already been a cyclist for 16 years and was therefore riding six years before the Club existed. He raced with the great Cortis, the first

man to do 20 miles in the hour. It was his hobby to ride to Brighton every Saturday and back every Sunday all the year round.

He was mainly responsible for a track at Putney that experienced various little troubles. As to H.D. Buck we feel there is more to be said about his speed work than we have notes of, and he has not assisted us in the matter, but we have a record of his winning Cycling's gold bowl in 1908, when he won the quarter mile scratch at the Stadium for the third time. He was undoubtedly one of the speediest short distance path men we ever had.

J.G.H. Browne, known as "Gee Gee" because he once raced a trotting horse by riding under the animal's belly when it reared, was a road rider who got what triumphs he might by dint of a most determined character, rather than natural speed qualities. He was a good Club man and also a man of marked individuality, with original outlook and habits. One of the latter took the rather dangerous form of always lighting up a cigar as soon as he got into bed. J.W. Stocks was obviously a good strong pusher in 1893 for Holbein to select him as a partner for 100 miles. The brothers Wotton were amongst our best men on the road in the days of the ordinary; H.A. Wotton secured in 1890 the 12 hours record for South Roads. In March 1892, K.F. Edge, our one time Hon. Secretary, brought the 50 miles road record of Tasmania down to 3 hrs. 15 mins., racing away in the last 10 miles from his pacemakers, an act his brother, S.F., would never have been guilty of.

In the autumn of 1898 W. Baker did a remarkable ride for the times, covering 298 miles of our usual Southern roads and hills in 24 hours, the first safety 24 hours that we can trace on those highways. The good little bunch of Anerley sportsmen who paced him were H.H. Clarke, Gladding Bros., Mitson, Riminton and Williams, the only other helpers being two heroes of the Surrey B.C., Kirkham brothers, who came all the way from Manchester to do it.

It is interesting to compare with the above D.F. Kirby's 24 hours ride over much the same roads in the Catford "24" of 1926. Kirby, in spite of a heap of trouble when the bottom bracket spindle of his bicycle broke, covered 358 miles, a very fine ride indeed, thus beating, after 27 years, Baker's total by 60 miles.

Another very fine road rider is R. Edgar, who joined in 1926, since when he has absorbed a very large proportion of the many prizes available. He won the Cup put up by S.F. Edge for the Brighton and back trip in 1927, doing 5hrs. 44mins. 16secs., and in 1928 with 5hrs. 51mins. 35secs., and yet again in 1929 with 5hrs. 33mins. 21secs.

The first open road event the Anerley ever ran was 100 miles in 1889. It was engineered by K.F. Edge and a world of trouble it gave him. It was, we believe, the first open road race for bicycles ever run South of the Thames. Incidentally, the course had to be discovered and measured. It was from Earlswood Common to Povey Cross, Woodhatch, Crawley, Horsham, Dorking and Horsham again, Broadwater and back to Earlswood, quite an energetic course. C.A. Smith, Bath Road, won, being timed by A.J. Wilson, 7 hrs. 37mins. 10secs. Teddy Hale a good second, having lost on the final sprint. The next time it was attempted to run this race it was proclaimed by the N.C.U. because the date was announced in Bicycling News, without the Club's authority. It was never run again.

The Anerley open invitation 12 hours has, on the contrary, had a very happy history, far too long of course properly to deal with here, but the cycling papers have done it full justice.

This 12 hours, that has now become a classic, was first organised for the Club in 1911 by F.S. Burgess (Sardine), and a huge job it was. The running of this race always entails a lot of work and some anxiety to the noble soul who undertakes to manage it, but whatever his experiences they do not quite touch those of the man who had to organise every detail of the first of the series.

It must be said that the event got off to a good start by F.H. Grubb setting up a new Southern Roads record for 12 hours and below is a list of the winners and distances up to the time these notes were written.

1911	F.H. Grubb	220 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
1912	H.G. Cook	209 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles
1913	W.A. George	216 miles
(Interval here for the war).		
1919	C.F. Davey	209 miles
1920	M.G. Selbach	208 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles
1921	M.G. Selbach	214 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
1922	M.G. Selbach	217 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles
1923	J.E. Holdsworth	211 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
1924	F.W. Southall	217 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles
1925	H. Fowler	212 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles
1926	C. Marshall	220 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles
1927	C. Marshall	227 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
1928	C. Marshall	227 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
1929	C. Marshall	224 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles

The race has become an annual beacon for the Vegetarian C.C., they provided the winner in 1911, 1919 and 1926 - 1929, six times out of 14, and have a top score, 227 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. In 1926 the Anerley won the team race run in connection with this "12", their men scoring A.D. Webb, 204 $\frac{1}{2}$; W.R.I. Howard, 201 $\frac{1}{4}$; and W.R.H. Moon, 199 $\frac{3}{4}$.

In the quite early days of the Club, we ran for some few years a joint track meeting with the East Dulwich C.C., a nice set of fellows with a real live wire of an Hon. Secretary. The first meetings were on grass but in June 13th, 1891, the meeting was held on the new Herne Hill track and was a great success. The first meeting included a 2 mile handicap won by G.F. Osmond from scratch. We mention this because we believe that Osmond was thus the first man to win a race on this track. The Anerley won the team race against our friends of the E. Dulwich; they nearly always did. On June 11th, 1892, the very famous American racing man, A.A. Zimmerman, won from scratch the 2 miles open handicap at our joint meeting at Herne Hill.

We think we are in order in mentioning here that H.M. Ellis on Sept., 21st, 1922, put up a British Amateur Record at Herne Hill under U.C.I. regulations, riding, behind motor pacing, in an hour the remarkable distance of 36 miles 683 yards. Why we put it this way is because Ellis left the Anerley for another Club, but we believe he was still on the roll when he did this ride.

Although the Club has had some notable performers on the track, and as will be seen later, was for some years most prominently associated with the best track of its day, its heart has always mainly been in road events, both its own and others. It therefore naturally follows it has been involved in those burning problems that from time to time have stirred the road racing world into activity and even acrimony. As long ago as 1891 the question of giving medals for 12 hour rides accomplished on a Sunday was hotly debated, whilst no one was so boldly outrageous at that time to even hint at a club race on that day. For long the opponents carried the day, and it was not until 1924 that the change was made, the Anerley, for once, being about the last Club to fall into line, instead of showing others the way. The alteration in public opinion and the growing road congestion, both influenced the Committee. In 1892 it was even advocated to drop road racing altogether; for one thing police persecution was making things difficult. Like wise men, a compromise was arrived at, the short distance events being taken to the path, never to return to the road, whilst the longer distances remained on the highway. A trouble in Southern road events that about this time became acute was the practice of using what was known as the Frying Pan course at Woodhatch by several clubs on the same day, finishing on many

F. S. BURGESS.
ORGANIZER OF
FIRST ANERLEY "12" IN 1911.



FROM A GAZETTE
OF 1938
(LINO-CUT BY H.N.PETTY).

occasions at the same time, same spot, but in opposite directions. The chaos that ensued may be faintly imagined. Yet there was no existing machinery to stop it.

A little group, consisting of Jimmy Blair of the Catford, G.H. Smith of the Anerley, White of the Tooting B.C., and Keen of the Red Hill Wanderers, got together and formed, or caused to be formed, the Southern Road Riding Association. They were soon reinforced by Fred Haily, who came on as delegate from the Chichester C.C., and other good men who had the true interest of the sport at heart.

With the loyal help of all the Clubs, the overcrowding of courses soon ceased, fresh courses discovered and measured, the use of them arranged for in advance, records were properly timed and checked, and in fact the orderly arrangement of all road events down South became, and has remained, as satisfactory as in the North. The first race the Anerley ever ran over a S.R.R.A. course was a "25" on June 3rd, 1893; they still race over these courses although the riders are probably quite unaware of it. The S.R.R.A. in course of time ceased, but the present S.R.R.A. to which the Club is affiliated, rose from its ashes.

Later, another trouble hothered the road racer, the clashing of dates of important open road events. Again the Anerley was in the van in straightening out the situation, this time due to a brain wave of a brainy member, H.W. Bartleet (Sammy). Acting on his suggestion and under his active guidance, the Anerley called a meeting of Clubs, promoting open road events, at the Olympia Cycle Show of 1919. A scheme to avoid these regrettable clashes was evolved and has functioned smoothly ever since.

The very first 12 hours race on the track that was ever run anywhere was an Anerley Club event, thought of and worked up by H.H. Clarke, who had the hard luck to be kept away from starting the event by the call of business. It was run on the old original Crystal Palace track that few of the present members (1929) can have ever seen. It was a small track, no banking and cinder surfaced. Later, a much larger and more up to date track was made at the Palace; more of this hereafter. Eight started and all obtained medals, five gold and three silver, so the Club was not making money, as well as history, that day. W.H.M. Burgess won with a score of 192 miles 1,500 yards, W.Kemp a good second a mile behind; he went to pieces in the last 20 mins. Pacemakers were allowed and one of them, Geo. Lacey Hillier, was so favourably impressed with this 12 hour venture that he caused the open Anchor Shield race to be contested in this way at Herne Hill the following October, and it was won by an Anerley man, Wridgway.

Whilst ours was the first 12 hours track race the first man known to attempt 12 hours on the track was "Sammy" Bartleet, who took his ordinary on the long lone trail over the same track, in 1889 when he did 135 miles unpaced, retiring at 10 hours 20 minutes.

It is of course impossible to more than hint at the Club's road races in this little volume, but for the most part their thrills, where they live at all can only be in the memories of those that took part in them. They had their importance to the Club, were the talk and interest of their day, as are the keenly contested races now, when better times are done not only by the winners but by the whole field. Still, there was a Club "50" run on June 9th, 1894, over a measured S.R.R.A. course and timed by official time-keepers, that might be cited as a good sample of Club road events. Seventeen started, C.G. Wridgway on scratch, Burgess, A.W. Horton and Gomme on 3 mins. mark, limit having 32 mins.

Pacing, as always then, was allowed and consisted chiefly of tandems. At half distance mark the whole of the scratch and 3 mins. batch came up in a mob in 1 hr. 10½ mins., the pacing tandems hanging on desperately instead of being in front. It was a grand finish between Wridgway and Horton, a long sprint on a clear straight road only ending at the post,

by Wridgway just crossing first. Burgess was third. Wridgway not only won but broke two records, the world's out and home "50" by 1 min. 58 sec., and the Southern Roads by 9 mins. 36 secs., the latter having previously been held by Horton. A.W. Dunn who started with 25 mins., was sixth in 3 hrs. 11 mins. We mention Dunn because 35 years afterwards he is still one of the most consistent supporters of Club runs that we have.

The S.R.R.A. had a trophy presented by the President of the Association, Mr. Roberts, a weekly illustrated paper proprietor. It was called the Roberts Shield for a 50 miles race on the road and Championship of the South. Its first winner was Platt Betts, his name first coming into prominence on that occasion. In 1894 and 1895 it went to the Anerley per Wridgway, and in 1896 it was taken on to the Palace track but could not escape Anerley clutches, Ellis winning in 1 hr. 51 mins. 15 secs. Our old friends of the East Dulwich sent a competitor, J.B. Cooke, who probably became superstitious afterwards; his number was 13, the winner passed him in the 13th lap, he fell in the 13th lap short of 100, at 13 minutes short of the hour.

In 1895 one of the outstanding events of the Club's history happened, the gigantic silver Carwardine Cup valued 300 guineas, was presented by Mr. Vice-President Carwardine. The first contest for it was an open 24 hrs. on Putney track on June 21st and 22nd, 1895. It was a great success for the Club, a good gate was frantically enthusiastic and after a splendid determined race C.C. Fontaine won the right to have his name first on the trophy. Next year, 1896, the race was transformed into a century and run off at Herne Hill on July 4th, Frost, a Bath Roder, winning. He ultimately won for the third time in 1900, and took final possession of the mountain of silver. His time for the 100 on the last occasion was 3 hrs., 46 mins. 56½ secs. timed by the official N.C.U. time-keeper and our member, Pem Coleman, Olley of ours being second, 2 mins. behind. He had a nasty fall in the race.

To replace the lost cup Mr. Carwardine gave a smaller but gold one and in the first and second race for this in 1901 - 1902 our G.A. Olley proved the winner, and in 1902 we also provided the second man, F.A. Daymond, who had been third the year before.

The 1902 win was on Whit Monday, and "Dagonet" in The Referee, said, "of course he won, was it not Bank-Olley-Day?" In 1896 Fred. Baily, was appointed Superintendent of the new track at the Crystal Palace, then just opened. This was our introduction to some years of prominence in track racing matters.

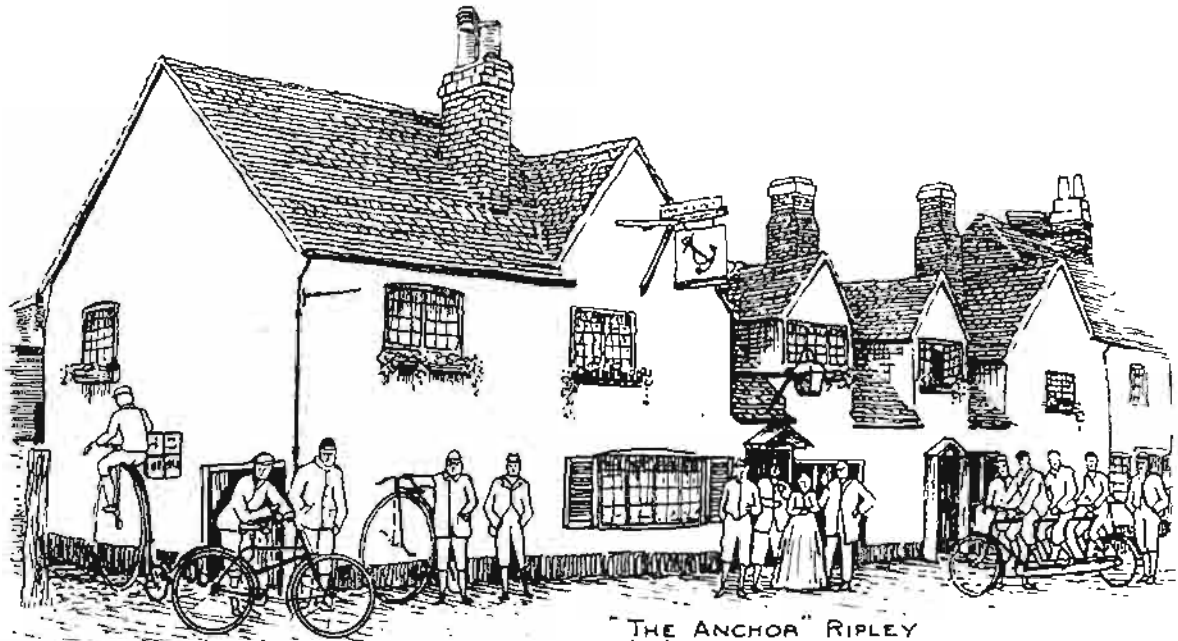
The following year, 1897, we became the Ground Club of the Crystal Palace track, with W. Mitson, Racing Hon. Secretary. Our first open meeting was in June, same year, when a tandem race was run for the first time, one of ours, A. Farrell, sharing the third prize in the final with Le Grys of the De Laune C.C. The best thrill was the 10 miles scratch, a finely ridden race won by Burnand of the Catford. All the officials, except the umpires, and the judge Dr. Turner, were A.B.C. men, and there was a fine gate.

Under the intensive push of Mitson, the Anerley kept the C.P. track lively for the next 10 years. There was Club racing every Thursday evening in the season and frequent open meetings. In 1899 the Palace Board of Directors presented the Club with the Dibble Shield. This had previously been known as the Anchor Shield, the Dibble family of course for very many years presided over the "Anchor" at Ripley. The race, an open 12 hours, was run on the 9th September, 1899, and was a great success from a sporting point of view, but the gate was rather poor. It was won by E.S. Montgomery of the North Surrey with 267 miles. Only one Anerley man ran, J.H. Gladding, who was fifth with 241 miles. A little incident in the race was the chalking on the board the result of the Dreyfus case in France. This well-known case aroused intense interest and feeling both in France and England. When the result was seen to be against Dreyfus the

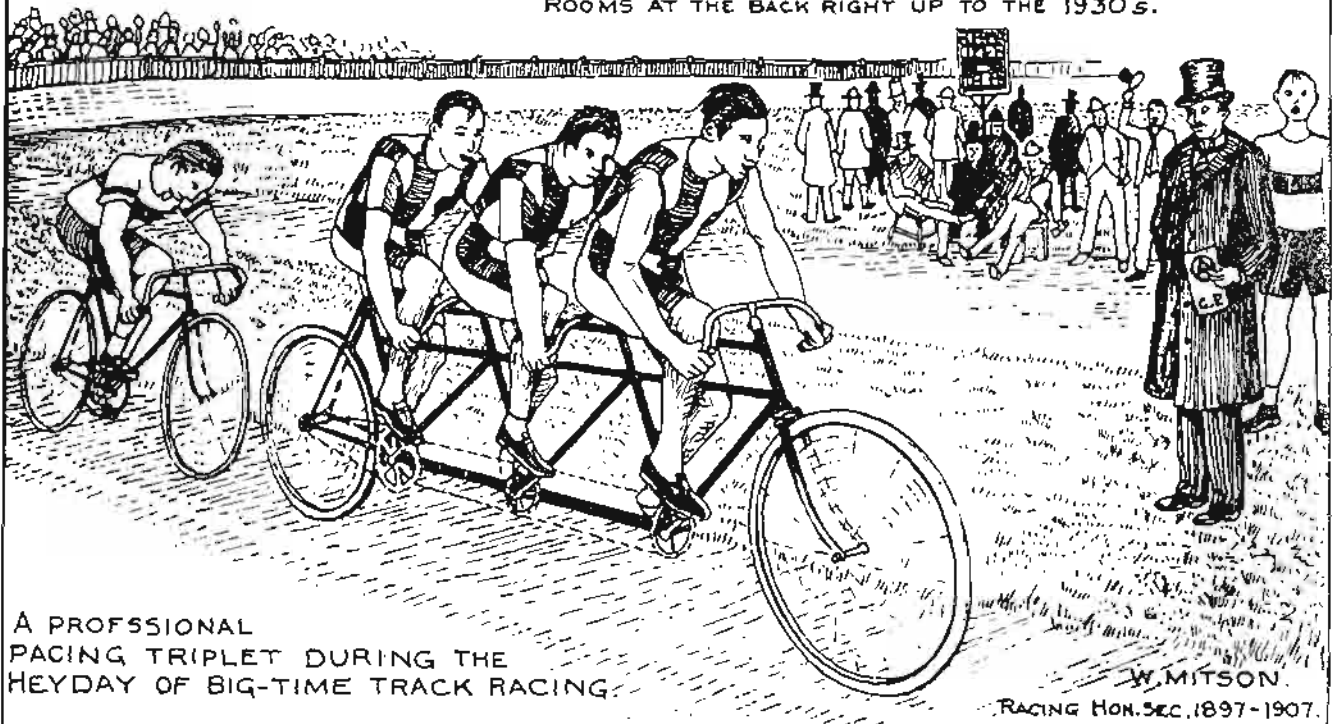
crowds gave a tremendous groan which the self-conscious competitors thought was meant for them, and all put in a frantic effort.

Mitson was married in 1901 and members presented him with a piano as a mark of appreciation of his wonderful work as Racing Hon. Secretary.

In June, 1906, in conjunction with Cycling, a very big meeting was held at the Crystal Palace, the gate being estimated at 30,000. This was followed by a grand concert in the Palace, the whole orchestra, the main floor and the galleries being crowded. All who heard this vast assembly sing "Land of Hope and Glory", not so hackneyed then, are hardly likely to forget it. Much, much more, might be written about the Club's close association with the cycle racing of its age, both path and road, but perhaps enough has been said to bring home to those who did not know, and to remind those that did, that the Anerley has done its bit in the past as it does now.



"THE ANCHOR" RIPLEY
IN THE 1890'S (WHEN M^{RS} HARRIET DIBBLE WAS PROPRIETRESS)
IT WAS MUCH FAVOURED BY CYCLISTS, MANY HUNDREDS MEETING
THERE ON OCCASIONS. THE A.B.C. HAS HAD MANY A TEA IN THE
ROOMS AT THE BACK RIGHT UP TO THE 1930'S.



A PROFESSIONAL
PACING TRIPLET DURING THE
HEYDAY OF BIG-TIME TRACK RACING.

W. MITSON.

RACING HON. SEC. 1897-1907.

THE WAR YEARS, 1914-1918.

Final preparations were being made for the usual Anerley 12 hours Invitation Open, when the war started. From that moment all the normal routine of the Club's life ceased, certainly until 1919, and indeed, even today, 11 years after, one cannot say that as yet quite everything is as once it was.

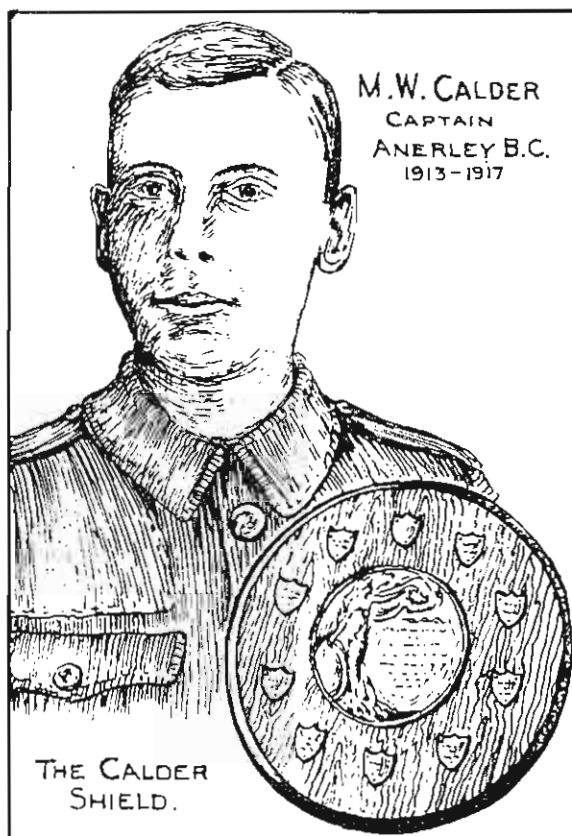
But the Club never ceased to function, runs were carried out, fortnightly where they could not be weekly, and to take the place of the Gazette news letters were sent out by the President to every member serving who could be reached. These letters were much enjoyed, there are recipients who still refer to them, to them they were little rays of sunlight on a dark landscape. Our men, as they joined up, were distributed over half the globe. One of the first to go was C.G. Blake, 25th County of London, to India; Long Maton to East Africa; E.A. Spring, then Hon. Sec., to France. W.P. Harmsworth, detained in this country for scientific work of national importance, took on the Secretarial duties, and eventually almost all the other official appointments as well. M.W. Calder was Captain when the war started and for some time turned out on every run. Sent with his regiment to France in 1916, he wrote from the front to suggest his resignation as Captain, but the Club would not hear of it and S.K. Aldous acted as his deputy until he also was called away to the R.N.V.R.

Regrettably M.W. Calder was killed in action at Bullecourt and G.H. Smith wrote, when announcing the Club's great loss, "The Anerley have been happy in their Captains, but to put it temperately and simply no previous holder of the office has been more enthusiastic and efficient, more of a sportsman and a gentleman, nor more esteemed and loved by every member fortunate to meet him, than M.W. Calder, who died on May 3rd, 1917, a soldier in the Honourable Artillery Company, one of the best Captains we can ever hope to have."

Mr. Calder, Senior, who also lost another son in action, presented to the Club the Calder Shield in memory of our Captain. It is and will remain one of our most precious treasures.

Other members we lost in action were C.A. Say, W.N. Belham and Polehampton, whilst one of our then most speedy men, H.E. Brookes, died as result of exposure in 1918, and Dick Horton after the war. Several were wounded, "Beefy," taking over a year to recover. Possibly others were killed, but in the confusion of the times news came on halting wing.

Hall was a Lt. Colonel, "Sandow" Norman an officer in Salonica, "Beefy" a Lieutenant, "Bloss" Bailey an instructor in Canada, Wells the R.F.A., Jack Harmsworth a flying man, Andrews in the Oxford Hussars, whilst Hale became a war prisoner. How many of the Club did their bit we do not know, but these figures are definite; at the Old Boy's Run to Redhill in Sept., 1917, letters and messages were read out from no less than 37 members then serving in the Army or Navy. One good thing emerged from these sad war years, the starting of the Junior Section.



FESTIVITIES AND CUSTOMS.

The annual Club dinner has always been a festivity and has now become a custom. The earlier dinners were at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark end of London Bridge. It really was an hotel in these days, a very solid, dull, early Victorian specimen of a London hotel, and even Mark Tapley would have allowed some credit in being jolly in spite of such a mausoleum-like setting. We only went there because it suited our President, Mr. R.H. Fry; he did so much for us we could not do less for him. With Fry in the Chair the dinner would have gone with a swing anywhere, he really enjoyed being with us and we to have him; he not only made a perfect Chairman and ruler of the feast, but he invariably paid for all the wines, cigars, waiters' tips, most of the valuable prizes distributed, and wound up by asking to be allowed to give no less good prizes for the following season. We had this wonderful experience for 15 years. In 1892 we moved to Anderton's Fleet Street, even Mr. Fry having begun to feel chill nearer the river. In 1893 we happily discovered the Holborn Restaurant and that famous establishment gave us a warm welcome for several following years, but later we have imbued the spirit of the times and become more restless, changing the scene of the festivity but retaining its essentials. In 1929 the dinner was as successful as ever, this time at Frascati's.

That well known writer on cycling subjects, the late H.J. Swindley, wrote thus in *The Cyclist* of 17th January, 1894, anent the Anerley dinner he had just attended. "What is it that constitutes the esprit de Corps in a cycling club? Is it the possession of a generous and sporting President in addition to the sportsmanlike feeling of the majority of the members sown and fostered by the knowledge that at their supreme head there is a more than ornamental official always ready to be interested in all the Club undertakes? Is that the secret of the fellowly accord of the Anerley B.C., so charmingly and so graciously evinced at their annual dinner? Whatever the cause there was a thoroughness, a go, and a swing about this particular festivity which we often find lacking in older or more prominent associations." Very nice of Swindley, all the more so as it was and is perfectly true.

It will be news to some and a startling reminder to others, that in 1899 the dinner was held at the Crystal Palace, when Fry held his gentle sway over the 100 present. It was long a custom at these functions to make a collection for the Sandwichmen's Christmas Feed, that was annually organised by our Vice-President F.P. Low, to give a good meal and wonderful entertainment once a year to a deplorable body of men who once roamed the gutters of London streets for a pittance; a cruel spectacle happily no longer seen, at least not in its old abject tragedy.

Other forms our festivities have taken are dances that for a time were very popular, but the rather unsociable character modern dances and dancers have assumed would probably make it difficult to recapture the family party warmth and go of the Club dances of the nineties, such as the one at the Clarence Hall, Anerley, on 26th Jan., 1893, when 87 members and their lady friends tripped the night hours away with Capt. Fred Baily as M.C., marching up and down the middle, beaming good nature that infected the whole bright throng.



Billiards and card competitions have from time to time been indulged in with other clubs, generally to the discomfort of the home team. The Brixton Ramblers have been particularly friendly in connection with these gentle sports and we have frequently had the good fortune to be their guests at their club rooms.

Concerts, Lantern Shows, Home Trainer Competitions, these were held mostly in our own Club rooms and of these we will now write. The first Club House belongs to the very early days. It was an unsuitable and uncomfortable building at the back of the "Robin Hood", Anerley. It really had only one good feature, an ex-coach-house that gave room for boxing. A few of the members, led on as usual by S.F. Edge, subscribed to pay the fee of a professional boxing instructor. He was a very active man with both his fists and his feet. The writer recalls that it was suggested he should subscribe, and as an inducement to that end was given a free trial round. The Professor promised not to "hit the gent 'ard," and thus encouraged, a start was made. It was a short round, for what the Professor described as "a little tap on the boko" had such an effect that we concluded if we got all that for nothing it would be sheer folly and extravagance to pay to have any more.

From these sanguinary scenes we moved to a smaller but more comfortable building in Ridsdale Road, Anerley, since pulled down to make room for houses. We were there for several years and it was the scene of many a very jolly evening. The place was burgled three times, one occasion two men were caught and convicted. It was at this Club House that in 1891 two members volunteered to give a demonstration of the simplicity of repair of the original stuck on Dunlop, then just coming into fashion in the Club. They gallantly struggled with the ghastly thing for three hours, then packed it up in brown paper to take to the makers next day.

We had a Home Trainer at this place. Some of our later members may not know what a home trainer is, or was. Briefly it is a bicycle saddle mounted over a fly wheel, to which cranks and pedals are attached. Seated in the saddle and grasping the fixed handle-bar, the competitor goes all out, a dial registering the imaginary mileage he has covered in a given time. It is an extremely exhausting form of exercise, none the less so in a hot and smoke filled room. One has had to have been in a race on this instrument of torture to fully appreciate the enormity of "Sammy" Bartleet's suggestion that 12 hours and six days competitions should be held upon it. The debates, the arguments in Ridsdale Road were great; we should have become a tribe of orators. As someone wrote at the time, "Is it eloquence you want me darlint, then just drop into the Club House when S.F. Edge is holding forth on the geared ordinary. It is not so much what he says as the lively way he says it. One staggers home after some three hours of his overpowering vehemence, his cutting sarcasm, his ever ready-answers to every possible argument or criticism, with a rather mixed notion perhaps of what he has exactly been saying, but a firm conviction that if you want a machine to go like the wind without any effort on your part, to ride up sides of houses or down chalk pits without danger, you must buy a geared ordinary."

Our good old consistent member Bartrop gave several entertaining lantern shows at this Club House.

Our next and last move was in 1899 to the Crystal Palace; where we had a very fine room behind the "Kings and Queens." We had Hot-Pot Club suppers there on occasions, concerts, whist drives and a billiard table. It was by far and away the best premises, but we are not sure it was quite as popular as the crowded little place in Ridsdale Road. Then came the difficult days of the old Palace, and in 1910 our Club House ended.

We believe the Anerley, leader in so many things, was the first Club to have a gazette or magazine of its own. It began in 1888 with a publication laboriously produced by copyograph by the Editor, T.D. McMeakin. He even drew the illustrations and drew them remarkably well.

The first issue printed came out in 1890 with G.H. Smith as Editor and it continued in his charge until 1894. This printed series had a very fine heading drawn specially by George Moore, the finest artist of anywhere and any time so far as correct and convincing drawings of cycles and cyclists goes. It depicts the finish of a safety race with A.J. Wilson as judge, an Olympia tandem tricycle with Mrs. Geo. Moore on the front saddle, and a man on a single tricycle, commonly supposed to be S.F. Edge. The Club motto is introduced and the badge of that period, a shield.

This was used on every issue from 1890 until the present smaller page was introduced in 1924. C.K. Clarke was Editor in 1895; C.G. Wridgway, 1896; A.W. Dunn, 1897 - 1908; H.M. Ellis, 1909 - 10; S.G. Sherwood, 1911 - 1913; C.E. Bailey, 1914 - 15, then a blank for the war, resumed in 1920 - 1923 by B.H. Hogan, and 1924 - 1929 by E.A. Spring. It is a fine record of continuous effort, and particularly worthy of comment is the performance of A.W. Dunn who was Editor for over 12 years, as steady a sticker in the Editorial chair as he has been for years and years on the road. Believe us this getting out of the Gazette month after month to time is no small tax on busy members, a fact that is not always fully grasped by those who read and enjoy it. The getting of copy is at times more troublesome than it should be, and more than one Editor has often thought the thought that one has put in type, after reading Tom Hood probably, "Alas that months should come so fast and copy come so slow." But if copy came slow it was very excellent when it arrived. There has been real good stuff in our Gazettes quite apart from the Club interest, and nowhere have we come across a writer who could treat a plain club run so artistically, so delicately in humour, so picturesque in description, as our own W.R. Matthews.

Some passing notes to close this chapter. The standard dress for members, grey cloth suit and black stockings, was abolished in 1891. Since then various original costume schemes have appeared on Club runs. It may come as a shock to present members to learn that the Club ever had ladies on the membership roll, but they did. In 1898 Mrs. E. Boxer of Hookwood was elected; her son, A.E. Boxer, was our Social Hon. Secretary, at the time. The only other lapse that we are aware of is the case of Mrs. Moore, wife of a quiet tricycling member. We never saw Mrs. Moore cycle, but Mrs. Boxer could hold her own on the road.

We wonder what is the total amount of money the membership of the Club has spent in all on cycles. It must be a huge sum, one dares not put the guess on paper. In 1893 the Club was particularly well mounted and a rough summary was made of the cost of the new machines brought on the road by the members in the spring, it ran into over £1,000. Of course machines cost more then, we have known as much as £18 being given for a first class second hand safety; and this at a time when a mechanic earned about 25/- a week.

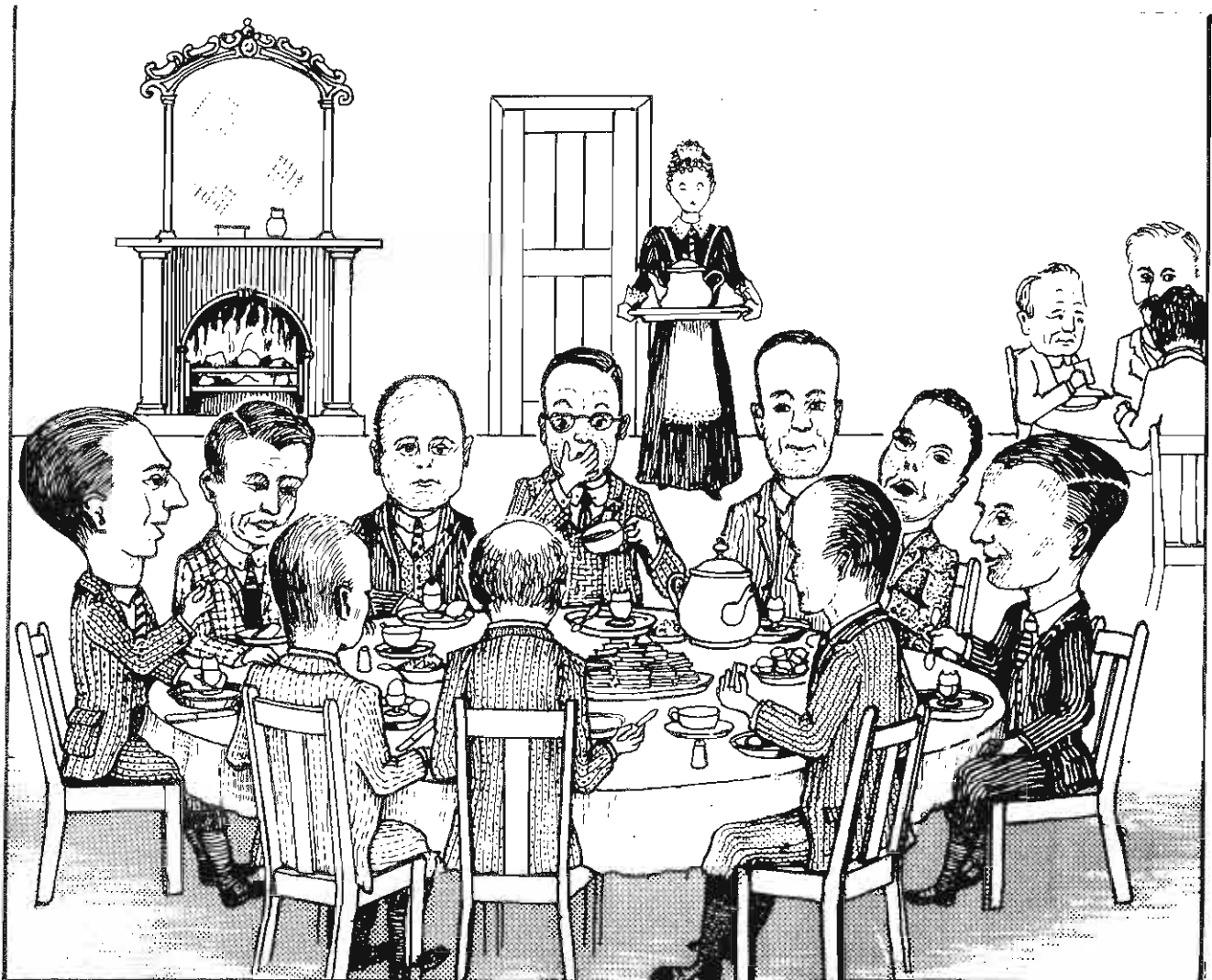
G.H. Smith closed his book "Some notes about the Anerley B.C." with the following words -Here endeth our chronicle and comments; some other hand must later tell the tale of the next 50 years of Anerley B.C. doings. They may be more remarkable, more illumed with honours, more sensational, but imagination fails to picture another 50 years of more happy comradeship, more fun, more health, better and truer friends.

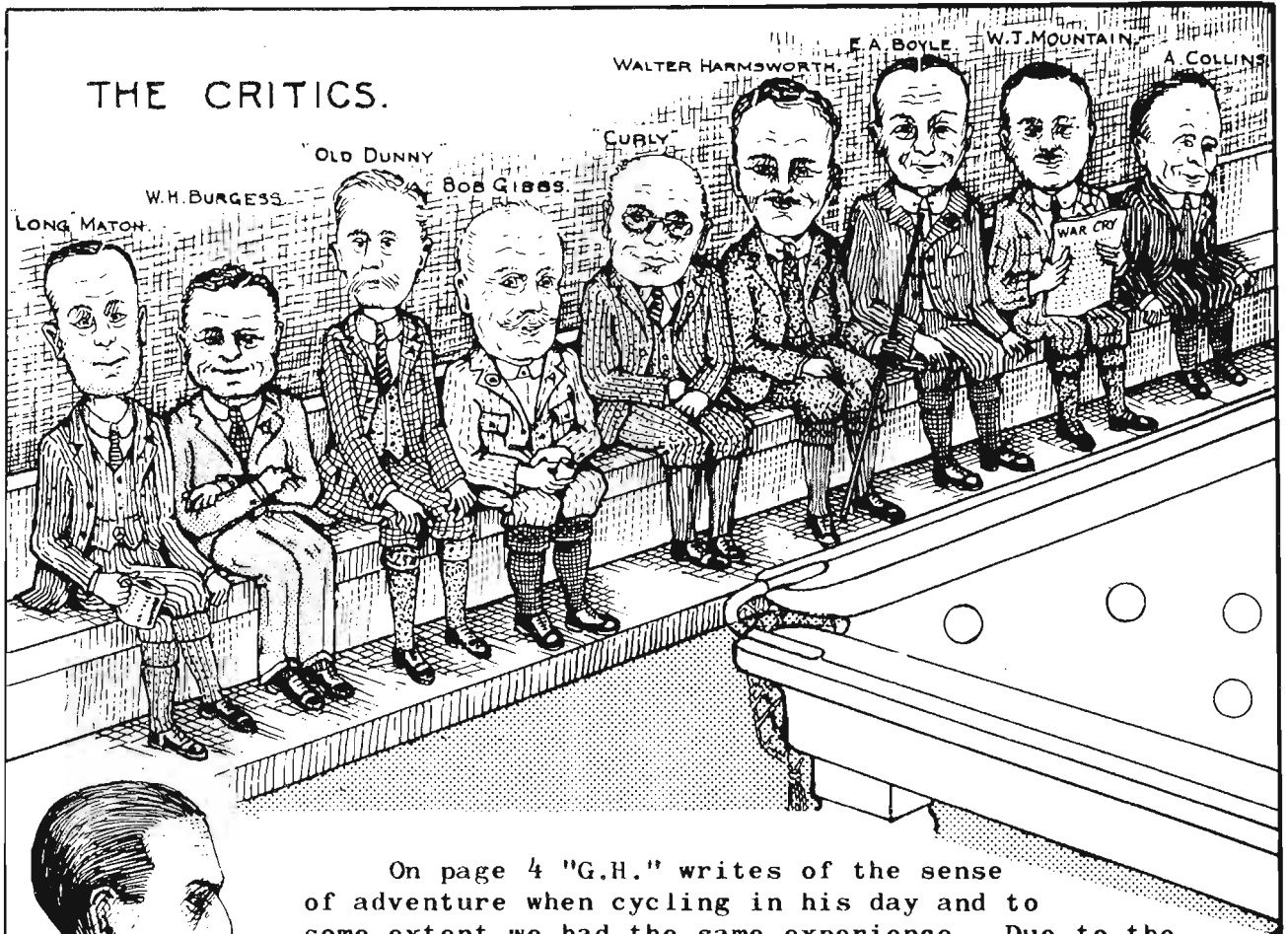
THE ROARING TWENTIES.

The writer of this section was introduced to the Club early in 1922 by Reg. Hawker, a fellow apprentice in the drawing office of an engineering firm on the outskirts of Croydon. Everybody rode bicycles to and from work, the managing director, the typist, the men on the shop floor, and it was quite a sight to see Reg., complete with bowler hat, riding his drop frame racing iron turn a perfect semi-circle in front of the offices and finish up in his slot in the cycle shed.

It seems strange that history has labelled the 20s as "roaring" as the decade for a young man was somewhat austere. Management generally had pre-1914 ideas of what a teenager should be paid, trade was bad and jobs for young people hard to find. One still cannot understand how we managed to save up enough money to buy a racing bicycle. A "Davey" built by A.H.Allin with fixed wheel and open sided tyres cost £15. No doubt the young man of today will consider this very cheap as he has to pay £145 for a company built machine with ten speeds. The difference is that we were paid about twelve shillings a week with a magnificent ten shillings bonus at Christmas.

Our programme during the year was divided into two. The winter evenings were spent at the polytechnic and our relaxation was tea out with the Club on Saturday afternoons. At Easter when the exams were over the racing bike was polished up and we went on training spins to Polhill on several evenings a week, with Club runs on Saturday. Those of us who went on the winter runs to "The Warwick" have never forgotten them, with tea before a blazing fire and games of billiards and snooker afterwards.





THE "CHAMP."

On page 4 "G.H." writes of the sense of adventure when cycling in his day and to some extent we had the same experience. Due to the war a number of us had not played any sports at school and had led somewhat restricted lives, so it was great fun to leave the office at 12 noon, have lunch, meet up with a few other juniors and ride the long way round to Redhill. The Middletons who then kept the "Warwick" welcomed us as part of the family and when the older members arrived we used to sit down to tea (two eggs if we were in funds) served so pleasantly by Louie.

Round the table would be Dudley Kirby on the left, and, travelling clockwise, Reg. Hawker, a very jolly companion. Next Le Fort, a great worker for the Club, and Half-Moon (as he was then known to distinguish him from Walter Moon, who joined in 1889). Then we have Captain Long Maton with his dead-pan expression pouring tea, with Rowe and Sid.Castell sitting opposite Dudley. Following on round the table is O.W. Wells who, with Long, kept the party in fits of laughter with their wise-cracks and leg pulling. Many a time Moon was caught with a crust going down and laughter coming up. The last two in the party are dear old "Curly" (H.H. Clarke) and Bob Gibbs, a great character. Looking back over the years it was the friendliness of the older members that made those days so memorable - we juniors were treated as equals, as fellow members of the Anerley Bicycle Club. After tea the party would repair to the upstairs billiard room which we would occupy for the evening, our only visitors being the Salvation Army Lassies selling the War Cry. Long would provide himself with a well filled tankard and with the other critics take his seat on the dais which ran the length of the room. The games of billiards or snooker varied in quality, classic if played by Dudley and Castell, fast and furious if Half Moon took the floor. The critics voiced their opinions in no uncertain terms and the rest of the spectators, seated round the bay window, encouraged the performers with light banter.

Come ten o'clock the younger members collected their bikes from the stable in the yard, lit their oil lamps (see page 9) and in orderly fashion rode to Gatton Point. From then on it was a case of the devil take the hindmost, with Reg. Hawker (whose "bobby dodger" was always well sooted up) leading the string. At Croydon we said our good-byes.

Another outstanding memory of my first year with the Club was the Opening Summer Run at "The Warwick" in April 1922. The day was cold, snow threatened to fall, but some 30 members and a few friends turned out for tea and a Club concert under the direction of Walter Harmsworth. Tea over, the company formed a sort of semi-circle round the fire and King, a friend of Bob Gibbs, opened the proceedings with a piano solo. Another friend of Bob's gave several chorus songs which got the party going with a swing. Walter Harmsworth and Mountain sang popular ballads and Beefy Hogan gave one or two of his hilarious Irish numbers. Bob Gibbs was prevailed upon to sing "A Friar in Orders Grey" and even G.H. did a turn singing "A Hunting We Will Go". Drinks were served at Half-time - ginger beer for the juniors (we were supposed to be in training) and something a little stronger for the older members. It was something quite different to be sitting surrounded by merry, jesting friends, listening to an informal concert and sometimes joining in a "Country and Western" of the day.



The dominant event of the summer season for every would-be racing man was undoubtedly the "12" and one would not be long in the Club before developing a burning ambition to get a "Gold" for 190 miles. F.H.Grubb's ride of 220½ miles in 1911 established it as a "Classic" and as it was the only open Southern "12" it attracted the very best riders from all over the country. Although the race was held on a Saturday, the starting card of 1922 carried 70 names. Among them was W.George, Charlie Davey, Maurice Selbach, Jack Holdsworth, and J.W.Rossiter. The Anerley were always pleased to see Jack Rossiter riding for, not only was he one of the greatest but he went round the course giving a smile to the marshals and a jolly word to the novices. He looked as if he enjoyed riding - a great advertisement for the course. After 58 years one of those novices still remembers Jack's cheery "Stick it Lad".

Also riding on that day were Jack Carter, E.Mason and W.Williams, of the Norwood Paragon C.C. In 1921 Williams won the handicap for the "Open 12" and he is shown here held up by Tom Smith, who kept a cafe on the outskirts of Crawley. Tom was a very jovial chap and his cafe on a Sunday was always crowded with racing men and helpers. Also in the sketch is "Arch" Allin, racing man and tireless helper during the 20s.



In 1923 the "12" became a scratch race which Jack Holdsworth won with 211½ miles. Heavy showers fell throughout the event and Jack Rossiter put up an excellent performance being placed second after a series of punctures.

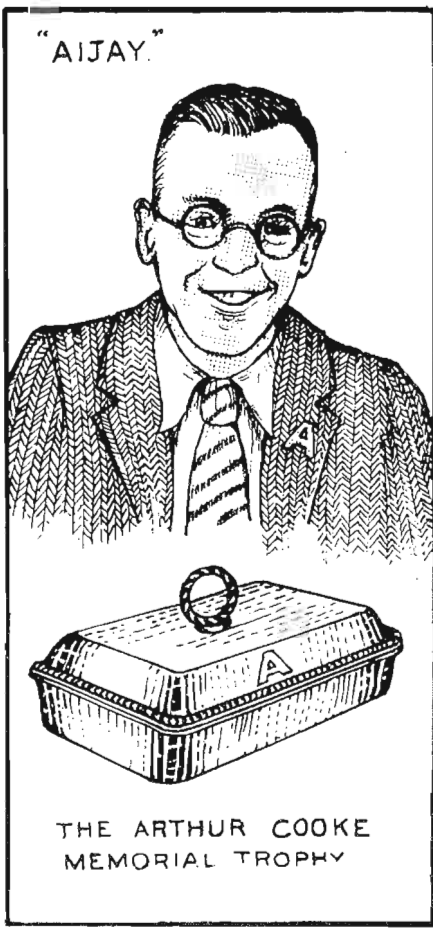
No Club could have been better supported by its "Old Boys" than the Anerley. They turned out on the races, invited us to those very special runs and generously subscribed to the prize fund. Their names appeared in the list of officers and they came to the annual dinner in force. We of the second generation owe them a great debt of gratitude and we remember them with affection.

Unfortunately we did not enroll many new members or attract, in the early 20s, a really fast rider or two. Club 25s and 50s were run on Saturday afternoons, sometimes with only four competitors riding, and the times were not at all good judged by today's standards. We often rode on steel rims as wooden sprints and tubulars were at that time hard to come by. The roads were macadamed but due to the war they had been neglected and were extremely "pot-hole" and not conducive to fast times.



JACK HOLDSWORTH.

In 1923 the post war members started to help run the Club. D.E.S.Kirby became Captain and within a few years the name of the Anerley B.C. became synonymous with Dudley Kirby. In 1924 Sid.Castell who had been a junior member for only two years, became General Hon.Sec. and in his quiet self-effacing and efficient way he held the reins, collected the subs., and ran the dinners until 1933.



THE ARTHUR COOKE MEMORIAL TROPHY

In the same year another new-comer, A.J.Cooke, took over the job of Racing Hon.Sec. and for 4 years he organized the Club races together with the "12", thus creating a record. Usually one year of looking after our Open was enough for most people. He set about his task with great enthusiasm and established a standard for all who followed to try and achieve. One of the tasks he undertook was to measure and record the distance between telegraph poles or landmarks on the finishing detours of the "12", which enabled him to tell competitors, when handing in their route cards, the exact distance they had covered. In Arthur's first year he followed out Frank Southall who won the "12" with 217¾ miles. Holdsworth was second with 212 and Jack Rossiter fifth with 209¾ miles.



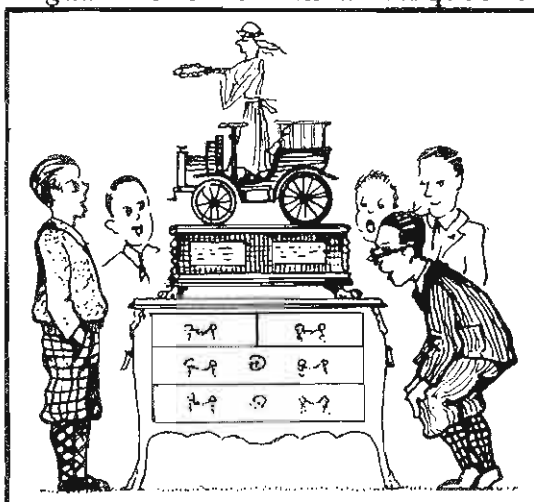
THE ONE & ONLY FRANK SOUTHALL.

By 1924 the new style of Gazette was produced and "AIJAY" consistently reported the Club races with humour, advice and sometimes pithy comment. For years he acted as delegate to the N.C.U., R.R.A., S.R.R.A. and R.R.C.

In the Gazette of April 1925 four new members were listed and by the end of the year another four were enrolled, so it seemed that the Club's wheel of fortune had passed its "dead centre" of depression and was rising to a prosperity similar to that which was cut short in August 1914. We had three riders in Fry's Hundred, revived for the first time since the war and in the last 25 in September there were ten entries. The Kentish Wheelers organized the first inter Map Reading contest with the Catford C.C. and ourselves, when we managed to field eight men including Bob Gibbs.

Possibly the outstanding treat of the year was the first invitation run given by Vice President F.S.Edge to his charming home, Gallops Home-Stead in Sussex. Below is part of a report of the run written one suspects by G.H. "The writer has been asked to give a brief account of the event but feels that a mere record will fail to capture the delight that all experienced on this never to be forgotten occasion. We venture to predict that when the youngest member who took part, some 20 years hence, has reached the full status of an Anerley Old Boy he will be telling the recruits of his mature years of the fine runs they used to have in his day and of one most notable occasion when they went to a place on a little all-alone hill somewhere down in Sussex about the year 1925.

Now having qualified as an old "Old Boy" let me do just that. Gallops was a large old house with a thatched roof set in spacious grounds and lying in the shadow of Ditchling Beacon. The party of 38 were cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Edge and very soon we were all settled down to a magnificent tea in a marquee on the lawn. After President Burgess had



appropriately voiced the thanks of all present, somebody asked if we might see our host's racing trophies. We admired a huge replica of a Gordon Bennett trophy won in the G.B. International Motor Car Race of 1902, the first international racing victory by a British driver in a British car. Next we enquired about a huge silver pot: S.F. adjusted his glasses and read out "For the Champion Sow of Sussex". It must be explained that beside his business activities S.F.Edge was a very successful amateur farmer and breeder of pedigree pigs. More about the man and his cycling exploits will be found on pages 13 to 15.

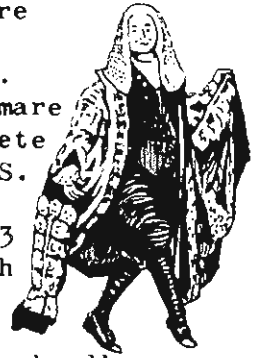
1926 was an even more encouraging year with eleven riders in the first 25, 7 in Fry's 100 and representatives in the West London C.A., North London and Catford 50s. The list of members was increased by six and we welcomed back two old timers - L.J.Mattison and the record breaker E.J.Steel.

Arthur Cooke organized the first post war continental jaunt and just before the General Strike he and Bill Moon managed to get a boat across the Channel and toured Normandy and Brittany, covering 798 miles in 14 days at a total cost of £10 each. Arthur set the fashion for foreign touring and in the following years many expeditions were undertaken by members.

In July Dudley rode (as G.H. has reported) in the Catford "24" doing a fine ride of 358⁸/₁₀ miles. He was lying 5th in the race when he developed mechanical trouble which cost him about 45 mins. of time, 60 miles on a borrowed machine and some three miles with one crank. Our old friends Rossiter and Holdsworth were first and second with 405 and 389 miles.

In the "12" of 1926 C.Marshall (Veg.C. and A.C.) gained the first of his four wins with a new open competition record of 220⁴/₁₀ miles. Frank Southall was second with 220 miles. Five Anerley men rode and we had our first win in the "12" by collecting the team race. Bob Edgar who joined in July rode his first race and gained a "Gold" with 190 miles.

Early in the year Bob Gibbs invited a party of the younger members to a charity performance of "Iolanthe" given by a group of young ladies known as the Old Greys' Musical Society. Bob was uncle to one of the girls and acted as their hon. stage carpenter and scene painter. At least one of the party had never heard a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera before and he still remembers his feeling of horror when a bevy of fairies tripped onto the stage singing their opening number. However, by the time the Chancellor had finished "The Nightmare Song" and Private Willis had sprouted his fairy wings complete with regimental badges, that young man had become a G. and S. fan. But that is not the end of the story for two of the Anerley wangled introductions to two of the young ladies: 53 years later one of those girls wrote the article below which appeared in a newsletter of 1979 and the other typed the masters for the plates from which this booklet was printed.

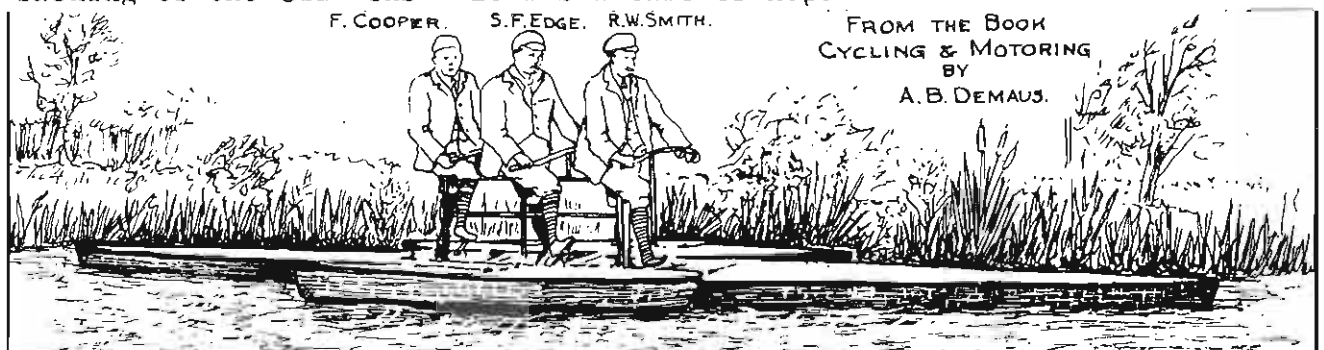


"The Anerley, having been founded some 50 years earlier by schoolboys, was very strictly a male preserve. I rode with my uncle, who was a member of the Club and occasionally I would be allowed to join the Club at tea as long as I sat quietly in a corner and did not "put my oar in"! Soon however I was joined by several others - Arthur's sister Ada, Doris Moon, an old schoolfellow, and Elsie Edgar, and we made a very happy band, gradually integrating into the Club, though still never MEMBERS! We would also turn out for races early on Sunday morning and I well remember one 1st May when Doris and I watched the sun rise over the Brighton Road. The hedges glistened with hoar frost and we really did feel like Queens of the May. One of the highlights of the year was the "12". Our station was with bucket and sponge on Schoolhouse, and we took pride in not missing a rider with a cooling sponge on a hot August afternoon. One Anerley rider invariably greeted us with the injunction "Run"! Doreen Cooke.

And so the years pleasantly slipped by. The runs and tours were now enlivened by the antics of Adrian Webb and Sam Chance and the inter map reading concerts were enriched by Adrian's singing of arias from the operas. We gained members and temporarily lost others as they moved away from home to take up new jobs or get married. In 1927 the first London to Brighton-and-back race since the war was held. A splendid perpetual trophy was presented by S.F.Edge who, in the early days, held the national record. In 1928 Dudley gained fresh laurels in the Catford "24". He was in great trim and in spite of a heap of trouble was able to lift his Club record to 372½ miles, finishing 9th in this Open Scratch event. The inter Map Reading contest of 1928 was won by Bob Edgar and the Anerley also collected the team race with the help of Sid. Castell and Harry Flower.

Once again the unique event of the year was an invitation run given by S.F.Edge. Forty members had a trip on a steamer from Kingston to where the Wey meets the Thames. At the Lincoln Arms, past haunt of Bath Roaders, we had a real cyclists' tea. Perhaps S.F.Edge remembered the days in 1890 when he experimented with a hydrocycle as shown below.

The Club finished the decade much stronger, gaining ten new members in 1929. We had enthusiastic young Officers, many more and much faster racing men. The Club runs were well supported and we had the unstinted backing of the Old 'Uns - it was a time of hope.



THE THIRTIES.

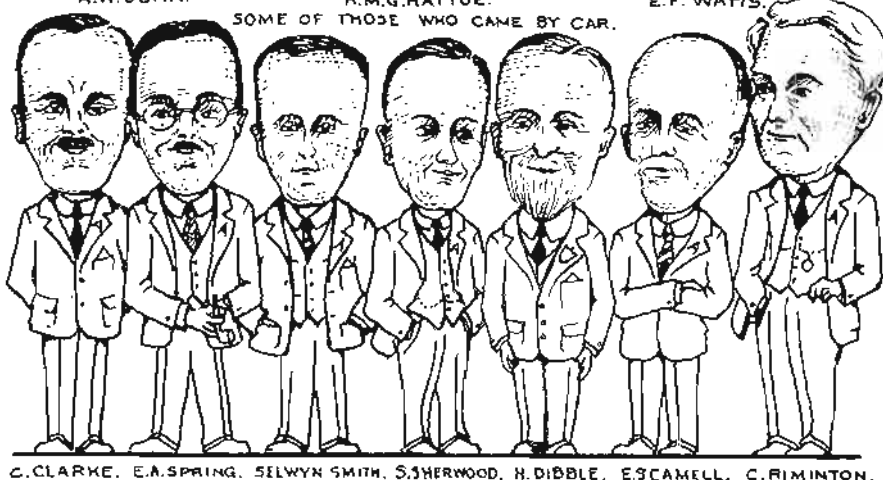
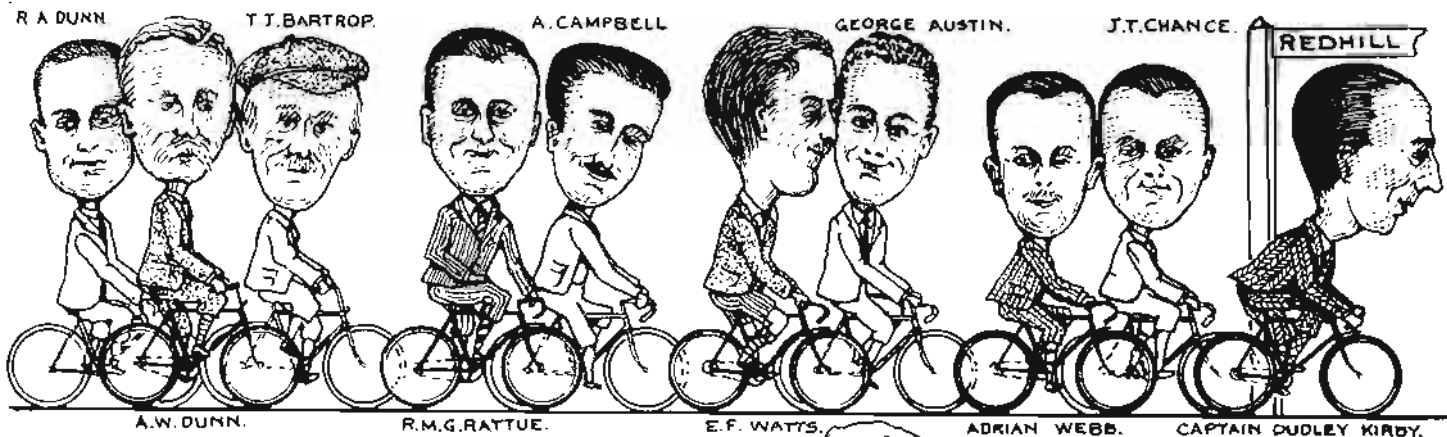
The 1930 season started well as the brothers Ward, who joined in the late 20s, introduced their cousin, Les Heath, and their friend, H.F. (Bertie) Clarke. They were followed by R. Rattue who hardly ever raced but was one of those who turned out in all sorts of weather to help those who did. R.F.Cullum joined in April and in July made an initial effort at track racing, but was unlucky enough to be brought down by another rider who "cut in". Nevertheless Bob was the first A.B.C. man to ride on Herne Hill track after the war. In May we were very pleased to welcome A.E.Allin as second claim member. Arch, with his father, had built many of the machines ridden by the club members. Then a slightly built teenager joined who was to make quite an impact on the club's racing circle - his name W. Birkin.

Early in the year Captain Kirby appeared on the club runs riding a tricycle and in the August Gazette the following appeared. "Anerley members will be pleased to learn that Kirby succeeded in lowering the Southern Road Records Association tricycle figures for 50 miles at his first attempt. Starting at 4.30 a.m. from Godstone Railway Arch, Dudley soon began to gain on his schedule, finishing in 2 hrs. 30 mins. 43 secs., an improvement of 8 mins. 12 secs. on the previous record. The ride brings to the club honour of a kind to which it has been a stranger for quite a time."

As the entry for the "12" of 1929 had fallen to 48, the committee thought it desirable to hold the event on a Sunday, with the result that the starting card of 1930 showed a list of 98 names, which was the best entry that any "12" had ever attracted. 70 finished the course, 8 of whom wore the A.B.C. badge, A.E.Ward setting up a new club record with 213½ m.

JUBILEE YEAR.

At the Annual General Meeting it was decided that the best way to mark the Club's 50th year of cycling activity was to have two special events, a Club run and an extra special dinner.



THE JUBILEE RUN TO "THE WARWICK" JULY 11TH. 1931.

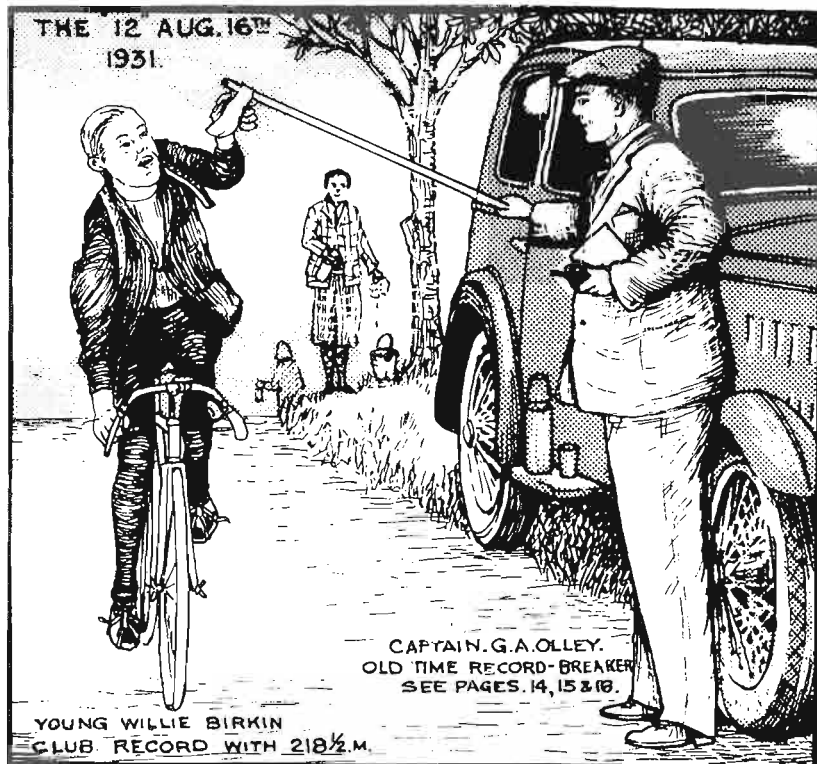
Fifty one in all turned out - a most representative crowd, particularly as it was the holiday season when so many were away. T.J. Bartrop cycled in spite of his 35 years of membership, being beaten by the veteran A.W. Dunn.

H. Dibble was wearing one of the original Anerley shield badges and said that had it rained he would have brought his umbrella, won 40 years ago as an Anerley run attendance prize. After an excellent tea President H. Clarke secured silence and in a short speech told of Club events over the half-century, 43 years of which he could tell from personal experience.

Then there were cries for G.H. Smith, who joined in 1886 and was the senior "Old Boy" of those present. G.H. said that he would have got up if asked or not for he had messages to deliver from absent Old 'Uns who had written and charged him with that duty. One was from Frank Young who was credited with having joined in 1881, but there was some doubt as to whether he or Harold Ruston was the member who had been longest on the Club roll. Then he went on to read letters from other old members and speak of those who "had drunk their cup a round or two before". He concluded his remarks as follows. "As we travel homewards, or further afield over the old familiar roads that two generations of the Anerley have so often cycled, the thought must come to more than one of us what a wealth of healthy pleasure the old Club has spread across the years to a great host of youth that has been proud to give it allegiance - ride on Old Club."

THE "TWELVE" SUNDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1931. What an entry! One hundred of the finest long distance men in the country, 51 having beaten 210 miles and 22 of those 220 miles - including such names as F. Southall, F.G. Frost, S.H. Ferris, C. Marshall (four times winner) and eleven of our men. This is how the racing secretary reported it :- "What a day! In the last 10 years has anyone seen the like? Rain we have had and wind, but never such a disastrous combination of the two elements. What a rider! W.A. Harrison with 232¾ miles - the longest distance and course record. What a babe - young Birkin who finished eleventh and raised the Club record to 218½ miles (all on a couple of poached eggs). It poured almost incessantly through the Saturday night, but President Clarke, assisted by W.H. Burgess and Thomas (as official "shover orf") dispatched 95 stalwarts mid occasional showers. The official party then moved off following the course and stopping to hail the various checkers and marshals. W. Rowe was seen guarding the railway gates at Crawley, W.J. Mountain taking the check, and an "Old Boy" E. Housden at the end of Goffs Park Rd. There was S. Leigh in cape and leggings at Roffey, a friend of Bob Cullum's at the fork to Rusper, the Misses Rathbone, Cullum and Smith marshalling the various snags in Horsham and our old helper and racing man, Bob Gibbs, taking the numbers.

At Southwater they stopped to bid good morning to the old record holder Kirton and at Buck Barn to E.A. Spring who delivered his opinion of the day in no uncertain terms. W. Cox and Jones were doing Cowfold, E.J. Steel taking the numbers at Bolney and A.J. Cooke turning the riders at Dale Cottage. Around the Burrell at 7 a.m. it poured in torrents and Jack Harmsworth (who had ridden down that morning) stood in cape and leggings, complete with a large carriage umbrella, trying to identify the competitors as they passed by. The wind howled and the rain fell in sheets as the officials sat drinking tea and wondering if Les Heath



had to swim to Partridge Green and what Harry Flower was saying at Steyning turn. At Offington it was fine again and here the official party met Vice-President Riminton. Birkin, still leading the field, passed just before they moved off to hand up the feed on Hammerpot Hill. Our old helpers, F.Scammell and Coles-Webb, directed the riders through Arundel, while the check at Chichester was taken by Capt. Olley. West of this point the riders were once again looked after by those excellent sportsmen of the Portsmouth North End C.C.

Coming back Vice-President Wells took the check at Woodhatch, R.Brown at Horley and Mr. Tugwell at Godstone, while Le-Fort and S.Smith looked after those important odd corners around Felbridge. We were also ably assisted by various members of the Bath Road Club and Norwood Paragon C.C. The feeding was capably carried out by the following:- Vic Ware and Arch Allin at Bolney, Watts and Rattue at the Burrell, Howard and Thomas at Chichester, and the Ladies at School-House."

Of the 95 who started the race 51 finished including 9 Anerley men. W.Birkin won the Club's first handicap prize and Dudley Kirby took the second with 192½ miles on his trike. A footnote - the table was set with hard rice pudding, baked custard, plums, grapes, tea and ginger beer, all ready for the first man. The helpers rested on a bench - patiently waiting. Suddenly a shrill treble piped out "how much for a bottle of ginger beer guv'nor?" He had come through the storm, full of cheer, was 30 mins. ahead of all competitors on the road and doing the ride of his life. One can still hear Willie Birkin.

The Club racing season started well with Sid Castell taking second place in the Inter Map Reading contest on March 1st. Snow was falling heavily when the Racing Secretary and his wife set off on their tandem for the start at Sidlow Bridge. There was some talk of abandoning the event but eventually Curly Clarke despatched 27 of the 49 entries. The Anerley finished 7 men, three in the first 6. In the first Club "25" we had 14 riders, with Birkin doing fastest time in 1.10.30, and during the year Anerley men appeared on the starting cards of 21 different open races. One was the Marlborough tandem 50 in which Bob Cullum and Willie Birkin rode. It was their first attempt at "nicking" together and they clocked 2.5.2., beating the Club record set up by Howard and Moon by 5 mins. 37 secs. Fastest time and competition record was set up by Frank Southall and Stan B utler with 1.51.35.

One hundred and eleven members and guests gathered together for the Dinner of 1931 under the Chairmanship of President H.H.Clarke. The evening was unique for it was the Jubilee Dinner and the toast list included not only names of famous former cyclists but also "The Ladies" who were invited to join us for the first time in 50 years.

The President of the "North Road", F.T. Bidlake proposed the toast of "The Club" and S.F.Edge responded in his usual direct manner. S.G.Sherwood (Shirley) welcomed "The Ladies" in a speech that evoked much laughter. He mentioned, among other things, that in the early days of mixed tandems the lady sat in front while the male sweated and strained behind. Nowadays the lady sits behind but otherwise the result is the same. As by 1931 there were several lady-back tandems in the Club (which appeared only when helping on Club races) this remark was fully appreciated. Mrs. Doris Moon replied and expressed the hope that when the next Jubilee came along - in 10 years time - the Ladies would again be invited.



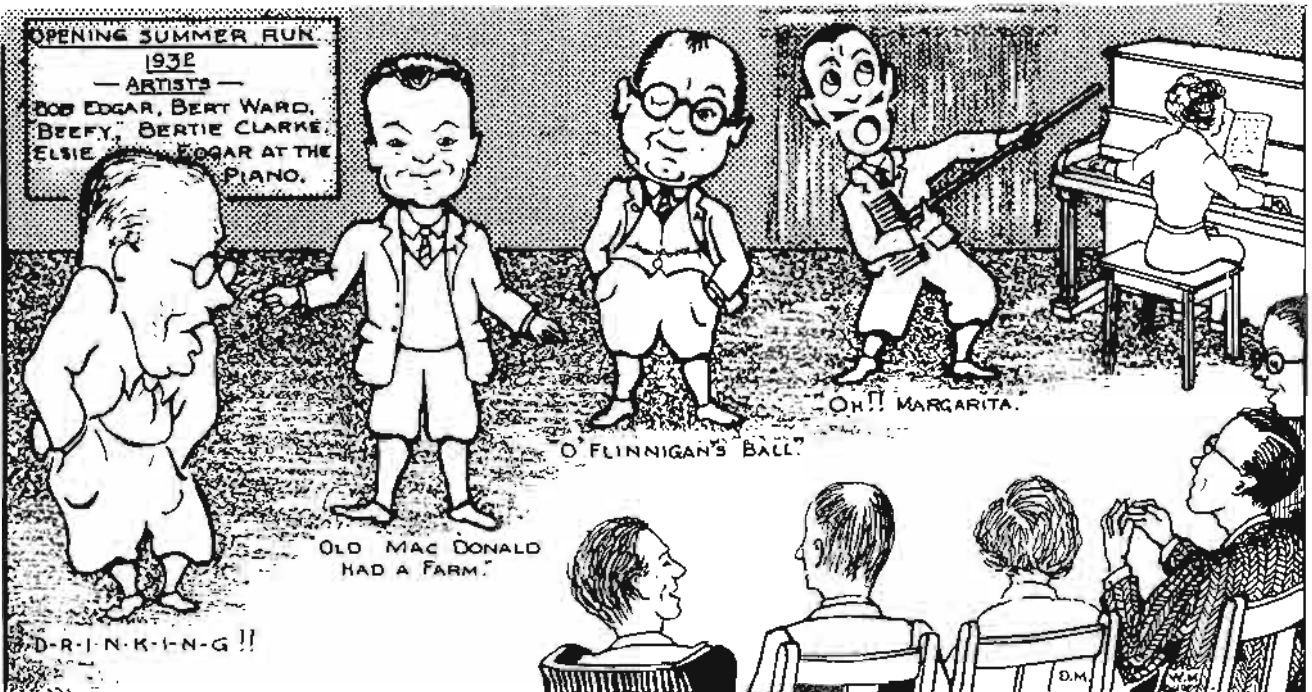
The innovation was so successful that the die-hards were completely routed and ladies were invited to all subsequent dinners. Walter Harmsworth gave the toast to the "Visitors" and Maurice Draisey, a great friend of the A.R.C., answered for the "Guests" which included Jack Rossiter, W. Harrison, L. Cave and Jack Holdsworth.

As a tribute to our guest "Biddy", of whom it was said "he looked like a saint and rode like the devil", this picture is included. In his young days he set up a record which stood for sixty years, when he covered 426 miles in 24 hours on Herne Hill track.

The evening was brought to an end by the singing of Ould Lang Syne, rendered more melodiously than usual due no doubt to the presence of the ladies. In order to make the menu a little different for the Jubilee dinner, our draughtsman member tried his hand at making small sketches and cutting lino blocks which Ted Spring was kind enough to set up on his printing press, and from then on little line sketches became part of our monthly magazine

By the New Year the depression which hit America in 1929 began to be felt in England and again, as in 1922, firms were without orders. However, the annual football match with the Century took place on January 16th and 17th and once again it was a hilarious weekend. We won with Les Heath scoring 9 goals and Harry Flower 1. When one remembers a certain Anerley fullback, who was a little stouter than when he was racing secretary in 1923, careering down the field with the ball at his feet and the rest of the pack flat on their backs, it is no wonder that the Century goal keeper fled!

At the A.G.M. a Social Sec. was appointed and in a fit of enthusiasm he arranged a concert for the opening summer run. We had a new generation of artistes and a new way of reporting their activities as shown below and we hasten to assure any doubting reader that they didn't all sing at once! For this special run we also had the assistance of the lady helpers who played the piano and sang. All the years that have passed and all that has happened since has not lessened the delight experienced watching the performers at that meeting nor chilled the warmth of good fellowship surrounding the group of young people at the "Warwick" on March 5th, 1932.

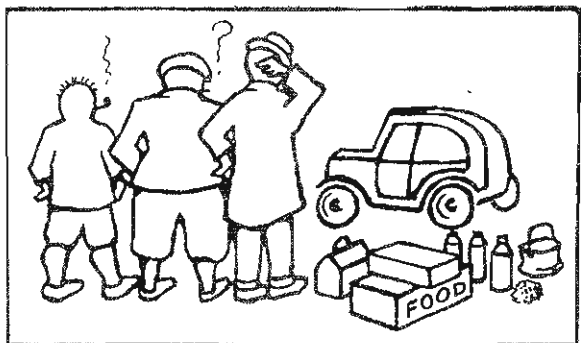


Early in the year the whole Club was very sorry to hear that D. Kirby wished to resign the captaincy, as he thought that after nine years the time was ripe for someone else to have a go. Only the other day when two "Old Boys" of the 1922/32 period met and were talking about the old times, they both agreed on one point. Neither could imagine the Club of their day without Dudley as Captain. After all, he held the Club record for tea pouring - 13 cups for one member! F.L.Ward took over the task of leading the string on Club runs, but unfortunately fell ill early in the year, so that sub-captain W.Birkin acted as Captain in his stead.

By this time the country was in the grip of a recession and the Government of the day ordered a 5% reduction in wages. In offices and works the ominous phrase "last in first out" was heard and several members lost their jobs and had to move away from their home base and take positions at a reduced salary, making it rather difficult to continue their cycling activities.

In "Cycling" dated April 8th under The Loiterer's notes the following appeared. "Faster on the road was not quite a total eclipse of the Londoners, for they had an isolated victory in the Reading Wheelers' "50". The success of the young Anerley man Birkin is deserving of a special note. Apart from the promise of this particular rider, it is noteworthy as the first win of its kind for the fine old Anerley club for many, many years. It brings to an end a long lean period during which the Club has gone on unflinchingly doing their best for the game - not unrewarded, of course, but without those tokens of success which every clubman secretly yearns to see."

The "12" of 1932 seems to be worthy of a few notes, for "Cycling" reported our race as one packed with excitement, sensational, etc. At places like Arundel and Chichester it could well be said that the traffic was even blood-curdling. From the Club's point of view we had every reason to be very pleased with ourselves, for, though we had only four riders, the three who finished certainly put up a good show. W.Birkin was tenth on the list with 226 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles and joined Bob Edgar who finished tenth in 1929. Alec Campbell improved to 206 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles and Reg. Ryall riding his first "12", amassed a total of 200 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

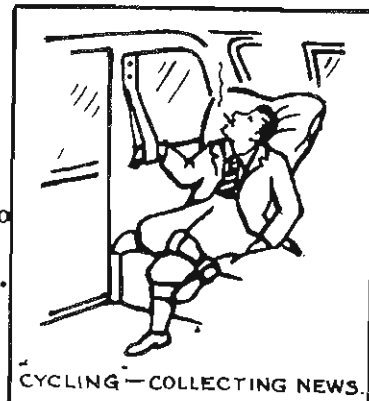


The morning dawned bright and fair and it was funny to see Bob Gibbs, Bernard Thomas, Bill Howard and sundry tyres, packets of food and bottles of ginger beer all lined up in front of an Austin Seven.

After starting 69 riders the Timekeeper, complete with suite, started on a tour of the course and after one or two adventures reached Chichester, Alex Josey collecting news en route. They finally ran out W.E Marsh of the University C.C. with a course

record of 235 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles and at one time it looked as though he might have beaten competition record, for at 185 miles he was inside "evens". It was very pleasing to get a letter from the winner (a stranger to the course) expressing appreciation of the way the route was marshalled and checked.

The 1933 season was heralded with banner headlines announcing the first Anerley Dance since pre-war days. It was organised by Alec Campbell and proved so successful that others were run by Bob Cullum during the 30's. At the A.G.M. Birkin proposed that the Club should admit lady members but could find no seconder. One member went so far as to say that he thought it better that the Club should sink into oblivion rather than resort to such a step. The proposal seems to have aroused similar feelings as those in the very early days when medal rides on Sundays were suggested.



There were twelve riding in the first "25" including two new members, Arthur Collier and E. Sheppard. The former made a fine start gaining a Gold, a first handicap prize, and with 1.8.20 he came second to Birkin, who returned 1.8.12.

The races were now organised by A.F. Ward, who got his nick-name when the Club visited Wembley for the first "Six-Day". The leading rider was a Canadian, an outstanding personality with magnificent red hair named Torchy Pedan. Bert Ward, who had similar coloured hair, was at once labelled.....



By this time our racing men were getting a little pernickety with regard to feeding arrangements and were no longer content to chew hard rice pud. or drink cold tea. This is how one helper, who had suffered a few disparaging remarks, answered his critics.

It was a sign of the times when the Palmer Tyre Company announced that due to market conditions they could no longer (after 17 years) donate the ten guinea first prize for our "12". Consequently the premier award for the Open was reduced to five guineas. Nevertheless we had 120 entries and President O.W. Wells despatched 92 riders from the 22 milestone at Woodhatch. The day was very windy and Birkin along with 49 others "packed". Harry Flower gained the Calder Trophy, with Hubert Padbury and E. Sheppard completing the team.



Another sign of the times was little sketch which, together with its explanation appeared at the end of the report of the race. "An honourable member, wearing shorts and one of those neat little moustaches, while doing his bit at Crawley had occasion to hold up two errand-boy cyclists to allow a competitor to pass. As they disappeared in the direction of Pease Pottage one of these lads was heard asking the other "Hi, who does that bloke think he is, 'Itler?'"

On June 24th 1934 members were shocked to hear that Sid Castell, who was then Captain, had met with a very serious accident while on a Club run. He unfortunately came in collision with a car and was thrown against the hinge of the door. He suffered a fractured skull and was never quite the same again as he could not indulge in any strenuous sports. However, after many months he did manage to turn out to "time" and help on Club races and always took an interest in the special events.

Later in the month Birkin rode in the Catford "24" and put up a remarkably fine performance by winning third prize with 407 miles. It was his first attempt at the distance and improved Kirby's record but as Dudley said on the day, "no one minds losing a record to a ride like that". Birkin rode with great pluck as his condition at the end testified, but with the help of Aijay and Bill Moon at the Gala, he soon recovered but was very grateful when President Wells took him home by car.

Arthur Cooke had now taken over the Gazette as Boh Edgar vacated the editor's chair to take up an appointment in Wolverton. Although Bob never lost interest, his absence made quite a difference to Club life for he was a talented writer, an enthusiastic supporter of summer and winter runs, races and concerts. As compensation we gained a new member, W. Becker, in July. On August 19th in our annual tour of Southern England he achieved 210½ miles thus collecting a Gold, a first handicap prize and the Calder Trophy in his first ever race. Our fast man Birkin started but retired at 153 miles no doubt suffering from his efforts in the Catford "24".



G. H. SMITH
JOINED
1886.

HAROLD RUSTON.
JOINED
1884.

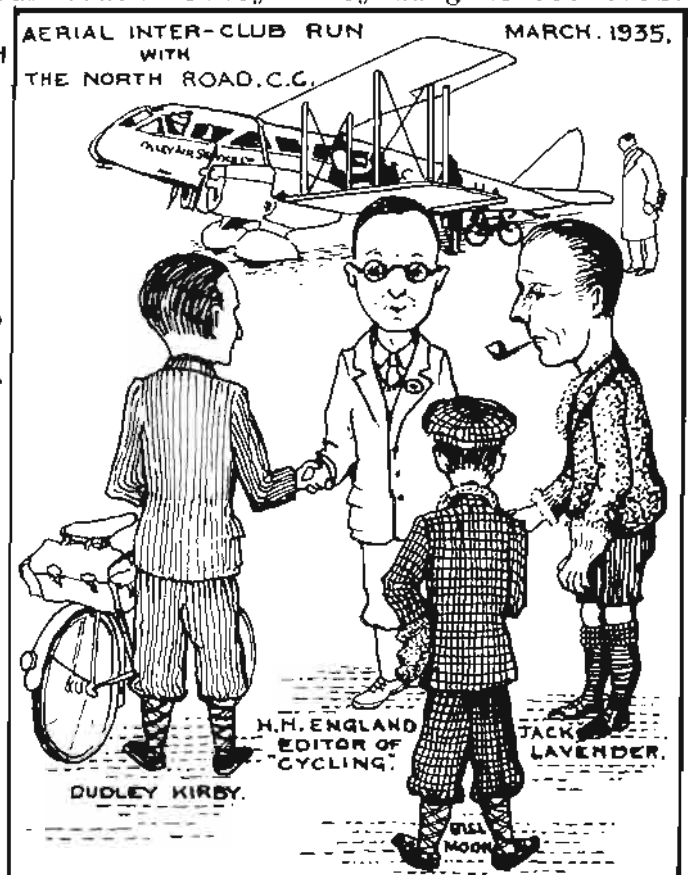
On page 8 "G.H." writes about the very charming custom amongst some of the older members of inviting the whole Club to tea on a Saturday afternoon and he particularly mentions Ruston's runs to Woking, which started on June 4th 1921. It was not the last Ruston's run, but the last time we went to his home "Greenways" Woking, was in June 1934. All these outings were delightful for we were always welcomed so pleasantly by Mr. and Mrs. Ruston, the tea was magnificent - in fact it wasn't a tea, it was a banquet and the games of clock golf and tennis in his spacious gardens were most amusing. An impression which remains with me is of two grand "Old Boys" who had been friends for over 50 years, standing together in a very elegant drawing room admiring an ivory recently acquired by Harold Ruston and reminiscing on the days when they rode the high-ways and by-ways together.

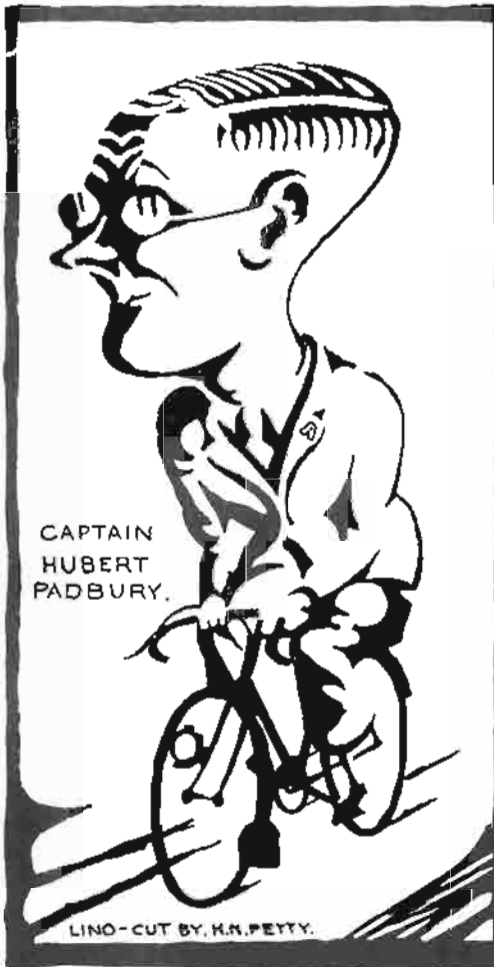
We now turn to March 1935 when we had an influx of five new members. H.N.Petty and H.J. Wiles joined the junior section and H.J.Gilbert, E.G.Godman and A.G.Woolmer the senior. H.Petty rapidly made an impression for he soon showed he could cut a very artistic lino-block as the cari-

cature of our then captain, Hubert Padbury, indicates. Other examples of his work are reproduced in this booklet. All the newcomers put up a jolly good show in the first "25" with Wiles and Petty coming second and third and the two tricyclists Gilbert and Godman crossing the finishing line neck and neck. In a Time Trial in September H. Wiles captured Birkin's record with a ride of 1.6.14 for a "25".

AERIAL INTER-CLUB RUN. The first of its kind in Cycling history was organised by Sec. Fred Ward and J. Loten of the North Road. On March 13th, Ward, Padbury, Collier, Cullum and our friend Josey of Cycling loaded their bicycles on to a plane at Croydon Aerodrome and were flown to Hatfield where they met members of the North Road. Four of our friends then got aboard the machine which returned to Purley Way. Our picture shows the A.B.C. reception party meeting H.England, Editor of Cycling and President of the North Road. The Southern contingent, some 13 strong, had lunch at Shere while the Northerners broke their fast at Ampthill. At 4.45pm we returned to Croydon, said good-bye to our guests and watched the plane take off. Night was falling when we saw its landing lights returning with our Anerley chaps aboard. So ended a very enjoyable and novel inter-club get together.

At the A.G.M. in 1936 we had an almost complete change around of Officers. O.W.Wells had already decisively announced his intention of relinquishing the Presidential Gold Badge so W.H.M.Burgess was persuaded to make a Come Back.





CAPTAIN
HUBERT
PADBURY.

Fred Ward for business reasons was obliged to hand over the secretarial job to Reg Ryall, and Jack Lavender became not only Editor but printer of the Gazette with Petty as his reporter. Hubert Padbury was given no opportunity to retreat from the Captaincy and had the additional burden of running the "12" and finding and surveying a new course.

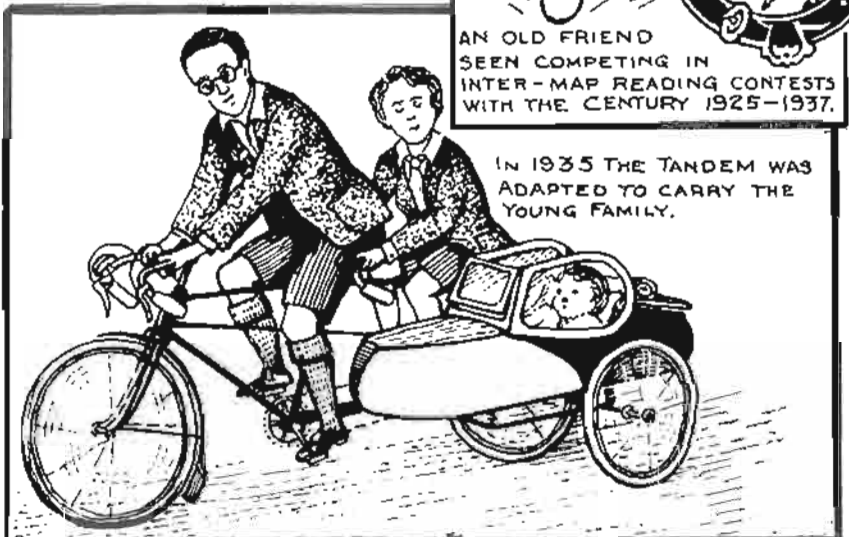
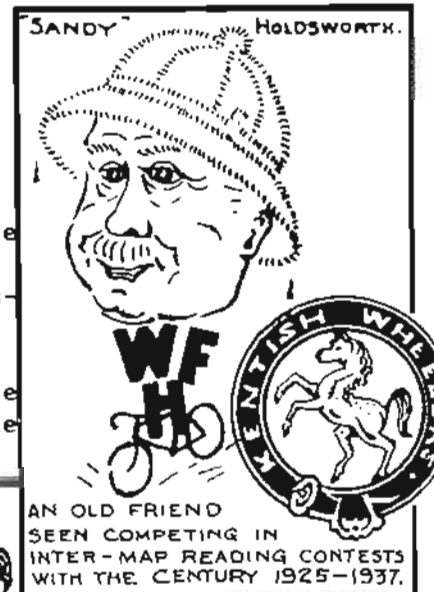
An Anerley team rode in the Balham "Rough Stuff 25" held in March and evidently Becker, who finished first of our crowd, made a spectacular descent of Titsey. Battered with mud and with smoke issuing in clouds from his hub brakes, he swept round the corner at the bottom, his wide-spread elbows carving a clear passage through marshes, brick walls and gate posts. It would seem that the "Brighton & Back" in July was Birkin's last Club race for he did not start in the "12" as he was moving his home to Middlesex the next day. However he finished in great style winning the S.F.Edge Cup and 1st.



handicap prize.

Only 34 finished in our Classic event and the winning distance was less than the previous year. Only one Anerley man ran out his time - E. Sheppard, notching up 21 2/8 miles. This ride completed his hat trick, for at the Dinner he collected the Fry Memorial Cup, Calder Trophy and Old Boys Cup.

The radically revised course caused considerable comment if not criticism and the Editor replied in the Gazette as follows: "The new course has been described as the toughest twelve-hour ride with much exaggeration as to its hilliness. It is not for us to apologise for it - we have no option in the choice of route. The southern coast roads, particularly the Worthing road, are out of the question; they must be crossed and the time of the crossing has to be carefully chosen. The old detours are thereby inexorably ruled out and others substituted. We have studied the maps before and after the event, and can see no alternatives - the plain cold fact is that there are no available roads with billiard-table surfaces on London's door step. Alternatively the route must be transferred far afield or the fixture abandoned."

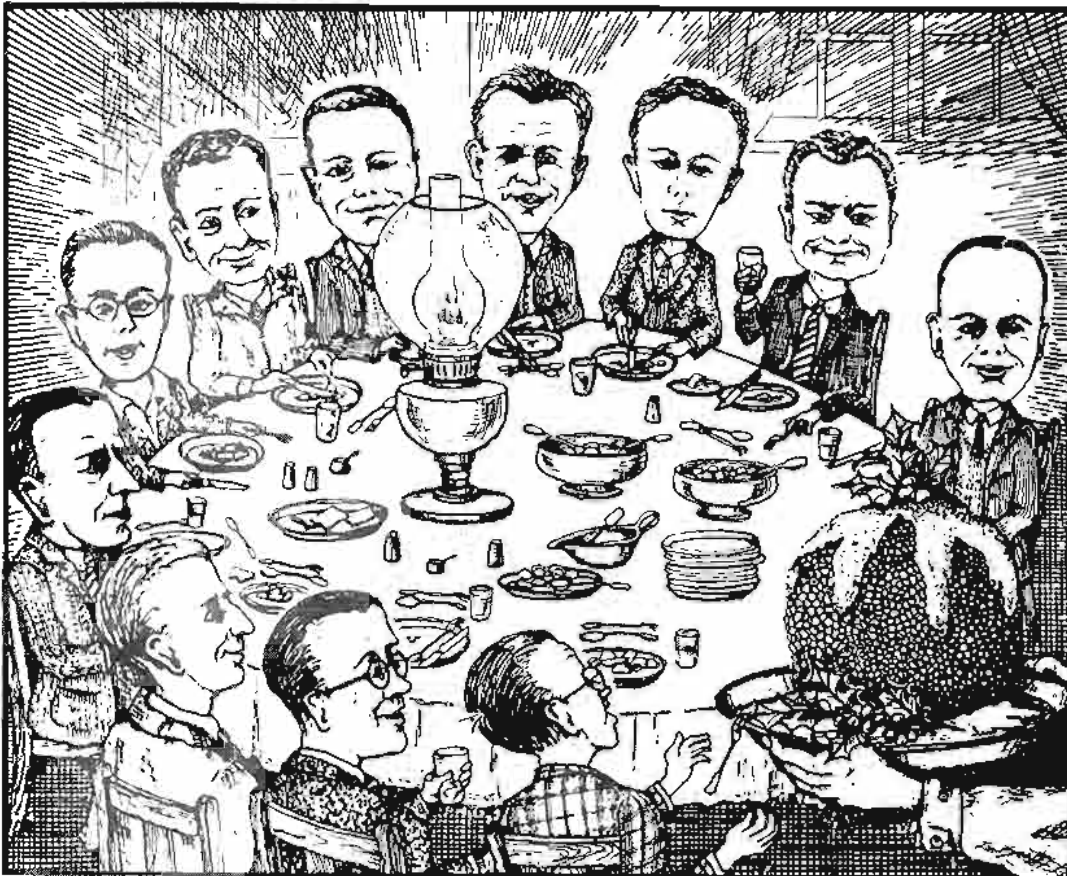




Hardly had the 1936 event passed into history before Padbury commenced his labours trying to find the ideal course for Southern Roads, one far removed from the dense coastal traffic and at the same time giving a surface good enough for the top-notchers to have a chance of beating "evens". In spite of a strong wind (blowing in the wrong direction for the course) Stan. Butler of the Norwood Paragon did not let him down for he finished the "12" of 1937 with a record 240 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, thus achieving the goal which many pundits thought impossible. No more popular win had ever been recorded, for Stan. had been one of our most consistent supporters coming second on at least three occasions. 46 riders finished out of a field of 92 and we were pleased to see that our two recruits had done so well. A. Drage took the first handicap prize with 208 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles and H. Musk did 193 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles.

Since the Spanish Civil War started in 1936 international news had been very depressing, so when German troops marched into Austria and German planes, supporting Franco, had bombed Guernica and practically destroyed that ancient Basque town, the future looked very ominous.

Against this sombre background the supper runs to Mrs. Curd's at Godstone stand out so vividly and no apology is made for repeating a sketch which appeared in a recent newsletter. If you were out on those Saturday nights, picture again that little room crowded with young men laughing and jesting as though they hadn't a care in the world. Remember again those helpings of steak and kidney pudding followed by mince pies and Christmas pudding. "The days that were and never will be more."



PASS THE
PUDDING
ROUND
CLOCKWISE

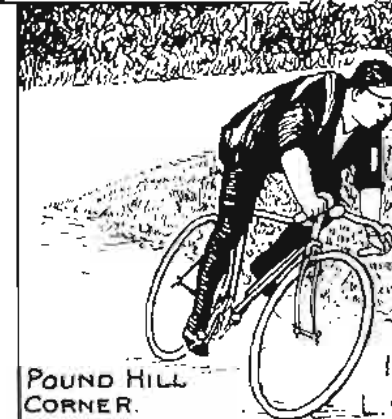
- ←
- TO
- Bill Moon
 - Aijay
 - Arthur Collier
 - Harry Flower
 - Bob Cullum
 - Reg. Ryall
 - Douglas Harmsworth
 - Bill Shorter
 - Fred Ward
 - Torchy
 - Les Heath

In September members and cycling friends were deeply shocked to hear that our President, B.H. Hogan, while wheeling his bicycle up a hill had collapsed and died. It would need G.H. to do justice to "Beefy". The present writer can only steal a line from the Rubáiyát - "He was one of the best of all his age and vintage prest" and hope that he has been able to capture a glimpse of Beefy's genial personality in the sketch of the 1932 Opening Run. His many exploits on a tricycle are listed under Records and Races.

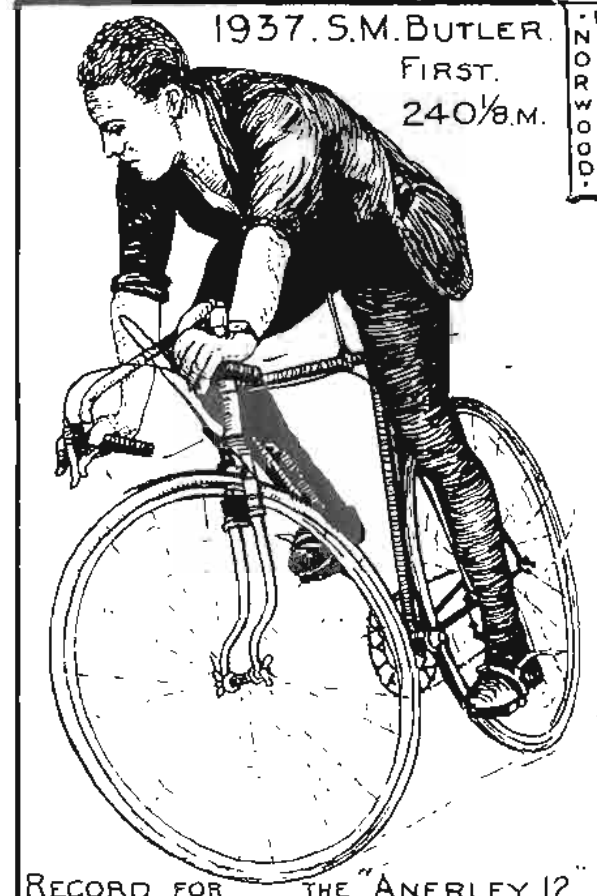
1930
S.H. FERRIS.
FIRST
232 1/4 M.



1931
C. MARSHALL. SECOND. 229 1/2 M.



1931
L. CAVE. THIRD. 228 3/8 M.

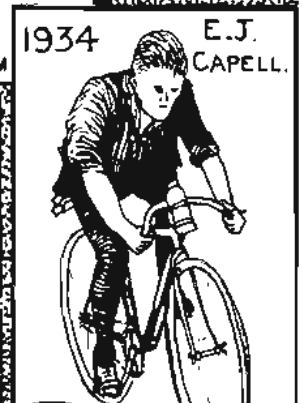
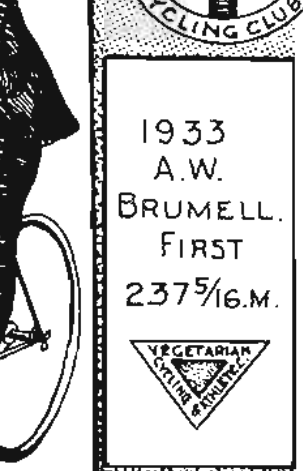
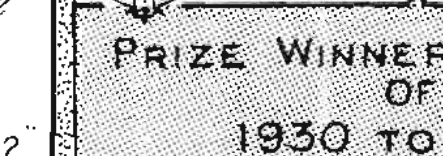
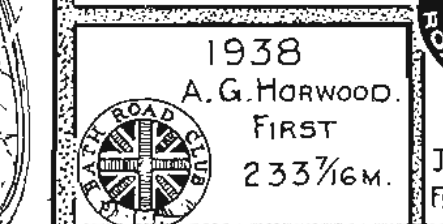
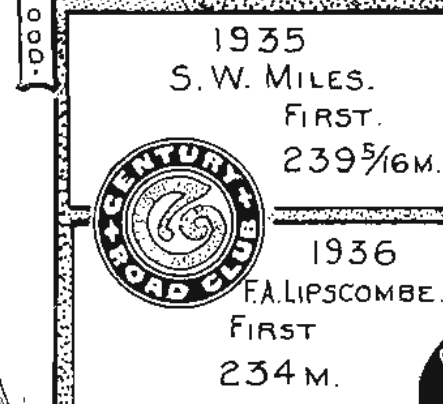
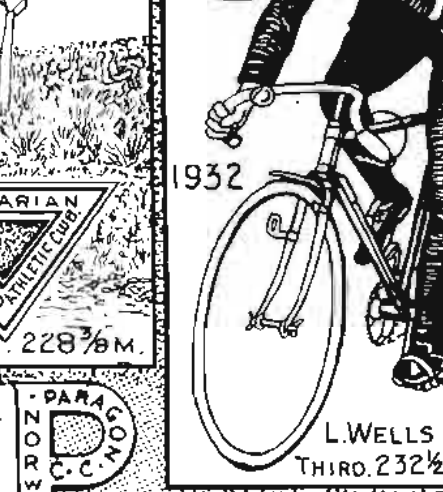


RECORD FOR THE "ANERLEY 12"

RESULT
OF
"12'S"
FOR YEARS
1911-1929
PAGE
18



1931
L. CAVE. THIRD. 228 3/8 M.



PRIZE WINNERS IN THE "12'S"
OF
1930 TO 1939

MILESTONES.

AT THE VILLAGE GREEN AT GODSTONE, BY THE SMILING VILLAGE GREEN,
GATHERED ALL THE A.B.C. MEN, ALL THE PATRIARCHAL THROG.
CAME THEY SINGLY AND IN CLUSTERS, CAME ON CYCLES OR IN MOTORS,
IN THE BRISK OCTOBER SUNSHINE, IN THE NIPPY AUTUMN AIR;
CAME THEY HOOTING, RINGING, PRAFFLING, WALKING, PEDALLING, OR IN 'BUSES,
MEN OF ALL SORTS GATHERED THERE, GATHERED AS IN DAYS OF YORE.

THERE WERE MEN OF VARIOUS AGES, CURIOUS SHAPES, ASSORTED SIZES,
SOME CLEAN-SHAVEN, SOME WORE WHISKERS, SOME WHOSE HEADS PROTRUDED BOLDLY
THROUGH A FADING FRINGE OF HAIR.
LAUGHING, CHATTING, YARNING, JOKING, GRINNING, TALKING, SMILING, SMOKING,
IN THE BRISK OCTOBER SUNSHINE.

THEN THEY GATHERED AT THE TABLES, TABLES FULL OF WHOLESOME FARE
WREAKED THEY HAVOC WITH THE VICTUALS, VICTUALS SERVED BY DAINTY MAIDENS,
ASSIMILATED EGGS BY DOZENS, WHICH WERE SERVED BY DAINTY MAIDENS,
VERY DAINTY COUNTRY MAIDENS, SPEAKING WITH A COCKNEY TWANG.
LIKewise SERVED THE LOCAL OSTLER, TRYING NOT TO LOOK SELF-CONSCIOUS,
TOGGED OUT IN HIS SUNDAY CLOBBER.

WITH THE FEAST COMPLETELY ROUTED, BROUGHT THEY OUT THEIR SMOKES AND MATCHES
SMOKES OF EVERY KIND AND MIXTURE. SOME THE SLIM AND HUMBLE WOODBINE,
OTHERS YET THE POMPUS, SCENTED, PRODUCT OF AN EASTERN STALL;
SOME AN ORIENTAL MIXTURE, OR THE SIMPLE NAVY PLUG.
EACH ONE BURNT A SACRED OFFERING TO OUR LADY NICOTINE.

EACH ONE TROTTED OUT A STORY: TOLD HIS FAVOURITE HOARY STORY,
HOW HE RODE FOR FAME AND GLORY ON AN ANTIQUATED CROCK.
TALES OF PLUGS THROUGH RAIN OR SUNSHINE, YARNS OF HEFTY RIDES IN SPRING;
WHISPERS OF NOCTURNAL GATHERINGS; HINTS OF VERY GALLANT CONQUESTS,
MADE IN DAYS WHEN YOUTHS WORE WHISKERS.
TENDER THOUGHTS OF BUXOM WENCHES, VERY TENDER THOUGHTS OF WENCHES,
NOW, NO DOUBT, MORE STOUT THAN TENDER.

THUS WITH STORY, SONG AND JESTING, ALL TOO QUICKLY PASSED THE EVENING,
PASSED THAT FINE TRIENNIAL EVENING, MARKING BY ITS HALLOWED MEMORIES,
HOW RELENTLESS IS THE REAPING OF THE MAN WHO WIELDS THE SCYTHE.

From a Gazette of November, 1914.



THE LAST OLD BOYS RUN - OCT. 1938

In 1938 for the first time in our history we had a man, who lived in Anerley, as Captain of the "Anerley". H.N.Petty was one of the most enthusiastic members of the second generation and although he took over the captaincy when the threat of war was uppermost in most peoples minds, he did his best to encourage them to turn out on runs, races, tours and the odd paper chase. Every one rallied round and Mr.Collier (senior) once again invited the Club to take lunch with him and his family at their bungalow in Angmering.

Hubert ran the "12" and for a second time we thought we had a "winner" when Archie Drage (still a teenager) finished 14th with 222 $\frac{7}{8}$ miles, only 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles behind the first man. Three other Anerley men finished, Petty 210 $\frac{7}{8}$, J.F.Ward 208 $\frac{7}{8}$ and W.Becker 200 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. President F.S.Burgess, brother of "W.H.M." and nicknamed by his contemporaries "Sardine", welcomed 47 members to the Old Boys' run on Oct.8th and it will perhaps he noted that two of the veterans were on the Selsey tour of the 1890s (see page 11).

And so the months slipped by and the country drifted into that fateful year 1939. The last Anerley gazette that the writer received was dated June 1939 and in it were these words from the Captain. "One cannot be unmoved by the present trend of world affairs. It is perhaps at these times when the tranquility of the normal week is frequently being disturbed by sensational news and when one's peace of mind gives place to continuous anxiety that one welcomes and cherishes even more each week-end with its opportunity to enjoy afresh our freedom and our English countryside".

In spite of everything, Vice-President E.Scammle, pictured on page 32, gave his invitation run exactly as he had been doing since 1928. Harry Gilbert ran the "12" and for the first time in 24 years no Anerley name appeared on the finishing list. There were only 51 entries, 47 starters and 20 who ran out their time. President F.S.Burgess officiated and so it was that the man who started the first race in 1911 called "Time" not only for the winner, J.Sibun, but for the event itself, for it was never held again.

Then came that Sunday morning in September when Chanherlain announced on the wireless that England was at war with Germany and with the wailing of the sirens a few minutes later the whole pattern of life was changed.

H.Flower and A.Cooke had joined the "Terriers" and were at once called up, Arthur being drafted to the R.A.F. We heard that Bert Ward had joined the Navy and that H.Gilbert was serving in the R.A.F. As the war effort got under way many had to change their jobs and move, sometimes very hurriedly, to other parts of the country. The momentous events of the next seven years are recorded in the nation's history, but in the annals of the A.B.C. the years 1940/46 are a complete blank. A few close friends of the 20s managed to keep in touch but Club runs, etc., were completely out of the question. By the end of hostilities our main membership was completely lost to each other and there was no group living close enough to meet, pick up the pieces and get the Club running again.

Gradually news filtered through and it seemed that Bertie Clarke, Sam Watts and F.Sheppard had died during the war and that once again we had lost a very popular Captain for H.N.Petty went down with the naval vessel in which he served. H.Becker, who was a pilot in the R.A.F., failed to return from a sortie and Tom Bell, who joined in 1938, had also been lost over Germany. W.Birkin was one of the crew of a bomber which failed to return to base. All four were jolly fine fellows and good Anerley men. How ruthless is the god of War.

There may have been many more who lost their lives in those tragic years. We never heard, but with the end of the war the Anerley, like many other cycling clubs, had no active membership and it seemed that the only thing left was to bow to the inevitable.

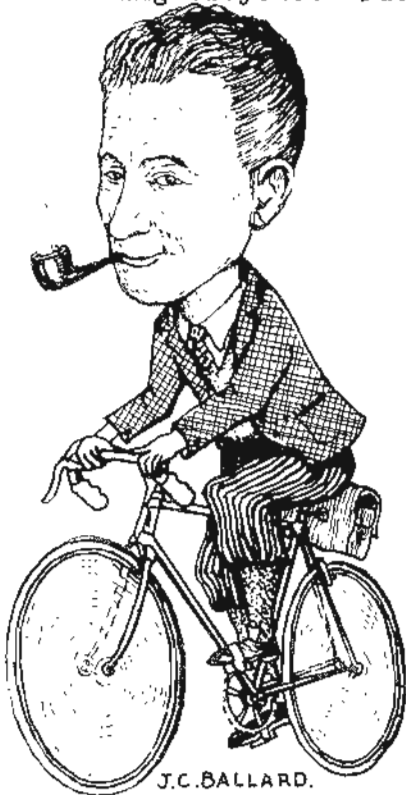
And then history repeated itself and the third generation will now take up the story.

THE YEARS 1949 - 1956.

"THE BALLARD BOYS."

As with the Clubs founding in 1881 when the pupils of Dulwich College, we are led to understand, formed the main part of the membership, so in 1949 the scholars of the Norbury Manor Boys School became the core of the active Anerley. In 1948 the school had no great tradition of sport but it did have a cycling club known as the Norbury Manor Wheelers and one of its officers was a young fellow named Norman Greig who resided in Norbury Avenue.

A few doors away from Norman lived Metropolitan police constable, J.C. Ballard, who was often seen clad in "plus fours" and riding a racing bicycle. Plus fours were associated with golf but as the rider never carried any golf clubs, Norman and his friends came to the conclusion that he must be a member of a cycling club.



J.C. BALLARD.

Stationed with Jim Ballard was war reserve constable Bruce Fuller who had joined the Anerley in 1943. About 1944 the M.P.A.A. started to run "25" mile cycling events and Jim and Bruce, who had become firm friends, joined and had many a scrap together ending about all square.



By 1949 the Norbury Manor Wheelers had gone the way of many post war clubs, some of its members joining the Norwood Paragon and others the Addiscombe C.C. However a little group living around Norbury Avenue somehow or other joined up with Jim Ballard and Bruce Fuller and the Anerley Bicycle Club was in business once again. After 30 years one's memory as to how this happened is a little vague, school boys didn't keep diaries, and the small group of ex Manor Wheelers that I still number among my friends can't help very much either.

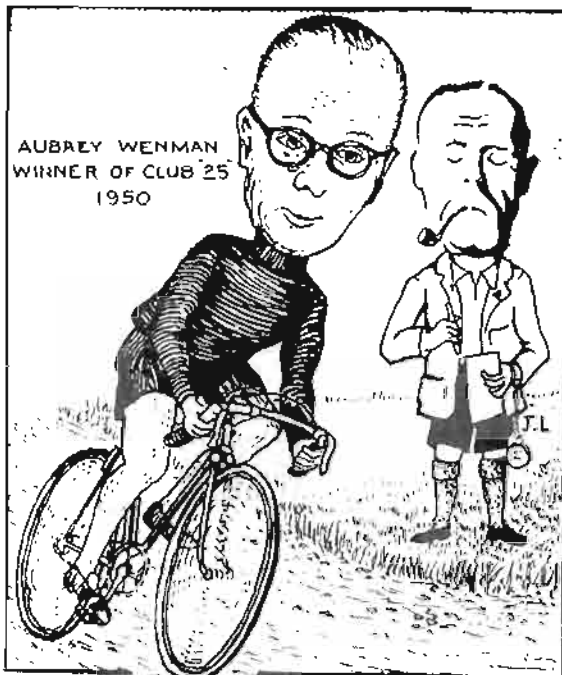
Norman Greig's baptism to racing was in 1949, a "25" mile event on the Godstone course and 31 years later he is still racing; in fact in 1977 he set up a Club record of 234.16 miles for 12 hours.

Some of the officers elected at the 1950 A.G.M. were Bruce Fuller as Sec. with Bernard Greig as his assistant: Jim Ballard as racing sec., with Hubert Padbury looking after the financial side. Reg. Ryall, Bill Shorter and Tony Allchin served on the Committee.

Jack Lavender, as in pre-war days, produced the Anerley Gazette, but due no doubt to the members being so scattered, many of the "Old Boys" did not receive copies and so did not fully understand the great efforts being made to revive the old Club.



S.B. FULLER.



start and result cards, etc. for numerous clubs. Later on he also took over the production of the Gazette.

In 1951 beside club runs through the lanes, racing and marshalling V.T.T.A. events, tours to Norfolk and the New Forest were undertaken. As many of the 4/6d bed and breakfast C.T.C. places had disappeared during the war years we had to combine camping with touring, which made for a pretty strenuous holiday!

The West London C.A. massed start race in Finsbury Park took us north of the river, but the fear of getting lost or tangled up in the tram lines rather diminished the pleasure of the outing. We also tried a new winter sport and entered four riders, C.B lake, J.Jackson, N.Greig and J.Ballard in the Parkhill Cyclo Cross event. We managed to finish a team and cycled home from Barnet very weary and on mud spattered bikes.

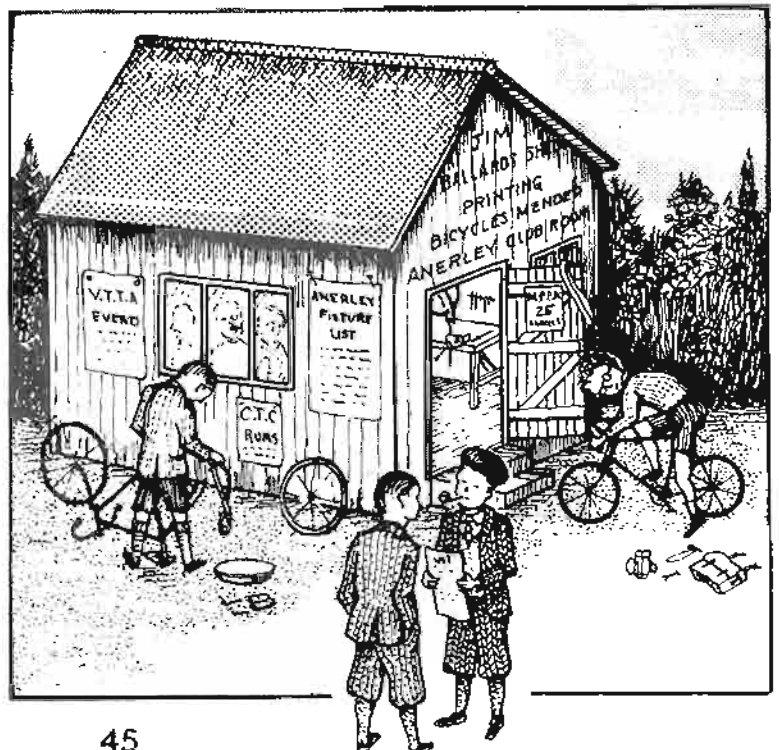
The 1952 season saw us visiting the Bagshot cycle scramble, marshalling in the Balham C.C. roughriders event and racing in the Delta R.C. Long-markers "25". The Walter Moon "50" attracted six Anerley riders all competing at the distance for the first time. Afterwards twelve sat down to breakfast at Mrs. Bridgland's, the K.Whs.headquarters at the Effingham Arms. It was quite a family affair for Mr. & Mrs.Allchin rode down on their tandem to help their son Tony, and Sid.Leigh (an active member in the 30s) was out with his son Laurie. Sid.Leigh later made a comeback as a Vet. With Jim Ballard he formed a team in a "25" and did his fastest ride ever in 1.12.0. odd.

The Club decided that it was impossible to revive our Open "12" but it was agreed to run a "25" for middle markers and this we did for several years. We started off well by Bob Job winning one of the prizes. It was most helpful to have the assistance of Percy Hugget of the Addiscombe with the handicapping and time-keeping.

Jack also carried on with the timing of swimming races and then extended his efforts to looking after Anerley events: following in the footsteps of the great "G.H" he served on the R.T.T.C. and for several years acted as its National Sec. and like Jim Ballard was always seen either sucking or smoking a pipe.

Racing men had a "Star" in Aubrey Wenman, backed by Jim Ballard, and on the 17th Sept.1950 a field of about six riders competed in one of the then best supported club events, the winner being Aubrey in 1.10.15. for the "25" miles.

The club room during this period was Jim Ballard's shed where an Aladdins cave of bike parts, hoarded from pre-war days, kept many an impecunious school-boy or apprentices machine on the road.He also installed a duplicator and printed, often as a labour of love, R.T.T.C.forms,





A Clubroom had now been found in a hall at the rear of the Simla Public House in Thornton Heath. It attracted the club's young cyclists for social meetings, darts, cycle rollers, snooker and the company of one or two young ladies. The ladies did ride bikes, but their interest was not really cycling one felt and in fact two of them later became Mrs. Sherriff and Mrs. N. Greig.

It was a sign of the times when a resolution was passed at the 1953 A.G.M. limiting the yearly sub. for young members called up to do National Service to 2/6d. Laurie Leigh was one of the first of 'our gang' to go and he never really cycled as a clubman again.

Service in the Army changed his outlook, as it did for many other youngsters who were lost to cycling for good. As one of them said 'it's small beer riding a bike after having driven around in tanks'.

The Club's membership was now at about its post war maximum and many of the younger members were taking on jobs. Pete Shaw was sub-captain, Mike Sherriff was assistant Sec. and Stan Hutson, Sid Leigh and Jimmy Ruddle were on the Committee. Bruce Fuller still acted as Secretary and his enthusiasm was 100% as was Jim Ballards. The latter probably took on too much work with his job, timekeeping Opens, organizing our Open "25", printing and editing the gazette and training our young riders.

The help and advice given by senior members was recognised in the elevation of Bob Edgar and Bill Shorter to the Vice-Presidents list. Bob was now back in the South of England as Principal of the Slough Technical College and was often seen out on races and riding in map reading contests. Bill Shorter was a very friendly type, always helpful and willing to marshal events. Never a star racing man, but the backbone of any organization. Another rider of the second generation who helped the Club at this time was George Austin who presented his gold centre and silver medals for re-issue. The gold centres were for any rider breaking a Club record and the silvers for special services to the Anerley.

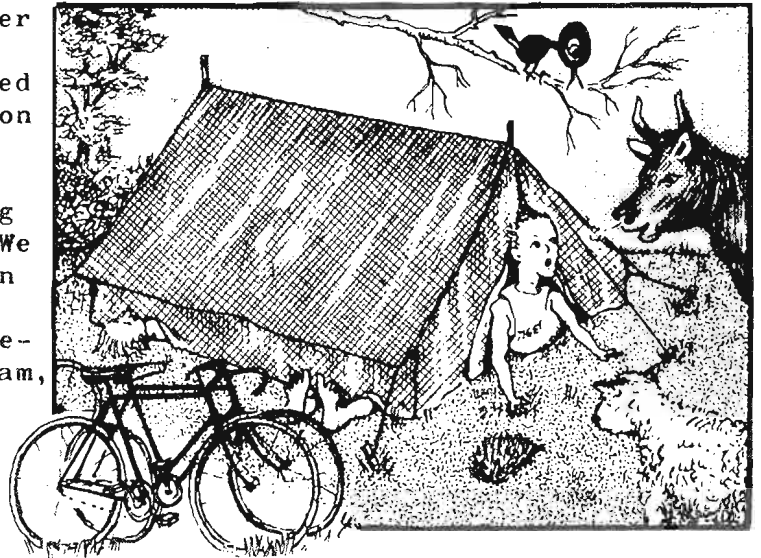
The A.G.M. of 1953 also voted that the London and Brighton and back Club event should be changed to Coulsdon to Brighton and back. Extra traffic lights and the great increase in motor vehicles was making the journey from Croydon to Hyde Park Corner and back rather too dangerous. The Club Handbook also included two new medal std. rides - 10 miles for juniors and one for 30 miles in accordance with the then modern trends.

Easter 1953 saw an Anerley party riding to Portsmouth for the Good Friday S.C.C.U. meeting at the North End Track, after which a specially chartered boat, loaded with cyclists, landed us in the Isle of Wight for the N.C.U. Rally. We watched the massed start racing on a circuit around Brading and after arranging "digs" at Sandown we explored the Island. Led by the redoubtable Jim we cyclo cross style climbed the footpath to the Ventnor Radar station and then on to see the picturesque Godshill Church.

With Easter over, it was Godstone again. Eleven entered for the first "25" and ten finished. Norman Greig won with 1.7.43, but brother Bernard stole the handicap by 10 mins. and Laurie Leigh beat his father Sid by 11 secs. Breakfast after the event was at Mrs. Curds, that superb cyclists venue for elevenses, teas, club suppers etc. The large wooden room at the

rear was always alive with chatter and after-event post mortems. George Austin dropped in and asked if his medals had been won, but on being told they hadn't, resumed his journey.

Four riders rode the Lancing A.C. Longmarkers event in July. We camped out overnight in a two man tent in a field overlooking Shoreham Airport and this arrangement was often repeated at Horsham, Headcorn and Pangbourne Lane for the Bath Road events. We had to do this for "digs" which catered for racing men were still few and far between.



We had quite a flourishing racing season with members riding over twenty 25 mile time trials, three events at 50 miles and two at 100 miles. Early in the season three members rode the Kentish Wheelers "25" for novices who hadn't ridden a time trial before, and returned times between 1.14.57 and 1.18.28 on a bitterly cold morning.

In case readers think it was all racing, touring and Club riding also flourished. Bank Holiday "bashes" were undertaken in an endeavour to get fit, as examinations at Polytechnics and Colleges cut down early season riding so a "hard suffering slog" on the first available holiday was supposed to help fitness. Any way, we followed Jim Ballard's training maxim of "getting the miles in".

Late in October we had a Youth Hostel weekend at Alfriston in Sussex. With the Captain leading, a party of 5 left the clubroom at 2p.m. We arrived at the hostel just in time for our evening meal after "one hell of a blind" through strange lanes in the dark. In the evening we met up with the Medway R.C. and adjourned to the "George" for a glass or two of lemonade? On Sunday we returned via Eastbourne, Battle Abbey and Sevenoaks, arriving home tired but pleased with a successful weekend.

In the same month the pre-war Map Reading contest between the Century, Kentish Wheelers and ourselves was revived. On this occasion the Century



were the hosts at their headquarters in Hertford. Jim Ruddle, Bernard Greig, John Jackson, Pete Shaw, Jim Ballard and Clive Gandley left the clubroom for what turned out to be one of the highlights of the year. We negotiated the London traffic quite well and reached the Marshmoor Cafe, Barnet, where we met up with Bruce Fuller and Bob Edgar. After a first class meal of eggs, bacon, liver, fried bread, plates of bread, butter and jam, a plate of cakes finally "sank" the team. With the aid of a pathfinder from the Century we wended our way to Hertford.



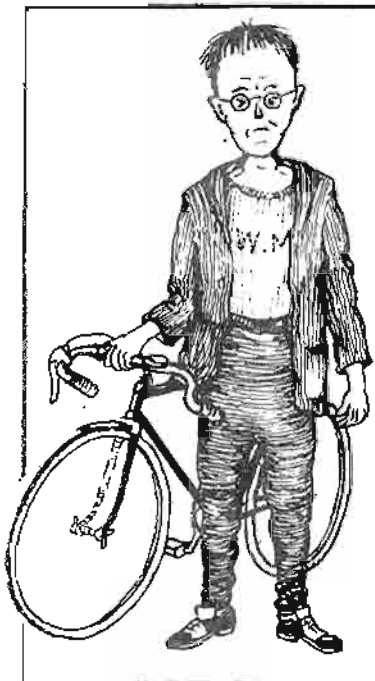
We had lodgings at The Blackbirds and The White Hart. Although the other two clubs were stronger in numbers, we beat them at darts until Bruce Fuller was loaned to the Kentish Wheelers. The company went to bed at 10.30 and were up in time to get to the start on the Stevenage Road. Some of our riders came out in the morning from South London and the Anerley in its first post war map reading contest, on roads completely unknown, came third. Our great hope, Pete Shaw, punctured just after the start and the President, contacted by telephone, brought a new tyre to get Pete home that evening. At the lunch afterwards 70 sat down to the meal, our party being joined at The Mayflower by Dudley Kirby, Arthur Cooke and A.E. Ward - even Bill Moon came over from Essex. The journey home was quite uneventful and so ended a very pleasant weekend - what a start to the social season.

The Club contributed to the prize fund of the Croydon Cycling Association massed start event but this sector of the sport did not attract any riders from the Club with the exception of Pete Shaw who did ride at the Crystal Palace evening meetings, but without any success. Track racing also did not make any appeal although Bill Higgins and Stan Hutson indulged in a few training sessions. The cost of equipment and

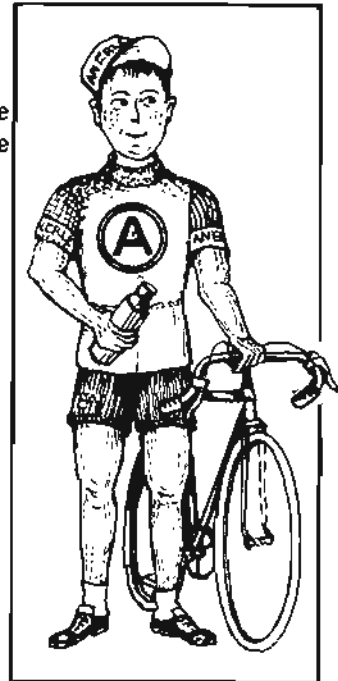
the loss involved if one had a "pile up" put most of us off the idea.

Entries in Club events at the end of 1953 were dwindling a little for Cyril Blake was in Egypt with the Scots Guards and Laurie Leigh at Catterick. We also lost Bill Collins and Alec Robertson to the Army. However, we had an "ace recruiter" in Dave Moses, who got us several new members, but they unfortunately did not stay with us for very long.

As in the 20s the Club as a body attended the R.T.T.C. British best All Rounder Concert at the Albert Hall. We were not impressed with the Floor Show, but the chance of seeing the "Cracks" from a seat in the "Gods" made up for the poor acts.



Early in the 1950s the R.T.T.C. abolished the "all black inconspicuous clothing" rule and it was not long before the black and gold of the Anerley appeared on the road. Even the old brigade had to admit that it was a change for the better, for a rider in the 1920s with the "knock", clad all in black and wet through was a sorry sight. The President, generously purchased a batch of new jerseys in the Club colours, which were then sold to members for 25/- each, the proceeds going to the Club funds. Cloth badges could also be bought for 3/6d and were sewn on the jerseys or other apparel.

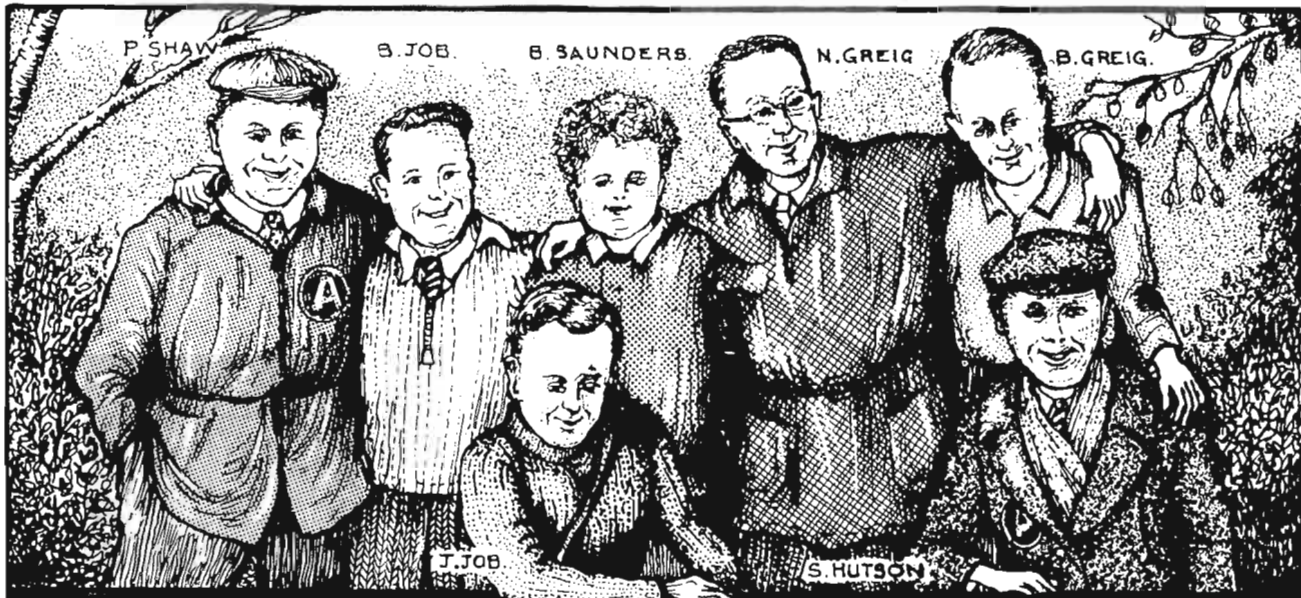


The first Anerley Dinner for 14 years was held in 1952 at Stuarts Cafe, Wallington and as it proved so suitable we held the 1953 Dinner

there as well. Fifty six members (including twenty Juniors) sat down with their friends and had a very pleasant evening. Guests included Jack Rossiter, Jack Lauterwasser, H.M. Ellis of the Catford and Len Bowden of "Cycling" who replied for the visitors.

Jim Ballard, always an amusing speaker, proposed the toast of the President and Dudley in his reply praised the way Jim had got the Club going again and how he had welded the old and new members together in the very trying years after the war. Bruce Fuller's efforts were also acknowledged and the Committee meetings at his house, where his daughters dispensed tea and cakes, were remembered.

On Christmas Day 1953 the Catford C.C. staged a fancy dress parade and jazz session at a pub in Green St. Green. Seven of the ten Anerley chaps who turned out for the festivities are portrayed below.



The year ended badly for Pete Shaw, a fractured clavicle sustained on a training spin near Hayes Common kept him off his bike for quite a time. What hard luck - for Pete had been a Rugby player before he joined the Club. However, in the New Year he had recovered sufficiently to capture the Club "25" mile record with a ride of 1 hr. 4mins. 10secs. before going into the forces.

Captain John Jackson having had a poor season on a solo in 1953 purchased a tricycle. He justified his "conversion" with an article in the gazette entitled "A new experience - a trike" for which many virtues were claimed. One not mentioned was the winning of half pints from those who were rash enough to bet that they could just get on the darn thing and ride it. Apparently John always accepted the wager if the camber of the road was particularly acute.

By 1954 the yearly programme of the Club had taken shape. Helping on the Balham Rough Riders "25" and supporting our juniors in the K.W.s Novices "25" opened the season. At Easter the brothers Greig toured the West Country while Bob Job and John Jackson travelled up the Great North Road to Tadcaster and then through York to Malton where they stayed at the Youth Hostel. The return journey was via Hull, Lincoln, Cambridge and London, all in 4 days. It was a "kill or cure" get fit session.

Club runs were not neglected and on one occasion when some of our service members, home on leave, turned out, 17 sat down to tea. These trips were very enjoyable but not without incident as when John Moores and Jerry Robinson collided when sprinting for Egham Town sign and resulted in John going home by train. Unfortunately Norman was not there to do his wheel straightening exercise which consisted of putting the buckled wheel in a drain grating and, with a flick of the wrist, pulling it "true" again.

The Clubroom and Headquarters were still at the Simla in Thornton Heath and very popular. The hall had one slight disadvantage for the gents toilet for the bars was located at the end of the building, entailing all and sundry walking through the clubroom to answer nature's call, which was very disturbing if we were holding a meeting. This no doubt was the reason

why committee meetings were held in Bruce Fuller's home. The clubroom was self-supporting financially, in fact it was even known to make a small profit at a time when the Club's finances were often depleted through running an Open "25". We, as members, knew the Anerley was not a rich club although that myth still persisted in the cycling world. Rich in spirit and comradeship yes, money no!

Road racing was still carried out enthusiastically. W. Birkin's 1932 "50" mile record fell to Norman Greig on a windy morning over a hilly course in Kent. The new record of 2.16.5 was an improvement of over one minute and earned for Norman the second of George Austin's gold centre medals.

On the racing calendar was of course the Anerley "Open 25". As we had received so many entries the year before it was decided at the A.G.M. that if the same interest was shown in 1954 we would stage a double event. The running of two Opens at the same time overstretched the membership's ability to provide the necessary marshals, but once committed we did make the effort even to the extent of limiting the number of our own riders in the two races. The event took place in continuous rain and unfortunately several riders went off course. However, there was one bright spot for Bob Job won the second handicap award, the last Anerley man to win a prize in our own promotion.

The new "barrow boy", Captain John Jackson, had a go on his trike in the S.C.C.U. "12" hour event on Southern roads. It was his first effort at such a race and he did nearly 202 miles, thus beating the previous Club record (set up in 1935 the year of his birth) by about five miles. This ride collected another of George's medals.

Shortly after his success in our "25" Bob Job moved to Wolverhampton and it was a great loss for he was one of our best young racing hopes and an all round clubman. His knowledge of country life and bird calls made many an otherwise dull club run interesting. We suffered another blow when H.M. Ellis was killed in an accident whilst riding his cycle on the Kingston By Pass on Nov. 16th. He was one of the Club's great riders (see page 18) who left us about 1924 to join the Catford C.C. only to return years later. We had losses but some of our service members were being demobbed and one or two returned to the "fold". Miss Betty Saunders, our only woman Hon. Member set an example that few of the male members could equal. She marshalled on time trials and map-reading contests and was a consistent supporter of the clubroom and runs.

In the autumn Dave Moses, through his connection with the cycle trade, heard that extras were required for a film called "Experienced Cyclists". He suggested that the A.B.C. could fill the role so a much larger than usual club run was filmed cycling through a Surrey lane. Nobody reached stardom for their performance and unfortunately the run on the following week was back to the usual number.

The year ended with our annual visit to Earls Court for the cycle Show, followed by the customary attendance at the B.B.A.R. concert. The T.V. Star, Benny Hill, compered a first class cabaret show and the three times winner of the Tour de France, Louison Bobet, presented the top award to Vic Gibbons, the perfect time trialist.

At the 1955 A.G.M. Mrs. Mountain presented the Club with a handsome trophy to be known as the Mountain Memorial Shield in memory of her husband who was a keen clubman in the early 1920s and President during the war years. We were pleased to elect new members, Jimmy Burgman, Mike Turner, and a second honorary lady member, Miss Beryl Balm.

The racing season opened with a "25" on the Godstone course held in conjunction with the Caterham C. & A.C. Norman won the race and after breakfast at Mrs. Curds a game of football was played on Godstone Green with our friends. They were fortunate in having a fine lady goalkeeper who managed to stop many fine shots with various parts of her body, but rarely with her hands.

By this time Jim Ballard and Bruce Fuller were taking a very active part in running veterans events and Jim eventually became the first President of the Surrey/Sussex V.T.T.A. and was a keen supporter of all their runs until his death in 1968.

A week after our Open "25" our racing men were "at it again". Norman cut the "25" record to 1.3.1., John Jackson got the Club trike record with 1.13.58. and Betty Saunders, riding a private time trial, clocked 1.25.0. in her first and only race. Our riders competed in other events- the Rodway C.C. "50", the Balham "100" on the Bath Road and the Camberley Whs. "25" on the Reading course. The tours undertaken included one into Europe. Bill Higgins and John Jackson cycled through Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany and Holland. A tour of 980 miles in two weeks.

The racing season ended with Norman Greig as the Club champion and new member Jimmy Burgman, who had won the Coulsdon to Brighton and back, taking the S.F.Edge Trophy and the Club record. The year ended with the usual inter club map reading contest, run this year from East Grinstead, by the Kentish Wheelers. Although the route took us on to our beloved Godstone time trial course, the Club team could only finish third even though the margin was only 2 mins. The Century took 1st, 2nd and 3rd places with the K.Whs. taking the 4th. Our team of W.Higgins, Mike Turner and J.Jackson finished 5th, 8th and 13th, well in front of Charles King who later became President of the British Cycling Federation.

Christmas Day was again celebrated with a run to Green Street Green, this time with a difference, for our Captain, supported by Bill Higgins, joined in the Catford C.C. fancy dress parade.

THE DINNER & DANCE to celebrate the Club's 75th Anniversary took place at the Greyhound Hotel, Croydon on the 21st January 1956. Some 77 members, friends and guests assembled under the genial Chairmanship of the President, Dudley Kirby. Probably in the great days of the past when the bicycle was "King of the Road", there may have been larger gatherings but hardly a more jolly or friendly one. Wrapped around an excellent dinner we sat back and enjoyed the speeches that did full justice to the occasion. G.H.Stancer, President of the C.T.C., R.R.A. and the Century Road Club, recounted the achievements of the great Anerley men of former times - S.F.Edge, S.A.Olley, Alfred Nixon (his son St.J.Nixon was present), J.W.Stocks, Sir C.B.Lawes-Wittewronge, Percy Low, President of the N.C.U., "Beefy" Hogan and our one and only "G.H." Smith, who had done so much to hold the Club together over many years. Two of the "Old Boys" present were E.A.Boyle (then aged 74) and J.H.Gladding, who had been a member for 62 years.

Replying for the Club, J.Jackson, the Captain, acknowledged the past but drew attention to the present and future. Bob Edgar toasted the Ladies and guests in his usual humorous vein, mentioning H.H.England, Sandy Holdsworth, Charlie Davey, Percy Huggett, Jack Lauterwasser, George Martingdale, Les Gebel and F.W.Stevenson, President of the Surrey Bicycle Club.

Replying for the Ladies, Mrs.Moon recalled that she also replied on the occasion of the Jubilee Dinner. H.H.England, President of the North Road Cycling Club and Editor of Cycling replied for the Press and our old Kentish Wheeler friend, Sandy Holdsworth, spoke for the guests. Mrs.Kirby presented the prizes, sharing them between Norman Greig and Jim Burgman. Arthur Cooke proposed the President's Health and recalled the happy days together before the war. In his reply Dudley expressed the hope that the next 75 years would bring the same measure of comradeship to the members as in the past. During the evening G.Gulliford, Surrey B.C. repeated the feats of legerdemain that had lately staggered the Pedal Club. The dancing which followed was a very pleasant innovation and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a most memorable evening to a close.

Following the Dinner much space was covered in the local press with such headlines as "Cleanest sport of all"(referring of course to time trials) and pictures of Norman and Jim Burgman with the Club cups.

Once again the issue as to whether we should admit Ladies to full membership arose and an extraordinary General Meeting was called to discuss the proposition - "That Ladies be admitted to full membership, may take office and compepe in Open races under the name of the Anerley Bicycle Club" and "That should the above be passed, some prize or prizes be allocated for Ladies Events". Much rule searching, both Club and R.T.T.C. ensued, amendments were added and lost and one issue had the President declining to cast his vote declaring the amendment void without a majority. The original motion was then put to the meeting, it was lost by a small majority, two younger members voting against the motion. So there we were, for another year an all male Club.

1956 started well with junior Jim Burgman winning the Club 10 mile event in 28 minutes on a new course at Walton Heath. Mike Turner, who was now acting as Racing Secretary, took second place and John Jackson finished third. New member Mike Greenhough started well in his racing career by returning 1.9.0. in the K.W's Novices "25", followed by a 1.13.14. in the Appolo's middle markers race. On the same day as the Appolo's event we ran our Open "25" in which we had eight of our own riders. With three in the Appolo event it made a total of eleven racing men, four of whom returned rides of under 1hr. 10mins. for the 25 miles. Then we collected a second handicap in very poor conditions on the Bath Road in the Balham "100" and we began to think that it must be our year.

Then followed our greatest post war win, for on May 27th 1956 our team of Pete Shaw, John Turnbull, Jim Burgman and John Jackson won the Walter Moon "50" mile trophy. Pictures appeared in the Croydon press under headlines "Anerley make history". Alas, we never repeated that triumph.

Every week riders were improving their times. Greig, Turnbull and Higgins in the Caterham "50", Shaw, Jackson and Greenhough in the Balham "100" and Burgman, Turner and Greenhough in the De Laune "25". Club events too were very encouraging with J. Burgman clocking 1.8.25. and Norman 1.4.20. for 25 miles.

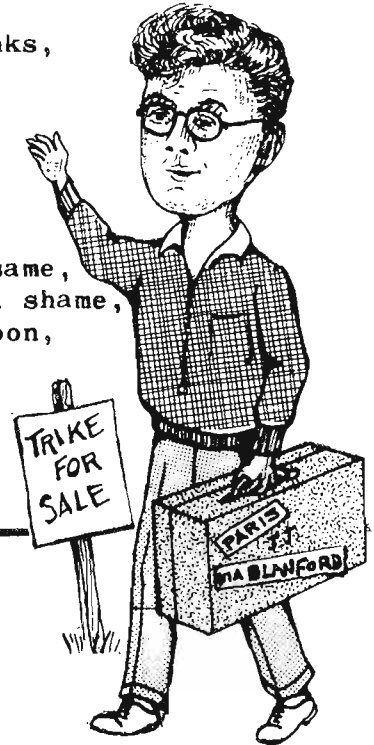
The final results for the year showed that Norman Greig returned the Club's best time at 25 miles, with Burgman second and Pete Shaw third. John Turnbull rode the best "30" with 1.9.25. with Mike Turner second and Mike Greenhough third. The "50" and the "100" fell to Mike Turner, his "50" being within 2 minutes of the Club record.

So ended our best season, certainly as far as racing was concerned, but unfortunately at this juncture we lost Pete Shaw, for his work took him to the West Country. He was a first class sportsman and rider and one time holder of the Club's 25 mile record. He was a good administrator and Editor of the Gazette. Jim Burgman also left us to become first claim to Her Britannic Majesty for National Service stationed in Cyprus and Malta in the R.A.F.

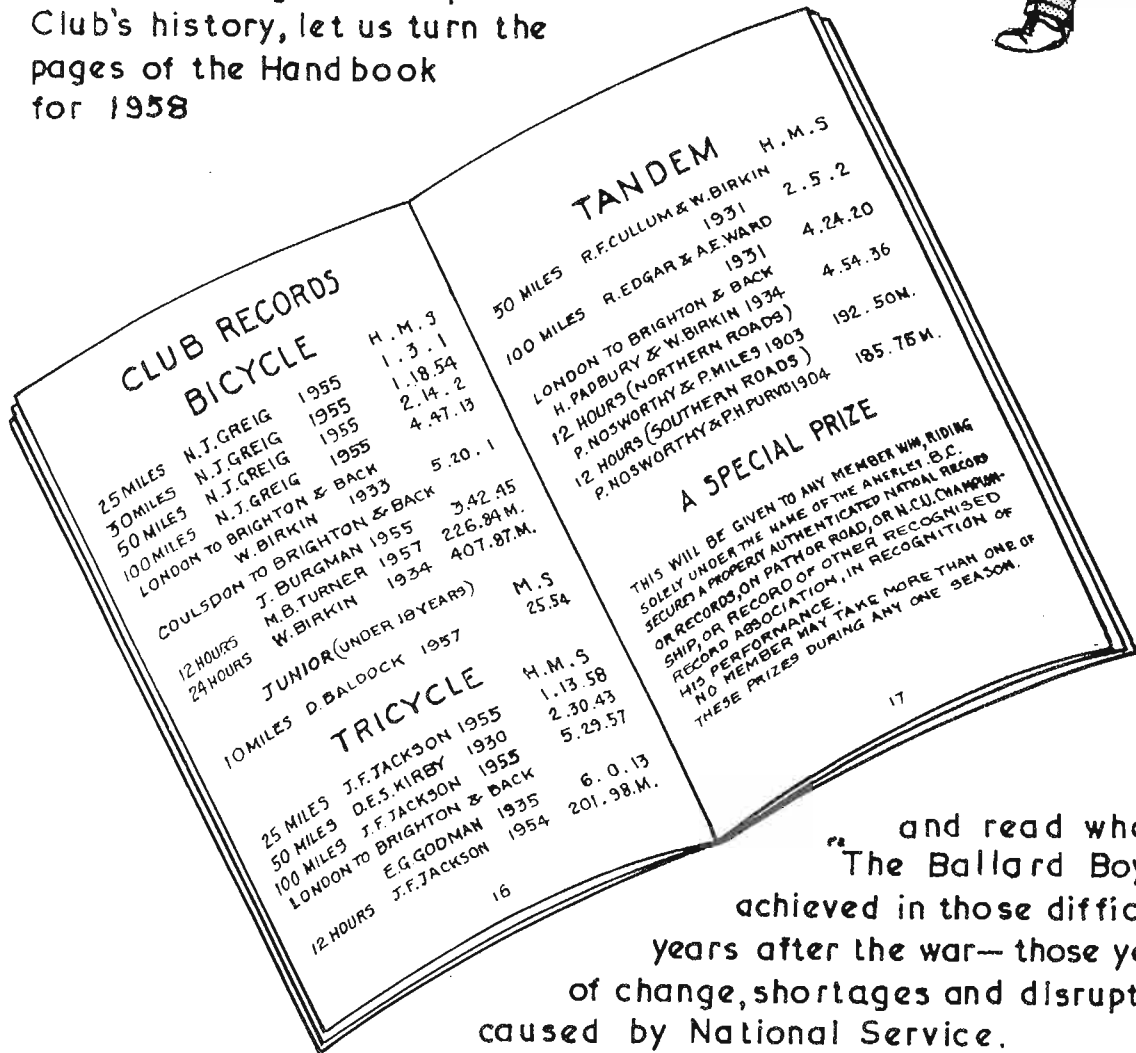


OUR NATIONAL SERVICEMEN.

Cis Blake was in the Scots Guards,
 Pete Shaw was with the 'Tanks',
 While little Leslie Newman is still serving in the Ranks,
 John Turnbull was with the 'Signals',
 And Brian Hamshere he was too,
 Whilst Bernard Greig and Malcolm Gee
 Were with the 'Boys in blue',
 Stan Hutson was a craftsman and so was Laurie Leigh,
 Both of these 'ere 'erberts were in R.E. - M.E.,
 Bill Higgins and RAF Regiment, they were one and the same,
 Of course if Bill had 'signed-on' it would have been a shame,
 And of us few that's left, our time will come quite soon,
 In fact my time to serve, starts in the month of June.



Before closing this chapter of the Club's history, let us turn the pages of the Hand book for 1958



and read what "The Ballard Boys" achieved in those difficult years after the war— those years of change, shortages and disruption caused by National Service.

THE YEARS OF CHANGE.

During the 1960s the Club virtually lay dormant. Although subscriptions were paid annually to bodies such as the R.T.T.C. and the R.R.A. - courtesy of one or two of the older members - very little cycling was undertaken in the Anerley's name. Nevertheless the Club was always very well represented at the R.R.A. triennial dinners, Pedal Club luncheons and other functions where members of various cycling clubs congregated.

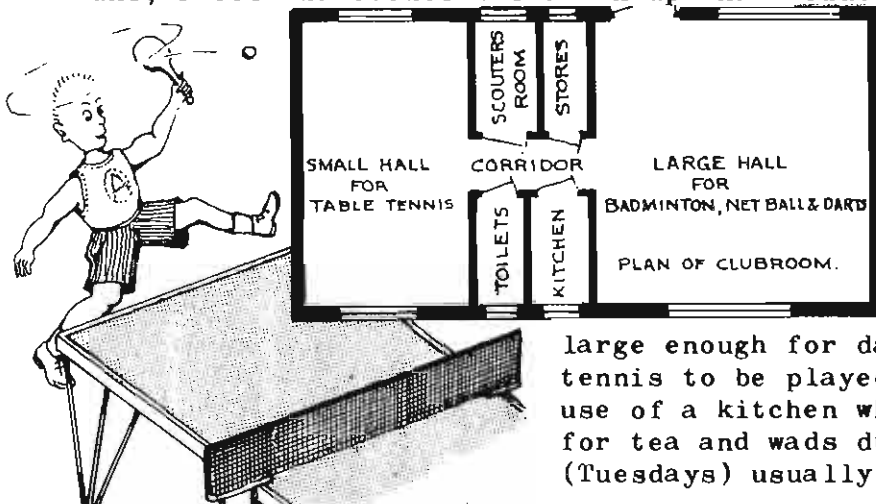
The promising nucleus of younger riders from the 1950s had married and dispersed far and wide, few of them finding the time to continue cycling. Mike Greenhough had emigrated to Canada, Norman Greig had spent some long time in hospital near Godalming, Bill Higgins had moved to Watford and Stan Hutson to Kent. John Jackson and John Turnbull were the only active cyclists, and then most of their riding was to work and back. Norman Greig in 1967 felt well enough to try his hand at time-trialling again, something he had not done since 1958. In 1970 John Turnbull also made a comeback - after 12 years away from the racing scene. These two continued to ride every distance from 10 miles to 12 hours throughout the 1970s as often as family and business commitments would allow.

In 1973 Bob Edgar visited Bill Moon at his home in a Yorkshire village. They talked of matters "Anerley" and how there were still one or two members riding "Opens" in the name of the A.B.C. Bob, who was a very active member of the "Vets", expressed the hope that Norman and Co. (one time Ballard Boys) would soon join him in the Surrey Sussex V.T.T.A. and so help to keep the Club's colours flying. One thing led to another and it was thought that it might be a good idea to get in touch with all members who were listed in the 1960 handbook: so at Xmas 1973 a Newsletter was circulated to some 30 Old Boys and as it was well received the practice has been continued.

By 1974 Norman Greig and John Turnbull had both moved to the Coulsdon-Purley area of South London suburbia and in March 1977 a Committee meeting was called at Arthur Collier's home to discuss the future of the Club. Perhaps the Newsletters had reminded people "of the joys they once possessed" for officers were found for the various jobs and the Anerley took a leap into the 20th century by electing ladies to full membership and opening its ranks to schoolboys, schoolgirls and families. A full programme of runs, races and events was drawn up and a clubroom found - a very spacious

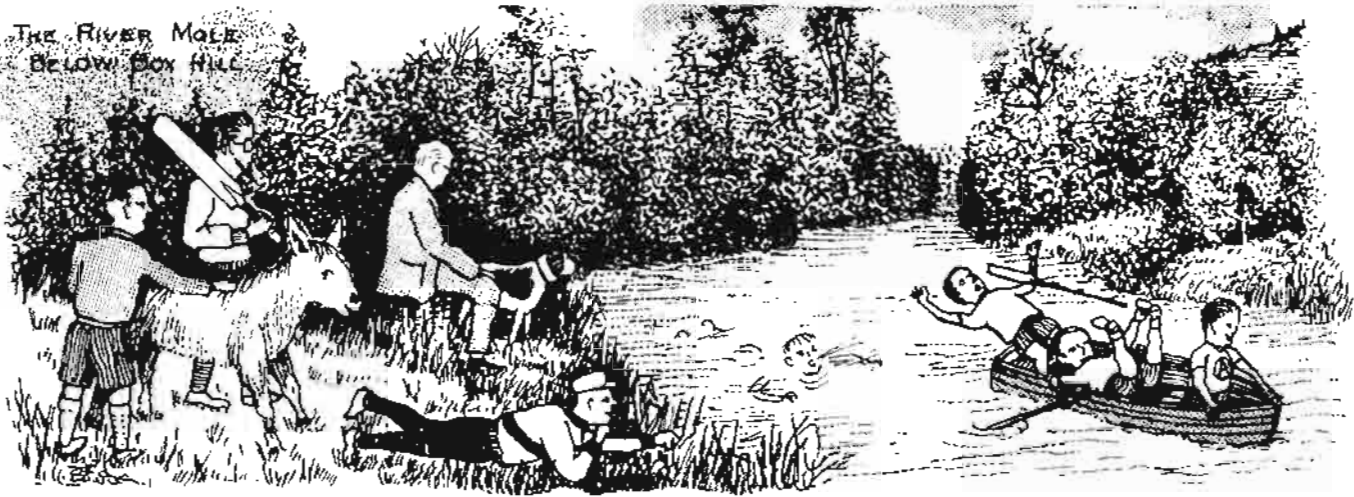
Scouts' building in Mitchley Woods, Riddlesdown. This clubroom was acquired by the efforts of John Turnbull's wife Meike, who also was Secretary of the Scout group - the 19th Purley - and who obtained extremely good terms (£1 per week) for the hire of premises

large enough for darts, badminton and table-tennis to be played. The Club also had the use of a kitchen which served as a canteen for tea and wads during Club evenings (Tuesdays) usually served by Meike.



Arthur Collier, a long serving Anerley member, was persuaded to unearth his old and venerable cycle from the bric-a-brac in his garage and rediscover the pleasures of cycling. He and his wife Margaret put their riverside meadow and gardens frequently at the Club's disposal for picnics and get-togethers. Bordering on the River Mole at Deepdene, near Dorking, the setting was idyllic for the younger members who borrowed the rowing boat to explore the Mole or shared their picnic titbits with the resident donkey.

THE RIVER MOLE
BELOW BOY HILL



During this period the splendid silver Club trophies, some dating from Victorian times, were awarded again at Club dinners. Robert Edgar, still an active cyclist and a Club member since 1926 acceded to the office of President in 1977, following Dudley Kirby who had honourably held that position since the late 40s. When John Turnbull resumed racing in 1970 his undisclosed aim was to try and improve some of the Club records which were mostly set up in the 1950s. Of course this aim meant that Turnbull had to do some improving on his own account, he having a best 25 time of 1.6.0. and a best 50 time of 2.19.3 to his credit, never having ridden farther than that.

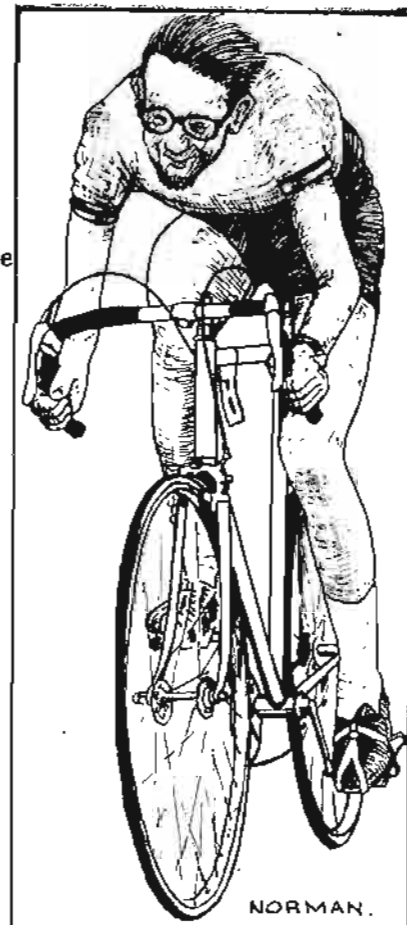
Norman Greig held the lion's share of the Anerley records with a 1.3.01 for 25 miles, 1.18.54 for 30 miles, 2.14.47 for 50 and 4.47.50 for 100 miles. Mike Turner held the "12" record with 226 miles.

Turnbull's first Anerley record was achieved on the famous Bath Road in 1970 in the Newbury Road Club 25 when he recorded 1.2.56, just three seconds faster than Norman had ridden only a week before. So after standing for 15 years, the 25 record went twice in one week! Turnbull used 86" fixed for this and a faster 1.2.05, and also for his first Anerley 50 record, 2.11.50, also ridden on the Bath Road.

Norman Greig pre-empted Turnbull's attack on the "12" record in 1977 by riding an out-of-the-blue "12" of 234.19 miles, an eight mile improvement on Mike Turner's 1956 record. Greig's ride was done with comparatively little training and no support or feeding from friends. That ride must rank as one of the greatest ever done in the Anerley's name.

John Turnbull was spurred to counter-attack, but in his first "12" fell short of the new record by about 600 yards, recording 233.75 miles. Three weeks later he rode another "12" but packed at 210 miles. Not until 1978 did he finally succeed in beating Norman Greig's record - and then by only about half a mile, with 234.79 miles.

1977 saw Greig and Turnbull attack the Club's Coulsdon - Brighton and back record. It was set by



Jim Burgman in 1955 with 3.42.45 for the hilly 80 miles, the route crossing both North and South Downs. The A 23 diversion around Gatwick Airport and the one-way systems at Redhill and Brighton had added perhaps two or three miles to the distance and, of course, traffic lights and pedestrian crossings had sprouted in profusion in Brighton itself.

At 4.45 on Saturday 16th July 1977, a cold summer's morning, Norman Greig kicked away from the time keeper beneath Coulsdon South Railway bridge. Thirty minutes later John Turnbull did likewise. Each rider had an observer in a following car to see all traffic lights were obeyed and no pace taken. At the Brighton Pier roundabout stood Bob Edgar as turn marshal, a cheery greeting of encouragement on his lips for each rider. A helpful S.W. wind urged the riders home again and first Greig, then Turnbull, broke the record, the latter by 10m.48secs.



In 1978 junior and schoolboy records were established at 10 and 25 miles, Derek Cheshire holding the junior records and Richard Culmer the schoolboys' 10 record. That year also witnessed the Anerley's first team entry in living memory in the classic Catford Hill Climb at Yorks Hill, near Westerham, Kent. Cheshire, Culmer and Turnbull comprised the team, Cheshire being easily the Anerley's best hill-climber on the day, Turnbull climbing steadily and Culmer losing the battle with gravity and falling off!

In 1979 the Arthur Cooke memorial "25", the Walter Moon "50" and the Club breakfast were all combined in the one occasion. The breakfast was again at Woolgars Farm, taken in the garden as the sun was shining, with Jenny Saunders and family hosting a superb breakfast for 18 which was very much appreciated by all those who had the good fortune to be out on that morning.

Easter of that year saw Michael Culmer and Daniel Greig embark on their first solo Youth Hostel tour which was planned to stay at Ewhurst, Winchester, with Windsor for the third day and home on the fourth. Richard Culmer and Norman Greig went to Streetley on Thames for the first night with a superb second day of lanes, downs and rivers, meeting up with the other two and sharing all the laughs and tales at the Winchester Hostel. The evening was spent at pool and table tennis, the former causing Norman much trouble when it came to getting the odd jobs done as Danny and the brothers Culmer saw themselves as budding "Pot Black" stars.

The first girl to race in a National Championship under Anerley Colours.



Petra Moore.

A fun event held at the end of the season is a free-wheeling contest handicapped on body weight. The sketch shows John Jackson, always an individualist, careering down Tilburstow with both legs trailing behind to lessen wind resistance.

The Club Map Reading contest has been revived and below we show the contestants in their Anerley gear. It will be noted that our President took part in the event.

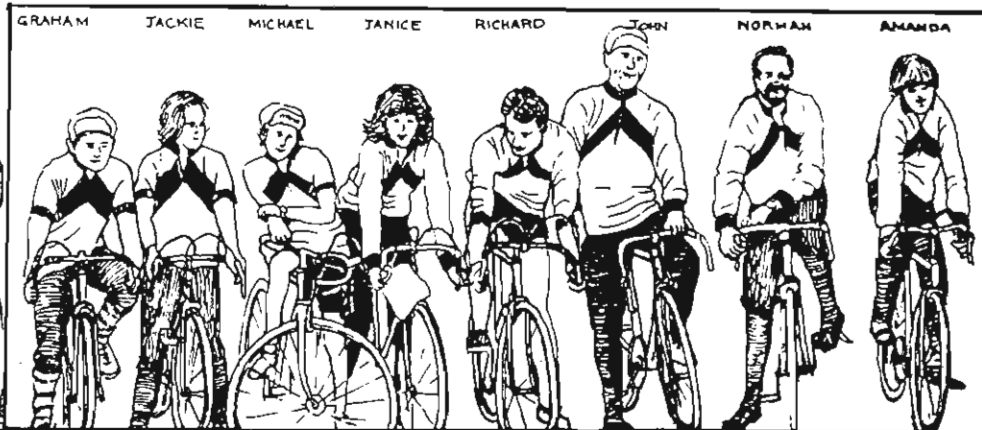
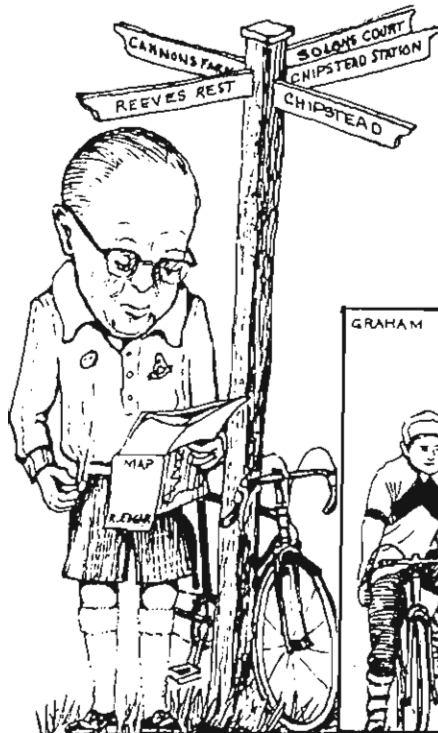
Coulsdon Court Hotel, Old Coulsdon, was the venue of the Club's 98th year dinner, with 115 members and guests attending. Recipient of our award of merit was Bill Moon, another of the Anerley's very long-serving members. Bill it was who had both edited and illustrated a remarkable series of Newsletters with black and white line drawings, many of them hand coloured individually. These Anerley Newsletters had excited comment in various quarters and were instrumental in helping to hold the Club together and keep the far-flung membership in touch with one another.

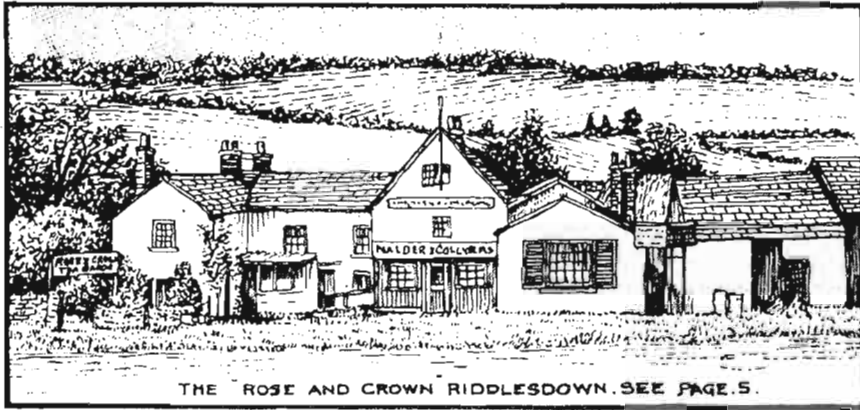


Guest of Honour at the 98th year dinner was Stan. Butler of Allin's Cycles and Norwood Paragon fame and a good friend of the Club. Many an Anerley member had had cause to feel beholden to Stan. for the great trouble he would go to in helping with the odd out-of-stock spare, the quick wheel re-build and so on.

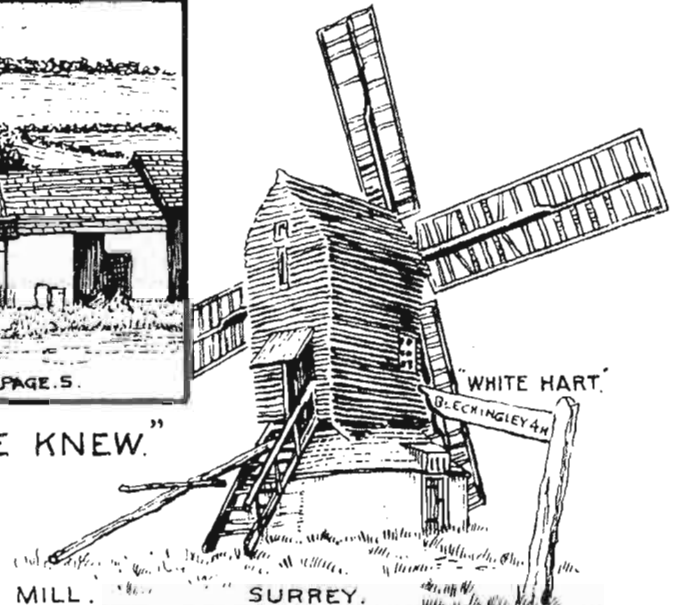
The 1980 annual dinner was a quieter and smaller affair, held at the T.A. Drill Hall, Ewell, John Jackson, a T.A. R.E.M.E. Sergeant, pulling a string or two to arrange the use of the premises. And an excellent fore-gathering it was, a comfortable, intimate atmosphere helped by good food and drink.

As the Anerley's one-hundredth year draws near it is not possible accurately to forecast the Club's future. It has not, for very many years, been a strong club, but it has survived the vicissitudes of fate while seemingly stronger clubs have succumbed. The Anerley has a unique atmosphere together with a great store of goodwill engendered by its venerable history and tradition. Long may it continue! "Palmam qui meruit ferat" is the Club's motto: The palm to him who is worthy.





THE "ROSE AND CROWN" RIDDLESOWN. SEE PAGE 5.



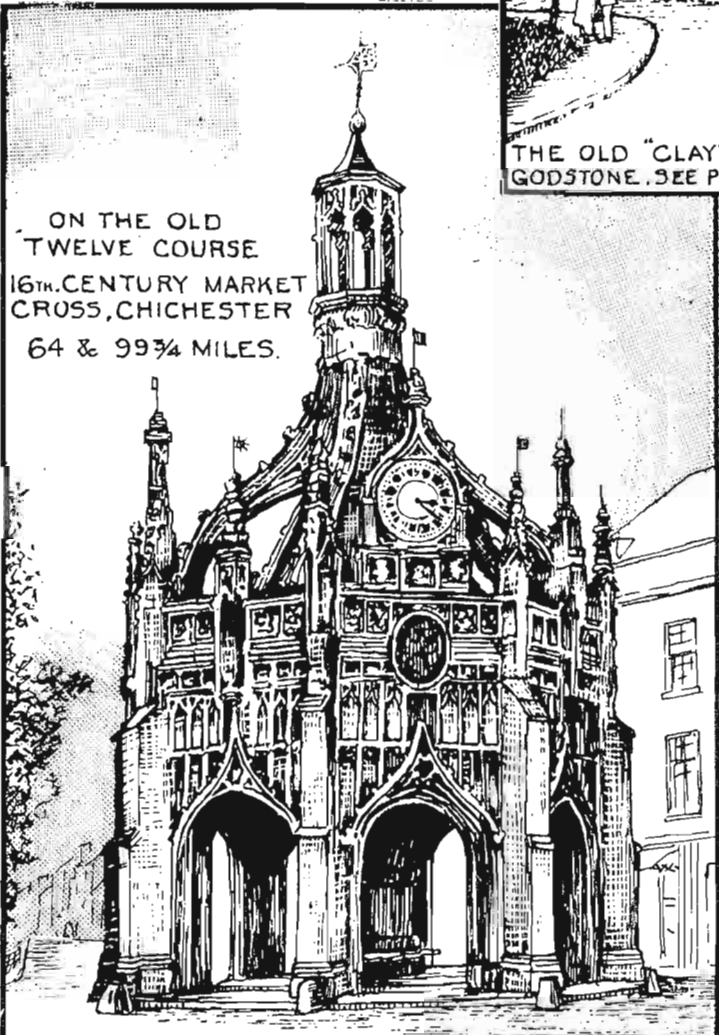
OUTWOOD MILL. SURREY.



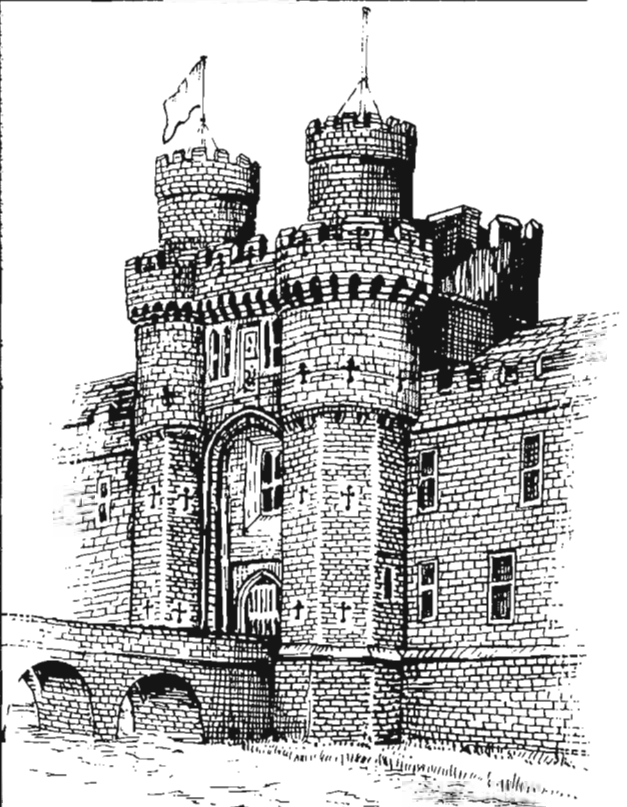
THE FORGE
PENSURST. KENT.



THE OLD "CLAYTON ARMS"
GODSTONE. SEE PAGES 4 & 42.

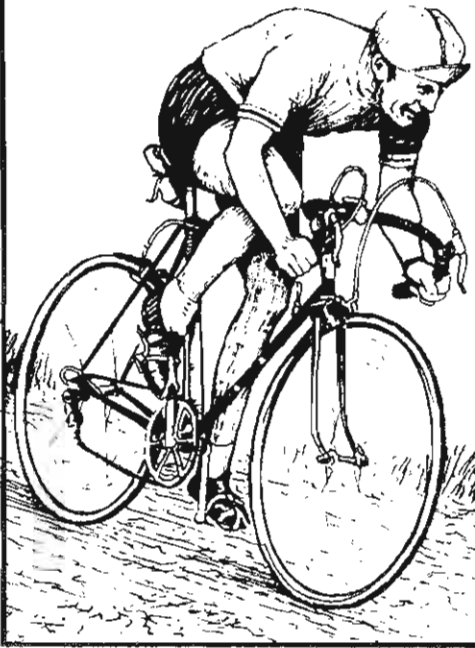


ON THE OLD
"TWELVE COURSE"
16TH. CENTURY MARKET
CROSS, CHICHESTER
64 & 99 3/4 MILES.



HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE. SUSSEX.

JOHN TURNBULL.

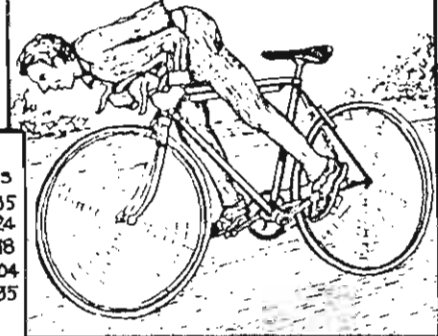


CLUB RECORDS.

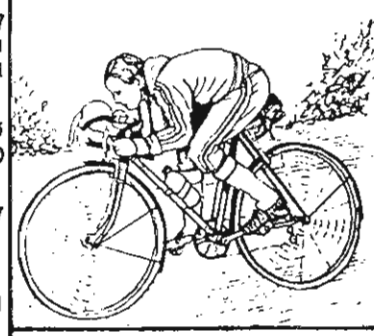
BICYCLE

			H. M. S.
10 MILES	J. TURNBULL	1980	23.35
25 MILES	J. TURNBULL	1977	59.24
30 MILES	J. TURNBULL	1971	1. 18. 18
50 MILES	J. TURNBULL	1980	2. 1. 04
100 MILES	J. TURNBULL	1980	4. 25. 35
LONDON TO BRIGHTON & BACK			
	W. BIRKIN	1933	5. 20. 1
COULSDON BRIGHTON & BACK			
	J. TURNBULL	1977	3. 31. 57
12 HOURS	J. TURNBULL	1978	234.79M
24 HOURS	W. BIRKIN	1934	407.87M
JUNIOR (UNDER 18 YEARS)			
10 MILES	D. CHESHIRE	1978	24. 13
25 MILES	D. CHESHIRE	1979	1. 4. 20
SCHOOLBOYS (UNDER 16 YEARS)			
10 MILES	M. CULMER	1980	27. 37
LADIES			
10 MILES	JACQUELINE TURNBULL	1980	32. 31
25 MILES	JACQUELINE TURNBULL	1980	1. 25. 55

MICHAEL CULMER



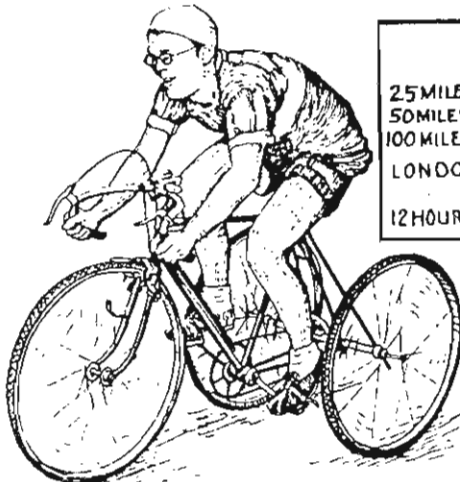
JACKIE TURNBULL.



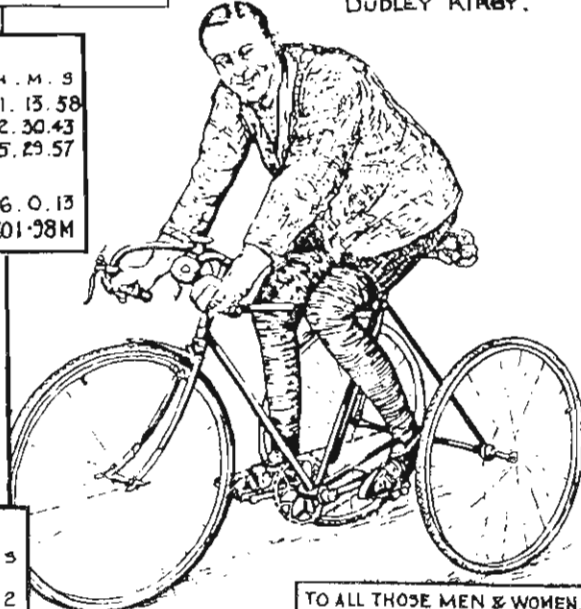
DUDLEY KIRBY.

TRICYCLE

			H. M. S.
25 MILES	J. F. JACKSON	1955	1. 13. 58
50 MILES	D. S. KIRBY	1930	2. 30. 43
100 MILES	J. F. JACKSON	1955	5. 29. 57
LONDON TO BRIGHTON & BACK			
	E. G. GODMAN	1935	6. 0. 13
12 HOURS	J. F. JACKSON	1954	201.78M



JOHN JACKSON.



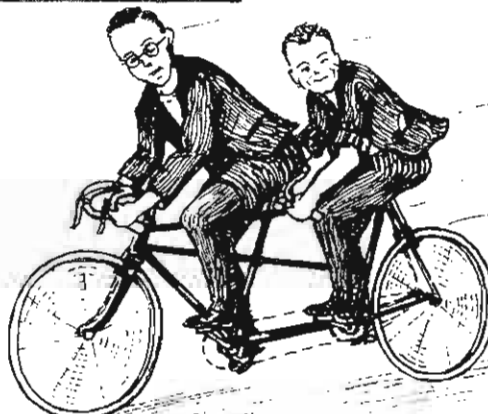
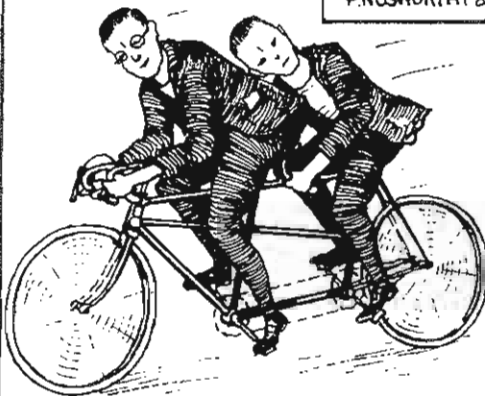
TANDEM

			H. M. S.
50 MILES	R. F. CULLUM & W. BIRKIN	1931	2. 5. 2
100 MILES	R. EDGAR & A. E. WARD	1931	4. 24. 20
LONDON TO BRIGHTON & BACK			
	H. PADBURY & W. BIRKIN	1934	4. 54. 36
12 HOURS (NORTHERN ROADS)	P. NOSWORTHY & P. MILES	1903	192.5M
12 HOURS (SOUTHERN ROADS)	P. NOSWORTHY & P. PURVIS	1904	185.75M

R. F. CULLUM AND W. BIRKIN.

R. EDGAR AND A. E. WARD.

TO ALL THOSE MEN & WOMEN, TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION, WHO VERY SPORTINGLY HAVE GOT UP EARLY AND RIDDEN MANY MILES, TO HELP ON RACES AND CHECK MEDAL RIDES.



A CHECKER'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

PRESIDENT 1977
PAST PRESIDENTS
 W. RUSTON.
 SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE.
 H.S. HUGHES. 1887 - 1902
 R.H. FRY
 SIR CHARLES LAWES-WITTEWRONGE
 F.W. BAILY. 1914
 G.H. SMITH. 1920
 W.H.M. BURGESS 1929
 S.F. EDGE. 1930
 H.H. CLARKE. 1933
 O.W. WELLS. 1936
 W.H.M. BURGESS. 1937
 B.H. HOGAN. 1938
 F.S. BURGESS.
 W.P. HARMSWORTH
 W.J. MOUNTAIN. 1948
 D.E.S. KIRBY.

"THOSE WHO HAVE
 LOVED AND WORKED
 FOR THE ANERLEY"

CAPTAINS
 H.S. HUGHES.
 Mc KINLEY.
 T.D. Mc MEEKIN.
 F.W. BAILY. 1882-1890
 F. FARRELL.
 W. BAKER.
 H. HOLLANDS.
 A.C. ARMSTRONG.
 F.S. BURGESS.
 NORMAN.
 B.H. HOGAN.
 M.W. CALDER. 1914
 S.K. ALDOUS. 1920
 R.G. MATON. 1922
 D.E.S. KIRBY. 1923
 F.L. WARD. 1932
 S.C. CASTELL. 1933
 H. PADBURY. 1935
 H.N. PETTY. 1938

GENERAL HON. SECRETARIES
 H.J. RUSTON.
 K.E. EDGE.
 W.H.M. BURGESS.
 C.A. RIMINTON.
 A.H. DAETH.
 A.E. MANN.
 F.S. BURGESS.
 C. BAILEY.
 S.G. SHERWOOD
 H.M. ELLIS.
 E.A. SPRING.
 L.G. LEYBOURNE.
 W.P. HARMSWORTH.
 C.P. LE-FORT. 1921
 S.C. CASTELL 1923
 F.L. WARD. 1924
 R.C. RYALL. 1933
 H.N. PETTY. 1936
 1939
 B. FULLER.
 N. GREIG. 1949
 1977
ASSISTANT HON. SECRETARIES
 B. GREIG. 1950
 M. SHERRIFF. 1953

RACING HON. SECRETARIES
 W. MITSON. 1897-1907
 G.L. HOPKINS.
 F. FARRELL.
 H.H. CLARKE.
 F.S. BURGESS.
 S.G. SHERWOOD
 F. MATON. 1911
 E.A. SPRING. 1913
 A.J. COOKE. 1921
 W.H. HORTON. 1923
 F.E. BROWN. 1924
 W.R.H. MOON. 1928
 A.E. WARD. 1930
 W.R.H. MOON. 1931
 H. PADBURY. 1933
 H. GILBERT. 1934
 1935
 1939
 J. BALLARD. 1950
 B. GREIG. 1953
 N. GREIG. 1955
 M. TURNER. 1956
 N. GREIG. 1977

PRIZE FUND HON. SECRETARIES
 S.G. SHERWOOD. 1925
 W.P. HARMSWORTH. 1926
 O.W. WELLS. 1929
 A.J. COOKE. 1932
 H. PADBURY. 1933
 W.P. HARMSWORTH. 1935
 G.H. SMITH. 1936
 F.S. BURGESS. 1937
 H.W. PAINE. 1938

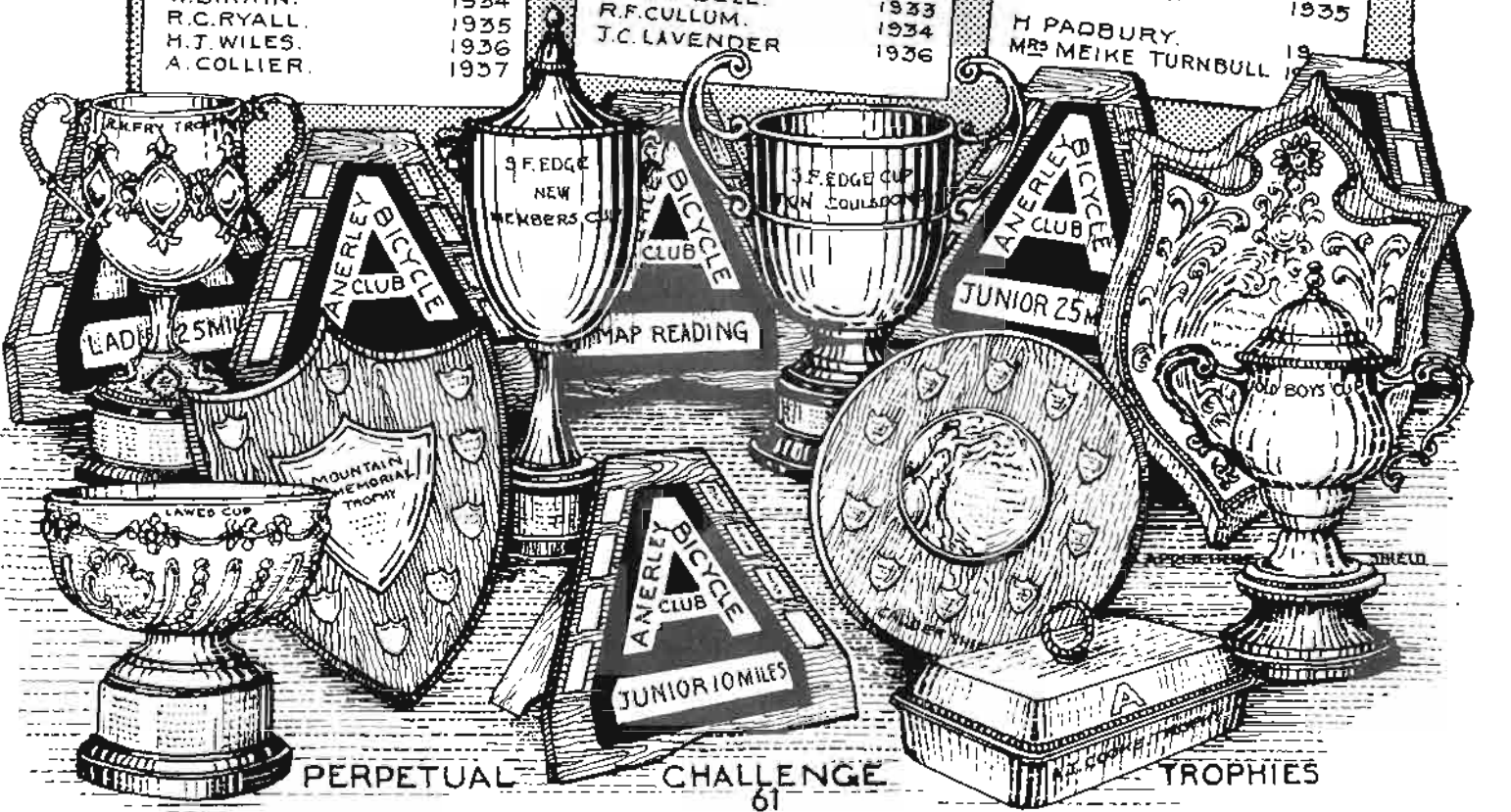
HON. EDITORS, GAZETTE
 T.D. Mc MEEKIN. 1888
 G.H. SMITH. 1890
 C.K. CLARKE. 1895
 C.G. WRIDGWAY. 1898
 A.W. DUNN. 1909
 H.M. ELLIS. 1911
 S.G. SHERWOOD. 1914
 C.E. BAILEY. 1920
 B.H. HOGAN. 1924
 E.A. SPRING. 1930
 R. EDGAR. 1934
 A.J. COOKE. 1936
 J.C. LAVENDER.
 J.C. LAVENDER. 1950
 T. BALLARD. 1953
 P. SHAW. 1956
 W.R.H. MOON. 1973

ASSISTANT HON. RACING SEC'S
 S.C. CASTELL. 1928
 A.E. WARD. 1931
 W. BIRKIN. 1932
 H. PADBURY. 1933
 W. BIRKIN. 1934
 R.C. RYALL. 1935
 H.T. WILES. 1936
 A. COLLIER. 1937

HON. AUDITORS
 O.W. WELLS. 1931
 H.H. CLARKE. 1933
 R.M. RATTUE.
 H.W. FLOWER.

SOCIAL HON. SECRETARIES
 W.R.H. MOON. 1932
 A. CAMPBELL. 1933
 R.F. CULLUM. 1934
 J.C. LAVENDER 1936

FINANCIAL HON. SECRETARIES
 H. RUSTON.
 O.W. WELLS. 1921
 H. PADBURY. 1929
 H.W. FLOWER. 1935
 H. PADBURY.
 MRS MEIKE TURNBULL



PERPETUAL CHALLENGE TROPHIES

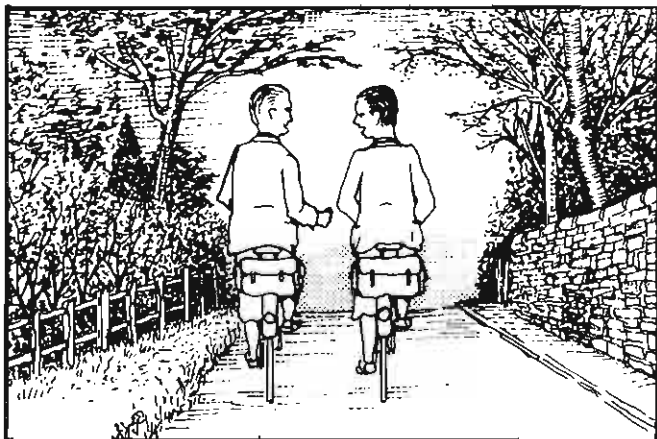
Now we come to the end of our long history and thanks to the enthusiasm of Norman Greig, John Jackson and John and Meike Turnbull, the Anerley is still an active cycling club. Thanks also to their efforts we hope to celebrate our centenary with a dinner early in 1981.

If we have got a date wrong, a time transposed or made a sketch of your best friend which you cannot recognize, we apologise, but have we not achieved our end for you have remembered something or somebody from the past.

We could hope that our reflections will inspire some of our young people to carry on when the present officers feel the need to retire, and 50 years hence they too will write of the many happy years of good fellowship they enjoyed when riding with the Anerley.

It is very regrettable that we lost our last link with the old "Old Boys" when our esteemed Past President, O. W. Wells, died earlier in the year aged 91. He joined in 1911 and it would have been a great pleasure to have sent him a copy of our story, for he had a well remembered brand of humour and had been a great worker for the A.B.C.

When our one and only "G.H." wrote the final paragraph of his book in 1929 (see page 25) it was not thought possible that we would have the trade depression of the 30s, the second World War and the years of shortage, change and upheaval which followed. Looking back on those times it is not surprising that we could not add further National honours to the list on pages 13 - 15, but we enjoyed in full measure all the other benefits he mentioned.



through an avenue of beech trees towards Tadcaster. Momentarily I felt the urge to catch them up but realised my bike was still rusting in the garage. However, when walking home down the lane reflecting on the scene I remembered a few verses which appeared in a gazette of Nov. 1890 and which I am sure will strike a cord in the heart of every Anerley man and which sums up what this book is all about.

Perhaps the Editor will be excused if he ends on a personal note. Walking through the Village on a beautiful autumn morning I saw a small group of club men riding

CLUB JOYS.

MANY PLEASANT RUNS TOGETHER,
HAVE WE HAD.
RUNS TO QUIET COUNTRY PLACES,
MEETING THERE WITH WELCOME FACES,
WHAT IF WARM AT TIMES THE PACE IS,
MANY PLEASANT RUNS TOGETHER,
HAVE WE HAD.

MANY PLEASANT MEMORIES,
HAVE WE STORED,
OF BRACING BREEZE, AND THUMPING TEAS,
MOONLIGHT NIGHTS, AND GLITTERING SEAS,
OPEN COMMONS, SHELTERING TREES,
MANY PLEASANT MEMORIES,
HAVE WE STORED.

MANY A JOLLY SPRINT TOGETHER
HAVE WE SPED.
STOOPING LOW AND FORWARD BENDING,
HIGH ALOFT THE DUST WE'RE SENDING,
VOSS WITH SHRIEKS THE AIR IS RENDING.
MANY A JOLLY SPRINT TOGETHER
HAVE WE SPED.

“And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And well tak' a richt guid willie waught
For auld lang syne!”

Jan. 1981

THE ANERLEY

25 FURTHER YEARS ON

1981 - 2006

A STORY BY ITS MEMBERS



Spring 2002

*To all those who did,
As to those that now do,
And those who in the future will,
Love and Work for the Anerley
This Little Book is Dedicated.*

G.H. SMITH



GERALDINE WINNING 3RD LADY PRIZE IN
E. SURREY HARDRIDERS 32 MILE, 03/02/02.



The Smith Family

THE LAST 25 - 1981-2006 - RANDOM MEMORIES

After our successful centenary celebrations in 1981 the club was buoyant with many promising young riders - our clubroom at the scout complex at Mytchley Wood was thriving - the club promoting its first open event for some years - a 25 mile Time Trial. Our team did great things: John Turnbull, Andrew Irons, Neil Fairbrother and Kaye Clements, plus other riders.

Club runs were also well attended, among our routes was the M25 (yes, the motorway!). Before it opened for motor vehicles we cycled from Reigate Hill to Walton on the Hill. The Surrey League held road races on another unopened section near Leatherhead - Kaye Clements, Bob Patton and Jim Read riding these events in the club colours.

The President still led his Annual Club Run on a route of his choice - usually ending up at the home of Arthur Collier on the banks of the River Mole near Brockham (this followed the tradition set by the great S.F.Edge in inviting "The Club" to his home at Pyecombe). Our club history book gives a good account of these gatherings - of the cricket, the boating and refreshments marshalled by Margaret Collier, assisted by our growing band of lady members. After Arthur's death in 1996 we had our picnic at Treasurer Ian Whyte's house and grounds at Smallfield. With Ian and Val having moved abroad in 2005, a new venue will be needed!

We should perhaps remember the debt we owe the Old Brigade of the club at this time - our President, in 1977, Dudley Kirby had passed the Golden "A" to Bob Edgar, an active president up to his death whilst out riding his cycle in Sussex in 1989 - Bob, former Principle of Slough Technical College, turned up on his 80th birthday at the club picnic, but left early to cycle back to Bognor, thereby completing a 100 mile round trip. Doreen Cooke became our First Lady President. She was the widow of long-serving member Arthur Cooke and presented a fine silver trophy for club competition in the Moon Trophy event. Another popular destination was the ride of 100 miles plus to Felpham in Sussex - home of Douglas and Marjorie Harmsworth, started in the club's centenary year. The centenary ride was further than some of the younger riders were able, so the "back room girls" made a wonderful job of sustenance by driving past the club and setting up feeding stations at approximately every 20 miles. This carried on until first Douglas died in 1993 and Marjorie some years later. This family bond was highlighted by the fact that Douglas's Father was The Club in the first World War having the task of running it almost single handed whilst the boys were away in the Forces many losing their lives. Between 1981 and 2003 we lost all of the Old Brigade with Bert Ward in 1995 along with Harry Flower and Reg Ryall, our Vice Presidents, Ann Butler, Marjorie Harmsworth, plus the man who held the Secretary's post in the club through the second World War and later years, Bruce Fuller, left us for a better place. The last of the prewar members to die was Bob Cullum, who emigrated to U.S.A., but kept in touch and was a generous sponsor of the gazette until 2003 - his name is still on our record books as "stoker" in a 12 hour Tandem Record.

The Anerley stood for family connections from the Edges in 1890's, to the Nixons, the Harmsworths, the Wards and post war the Greigs (incl. Ruddles and Gees) to the present the Herberts, the Smiths and the Tullys, not to mention the Turnbull family who have been stalwarts of the club with Meike Turnbull, our second Lady President. Coupled with family must be organisation - for the club were founding members of what is now C.T.T. (Cycling Time Trials) plus sections of the Vets. Time Trial Assn. (Surrey/Sussex) with Jim Ballard and Bruce Fuller as President and Secretary. This organisation element is what keeps cycling as a sport alive - Keith Herbert took to running (under Eddie Wingrave) several of the circuit races on the revamped Crystal Palace motor track - a return to the same park at which the club ran track meetings with attendances of up to 10,000 people before World War One. Keith got sponsorship from builders Surrey Developments for the prize list and other projects including an overseas tour with junior club members to France and Belgium.

Among the unsung heros of our sport are those who attend meetings as delegates, like Sian Charlton to C.T.T., V.T.T.A. and R.R.A. - Sian is now secretary to the Fellowship of Cycling Old Timers - putting back into the sport what she's had out - after all she holds several National V.T.T.A. records set up on her trike!

Bryn Tully works tirelessly on our club's behalf as our Time Trial Event Organiser, Racing Secretary plus Delegate and Treasurer to Croydon and Dist. Cycling Assn. We also, as a club, send delegates to Croydon Council Cycling Forum looking after cyclists' problems in Croydon.

It was John Turnbull who coined the phrase "Not the fastest, but the friendliest", with many of members cycle touring, both in the U.K. and Abroad - cycle camping - Youth Hostelling, even, in recent times, going "off road".

The Herbert Family set up club records as Husband and Wife Tandem pair (Maureen was stoker and Keith kept the front wheel on the road!). Their sons also set up Junior Records and received some of the club's 'A' shaped shields, that dad Herbert helped manufacture with Norman Greig's and Jack Jackson's help. The younger Herberts, Keith, Spencer and Lee, along with their school friends, rode road races and some track events at Heme Hill. Sadly college studies and then work robbed the club of some really useful members of the era. Their lasting legacy is the design of our club racing and touring clothing - in the historic black and gold.

In the 81-06 period we had club records broken - we won the C.D.C.A. promoted Moon Trophy two or three times! Firstly two of the 'Old Brigade', who rode the Moon 50 in 1956, Norman Greig and John Turnbull, made up the winning team 25 years later (1981) with Michael Culmer and Andrew Steel. Anerley B.C. won again in 1987 with a new team of Chris Kennard, Alan Smith, Terry Brewer and Keith Herbert. Of the individual records, John Dadson cleaned up the 10 mile, 25 mile, 50 mile and 100 mile distances, young Richard Tully took the 30 mile title and Best Rider in the Club Hill Climb Championship. Alan Smith set a new 12 hour distance in 1992, whilst on the Ladies record books Vicky Tully held 10 and 50 mile, Kaye Clements recorded a fine 1-04-02 for 25 miles. Maureen Herbert's solo 100 mile ride in 1990 set our record and Sian Charlton rode over 191 miles to become 12 hour solo record holder. K.P. Herbert set junior 10 and 25 standards. He was 15 years old when he won the 10 mile cycle race and Gold Medal in London Youth Games at Crystal Palace - he also received a £180 racing cycle from the Mayor of Croydon and Director of Milk Marketing Board. Before becoming 18, Keith Herbert set Juvenile standards at 10,25,50 miles, which still stand. Tandem records (all male) at 10 and 25 miles went to Keith Herbert and Alan Smith and the (mixed) records for 10 and 25 to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert. Tricyclist Sian Charlton set 10 mile to 24 hour Tricycle Records, all in one season - 1990. Since then some of the records have been bettered, chiefly the Ladies' 50 mile and 100 mile standard were improved by Geraldine Glowinski in 2002, a fine effort - as Geraldine prefers to ride Road Races, not Time Trials. Yoshi Sekido, joined the club via a chance meeting with Peter Trimming en route to the Norwich '100' cycle 'Audax' event. He joined our club and proved a remarkable long distance rider, runner and swimmer. He competes in the famous "Iron Man" events in Japan and in Anerley colours rode the Paris - Brest - Paris 'Audax' event in France (Shades of S.F. Edge's epic rides in France pre WW1).

Racing aside, the year tends to follow a regular pattern - club runs form the basis of club life, tourist trials (now called Audax events), hard riders for the racing element, who have taken part in some roller racing sessions in the winter. The club room had moved to St. James' Church Hall in about 1987, where we had moved at the suggestion of Alan Smith, whose sons were Boy Scouts at this location. We had snooker table, indoor hockey, table tennis, cycle rollers and of course, darts. Over the years the snooker table went, the indoor hockey was too rough the table tennis table broke! The cycle rollers were, in the end, sold after the novelty wore off. (The blue pointer used always to win, I believe!) Darts, however, has been subject to a championship for which a small trophy was presented by Norman Greig, which now requires extra discs to record the winners.

Away from the club room we hold a map reading competition - a relic from pre-war World War Two days when the Anerley, The Century Road Club and Kentish Wheelers held a triangular contest in North London, Kent or Surrey. Alas! the Kentish Wheelers are no more and so have

The Century gone. We now run the event "in house" either as two-up teams or as solo riders. One event run in Surrey had a three lady team, Maureen Herbert, Sue Hall and Sian Charlton - speed and experience you would think - sorry! the winner was John Turnbull and Mike Gaish - old age and youth.

In the summer months many members went touring - the already mentioned trip to France and Belgium. Others have toured to Japan, India, Poland, Italy, Cuba, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia Germany - the last named country was visited in 2004 by a group of five club members - to the Moselle and Rhine region with our tour leaders Meike and John Turnbull - our President and her husband, so we really do have an active administration in the Anerley! Also worth a mention - touring in the U.K. Peter Trimming favours the Lake District and Wales as touring grounds along with John Dadson and Yoshi Sekido. Whilst as a solo tourist Jack Jackson has revisited a subject first discovered as a schoolboy in the club - a passion for windmills (he is Chairman of Croydon's only mill at Shirley!) and has systematically searched for and found windmills on his cycle tours to East Anglia, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Lancaster and Wirral, The Midlands and Anglesey - about 500 sites seen and photographed over a six year period since retirement.

After the racing season nears its end, the Hill Climb season begins, where Richard Tully has been our champion in recent times. Previously Peter Trimming rode the National Hill Climb Championships and we have had a team of three riders in the classic Catford Hill Climb, John Turnbull, Bob Patton, Richard Culmer. The Anerley was the first winner of this famous event., with S.F. Edge on Westerham Hill in 1889. With the road racing season over, it is the turn of the Cyclo cross and Mountain Bike exponents to take over. Sarah Northall was South London Ladies Champion in 2002, plus Barry Allen and Geraldine Glowinski also rode these off road events. As well as hill climbing, the club run a "fun" event, which is taken very seriously by the competitors - the Annual Free Wheeling Contest, originally held on Tilburstow Hill, Godstone, until the tandem pairing of Keith and Lee Herbert covered such a distance as to reach the main road and nearly into "The Bell" Public House car park. Other winners of this event (several times) was social secretary Julie Read and cycle courier Mike Gaish. Following the move to Sandhills, near Bletchingley, on safety grounds, Richard Tully has made the trophy his own, despite efforts like Yoshi Seokido concealing extra weights on his machine.

The second most important post within the club must be that of club captain - we have had some fine captains, a position, which many of us have held over the years. It means turning out whatever the weather to lead between two and twenty two riders on a club run. It requires planning and a sense of responsibility plus map reading skills. From Norman Greig to John Turnbull via Peter Trimming, Jeremy Hammond to the present holder, Des Donohoe - we have been served well. The post of vice captain also needs a mention - this is the path to full captaincy as understudy, when the leader is indisposed. One of our best earlier captains, on being questioned by a member "Haven't we passed that building already?" was told in no uncertain terms that the captain or his deputy must be obeyed (club rules).

An unusual event the club has hosted over the last few years at its club room has been a Christmas Barn Dance, to which all other cycling clubs in Croydon are invited. Our talented musician Peter Trimming organises this club night and brings along his folk style music group plus the Old Palace Ladies Clog Dancers. Food and refreshments are at our expense and this delightful session ends with Christmas Carols and songs, after an exhausting evening of Folk Dancing. Not many clubs can boast a club night like this one!

Our club supper or dinner, when we honour our club champions and those who support our pastime, has been staged at several locations. The Territorial Army Centre at Ewell was used for several years from 1979 until a rebuilding project saw us move to the Roundabout Cafe at Caterham. This restaurant changed hands and we moved back to West Ewell and the London Fire Brigade club house, but like all good things this changed owners and our President found the Village Hall at Godstone in 2003. This is a special place for many of us as the club visited The Clayton Arms on its old boys run in 1914 and again in 1931, they also visited Mrs. Curd's in 1956, a place, which we post-war members enjoyed as it was a tea rooms as well as an

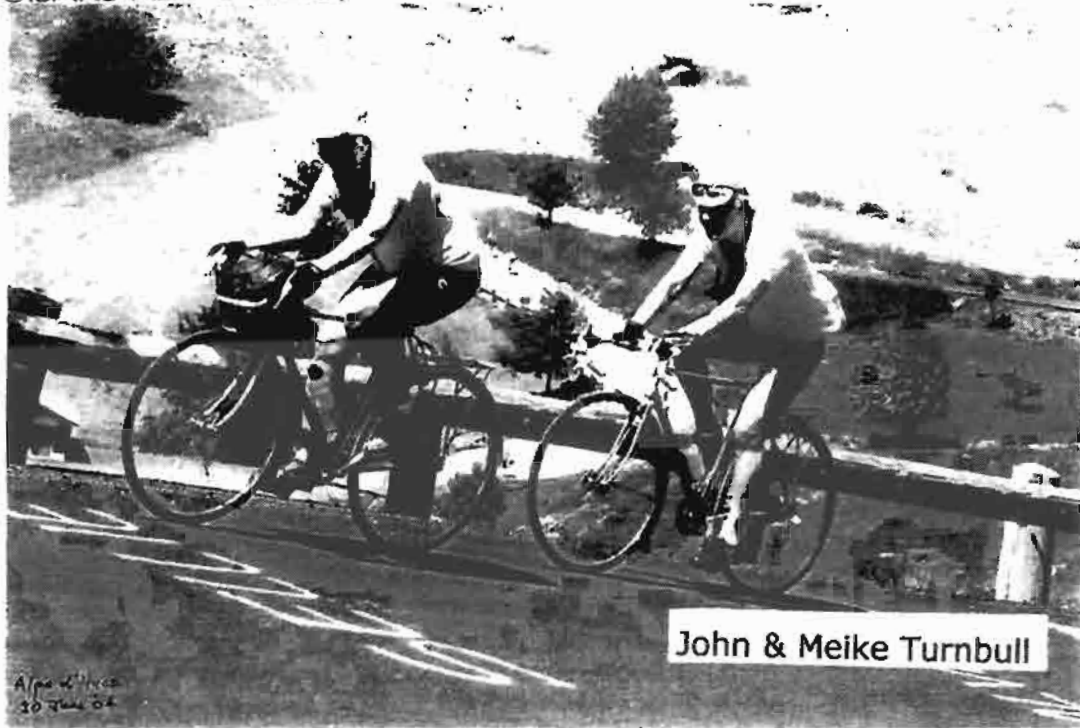
event headquarters and bed and breakfast, now alas! long closed. It was also the site of the club supper in 1950. Now we are back next door in the Village Hall behind The Clayton Arms (it's called The White Hart now!)

The club supper usually takes place in Jan/Feb. each year. By this time the racing members are already in training (or thinking about training) and in the long dark evenings, the tourists among the club are planning their routes and so we as a club have developed a routine. which has lasted this last quarter century. *Many riders have joined us, ridden for a couple or so years and moved on or away from the area.* We have had a multi-national membership from Japan, Iran, Poland, South America and Scotland, but we have also had those stalwarts, who came as boys and girls and still form the backbone as pensioners. We need new blood and in this era of computer-aided "everything" let us hope we will get a computer-aided Anerley.

To illustrate this last quarter century, I have trawled my photo albums in search of happenings - to show how we won the palm and carried it - "Palmarum Qui Meruit Ferat".

John "Jack" Jackson & Norman Greig
(joined 1950) (joined 1949)

BOURG D'OISANS-ALPE D'HUEZ,



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ANERLEY
B.C. ON HER CLIMB UP L'ALPE D'HUEZ
2004

