

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1911.

	LIGHT UP AT
Jan. 5th—Annual General Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 6-30 p.m.)	
.. 7th—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-9 p.m.
.. 9th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.)	
.. 14th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	5-20 p.m.
.. 21st—Chester (Talbot).....	5-32 p.m.
.. 28th—Hunts Cross (Hunts' Cross Hotel).....	5-45 p.m.

Alternative Runs for Manchester Section :-

Jan. 7th—Bollington (Swan)	
.. 14th—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	
.. 21st—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	
Full Moon, 14th inst. Of use from 9th to 17th.	

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

New Members.—The following were elected active members at the last Committee meeting: G. A. Pruddah, Rowson Mount, New Brighton, and T. Royden, Willow Bank, Willow Bank Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead.

New Addresses.—R. T. Rudd, 92, Queens Road, Liverpool; F. J. Cheminai, 46, Osborne Road, Tuebrook.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

Mems.

The Lantern Evening takes place at Hunts Cross on January 28th. It is hoped that all members will make a special effort to be present and that all who have slides will bring a selection of same.

We trust that the Manchester Section will be well represented and that all who can will stay the night in Liverpool. We can promise them an escort at least part of the way home on the Sunday.

Make a note of Thursday, January 5th. A.G.M. at St. George's Restaurant. Proceedings commence at 6.30 p.m. prompt. It is hoped that all members will be there on time as there is a lot of business to be gone through.

Warrington, 19th November.

For this run we were favoured with a very pleasant afternoon, and quite a number were enticed out to "Warrentom" by various routes and different means of getting there. We had Pedestrians, Rattlerites, Cyclists and Motorists, but the greatest surprise of the century was the newest convert to motoring. Granted he had a very good reason for being converted; and it was far better to attend a club run per car than stay away. While we sincerely hope and feel sure that he did enjoy the ride, we trust he will soon return to the cycle and uphold the club's name, as before.

The "all round the earth" party were at Frodsham when the car containing the convert arrived, and the greetings which were exchanged were very touching—so much so that a small earthquake took place and nearly swallowed up the car. However, the "common cyclists" took themselves off and left the motorists to refresh after their exertions.

We mustered twenty-seven for a very excellent meal, during which the weather underwent a change and we had a shower, which left the roads somewhat wet for the evening ride home.

We were very glad to see Hubert out once more and looking well.

Although not an official fixture, a note inserted in last month's Circular resulted in seven members making for Tarporley for the week-end, and it is practically certain that had it been scheduled by the Committee it would have attracted quite a large muster. The Master wired from Knutsford that he was en route for Tarporley direct, and after tea Worth and James set off first from Sodom (as a prominent official calls Warrington) for a nonstop run, arriving at Tarporley just in front of the Master. The tourists, pure and simple, consisted of Jones, McCann and Turnor and Cook on trikes, and as the roads were sloppy Turnor, with his mudguarded trike had to go in front, and the heights of Stretton were simply dashed up at a furious pace (at least $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. p. h.). Beyond Stretton practically dry roads were encountered, and at Weaverham a halt was called, at the Hanging Gate, where the local farmers were cheering each other up by weird accounts of sudden deaths! Tearing ourselves away from this awe-inspiring band, we aviated to Tarporley, no one seeming to notice Cotebrook hill, and just before ten we were all safely escorted at the Swan. After supper we had considerable entertainment with Mine Host in his famous sleep-walking exhibition and several academic discussions. Bunchy was convinced that brakes never heated rims sufficiently to lift patches on inner tubes, and the Apostle was quite converted by the Master on the question of 3-speed gears, and resolved to "bury the hatchet with Sturmev" and order all his machines to be so fitted—but alas this resolve was doomed to be broken as The Apostle noticed next morning on The Master's bicycle a mysterious label with "C.L.C. Knutsford to Cuddington" inscribed thereon, and his Sherlock Holmes instinct revealed to him the sad fact that the Master, notwithstanding the enormous advantages claimed by him for his Sturmev-Archer, had TAKEN TRAIN to make "the hills fade away"!!! On Sunday morning Jones, being bound for Macclesfield for tea, left us at Beeston, and James and Turnor had some business to discuss at the Swan, but promised to join us later for lunch at Broxton, so there were only four of us to scale the heights of Peckforton Gap, which Cook found somewhat arduous with a trike. However, the view from the top was magnificent. In due course the six of us foregathered at the Royal Oak, and were splendidly catered for, considering that Mac's letter had never reached its destination. After dinner Turnor (for home via Little Budworth) and the Master (for Sandbach and the Rattler) left us, and the remaining four made tracks in two pairs for Chester and Hinderton, where the party finally broke up after tea, and rode home in brilliant moonlight over frost bound roads.

Hinderton, 26th November.

Thirteen again! What is it makes this number occur so often?

The thirteen included several members who have temporarily forsaken the cycle and who "padded the hoof" out to "ye anciente hostetrie" yelet "Ye Shrewsbury Arms."

Bentley was with us by wire and we took the "Liberty" of posting The Baron's counterfeit presentment on the glass over the fireplace.

Of late there seems to have been a reaction against rabbit pie, but we noticed nearly everyone indulged in this toothsome dish.

Shortly before dispersing Harry Poole and Sunter motored up and were just in time to save Johnny Band and Blackburn a walk home.

Hunts Cross, 3rd November.

I regret, Mr. Editor, that the original description of this run has been misplaced owing to Christmas festivities: therefore, the account to follow is entirely dependent upon my memory, suffering from an interval of 25 days. One impression, however, is paramount and that is the excellent fare provided by our Entertainment Committee. But I am digressing. I must commence in the orthodox manner. To the best of belief, 33 Anfielders, with a sprinkling of friends, foregathered at the only Hotel, 33 Anfielders, with a sprinkling excellent fare and then settled down to a concert which, upon this occasion, was supposed to be provided by strangers. With all due deference to the latter, I think that the club contains enough homesters to provide any entertainment, for upon the evening in question, excellent as our guests performed, our own division were called upon to fill up the breach caused by the scarcity of our outside performers.

The pianist and violin player (Mr. Templeman) and the Brothers Tomlinson deserve our thanks for their splendid renderings.

Of our own, Chem excelled himself, his items, especially the Mandoline, being unanimously voted the best he has ever given. "Garge" blossomed out as a baritone, but owing to facing the wall and not the audience we were not sure whether he sang in German or English. Otherwise his rendering of a classical song by Mozart was good. Cecil gave of his best, and in the Trio with the Bros. Tomlinson, showed that he is an artist. If there be any overlooked, I must crave indulgence for the reasons stated above.

Hoylake, 10th December.

I fear there is very little to write in connection with this fixture.

Twenty members and two friends turned up at the Green Lodge, quite a few I regret to say, by train.

This date should have a special note in the Annals of the Club, as being the first appearance at an official club run of the now famous New Brighton triplet.

After tea, which was excellent, but rather slowly served, a very successful impromptu concert was got up, during which Jim Park and Chem provided some excellent turns.

The triplet (correct pronunciation of which is tripe-let) caused quite a lot of excitement on the journey home, finally getting on the rocks nearing Moreton, fortunately there were no casualties, so we hope to see the three seater out regularly every week.

Hunts Cross, 17th December.

A crowd of thirty A.B.C. men and one friend supported this fixture, which was an extra Hunts Cross run. The run was originally fixed for Ormskirk, but difficulty in fixing up there made our Secretary arrange at Hunts Cross.

The Boiled Turkey and Steak were, as usual, excellent.

Once again the wisdom of appointing an Entertainments Committee was proved up to the hilt. The best thanks of the Club are due to the members thereof, for their efforts cause the evenings at Hunts Cross to go with a swing.

Jim Park opened the proceedings with a piano solo. George Poole next obliged. Prichard, Theaky, Blackburn, Lichtenberg and Dave Fell all took part and kept us amused. Zambuck came out in a new role and gave a good recitation, well rendered. We were all pleased to hear Toft once again, likewise Johnny Band and Harry Poole. It's a pity this trio do not oblige more often. They little know how much their items are appreciated. Cheminais was quite the success of the evening, with his mandoline and recitations, encore after encore being called for. There would be a big gap if he could not come. "Dear old Chem."

Most of the crowd made for the something past nine train, a select few remaining behind and having a nice little sing-song, at which everybody—well, nearly everybody—took part. This has come to be quite a recognised part of these runs, everybody "in the know" vowing they wouldn't miss them for anything.

Warrington, 24th December.

Old Boreas was, evidently, keeping up Christmas; but all his effort did not deter 16 from making an attack on the usual "Kate and Sidney" pie at the "Patten."

The combination of Bentley and a piano with a newspaper in the innards was rather startling, but, of course, a little latitude should be allowed on Christmas Eve.

James was one of the train party, who presently went back to Liverpool. Ye gods! Jimmy in long trousers on a Saturday! Shortly after these immaculates had gone (don't mean Jimmy's trousers) the others wished each other "many of 'em" and got on with it. The Manchester crowd (3) together with Timbertiles had a very anxious time over the setts to Latchford, and about a couple of miles farther on, when going very comfortably with a fair breeze astern, bang! went the back tyre of the Buckley-Mullah tandem. Very forcible remarks were made during two stops for repairs, and these two stops threw us so much behind schedule that a lightning call was made at Bollington (for a check). After this, to prevent the ride being monotonous, Timbertiles had to walk about a mile into Altrincham to buy carbide.

GOOSTREY, Nov. 26th.

A wet afternoon, with very muddy, and in places, snowy roads. Frosty after tea.

Five members out (Buckley, Koenen, Turnor, Jones and Binns).

WHIPPING STOCKS, Dec. 3rd.

Nine members out. There was in the pub. a man tracing out-voters, who said he was after a blind man. This was at 6 o'clock. When he went at 7.30 there is no doubt he had found him.

KNUTSFORD, Dec. 10.

A wet afternoon, roads rotten. Seven members out. Politics chief topic of conversation. As there was only one Conservative present he lay low and said muffin.

GOOSTREY, Dec. 17th.

This run was notable for the fact that there were no less than four members out (Buckley, L. Oppenheimer, Turnor and Binns). Two members tried to go home without paying for tea, but conscience was too much and they turned back.

The N.R. Dinner (1910) and afterwards.

So great was the hospitality dispensed by the North Riders at the Criterion, that I find it rather a difficult task to remember the whole of the events of the evening. Men like Robert Wingrave, Ellis Dawson and Eddy King do not allow matters to fall flat, whether on the road or at the dinner table, and I happened up against these three, so they kept me cheerful a whole lot; in fact I felt the honour of being sent to represent the A.B.C. a great one. Mr. King presided over a large and merry crowd, and among them could be noted the flower of English racing men. Of the "24" men were Frank Wingrave, holder of the N.R. Cup, who has put up such glorious figures for two years in succession, with Gillivray the Yorkshireman, who made such a splendid fight of this year's "24," seated at his right hand. As the prizes were presented (Frank and Gillivray being "chaired" amid tumultuous cheers), I was very much struck with the number of "100's" and "12's" done by the men during the year. Jack Webb heads the list, and I think I am right in saying he has taken 20 prizes; W. J. Cole, Lempriere and a host of others follow him with splendid records behind them. Ten o'clock already, and we have not had a slack moment, but still there are speeches to be made and a large musical programme to be gone through. Mr. King's speech was typical of the man who has the welfare of a great organisation at heart, and his words of encouragement and advice will be well remembered by all, when next season's racing commences. Inwood's speech was characteristic of the man; it was a faithful resume of the Club's doings this year, and his expressed willingness to continue to serve the club brought forth a shout of applause and confidence from every N.R. man present. The toast of the Visitors was proposed by Cheveley and responded to by Guiseppi, the Bath Road Club's secretary; Walter Groves also spoke. The musical programme was a great success, and after singing Auld Lang Syne, the gathering broke up.

On the Saturday afternoon, Ellis Dawson and I set out for Barnet, where on digging out his tandem, we found the front tyre a total wreck, but it did not take long to fit a new one, and we were able to start for Little Berkhamstead. I shall not forget that journey in a long time; Ellis was out of condition, but about Potter's Bar decided him I was meat, cold meat; of course, everything "slightly up" had to be walked, and then it was the "morning after, etc. etc." However, the "Six Horse-shoes," Little Berks, at last, where eventually 13 men turned in for a very good tea, which seemed to infuse new life, for I think we only walked Little Heath and one other hill on the way home. Sunday afternoon I spent with Frank and Gillivray, we three having lunch together at the "Old Sal," Barnet, after which Frank very kindly carted us home to afternoon tea in Camden Town, previous to putting Gillivray on the G.N.R. for Sheffield. He then decided to do the whole thing and see me safely out of London, so we parted company at Waterloo, and thus ended one of my most pleasant week-ends.

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FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1911.

	LIGHT UP AT
Feb. 4th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	5-58 p.m.
.. 11th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6-12 p.m.
.. 13th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.)	
.. 18th—Hunts Cross (Hunts' Cross Hotel)	6-26 p.m.
.. 25th—Pulford (Grosvenor) and week-end Llangollen (Hand Hotel) ..	6-39 p.m.

Alternative Runs for Manchester Section:—

Feb. 4th—Goostrey (Red Lion)	
.. 18th—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	
.. 26th—Mobberley (Roebuck)	
Full Moon, 13th inst. Of use from 8th to 16th.	

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

1911 Delegates to R.R.A.: H. Poole and P. C. Beardwood. 1911 Delegates to N.R.R.A.: A. P. James and F. D. McCann. Handicapping and Course Committee: E. Edwards, A. P. James, F. D. McCann, H. Poole and E. G. Worth.

Rules for Competition have been altered to read as follows.—

Rule 1.—No Medals, Record Medals or prizes of any description will be awarded, unless the claimants have ridden under the name of the Anfield B.C. ONLY. No Record or Standard Medals will be awarded to any but *first claim* Members, and no Member is eligible to receive any Medals or Prizes unless he has attended at *least* twenty Club Runs during the current year.

Rule 6.—A Gold Medal, value Two Guineas, will be awarded to any *first claim* Member who succeeds in beating any of the R.R.A. or N.R.R.A. records for the time being, etc., etc.

Rule 8.—All tandem prizes will be divided, half to each man, and both riders must be *first claim* Members, etc., etc.

Rule 12.—(Addition to) “and no Member shall be permitted to ride in any of the Club races or time trials who has taken part in any race or time trial held on Sundays, subsequent to 1910.”

Races.—Time Medals (for Fifties) will be awarded as under to *first claim* Members, Prize winners barred.

One special prize is offered to the *first claim* Member doing fastest novice time during the year, etc., etc.

A Special Prize, presented by Mr. F. C. Del Strother, will be awarded to the *first claim* Member in the 100 miles Invitation Handicap, who, in the opinion of the Committee does the most meritorious performance.

Applications for Membership. *Active:* Lawrence Band, "Brightholm," Egerton Park, Rock Ferry, proposed by J. C. Band and seconded by H. E. Band. *Honorary:* David R. Fell, Junr., 31, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool, proposed by D. R. Fell and seconded by A. P. James.

New Address: J. Lowenthal, 1, Norwich Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

Money Matters.

Subscriptions are now due and can be remitted direct to me at "Bank House," Netherfield Road, Liverpool, or paid in at any branch of the London City and Midland Bank, for credit of the Club's Account at Kirkdale Branch.

The following members have already either contributed, or promised Donations, to the Prize Fund. I hope to considerably add to the list, which is much smaller than usual, owing no doubt to the fact that it was only opened at the close of the A.G.M., when some of the members had left. Messrs. E. A. Bentley, C. H. Turnor, E. Edwards, W. P. Cook, C. Blackburn, H. R. Band, E. G. Worth, T. Royden, S. J. Buck, A. P. James, George Poole, F. D. McCann.

W. M. OWEN, Hon. Treasurer.

Mems.

Don't forget January 28th, Hunts Cross. Jimmy Williams is going to considerable trouble bringing a lantern, etc., out and our best way to appreciate his efforts is by turning up in full strength. It is hoped there will be a large contingent of Mancunians present.

Make a note of February 25th. A week-end has been arranged at the Hand at Llangollen. We can guarantee that everything will be satisfactory.

Members are reminded that the Prize Fund is still open and that we are always very pleased to acknowledge donations.

A.G.M. Mems.

It seemed to be the fashion for every man to refuse to take office or to serve the club in any capacity. Happily, we were able to prevail upon the older members to continue in harness. Men like Harry Poole, Toft, Mercer, and the Boss, we cannot do without.

Manchester was represented by but six members. Where was the Smart Set?

Mr. Treasurer Owen showed we have a smaller cash balance this year due to a considerable number of Subs. not having yet been paid. It is not fair to whoever takes on the Treasurer's job that he should have so much trouble. Subs. are due in advance. If you have not already paid up *do it now*.

RUNS.

Knutsford, 26th December.

In the correspondence columns of the average daily paper, you usually get it like this:—"Has it not always been the custom, in past years, for the Captain to lead the crowd on Boxing day, etc., etc.?" This style of dissertation generally finishing up:—Yours truly, Ignoramus. Of course, there are other methods of showing one's disapprobation and they usually commence:—"Surely, Mr. Editor, the Captain, etc., etc., and are signed "Paterfamilias," or "Pro bono publico." All this is by the way, however, for, notwithstanding many notable absentees, the run started at 10.30 a.m., from the Broad Green Abbey, and for the benefit of those who were not there, I will say there was a howling gale behind us all the way. Of course, there was the usual little band of "Honour and Glory" merchants, who will nor do what their schedules tell them, they *must* perform the whole bill. Parts of the Warrington Road were very canal-like, and, of course, the game was to get in front and cover "your friends." This sort of amusement took us right past Cronton and Farnworth, though I submit we ought to have stopped at both places. Scrapping for position got some of us so well baked that the idea of passing the "Patten" was laughed to scorn. I tell you again Jimmy James II., that I hate your idea of cycle stealing, but Cecil's little performance in Warrington was splendid, something like the back "Liberty" (advert.) of his own machine. Knutsford at last, and a record crowd at the "Lord Eldon"; thanks to the car-owners, who brought out some of "Les Emigrés," some of our friends and *all* of the O.P.C.U. Among "Les Emigrés" were Tom Conway, who came with Harry and Woodroffe, who pushed himself out and nearly missed his lunch. Lunch was alright, it always is at Knutsford, else we shouldn't go (verb sap.) After lunch, Cecil finding it rather hot near the fire, went elsewhere and was immediately done in for many liqueurs. Then we had ancient games and feats of strength, also a great gladiatorial display, wherein the Wangly tyred spirit purveyor got ousted; he suggested the game too. After the games, healths were drunk. Oh! "Mr Gossage." The usual repairing jobs being disposed of the crowd dispersed and the week-end chronicler will tell you more about their part of the proceedings.

Taking advantage of the extra Bank Holiday, a party of six extended from Knutsford to Sandbach, and certainly had the bulge on those who returned home, as they were wafted before the gale, and only got rain when almost within sight of the portals of the Wheat Sheaf. The party consisted of Hubert and Frank Roskell in cars with a friend, Captain Murray, and Worth, James and Cook. The cars went via Holmes Chapel, and Hubert unfortunately ran over a cyclist who wobbled across the road straight into the car by Allstock. The cyclist was not hurt, but his machine was reduced to scrap iron, and the Box of Nails suffered a broken lamp and deranged steering gear, so that it had to be left at the Drovers Arms, and Hubert booked a passage in Frank's car, which was just behind. Meanwhile the cycling trio made rapid progress via Middlewich and arrived first at Sandbach, where Vinson, Banks and Armytage of the Wheelers were found spending the holidays. After settling bed arrangements and enjoying a good feed, the party set out to explore the sights, James and Cook looking very smart in Mr. Rowbottom's overcoats, so that there was considerable fluttering at The Crown, and "Send me a picture post card" went with usual vim. Tuesday morning disclosed a magnificent day of brilliant sunshine and the roads frozen hard, so the "tourlets" were highly favoured. Worth and James decided to help Salvage the Box of Nails, and it is rumoured they eventually sought the Rattler at Crewe, while the three motorists are alleged to be still aground at Sandbach. Cook set off on his own to Nantwich and over Peckforton to Bickerton, where he lunched sumptuously notwithstanding the attempt of a cat to walk off with the pheasant. From Bickerton a round in the Harthill-Tattenhall lanes was greatly enjoyed before making for Chester, just beyond which city he encountered Poole and Rowatt

in the former's car, and was most delightfully paced to Hinderton for tea at a comfortable 22, which was most comforting after facing a fairly stiff breeze all day.

Chester, 31st, December.

This, the closing run of the year, was favoured by excellent weather and good roads, but probably owing to the festive season the muster was very small, only 16 sitting down to the excellent fare provided by Mr. and Mrs. Bates; most of them had come per Rattler owing to "engagements" to "see the New Year in." It certainly was a novelty to see James and McCann in mufti, but the latter had certainly come by road as he walked nearly all the way until overtaken near Mollington by Bentley in a chariot. However, some of our members still ride, for Cook arrived on his trike via Llandegla and Llangollen, reporting the roads as something awful from Pont Bleiddyn to Rhydalog, owing to having been disembowelled by traction engines, and very stony over the Horseshoe with darning operations going on, but excellent from Llangollen to Wrexham. Edwards, the old war horse, had also come via Llandegla and Wrexham, while Harold Band met Cook at Wrexham, so we are not yet without members who indulge in the long distance riding which provides the Club's *raison d'être*. I think there were only 6 to ride home. Toft and Zambuck taking the low road, Edwards and Cook the top road, and Johnny Band and Blackburn following later, leaving Worth to week-end on his own.

Goostrey (Manchester Section).

[We believe this run was carried out, but we have no particulars. Ed.]

Annual General Meeting, 6th January.

Once again the A. G. M. has arrived.

It was summoned for 6.30 p.m., but owing to a dinner taking place at the St. George's at the same time, we were somewhat late in starting.

President Mercer calls on Secretary James to read the minutes of last A.G.M. Taken as read, as usual. Cook then causes some disturbance by pointing out that a resolution proposed by him has not been included in the report. We are agreed that the resolution was not carried. James is then called upon to read his report. It appears we have had a good year, the only weak point being the very small support the 50's have received. The average attendance is slightly smaller. Owen is then called upon to talk about "filthy lucre." We have a smaller cash balance, mainly caused by the slackness of several members in not paying their Subs. The Mullah moves that the balance sheet be adopted and coupled with this that the thanks of the meeting should be given to Owen. Owen suggests that the subscriptions should remain as heretofore, and that the Prize Fund be continued. This being seconded, Chem moves that the Sub. should be increased and that the Prize Fund should be abolished. It is pointed out that by increasing the Sub. "new young blood" might be frightened away and that those members desiring a larger Sub. can always pay the old amount and give the difference to the P.F. Chem's motion is turned down. Keizerette then moves his motion re proxies, which with the deletion of the time limit goes through. Zambuck then proposes that Liverpool and Manchester men should be put upon an equality as far as membership of other clubs is concerned and points out that we may attract members of other clubs who might eventually become first claim Anfielders. Several members think that by deleting this rule we open the doors for the "tag, rag and bobtail" of the local clubs to come in. They forget we have always the right to refuse election and that notice of application is put before the whole membership. Lawrence Fletcher having sent a proxy voting against this motion The Baron points out that as it does not bear a stamp it is invalid.

After much chin wagging, Buck's motion is carried. Messrs. Sunter and Charles Keizer are appointed Scrutineers. Mercer intimates that he cannot again stand as President, he finds it increasingly difficult to attend, and it often clashes with his business. With great regret we see the force of his argument. The Boss is then proposed as President and several other nominations are received, but the others refuse to stand. An objection is raised to a Manchester man as President, but it is over-ruled and The Boss will guide us in 1911. Hooray! Dave Fell proposes that a vote of thanks be accorded to Mercer, which is carried vociferously. Mercer and Edwards are elected Vice Presidents. Johnny Band and McCann are both proposed as Captain, but Johnny refuses to serve so McCann is elected. Buckley and Geo. Poole after a ballot are elected Sub-Captains. The Boss then asks as a favour that James should be re-elected Secretary. A.P.J. wants to resign, having had three years in office, but cannot refuse such a request. Owen is elected Treasurer by acclamation and Fell and Lowenthal Auditors. The following Committee were elected by ballot:—Toft, H. Poole, Worth, J. C. Band, S. J. Buck, Blackburn, N. M. Higham and H. R. Band. Interval. The new skipper suggests that the racing programme should be as in the past year, except that the last "50" be not open to tandems. As no tandems turned out in the past few years it is not worth while having the 50 open to them. Edwards proposes as an amendment that "hardy annual" a "12." After a lot of discussion, acrimonious and otherwise, the "12" is dropped. The "Chocolate King" proposes that Easter be spent at Bettws. Carried with great applause. Cook proposes and Wells seconds that the all-night ride should be merged in the Coronation Tour and that the venue be left to the Committee. Wells suggests that the August Tour should be left to the Committee to settle, with the proviso that if any members want to ride in the Bath Road "100" we should go down to that neighbourhood. This brings W. P. C. to his feet (pipe in mouth) to move the same resolution which did not go through at the last A.G.M., that "any race which charges an entrance fee should not be supported by the A.B.C." After some talk, this was withdrawn. Cook reports that Del Strother again offers a prize, which he suggests should be given to the member whose performance in the "100" the Committee consider the most meritorious. An expression of our gratitude was accorded to Del Strother and the meeting broke up with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Scrutineers, etc., etc.

Hunts Cross, 7th January.

This, the first run of the year, attracted but 28 members, and only one of the Entertainment Committee turned out. Before tea we received a wire from Blackburn to say he had a bad cold and that his upper lip was all over his face. Immediately after tea another telegram arrived, this time from Mr. Templeman, the Pianist, who had a severe cold. As Cheminai, although with us, had an acute attack of Lumbago, things looked unpromising, but Harold Band volunteered to play, and we had a very good evening's entertainment, including contributions from three visitors, Messrs. Cox, Newall and Proudman. Chem's indisposition did not deter him from giving several turns, which were, as usual, excellent, and Bentley, Knipe and Fell also obliged. Our chief thanks are due to Harold Band who had a busy time on Saturday, as in the afternoon he had pushed Cook round the earth over sticky roads, whilst he is the official accompanist at the "Second House" (where there are no intervals). The after-meeting was, as usual, an unqualified success, notwithstanding the fact that the programme is entirely different from the Concert proper, although on this occasion the same Band accompanied the singers. Without doubt, if these after-meetings were better known, the 9.8 Rattler would run lighter.

Bollington, 7th January.

Six members turned up at the "Swan" viz., Messrs. A. M. Higham, N. M. Higham, C. H. Turnor, Binns, Jones and Buckley.

Hinderton, 14th January.

Again there was a poor muster for such a short run and easily reached place as the Shrewsbury Arms. Seventeen was a slight improvement upon the last run, however.

Of course there was the usual small band of "round the earth" merchants, but who they were and where they went I cannot recollect. The Baron tramped out and I believe home again. Prichard, Buck and Ven were the sole representatives present of the New Brightonians, except Edwards, of course. Where was the "tripe-let?" Prichard came by train, after waiting in vain for either a tandem or triplet crew to turn up.

Johnny Band, Cook and McCann toured home via West Kirby and James and Worth accompanied Buck and Ven to New Brighton, there to week-end!

Whipping Stocks, 14th January.

Thirteen Anfielders (the good old Anfield number) and two friends met at the "Stocks," in spite of the efforts of Jupiter Pluvius to prevent them.

An excellent meal of cow, ducks and other things having been disposed of, the party prepared to discourse sweet music. Prior to the commencement of the musical programme, however, Buckley in his official capacity as sub-captain was prevailed upon to say a few words. Buckley made a few pertinent remarks about our President and congratulated the Club and especially the Manchester section upon its choice, and also congratulated The Boss upon the supreme honour the Club has bestowed upon him. Mr. Higham responded in his usual capable manner and said he would do his best to turn out regularly and to forward the interests of the Club.

The pianist being seated, Billy Foster (who had turned out by special request) started the musical proceedings by giving a song. Other local talent followed in the form of songs from Dakin, Koenen, Crowcroft, Jones and the President. Jones is quite a recent acquisition to our concert party, this being his maiden attempt, but we have hopes he will do it again.

Like other enjoyable evenings of a similar nature, this one terminated owing to the departure of the participants. Koenen and the Mullah were left, and after the departure of the others they took turns at singing (or attempting to sing in the case of the latter) until Host Street said that supper was on the table.

C.H.T.

F. D. McCANN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1911.

	LIGHT UP AT
March 4th—Chester (Talbot)	6-53 p.m.
.. 11th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7-6 p.m.
.. 13th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.)	
.. 18th—Helsby (Robin Hood)	7-19 p.m.
.. 25th—Kelsall (Royal Oak).....	7-32 p.m.
Alternative Runs for Manchester Section :-	
March 4th—Sandbach (Wheatsheaf)	
Full Moon, 14th inst.	

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

New Members.

Active: L. Band, Brightholme, Egerton Park, Rock Ferry. Honorary: D. R. Fell, Junr., 31, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool. Elected at the last Committee meeting.

Applications for Membership.

Messrs. David and Robert Rowatt, 23, Esplanade, Waterloo, proposed by H. Poole and seconded by W. R. Toft and J. A. Grimshaw, c/o. Sir Frank Hollis, Bart., Greyfriars, Preston, proposed by W. Royle and seconded by H. Dakin.

The President has offered a special prize (value 3 guineas) to the member who has the best aggregate time in all the 50's this season.

Will EVERY member book the following dates.

April 14/17th (Easter)—Bettws-y-Coed.

April 29th—50 miles Handicap (Cheshire Course).

May 20th—50 miles Handicap (Shropshire Course).

June 5th—100 miles Handicap.

June 22/25th—Coronation Tour (destination not yet fixed).

June 24th—Manchester Wheelers' Invitation 50 miles Handicap.

July 14/15th—24 hours' ride.

August 5/7th—August Holiday Tour (destination not yet fixed).

August 19th—50 miles Handicap.

September 3rd—50 miles Handicap.

It will be seen that there is a double fixture on 24th June, but the Committee are of opinion that the Club is quite large enough to well support both events.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

Mems.

The Baron, having taken up an appointment in New York, is leaving us early in March. We wish him every success.

The Boss has put up a special prize for the best aggregate time for the whole series of 50's. To win this prize it is necessary to start and *finish* in all the 50's. We are much obliged to you, "Boss."

The following letter has been received from "Baby Carriages, Limited":—

"We should esteem it a favour if you could oblige us with the names and addresses of the members of the Anfield Cycle Club."

It is rumoured that they want to present a carriage to each and all. Now then, send in your names—to them, not to us!

RUNS.

Chester, 21st January.

Having rashly promised to write an account of this run, I find on beginning that there is practically nothing to write about.

However, I suppose I will have to make up some sort of a yarn!

Starting off with Cook, we rode to Wrexham, via Queen's Ferry and Hawarden, and found the roads quite good, altho' the wind was very cold. Before arriving at the Ferry we were overtaken by Harry and George Poole in the car, so arranged to meet them at Wrexham for afternoon tea.

We just made a dead heat with the car at the tea shop and were afterwards joined by Teddy Edwards, who had been, as usual, to his favourite spot—Llandegla.

Harry kindly offered to pace us into Chester and Cook, being on the trike, accepted, but Teddy and I ambled on slowly by ourselves and were glad we had done so as we found the road in many places darned with loose gravel, owing to which, Cook "found it" and had to change a tyre.

Unfortunately, we had the small muster of 14 at tea, and I must say I think it is a shame that we have not had a decent sized crowd at Chester for months, in spite of the fact that at no place to which we go do we get better food or attention than we do at the Talbot.

As I left immediately after tea I can only presume that there was the usual party at Hinderton on the way home

H.R.B.

Knutsford, 21st January.

A dozen turned up for tea at the Lord Eldon, consisting of ten members and two friends, and though only six teas had been ordered, nobody went short. The unanimous opinion was that under the circumstances Mrs. Ellwood had managed remarkably well.

The road being in splendid condition it is not surprising that both Buckley and Binns came out on the broad gauge machine, or that most of the party arrived at the destination by circuitous routes.

After tea a general conversation followed, but Koenen and Turnor had to tear themselves away in order to go to Little Budworth to meet Worth and James. The route taken was via Lower Peover, Lach Dennis, Davenham, Moulton Lock and Whitegate, and the journey was accomplished in good time and without mishap.

C.H.T.

Hunt's Cross, 28th January.

The Annual Lantern Show was, as usual, well attended, and five Manchester members made it the occasion of a week-end with the Liverpool men. I met the President at Sankey, and at Farnworth we found Worth, who showed us the lanes between Cronton and Halewood. There we saw a tricycle, and, of course, went in to see who the Anfielder was: we drank James's health, and escorted him to Hunt's Cross. Turnor had come by Runcorn, Royle by Warrington. Buckley, who had been hunting round Middlewich, arrived just as tea appeared.

The photographs were excellent: it is very interesting to see our sedate old men as they were years ago, slim and smooth-faced, when their riding was known all over England. Then portraits of the racing men of to-day, who in their turn will be the sedate old members of years to come. (A suggestion: Will our photographers, this year, get some real racing views? The angelic expression at the start, and the diabolic face at the finish, should make a fine pair of slides). Then old views of Bettws-y-Coed, and recent ones of the Irish tours, with pleasant memories of Mecredy, best of good fellows. A good portrait of Copley, our gallant enemy: can it be nine years ago already? At the end, some foreign landscapes by Charlie Conway, very fine indeed. Our best thanks are due to all concerned in the exhibition.

On Sunday we were personally conducted through the Wirral, meeting at Hinderton for lunch: here Royle was initiated according to ancient custom. Worth and James left us at Chester, the Captain saw us safely to Kelsall; and we all got home without any of those accidents which are so exasperating at the time, but so invaluable afterwards to the writer of notes.

The week-end was favoured with the best of weather, and was made most enjoyable by the kindness of our Liverpool friends: in the name of the party I make our acknowledgments.
L.O.

Hinderton, 4th February.

What a lovely day for a run. The roads were perfect, not a particle of mud. Our old friend Johnny was out on his new machine (please don't touch).

Meeting at a certain spot, the party numbered five, viz., Harold and Johnny Band, Cook, McCann and the latest acquisition to the Club—Royden.

The latter is being carefully nursed, being given the cosy corner, either behind the trike or the tandem.

We barged down through Spital, coming out on the low road at Bromborough, turning off again into the lane at the Cross. The order then was "first right, then first left turn." After passing over lanes, some good, some—well—bad, passing over Eastham Slack and crossing the Welsh road, we came out on the low road again in Sutton village, turning off again, and then striking the Welsh road again at Ledsham. Turning off left again, we explored some more lanes and crossed the top road near Two Mills and then proceeded towards Shotwick and so to Queensferry Corner and towards Chester, taking to the bye-ways again, thro' Saughall, and so into Chester, where a short halt was made. On with it via the low road to Sutton again and into the lanes, thro' Willaston and so to Hinderton. It was quite an eye-opener for "an old Cheshireite" to find new paths. Mrs. Morris gave us the usual good spread, but we should have liked to have seen a larger muster, but when one pauses and thinks, the atmosphere was quite thick enough for a small room. The Southampton painter caused some amusement during tea and afterwards, in his efforts to induce Harry Poole to buy a car he was interested in. He told us he was getting 7½ commission, but could not inform us what amount he was entitled to on £987. Can anyone enlighten him.

New Brighton was fairly well represented, Wells joining them for the nonce; coming out on Prichard's tandem.

After tea the round the earth party went home via Hoylake and Moreton and there met the New Brighton contingent. No wonder we are enjoying the runs when we have had the driest January for 50 years and there seems every prospect of February doing even better.

Warrington, 11th February.

In the reports of the runs this winter, I have not noticed any comment on the exceptional weather experienced this season, and I do not think any of the old Anfielders can point to a winter when the roads have been in better

condition, or the weather more perfect for winter cycling than in 1911. Saturday, the 11th, was no exception, the afternoon being crisp and bright and the country roads in as good condition as to be found in mid-summer. Cook, J. and H. Band and T. Royden took the circular course, reaching Warrington via Cuddington. At the "Patten" I noticed a good sprinkling of Manchester men, including The Boss, The Mullah (in spats), Jones, Binns and Buckley, but the total of 24 all told was too small for such a glorious day. The frightful state of the streets of Warrington still calls for adverse comment, and I think the complaints are reasonable, for I doubt if another town of the size of Warrington could be found with worse pavements, and when the irregular granite sets are greasy, cycling becomes hard labour. It is very likely that this is the reason why the attendance is not larger, for this town is certainly the most central for Liverpool and Manchester and should naturally bring out the largest muster of the Club. It was very pleasant after tea around the fireside with Buckley holding forth on the subject of Fox Hunting in Cheshire, concluding with a short dissertation on How to Cook the Sunday Dinner. The last party to leave were seven Liverpudlians, viz., McCann, Teddy Edwards, the two Bands, Cook, Hawkes and Royden. A sharp hoar frost had made the roads perfect and whitened the country side. A full moon helped to make the ride all the more enjoyable. The usual scrap for first in at the caravansary at Cronton ensued; a place, by the bye, which would make a good alternative winter run with Warrington.

After a few remarks by Cook and Edwards on road racing in the 80's, we left for home. I do not know whether it was the greasiness of Edge Lane or Cronton beer that caused Hawkes to leave his bicycle so suddenly, bringing Teddy Edwards, who was riding immediately behind, down also. Anyway no harm was done and the Ferry was reached without further mishap. I understand Bentley on his way out also had a mishap in Birkenhead, but made Warrington all right, but trained home.

The following extract from a letter passing between two esteemed members is amusing:—

"We had incidents after leaving your 'hurry away party' and Irby. Sweeping thro' Saughall Massie, a fowl disputed right of way with our Dreadnought, and despite marvellous steering on the part of the Managing Director (Triplets, Limited), I am afraid that chuck laid for the last time. We found the Buck-Pritchard combination had left Moreton for New Brighton—P. confiding to B. that it would be just one of the 'Old Man's' jokes to pass thro' without calling. Whereas we quite expected to find them full of nut brown, and easy prey on the last lap. However, we replenished our tanks and got on after them. Entering the straight Leasowe Road, our lookout sighted seven strange craft ahead proceeding in close order and the skipper called for more steam. We steamed more accordingly and drew our length ahead, one of the strange craft piping out that he 'had copped up to us last week.' The piper who had had copped and three wouldbe coppers promptly got on to our stern or thereabouts, with many whispered injunctions 'Not to go in front, yet.' Still steaming, our hooker slowed at the rise to Wallasey, and the piper was once more heard, as he implored us to 'Keep at it,' and assured us we were 'a bit of alright.' These were his last words—our insulted 'Limited' lung fire for a second, and the piper had copped! As he came to earth, his three friends also copped and piled on top of him in various positions, graceful and otherwise. After the shunting clashes had ceased and all was still, a voice, preceded by a chuckle, solemnly announced, 'The Triplet has now been blooded. Beware!'"

F. D. McCANN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1911.

	LIGHT UP AT
April 4 th —Lostock Gralam (Black Greyhound)	7-44 p.m.
8 th —Acton Bridge (Railway Inn, near Railway Station)	7-57 p.m.
„ 10 th —Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.)	
„ 14/27—Bettws-y-Coed. See Special Circulars	8-10 p.m.
„ 22 nd —Helsby (Robin Hood)	8-22 p.m.
„ 29 th —First "50" (Tea at Lostock Gralam, 7 p.m.)	8-35 p.m.

Full Moon, 13th inst. Of use from 8th to 16th.

SECRETARY'S NOTES.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

Entries for "50" must reach me not later than 22nd April.

Application for Membership.

Mr. G. Stephenson, Holly Bank, Prescot, proposed by E. Buckley and seconded by A. P. James.

New Members.

Messrs. David and Robert Rowatt, 23, Esplanade, Waterloo, and J. A. Grimshaw, Greyfriars, Preston, were elected Active Members at the last Committee Meeting.

Invitation "100."

The following Clubs have been invited to send representatives. Bath Road, North Road, M.C. and A.C., Vegetarian C.C., North London, Polytechnic, Unity, Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, Sharrow, Speedwell, Oak, Highgate, Evesham, East Liverpool Wheelers, Yorkshire Roads, North Liverpool Y.M.C.A., Cheadle, Cheadle Hulme, Irish Roads, Leeds Road, Warrington, Cheetham, Electric, Manchester Clarion, Salford Wheelers, Shaftesbury, Highgate Wheelers, Liverpool Pembroke, Leicester Roads, Halifax Road, Sheffield Road, Grosvenor Wheelers.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

Mems.

At the A.G.M. of the N.R.R.A., held last Friday, W. P. Cook, alias "The Power behind the Throne" (vide Cycling), was elected President.

Our three stalwarts, Edwards, Toft and Worth, have now attended 1,000 Club runs. There should be great times in consequence at Bettws this year, so we hope to see everybody there.

The official route card for the new course in Cheshire, will reach all members with this issue of the Circular.

Will all Speed worms, and all others interested, note that the run for April 1st has been arranged to Lostock Gralam to give them an opportunity of going over the new Cheshire Course.

RUNS.

Hunt's Cross, 18th February.

Twenty-nine members and five friends materialised; the usual round-the-earth party touring(?), via Chester, etc., etc. Tea was, as always here, very excellent, and nobody seemed inclined to either sing or do anything else for some considerable time afterwards. A more than usually good musical programme had been drawn up by the one and only "Kekil" and amongst others taking part were Messrs. Andrews (commonly known as Joe), Jaggard, McClelland and Sutton; of our own members Messrs. Blackburn, Cheminais and Theakstone. All the items were splendidly rendered, particularly good were Mr. Andrew's Prologue to "Pagliacci" and Mr. Sutton's "Glorious Devon." During a short interval Mr. Mercer, in a terse and touching little speech, made reference to our worthy member Fulton. As most of us know, to our sorrow, the Baron leaves us early in March, to take up a business position in New York, and we shall not see him again for three years. Fulton suitably responded; "He's a jolly good fellow," cheers, drinks, etc., etc. The programme was then proceeded with, most of the men, out of compliment to the Baron, staying late. A letter from "Baby Carriages, Ltd.," to the Secretary is causing a good deal of amusement. The Company wish the addresses of *all* our members. Let the married men speak for themselves. With this run to Hunt's Cross we conclude another series of fine musical and social evenings. It is rumoured that November next may include some startling innovations in the entertaining line.

Whipping Stocks, 18th February.

A very fierce draught, combined with a dull and threatening afternoon, seemed to be the cause of only twelve members sitting down to tea at the Stocks. This number included the brothers Poole, who brought with them on the car, who do you think? Why, none other than L. Oppenheimer. It was a fearful shock; someone was over-heard whispering: "Harry, who is your friend?" After tea we had the usual concert, at which Frageon II. sang (and danced). George Poole sang "I'm afraid to go home in the dark." As it turned out we had to go home in the dark, *and* the wet—it was simply tumbling down; so the week-enders, Master and Mullah, had the bulge on us.

Pulford-Llangollen, 25th February.

This fixture was favoured by excellent weather and small musters, several of the "certain starters" failing to materialise. At Pulford there were only eleven for tea, which is shocking, considering the excellent treatment we always get at the Grosvenor Arms, for it was a grand afternoon as evidenced by two parties thoroughly enjoying touring in the

Broxton-Farndon district before making for Pulford, and The Mullah and The Master coming from Manchester. Of course, the week-end fixture partly accounted for this, because the pedestrians and motorists who could not be expected to cover 17 miles after dark, made Ruabon their tea place, but why Worth and James felt unable to tackle this stupendous mileage is wrapt in mystery. After tea Toft, George Poole, John and Harold Band, Blackburn, Edwards and Hawkes returned home, and the four week-enders F. H., Turnor, Cook and McCann, headed for Llangollen by easy stages. At Wrexham a stop was made to "dig out mudguards" and from there to Johnstown F. H. took the tram (lines). At Ruabon a halt was called, and The Master declared that "they certainly added their quota." Some excitement was caused by McCann declaring his machine had been stolen, but after some discussion over claiming for the loss (Mac has tasted blood and is thirsting for another lawsuit) it was found that some busybody had merely moved it to another part of the yard. Meanwhile F. H. had got on with it to such good effect that the trio only caught him close to Llangollen, but he had burst himself in more ways than one, for on his arrival at The Hand he discovered his nose had been bleeding freely. On route Mac taught a hoggish pedestrian a useful lesson by taking his cap and carrying it for some distance before dropping it in the road. At The Hand we found the crowd had nearly finished supper, and those round the festive board were the motor party, Mercer, Gee, Cooper, and Mr. Rawlinson, the Pedestrians, Buck, Venables and Well and "The Heavenly Twins" Worth and James, so we numbered lucky 13, and a right jolly evening ensued with Sanatogen a favourite gargle. During the night a heavy rain fell, but Sunday was a glorious day, and after the usual photo had been taken the party broke up into its constituent parts. What became of the Pedestrians, motorists and Heavenly Twins I cannot say. We cyclists heard mention that Chirk was the lunch destination, but although we made for there with "Be Sociable" as our motto, we found them not. However, we had a grand tourlet, for with F.H. leading the way we rode up the beautiful, but little known, valley to World's End, where the old Eglwyseg Manor House (originally belonging to the Powis Kings of Wales, erstwhile the place where Owen, son of Cadogan, took Ness, "Helen of Wales," after kidnapping her, and more recently in the possession of the family of Oliver Cromwell's brother-in-law) is charmingly situated. After inspecting the house we proceeded on foot to the end of the grass grown and rocky road right up against the mountain cliffs, and then returned to our machines. About two miles down we turned right over a road through the woods not shown on Bartholomews but known to F. H., and a delightful ride and walk through dead leaves knee deep, brought us to the old Ruthin road at Pentre Dwfr Isaf, whence a rapid flight past Valle Crucis shot us into Llangollen again, and with the wind right behind we were soon at Chirk. Here an excellent lunch was partaken of, after which The Master and The Mullah departed for the East, and The Skipper and Cook plugged into the eye of the wind, but it had dropped a lot and Queen's Ferry was reached in 5-30 without much trouble. After replenishing tanks, they proceeded to Hinderton, sighting Johnny Band with some college chums in Shotwick dip, and overtaking Bentley by Damhead Lane, the Shrewsbury Arms being reached well inside schedule. "Mr. Blackpool" was here discovered, and the quartet made a jolly tea-party, after which Bentley paced Cecil, who was walking, and Mac and Cook continued on their own to the portals of Cash Registers, Ltd.

Chester, 4th March.

There is a delightful feeling of contentment comes over the man who, on waking, finds himself at home, snug in his own bed. It is a feeling which I suppose only "bag-men" and sailors know, a sort of semi-conscious idea that the trials of the day are not about to begin, refreshing escape from the commercial room gas-bag who, at all times, persists in telling you his business and asking you about yours; no need to worry about everlasting, wearisome train journeys, and you get away from the vexations of

having to row the night boots who invariably writes down your call, and with delightful persistency, forgets to rouse you at 7.0 a.m., with hot water. These are the troubles of the "bag-man"; for the sailor, nothing but watch and watch, and the sea, always the sea. And so it is good to lie in bed, perhaps a week-end, an early start and an easy ride down the road, for I know of a wind that is right astern, also is not the Skipper due to call for me at 10.30, which makes me wonder if, as he is strong, will he be merciful? Alas! a peep from my bedroom window reveals a weeping sky, a vast expanse of bal coloured clouds, with not even a patch of blue, to give one hopes of a fine day. But it must be got on with, and so must the yarn. The Skipper arrived in good time and we paddled easily down to Queen's Ferry and up to Harwarden Village, where we lunched, and then (abandoning our original intention of going through Wrexham and by the "Cock o' Barton" to Chester as the rain still made itself our unpleasant and unwelcome companion) we wandered through Mr. Gladstone's park and admired the colouring on the trees; the warm sunshine of the past two days has hastened the rise of the sap, so the hedge-rows are a mass of buds, still securely wrapped in their reddy-brown mantles, only waiting for more sunshine to make them burst forth into gentle verdure. Alas! how short lived is it all; dusty roads, modern man, and his odor-wagon, soon destroy the works of patient nature for another year. 'Tis an unequal fight my masters. Stopping awhile on a railway bridge to load our pipes, the Skipper, whose tyres seem to him to be a never-ending source of amusement, or anxiety (I wonder which), suddenly discovered a large piece of inner tube trying to get out of the back cover; this necessitated great haste to a sheltered spot in Eaton Park, where he effected an apparently complete repair. Down it went again, and Mac bit to the cry of "Wolf," for finding nothing, he had just to replace the cover. I did not hear all he said as I was sunning myself and getting dry at a little distance away. Anyhow the wretched tyre held up till Chester, where we found the "run." Tea was rather late, but proved itself worthy of the best traditions of the "Talbot," also rather a larger crowd graced the occasion, which is decidedly encouraging. Cecil Blackburn (training for a Sandwich man's job, I think) walked out and brought a friend (Mr. Pritchard). After tea, Mac sent a wire, in the name of the A.B.C., to the Baron at Queenstown, wishing him "Bon Voyage." I had intended to week-end, but get so much hotel life by myself, and on this occasion got such warm encouragement from the only two who were staying out (prominent officials) that I decided for home, after having let the kindly shelter of the broad backs of Cook and the Skipper leave me to a lonely and gruelling ride. But we had a splendid potter, didn't we Mac?

Warrington, 11th March.

Only 21 members (including 6 Manchester men) turned up at the Patten Arms. Why this fixture is not better supported is a matter difficult to understand. The weather was beautiful for cycling. Those who had come via Chester and Cuddington must have had a glorious ride. Buckley had been out with the hounds and hobnobbing with the gentry of Cheshire, some of whom are real sports, arn't they Buck? Everybody was pleased to see Captain Park turn out once again looking very fit; we hope to see him often during the season.

An excellent tea was provided, and after tea the usual chat round the fire to allow tea to digest before commencing our homeward journey.

The Liverpool contingent, under the command of Tommy Royden, made a fast passage to Cronton overtaking Messrs. Toft and Bentley. One member of the party was "so unhappy with that thing behind" him that he joined that couple and led them a sort of paperchase (without the trail) thro' the lanes via Gateacre and Childwall to town under the pretext that it was the shortest and easiest way!

Helsby, March 18th.

This run, the first Helsby run this year, was attended by 20 members and one prospective member. In my humble opinion, it is rather a pity we do not have more runs to the "Robin Hood," for the proprietor (and his assistants) always gives us a warm welcome, and is only too ready to do all he can for our comfort. The food is always excellent and plentiful. In short, it deserves to rank with Hunts Cross and Chester.

Personally, I had made up my mind to have a training spin, but nearly cried it off when I felt the force of the howling Southeaster which was blowing. Proceeding via Warrington, over bone-dry roads, from which the dust was rising in clouds, Knutsford was duly reached. A stop was made at The Stocks to "replenish the inner man," and to make sure of having my checks in order. Thinking it would be a good plan to ride over part of the new "50" course, I rode down to Rudheath Corner and on towards Broken Cross. The first part of this lane is in rather bad condition; it is much cut up by carting operations. Via Davenham and Hartford, I reached Cuddington Corner, where I waited 40 minutes in the hope of Cook and Co. turning up, but in vain; then on to Norley and so to Frodsham, shortly after which place I overtook Toft pacing Blackburn. Blackburn told some great yarn of having left town at 2 p.m. and having walked through Warrington to where I met him. Oh! Munchausen. It appears as if the mantle of the Baron had fallen upon him.

I'm afraid there is too much of the personal note about this, but it is difficult to write an account when very little of note happened.

After tea Harold Band amused himself and us at the piano. About eight o'clock the meeting broke up, the Manchester men having to face the gale, which had blown them out.

Kelsall, March 20th.

As the Skipper goes to London on Monday, 27th, this was destined to be his last run and his last chance to seize upon an unfortunate wight to supply him with copy. He therefore whispered something in my ear and vanished, so here goes. Unfortunately, I don't know much about the doings of other people, but the fine, clear, crisp feeling of the morning tempted me forth on rags and timber. Solitude was not to be my portion, however, for Cook and the Band Brothers found me in Chester, and suggested Tattenhall; of course I objected, but what's the use, and on consideration I found we had more than 2½ hours till tea-time. So the job was got on with and lo, before the "Black Dog" was passed we were experiencing a useful gale astern; although bargains had to be made with Harold Band that we should go easy on turning into the lane leading to Tattenhall. There was no need for bargaining, however, for the lane was badly darned and covered with small sharp flints, and more than once I cursed the County Council and trembled for my wangly sprints. We had a short stay at Vaughan's and then cut through Huxley, Dutton and Oseroft to Kelsall. Arriving there too early we made a little detour to Mouldsworth, through Aston Heyes and back on to the Tarvin-Northwich road. Close to Kelsall, Johnny Band had an argument with a small boy, a hoop and a hook for trundling same, and Johnny's front mud-guard crumpled up like a concertina. Tea was only medium, 21 men, including new ones, turned in, and the homeward journey was uneventful.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH. 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1911.

	LIGHT UP
May 6th—Broxton (Royal Oak Hotel)	8-44 p.m.
.. 8th...Committee Meeting at 7 p.m. (St. George's Restaurant, Red Cross St.)	
.. 13th...Nantwich (Crown Hotel).....	8-54 p.m.
.. 20th...''50'' Miles Unpaced Handicap (Shropshire Course)	9-4 p.m.
.. 27th...Over Peover (Mainwaring Arms)	9-14 p.m.
June 5th...Invitation 100.	

Full Moon 13th May.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

New Members.

G. Stephenson, Holly Bank, Prescot, has been elected an Active Member.

Walter Ernest Cotter, 9, Alton Road, Oxtou, Birkenhead, proposed by W. T. Venables, seconded by W. P. Cook.

New Address

S. J. Buck, c/o Messrs G. Noel Legh & Co., Bootle, Liverpool.

Entries for 2nd 50 must reach me by 13th May.

Entries for 100 must reach me by Friday, 26th May.

A very large number of Checkers and Feeders will be required for Whit Monday. Will every member please drop me a post card to say that he is willing to go anywhere and do anything.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

Mems.

All the members will regret to hear of the departure for London of our esteemed Captain and Editor F. D. McCann. May good luck attend him.

C. H. Turnor for the nonce weilds the Editorial pen and wishes to inform Contributors that the remuneration given them in the past will be doubled during his term of office. This should bring in the "stuff."

We were again favoured with "Glorious Weather" for the Easter Tour.

For 21 years there has been a Rendezvous for Club members at the Grand Central Café, North John Street, every afternoon, humorously known as the Kafé Konklave. Originally an after-lunch gathering it has gradually changed to a "continuous performance" from 3-0 to 4-30, and proved most useful in providing a place where any of our out of town members and visitors from other Road Clubs could be sure of finding some of us. The purport of this note is to inform members that the Grand Central Café has now closed its doors, and the meeting place is now the Victoria Café, in Castle Street, right opposite Cook Street.

A most amusing incident occurred the other Sunday morning at Irby. The Triplet manned by Buck, Charlie Keizer and Prichard scaled the heights, and when the crew walked into the Anchor they were decorated with very large badges bearing the motto "Be Sociable."

Lostock Gralam, 1st April.

I toured out through Holmes Chapel, via Knutsford, went twice round the triangle and then through the little lane, and stopped at the far end because the checker had not arrived. Whilst waiting, Buckley and the Mullah came along, the former in purple and fine linen, otherwise a new bicycle. After telling each other where we had been and where we hadn't we got along to Middlewich, turned up King Street and made our way towards the starting place on the new course. When about a quarter of a mile away, a knot of men and machines was observed gathered round a telegraph pole; it reminded one a little bit of Whit Monday and riding towards a place "about 3½ miles north of Shrewsbury on the main Prees and Whitchurch road." The crowd turned out to be Paddy Edwards, the Pagan Cook, Johnny and Harold Band and Tommy Royden. Buck's new bicycle was very soon spotted and came in for quite a lot of criticism and admiration. We got on with it again as per the book of words to the little lane, inspected it and decided it was much better than going up to Broken Cross corner and turning sharp right; then on to the Black Greyhound, Lostock Gralam, which was reached a little before 6 o'clock; in order to uphold one of the ancient Anfield traditions we, along with the earlier arrivals, stood round a grid in the yard and jawed.

Twenty-three were present and a very decent, though cold, feed was enjoyed.

Special note for the run:—Sic transit gloria Pooli. Anyone not attending the run must endeavour to imagine Harry Poole steering the speed tandem with George as Engineer (poor George).

Acton Bridge, 8th April.

A lovely day and not a very large muster! we sat down 21 to tea and when everybody had finished and some had started for home Carpenter arrived—having left New Brighton at 4-45 p.m.

Although the wind was still easterly, the afternoon was fairly warm but it turned quite cold again after tea.

The "Cash Register" party toured out Via Chester and Tarporley in the afternoon being joined at the latter place by Royden who had been overtaken getting into Chester and left again at Hoole.

Just before leaving Tarporley Teddy Edwards arrived from the direction of Nantwich and other places too numerous to mention although we believe Llandegla was *not* in the list this time.

After tea at Acton we received a flying visit from the Doctor and Marchanton who were out on the car—Why didn't they arrive a little earlier and have tea with us?

On the way home there was another club run at the Talbot, Chester, where nearly a dozen members dropped in for a rest—quite like old times.

Several having decided to go home by the short way only six went Via Hinderton where it was decided not to dismount as it was getting late so it developed into a "non-stop" run home.

Easter Tour, Bettws-y-Coed, April 13th-17th.

Although the special circular and card gave the date as 14/17th and last months circular gave 14/27th the former dates really comprised the outing, and a ripping time we had. The total muster was 33 members and 8 friends, and with 20 getting down on the Thursday night we started off well. I suppose the event really started with the O' Tatur arriving in Liverpool early on Thursday morning from Dublin to potter down with Cook, but Boss Higham and James got on the road first. Cook and Murphy took the Northop-Holywell, Abergele, Llanwrst route in very easy stages, and at the latter place met Edwards on his way to Trefriw. Arriving at the Glan Aber a visit to the Tank disclosed James (via Llandegla), Boss Higham, (via Llansannon and Gwytherin), George Poole (with Edwards via Llandegla), Bentley (per rattler on a golfing expedition), and Mr. Phillips. Shortly afterwards Worth and Timbertiles arrived via the Sportsman having by chance met at Queens Ferry, and when the last train arrived Venables, Prichard, Buck, Wells, and Messrs. O'Kell and McKerridge turned up. Ven and Prichard had a tandem with them, but why it was brought unless as an ornament, or to annoy the railway company, no one knows, for it reposed in the stable eating its head off! Then a car arrived carrying Rowatt, Mercer, Theakestone and Mr. Andrews, and we felt we could tackle supper to sustain us until Turnor arrived in the early morning hours. Good Fridays excursion was only to Dolwydellen, but the cyclists and motor party continued on to Roman Bridge, and explored the old road up to the head of the valley before lunch, and then were joined by the pedestrians Wells, Prichard, Ven, Buck and Mr. Okell, who had footed it by lake Elsie and returned via Sarn Helen. Just as lunch was over Hubert Roskell arrived in Frank's car, and we were a merry party indeed. On the way back the Fairy Glen was visited, and L. Oppenheimer met there. Returning to Bettws further arrivals soon came, and we were all delighted to welcome Jack Siddeley among us again, Siddeley had with him his son (no doubt a prospective member) and Mr. Clegg. Shortly afterwards Beardwood and Mr. White arrived from London, and just at tea time Toft, Royden, Johnny and Lorry Band arrived, so we now numbered 30, and a very pleasant evening ensued. Saturday saw us on the road for Bala in various groups, and the new piece between Cerrig y druidion and Frongoch proved most interesting as the scenery was good, and the road, except for three small stretches of new metal, excellent. At Bala there was quite an epidemic of gollywog buying, and after lunch Llyn Tegid was visited. The return by way of Druid was good value until the corner was turned when the strong wind and shocking road (inches deep in dust owing to traction carting of materials from Corwen to Cerrig for the Birkenhead water scheme) made us glad to stop for afternoon tea at the White Lion, whence all was plain sailing into Bettws, where we found Tom and Charlie Conway, and later on McCann and Hawkes arrived, Saturday nights concert in the chapel was excellent, and we are greatly indebted to Messrs. Phillips and Andrews for their yeoman services. Of course Chem was missed, but Theakestone was in good form, and we had all sorts of turns, some of which were reminiscent of the "second house" at Hunts Cross. Sunday saw us en route for Carnarvon, and seldom has the road to Penygwryd been in better condition but of Llanberis Pass the less said the better! About every half mile someone fondered on the stones, and had to refresh their memory as to the number of their inner tube, so it was a bit late before the last of the 30 sat down to lunch. After innumerable photos by Murphy the return journey via Bangor was commenced, and what with Royden "mursing his tyres", and the awful state of the Nant Francon (where Carpenter en famille on the treadmill was met) some of us only just got back in time for dinner to find C. Keizer and Cooper added to the party. During the evening we had a full house in the chapel, and greatly surprised Toft, Worth and Edwards by presenting them with suitably inscribed tobacco boxes in commemoration of their 1000 club fixture attendances. The Boss made the presentations in exceedingly well chosen language, and all three replied in speeches full of emotion and right from the heart—words which all our younger members would do well to take as an inspiration. We also had further speeches, George Mercer as the only founder member of the club present ably seconding the Boss's remarks about the presence of our distant members (Mawr, Siddeley, Beardwood and Timbertiles) and Mr. Murphy, to which Murphy and Siddeley replied in a most charming manner. Music followed, and finally the

Tank got under full swing with such good effect that even James made a speech, although the efforts to get Mac to follow suit were a failure. Monday morning came with its inevitable partings, but more than half the party agreed on the Sportsman route with lunch at Denbigh, and never was Denbigh reached so easily and quickly. Siddeley's car overtook Murphy, Cook and McCann two miles out, and as Murphy literally hung on Cook and Mac tugged behind, and were paced right up on to the moors Cook dropping when the roads became too stony, and Mac desisting at the foot of the aerial flight—still we were all up at the Sportsman by 11.45 and the beer was cold. At Denbigh we found Kettle waiting for us as usual, and after lunch Toft and Hawkes started off express non stop. Charlie Conway intended to do ditto but was prevailed upon to stop at Mold, where we parted with Higham, Oppenheimer, and Timbertiles. As Murphy had to catch his boat we lost no time in making for Hinderton for tea, and finally the brothers Band, Mac, George Poole, Cooper and Cook saw him safely on board the "Kilkenny" thus ending one of the happiest Easters possible to imagine. That Murphy enjoyed himself is evidenced by a letter since received, in which he writes "I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the outing, and I desire to return my thanks to all your members for giving me one of the most enjoyable club tours I ever took part in."

Helsby, April 22nd

I was asked to write a short account of this run so I will do my best in the short time at my disposal. Three of us formed the contingent from Cheadle Hulme. The weather was rather threatening at the start but gradually improved as we proceeded through the lanes Via Knolls Green and Davenham. Here we made a halt to change a tyre on the "Mullah's" trike, the extra weight of "Tommy Atkins," the mascot having been too much for it. Proceeding through Hartford etc. we came across Teddy Edwards all on his lonesome. After traversing a few rather tricky lanes and hills we arrived at the Robin Hood in penny numbers—Teddy Edwards and the "Mullah" doing a final sprint about half a mile from the Hotel. The time was spent conversing about the Easter tour and scanning the excellent attempts of the photographers. Six o'clock arrived and about 25, including 7 Manchester members, sat down in a most spacious room commanding a fine view of Cheshire. The tea was served up in an excellent manner, the beef in particular being quite a treat, and those who partook of the liquid tea were much struck by its quality (not coloured water as is generally the case). Having had a short rest the Manchester section, including George Poole, left the Robin Hood about 7 p.m. for an easy run home, the wind being at our backs. However, we had not travelled very far when the tandem manned by our "President" and Norman left us down a rather steep incline. Of course we could not tolerate being left by a free-wheeled machine, so off we went. Soon things developed into a miniature record attempt, Buckley shooting away with L. Oppenheimer in hot pursuit, he was however very soon dropped, all of us were struggling about 200 yards behind in a vain endeavour to overhaul him. However this could not last long Buckley, easing up to give us a chance which the "Mullah" tried in vain to accept, the writer, however stuck it to the Windmill where we arrived about 8.10, three minutes before the crowd. Here we eased the "vacuum" and after general conversation and sampling of various brands of tobacco (on the cheap) we left (although sorry) about 9.10 leaving the "Mullah" and George Poole behind. Our journey after this was uneventful save that the going was delightfully easy. The Boss, Norman and L. Oppenheimer left us at Altrincham and Buckley and myself proceeded home, where we arrived just after 10.30 p.m., having had a most beneficial and delightful afternoon.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1911.

		LIGHT UP.
June 3rd - Whitchurch (Swan Hotel) .. week end	(Shrewsbury (George Hotel)) (Hawkestone (Hawkestone Park Hotel))	9-27
.. 5th - Invitation "100"	9-29
.. 10th - Chester (Talbot Hotel)	9-34
.. 12th - Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant), at 7 p.m.
.. 17th - Knutsford (Lord Eldon Hotel)	9-37
.. 22nd - Chirk (Hand Hotel), Lunch at 1-30 p.m.	9-40
.. 24th - Manchester Wheelers' Invitation—50 Miles Handicap	9-40
(Week end)—Ellesmere (Bridgewater Arms Hotel).		
July 1st - Helsby (Robin Hood Hotel).

Full Moon, 11th June.

SECRETARY'S NOTES.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

Members who intend to join the Club at Hawkestone or Shrewsbury for the Whitsuntide week-end must notify me **at once**, otherwise I cannot guarantee beds. Those members who desire to join in the Club week-end to Ellesmere on 24th June must let me know in good time, as accommodation is very difficult to obtain over the Coronation Holidays.

I very much regret to announce the resignation from the Captaincy of F. D. McCann (owing to business calls in London). The Committee have elected G. Poole to fill his place.

H. R. Band has been elected Sub-Captain, and C. H. Turnor, Editor, and to the vacant place on the Committee.

New Member.

W. E. Cotter, 9, Alton Road, Oxton, Birkenhead, has been elected an Active Member.

New Addresses.

E. Bright, Kisby's Hut, Lichfield Grove, Finchley, London, N.; G. E. Carpenter, 185, Monument Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; F. D. McCann, c/o "Cycling," Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

"100."—Will the very large number of Members who have *not* notified me of their desire to help in this most important event please buck up?

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

Mems.

With reference to the Easter Tour, Murphy has sent Cook a very fine Album containing prints of the many photographs he took, and he writes to the effect that if any Member of the Club would like to have a print of any particular photograph he will be delighted to make one for him, which members interested will please kindly note.

In recent numbers of the "Irish Cyclist" there have appeared some excellent articles on our Easter Tour, which are sure to interest Members of the Club. For the benefit of those members who wish to take this paper, we may say that as a special concession to the Club any member can obtain the paper for 4/6 per annum, instead of the usual 6/6.

Two out of the four tricycles that started for Nantwich had accidents, which left them with two efficient wheels each. Cook had his front wheel charged by a cycling butcher boy, and Binns had an argument with two dogs.

50 Miles Handicap, 29th April.

Ye Gods and little fishes, what a morning to be sure for the first fifty of the season! There was consolation in the fact that some of the first fifties in recent years have been held on even worse days; nevertheless, he would have been a bold man who would have prophesied that the day would have turned out as favourable as it ultimately did. Capt. Mac., who was suffering from a bad cold, had travelled down from "town" in order to take part in the event, thus setting a splendid example to all our racing men. The weather was, no doubt, responsible for some of the non-starters—one member on leaving the hotel took a wrong turn and did not reach the starting post until some time after his time for starting had expired. George also was late, and was sent off one minute after his schedule time. Considering the amount of rain which had come down during the morning, the roads were in very fair condition, with a nice breeze to assist the riders on their outward journey. Grimshaw started very well, quickly passing Webb and Jones, and at one time it seemed as though not only would he do fastest time but win the race also. However, on the return journey he fell away considerably, and was repassed by Jones, who seemed to fairly revel in facing the wind, and there is no doubt that the conditions were just suitable to a strong rider like Jones, for he picked up a lot of time on the return journey and completed the course in 2-43-27, which eventually proved to be the fastest time, and also placed him second on the handicap. H. R. Band also rode very well, doing 2-44-4, not at all a bad performance, and with an allowance of 10 minutes easily secured first place on the handicap. Grimshaw was third with 2-47-54, a much slower ride than at one time seemed probable. A word of praise is due to Stephenson, whose initial performance denotes that before the season is over he will be on a very much shorter mark. George also has the makings of a rider and will no doubt be heard of again later in the season. Webb does not seem to have found his true form yet, no doubt business has prevented him from putting in the requisite amount of training, which is essential to enable one to win races. We are sure that before the season is over he will be able to give a good account of himself. Peacock is to be commended for his perseverance in finishing. Although the roads were heavy, there were no punctures. Taken all together, the first event of the season may be considered a success.

Broxton, 6th May.

Summer at last! One of the finest days we have had so far—the country was looking its best.

The "Round the Earth Party" including Johnny and Harold Band, Cook, etc., started by the top road to Chester, and then on through Malpas and Worthenbury to Broxton. I think they were knocking the miles off at the rate of 2-55, so look out for fast times in the next "50."

A bright and merry party sat down to tea, numbering about thirty all told. The feeding was good, and ample justice was done to it. The Keizorette and Venables favoured us with their presence, and the latest acquisition to the Club, Mr Cotter, was with us. I feel sure he thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

Why don't we have a few more runs to such a charming place? The look of contentment on the boys' faces as we stood around in such picturesque scenery after tea, was good to look upon. Well let us long for such another day. I am sure our worthy President—who looked in the pink—was well satisfied with his lambs, and I feel certain that if we should muster 50 sometimes the Boss would still look the picture of contentment (even if he had to carve for all.—Ed.) Our genial Secretary arrived in a state of collapse, we thought he had fought a troop of soldiers, and some wanted to know if the other fellow was still living, but alas! it was the flies which had bunged up both his eyes. Still he had sufficient sight left to find the Royal Oak. The pace home was very hot, and only well tried veterans and record breakers could keep up, I wonder what their form will be like in September, if they are so fit in May.

Nantwich, 13th May.

The outlook for this ride was dismal in the extreme. Thunder was in the air, and the rain which usually accompanies it appeared to be coming every minute. The writer was however favoured by the fates, and though it rained on all sides, managed to get through without needing a cape. Others however, were not so fortunate and some of our members obtained a wetting in the neighbourhood of Tarporley. The farmers from that district, who had come up to Nantwich for the market, rejoiced greatly to hear of rain on their land, and did not seem upset in the slightest that our members had got wet. At six o'clock we numbered about six, and our hostess began to show anxiety, but as the meal progressed the members increased until the available space was all about taken up.

A party of four spent the week-end at Drayton, and afterwards went to see if the Shropshire Triangle was still there.

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, 20th May.

According to "Tit-Bits" list, May 20th was to be "a fortunate day for activity and anything where physical force is needed," and Grimshaw evidently found this to be so. Favoured by "glorious weather," the event was remarkable for Grimshaw's performance of 2-25-56, which secured him first and fastest, besides breaking our Club record by 4 seconds! Grimshaw was avowedly out to beat Jack Webb's N. R. 50 time, and would undoubtedly have done so but for the temporary aberration of the Erecall checker, who directed him to Shawburch instead of Crudgington the last time. George was second off 15 minutes with 2-42-15, which showed an improvement of 5 minutes on his previous best, and Webb (10 minutes) was third with 2-48-5. "Beau" Nash made a surprisingly excellent novice appearance, for he punctured and finished on the rim in 2-48-5, and we hope it will encourage him to further efforts. George Poole signalled his election to the captaincy by lopping 35 seconds off his previous best with 2-34-5, and as Nash was on 17 minutes and

Poole on 3 minutes, they dead-beated for fourth. Johnny Band was evidently out to experiment with his injured leg, and did very well to get through in 2-35-39 without any trouble, and we hope he will now feel he can push himself in scratch form. Harold Band and Jones provided a tyre changing contest between them, as they both punctured and changed, and their times were respectively 2-39-6 and 2-39-9, Band's time showing an improvement of over 3 minutes on his previous best. Turnor on a "trike" appeared to greatly appreciate the scenery, and thoroughly enjoyed himself, but it was hard lines that his 3-7-25 just missed him a standard by 15 seconds! The non-starters were Stephenson Peacock, and Buckley. Stephenson and Peacock were unable to get away in time, although Peacock did come down to help, and Buckley was unfortunately prevented from riding by a family bereavement, thereby missing a certain opportunity of realising his ambition of getting inside evens. The race certainly attracted a good muster, and there were quite as many for tea at Shawbury as there were at Lostock Gralam, so it would appear as though those who complain of the distance and inaccessibility of the Shropshire course do so without reason. Perhaps another way of putting it is that if members are interested, distance is no objection, while if they are not interested, they won't come to help a race on their own doorstep. The Cheshire course did *not* attract those who complain that Shropshire is too far, so let us have the best course we can get, even if it is a greater distance away. No doubt the Committee made a good move by scheduling tea at Shawbury, 7-30, but cannot they go further and add an official week-end? There were three week-end parties on this occasion. The Smart Set led the Cheadle brigade to Newport; James, Worth and Keizerette went to Shrewsbury to complete arrangements for Whitsuntide, and the Mullah, Pa. Higham, George Poole, Jones, Blackburn, Fred Gee, O. Cooper, Williams, Cook and Hawkes went to Hawkestone, where Boyes, who now lives at the Lodge, joined them for a pleasant evening, and where Buckley joined the party for lunch on the Sunday, after the usual round of the park had been enjoyed. At Hinderton on the Sunday night the returning Liverpool party met the Roskells and Prichard in Frank's car, and there had evidently been a New Brighton week-end.

(In the above account the writer, in stating that Grimshaw's time is Club Record, means in competition. The fastest unpaced "50" ever ridden by an Anfielder was 2-24-40 by J. C. Band on the 17th July, 1909, in an attempt on record.—Ed.).

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

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FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1911.

LIGHT UP

July 1st—Kelsby (Robin Hood Hotel)	9-40 p.m.
.. 8th...Lostock Grahm. (Black Greyhound Hotel,) (Photo Run)	9-38 p.m.
.. 10th...Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant,) at 7 p.m.	
.. 14,15th...24 hours Road Ride	9-34 p.m.
.. 22nd...Aston Bridge (Railway Hotel).....	9-24 p.m.
.. 29th...Broxton (Royal Oak Hotel).....	9-15 p.m.
Aug 5,7th...Tour in Warwick districts for Bath Road Club "100" (Circular to follow).	

Full Moon 11th July.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

Entries for "24" (with 10/6 for feeding expenses) must reach me not later than Saturday, 8th July.

We will require a vast amount of Checkers and Helpers for the "24" I should be very glad of a P.C. saying "Put me anywhere you like."

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club Photo. Our best way to thank him is for the whole Club to turn out on 8th July.

New Address

C. H. Woodroffe, 77, Stafford Street, Balgrave, Leicester.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

MEMS.

We congratulate Grimshaw upon his successful performance in the "100." His ride was a credit to himself and the Club.

The special prize awarded by F. C. Del Strother has this year (according to rule) to be awarded to the First Claim Member who in the opinion of the Committee does the most meritorious performance in the "100." Buckley is the lucky man, and thoroughly deserves to be.

Our Secretary received the following effusion from a Member whose identity we leave you to guess:—

With my flag at Ercall Corner,
I will stand the blessed day;
Every time a bike in sight comes
I shall shout "Hip, hip, hooray!"
Glorious task to be a checker—
Arduous toil thus turned to play;
Give to fools their Coronations,
I'll flag-flap for the B.A.!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Anfield Gazette."

Sir,—I address you in the humble capacity of Second Prize Winner in the historic Salop Sweep, and I feel sure that I voice the feelings of the First Prize Winner, who this year happens to be a non-member.

I believe that I am fulfilling a public duty if, through the medium of your widely-read publication, I take this opportunity of expressing thanks to that hard-worked official, "the Returning-officer" (Mr. P.) for the untiring zeal and reckless impartiality nobly bestowed on yearly collecting and distributing the dues and dividends.

His unselfish devotion demands recognition, and proves him worthy of the highest honours.

I must confess that lack of success had hitherto made me look askance, and with some disfavour on this annual stake, but since the turn of the wheel (or can it be the tide?) has favoured me, I have become convinced of the justice of the cause and of the high-minded purpose of its conception, whilst its execution reminds us that the old adage, "Handsome is that handsome does," is in this case specially appropriate.

The manner in which the Prize cheques were promptly met—I had almost said "anticipated"—by the Bankers, speaks volumes.

F. H.

WHIPPING STOCKS, May 27th, 1911.

Before endeavouring to write an account of the above run for our new Editor, I would first (with the Editor's permission) like to warn all prospective contributors to make their terms before delivery. In one of our recent issues I read that, under the new management, double remuneration was to be given to the contributors. Being tempted by this offer, I took a considerable amount of time and trouble, and really (the Editor said so) wrote an excellent account of what did and did not happen at one of our recent runs. Now, what I want to make clear to the reader is this: that up to the time of going to Press the remuneration has not appeared; no doubt it will come. I tried to let this job out at half-commission on the strength of it, but it was not strong enough. In the meantime, I don't want to fall out with "The Mullah," although he is mad. He mended me three tyres last week, while I did one and a half—a Mossley in at that! I have given up riding for Mossley's after last week-end. I rode over half a brick in the gloom, and punctured within a mile or so from our destination.

However, to get to the run. We were favoured with another lovely day. I don't know what has become of the Weather Clerk. He has clean forgotten to order the rain. "Silly ass!" The heat was immense. The roads, in places, were very bad. I certainly went through on Saturday all serene, but the next day my luck departed, inasmuch that I finished on my minus last, and also on a second-hand chain, my original having been ruined. I believe on some new tarred surface on the way out.

On arrival at the Stocks we found not too good a muster. The cry was "Where are the Manchester party?" However, they turned up after having witnessed the finish of a Wheelers' "50." We were pleased to see Rudd out and well again. Before tea the pump had quite a busy time of it, several having miniature baths. When tea was over, the Secretary was to be found very busy arranging matters for Whit-Monday, and others were repairing tyres. The crowd gradually thinned down as we barged off in two's, three's, and four's. Cook and L. Band, on a two-seater, had quite a lot of fun whilst endeavouring to find a small leak, having several lots of water before being successful. The Wirral crew had quite a nice ride into Chester, where the writer left them scoffing cider, and one speedy member bread and cheese. The Warrington-Cronton contingent were not so fortunate, for in that garden city or town of Warrington, Toft and Edwards collided owing to a dog suddenly appearing on the scene from some unknown quarter. Billy came off and helped himself to several scrapes (silly fellow!), and also bent his right crank. He got it repaired after considerable trouble, and the journey continued.

Although this is not in to-day's portion, I should just like to express my delight on seeing such an excellent muster down at Shropshire for our last "50," and also the good times in comparison to our previous one. As the writer of the account stated, the meeting for tea was great. The unfortunate part was that we had not asked Mrs. Latter to cater for the number that turned up, and I can only emphasize the writer's words, "Let us go where we can get the best race."

WHITSUNTIDE, June 3rd-5th.

Whatever lingering doubts may have remained as to the advisability of fixing Whitchurch for tea on the Saturday were surely settled once for all this year, as I understand the muster was very small. Most of us prefer to make our own way down into Shropshire, for there is no longer any large gathering at Shrewsbury. Owing to the exigencies of the "100," with its early start, our members prefer to week-end at various places handy to their jobs—Hawkstone Park, Prees Heath, Newport, Cound Lodge all having parties of their own, and only leaving 11 for the official headquarters at The George, although a few more turned up on Sunday. The weather was "perfectly glorious" (revised version of The Mullah's copyright phrase), and everyone spent Sunday as strenuously or as lazily as they desired, and Monday morning saw us all up and about, bright and early to do all we could to make a success of the 22nd Anfield "100," and as practically all our present active members were scattered over the course, all working hard, it is perhaps invidious to mention any names, although an exception must be made in the case of Frank Roskell, who rendered yeoman service by using his car as a fast freight between Waters Upton and Tern Hill, loaded below the Plimsoll mark with drinks and bananas.

All records were broken with an entry of 76, nearly all of whom faced timekeeper Harry Poole, and at last we can chronicle an Anfield success in the magnificent performance of Grimshaw, who was second fastest with 5-16-25, or only 4½ minutes slower than the redoubtable Moss. Speaking generally, we were none too lucky, for the roads were fearfully puncturesome in places, particularly on the Prees-Chetwynd stretch, and all our men punctured except Johnny Band and Grimshaw. Peacock, Jones, and McCann were early out of the race, while Webb, Harold Band, and George Poole, who were riding really well, had even harder lines in striking trouble on the much better going of the inner triangle. Buckley also suffered the same way, but changed his tyre, and continued riding in a manner that showed he would have got inside 5-30 with any luck, instead of the 5-40-39 he actually did. Johnny Band, for

some reason or other, never seemed able to raise a gallop, and chucked it when he realised he was doing no good, so at the half distance we could see that Grimshaw was our only hope, and right well did he fulfil it. Up to 61 miles Grubb was fastest, with Moss 4 minutes slower, North Road Webb 2 minutes slower, and Grimshaw 1 minute further to the bad; but soon after this point a puncture put Grubb out of the race, and Grimshaw rode so finely that he was second fastest, and only 2 minutes slower than Moss at 87 miles, with Webb, Lempriere, Noon, Bennett, and Gayler all close up. As usual, the last 18 miles told its tale, and Moss finished strongly with 5-11-52, Grimshaw, as already recorded, clocking 5-16-25. Noon accomplished 5-19-21, Gayler 5-21-4, Bennett 5-21-57, Lempriere 5-22-15, and Jack Webb 5-22-58. The other finishers inside 5½ hours being Brown 5-25-51, Kirk 5-26-35, and Jackson 5-29-21. The handicap worked out unusually closely, except for the winner, who turned up in a very hot novice, Kirk, of the Yorkshire Road Club, who, despite a puncture, finished in 5-26-35, which off the 33-minute mark made him easily first. Lempriere (N.R.) off 18 minutes was second, Gayler (Poly.) off 18 minutes was third, and Brown (Liverpool Pembroke) off 20 minutes was fourth, only failing by 47 seconds from being third for the second year in succession.

As "CYCLING" says (No free advts., please. ED.): "The Anfield '100' is always the most representative open event of the year, attracting entries as it does from every corner of the Kingdom, and this year's contest was no exception to the rule." We were all pleased to see Frank Wingrave competing again, and looked forward with interest to his scrapping with Gillyray, as he did in last year's N.R. 24; but both men were put out by repeated punctures, the state of the roads being well illustrated by the record of only 29 finishers out of 69 starters, and many of those who finished were, like Buckley, not without tyre trouble.

CHESTER, June 10th.

How is it that our attendance at this ancient city is always so small? The most likely reason is that members get so much town life during the week that even Chester palls on them. One thing is very certain: it is not the fault of the catering, for that leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. and Mrs. Bates know how to do the thing properly, and, what is more, they do it.

The most important fact about this run was that David Rowatt turned up, and that he came on a bicycle. Well done, David! Do it again, and do it often.

Our Editor asked me to write about this run, and I promised to do my best, but for the life of me I can't think of any further details so long after the event.

KNUTSFORD, June 17th.

The Weather Clerk has at last discovered that we want rain. I think he has come to a very wise decision, but would suggest to him that in future he leaves it over until the week-end is finished. I should think that those of our members who intend riding in the "24" must be praying for still more rain, because, judging by some of the Wirral roads, it would appear to be an impossibility to ride five yards without puncturing.

The Liverpooldians were mainly lucky with regard to the weather, but the Mancunians were not so lucky, as I understand they had some very heavy showers.

We were favoured by the presence of Grimshaw, who rode over from Preston for his first Club run (bar races). Grimshaw looks quite fit after his effort in the "100," and should, with luck, do a still better ride in the Bath Road "100," when he will ride under our colours.

The usual trio, Teddy Worth, Jimmy, and The Mullah, week-ended at Sandbach.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

PIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1911.

	LIGHT UP
Aug. 5th/7th—Tour in Ireland (for Irish Road Club "50").....	8-59 p.m.
.. 12th—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-47 p.m.
.. 14th—Committee Meeting (St George's Restaurant) at 7 p.m.	
.. 19th—"50" Miles Unpaced Handicap (Shropshire Course)	8-34 p.m.
.. 26th—Pulford (Crosvenor Arms)	8-19 p.m.
Sept 3rd "50" Miles Unpaced Handicap (Shropshire Course)	

Full Moon 10th August.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

Entries for August "50" must reach me by Saturday, 12th August, and those for September "50" by Saturday, 26th August.

August Tour (for Irish Road Club 50 Miles Invitation Handicap).

As the strike of the seamen of the Dublin Steampacket Co. is not yet settled the party may have to go to Dublin via Holyhead; therefore the meeting-place will be Wynn's Hotel, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, on Saturday, 5th August, for breakfast.

Mr. Murphy has kindly offered to meet the party in Dublin, and suggests the following tour: Leave Dublin on Saturday morning for Portarlinton (10 miles), where there is a good hotel with plenty of accommodation for a relatively large party. On Sunday, arrange a circular ride of a suitable distance, returning to Portarlinton; and on Monday, ride from Portarlinton by Enfield to the course of the race. The race will be held in the afternoon, starting sufficiently early to enable our riders to catch the night boat. The race will be held on a straight away course on the Navan Road, starting five or seven miles from Dublin.

A. P. JAMES, Secretary.

MEMS.

The Manchester Wheelers were most unfortunate in that the weather for their first invitation "50" was of the vilest description. We trust the elements will be more kind for their next venture.

Buckley has a mania for running off the end of 24-hour schedules. This is the second time in succession he has done it. The old veteran must be getting younger. His long distance performances get still more wonderful every time. 375! Stupendous!!

In Grimshaw we have a man who will be able to step into Buckley's shoes in time to come as our "distance expert." 364 for a first attempt! Surely this has never been done before! Marvellous!

Owing to the fact that some of our men will be riding in the Irish "50," and no one will be riding in the Bath Road "100," the Committee have decided to alter the August Tour from Warwickshire to Ireland.

The following extracts from a letter received by Cook from Del Strother are most interesting:—

"A few days ago I posted to your address my this year's prize, and you will doubtless have received the same by now. It takes the shape of a cigarette case with a picture of a 'troika' on the lid. This particular kind of oxidation work is practically not done any more, although they practice something similar, especially on the Caucasus. Just now I saw the result of the '100' in the 'Monthly Circular,' and was pleased to learn that my prize goes to ever-green Buckley. It is really wonderful how he keeps it up; please transmit my special congratulation to him. I was also pleased to see that at last the Club with the fine performance of Grimshaw has shown that it has still some talent left. I did not see the detailed report in 'Cycling,' as my brother has appropriated that particular number. I still regularly read 'Cycling,' especially the parts concerning the doings of the Club. I see that you have had a very good Easter tour to Bettys, and that the Club is altogether, and in all respects, going as strong as ever."

Then, after mentioning a recent illness owing to a bad attack of rheumatism, he continues:—"Now, for the time being, I am quite well again, and I have even taken up cycling a bit. I have very little opportunity, and even then have to ride by myself, which is rather slow. I am comparatively not going so badly at all, although I am of course totally untrained. . . . With very best regards to yourself and all the boys."

RUABON, 22nd June.

Rude Boreas was very rude indeed upon the occasion of the Coronation run to Ruabon. The 14 Liverpool members and one Manchester member arrived at the Wynnstay Arms after a very severe buffeting with the gale, and many were the expressions of delight that the landlord of the "Hand" at Chirk was unable to cater for us, for had he done so, the battle with Boreas would have been of much longer duration.

McCann, up from London on holiday, was again welcomed into our midst, and Charlie Kiezer showed the Club of what stalwart stuff he is made, by his battle with the breeze. Buckley, Jones, and the Captain were absent, as they were saving themselves for the Wheelers' "50" (which was, of course the chief topic of conversation).

After lunch the party gradually dispersed, Cook for a strenuous tour in Wales, the remainder being homeward bound with a favouring breeze.

WHEELERS' "50," June 24th.

The day fixed for the Wheelers' "50" turned out to be about the wettest day of the season; the long-wished-for rain came with a vengeance. Our three men who had entered for this event turned up at the "Dog in the Lane," at Upper Astley, accompanied by Billy Toft and The Mullah. There they found the Secretary on a trike, but still "merry and bright." After having an AI feed, the Skipper and the Manchester Sub-Captain went to change, but Johnny Band said that he was not going to ride, and was going home by the 5-30 train (which he eventually did). By this time W. Jones, Teddy Edwards, The Master, and Mr. Bidlake (of the North Road Cycling Club) had turned up, and they also seemed to be slightly damp. George Poole and Buckley were sent off to the start, and both went through in the very good time for the day of 2-44-50 and 2-44-31 respectively, being placed 6th and 9th in the handicap. Grinshaw, who rode for the Cheadle Hulme Club, did 2-42-39, after puncturing and changing a tyre, and Jones (Manchester Wednesday) put in the good ride of 2-44-32. During the course of the race Royden, Teddy Worth, McCann, Cook, and Crowcroft turned up at Shawbury corner, all perfectly wet. The winner turned out to be one of the M.C. and A.C. "Dark Horses," A. G. McCloud to wit, who, though only riding his second race, managed, oil 9 minutes, to do 2-37-42. The second prize was won by D. R. Noon, of the Speedwell, whose time of 2-32-19 not only placed him second, but gave him the fastest time medal. G. C. Burt (University C.C.) was third with 2-36-29. Other good times were done by J. H. Tapley (Oak) 2-35-17, C. Moss (M.C. and A.C.), who had to change a tyre, and yet managed to do 2-36-28, and E. A. Merlin (Polytechnic C.C.) 2-39-16. Out of 32 entries, 24 started and 16 finished.

After the race, The Master, accompanied by the "Two Un-Sociables" (Worth and James) departed for the official week-end to Ellesmere. These three, who arrived a long time in front of the others, purchased all the spare stockings in the town, and after filling their knickers with paper, sat down and blessed the man who had proposed the run, and also decided to await the arrival of Cook and party before having supper. Cook & Co. eventually turned up, and consisted of Cook, McCann, and Mr. Bidlake. After enjoying a very good supper, Cook, as the Captain had not yet arrived, arranged the beds, ordered breakfast, etc., to the satisfaction of all concerned. The last three to arrive were the two racing men, escorted by the Mullah, and this crowd, strange to say, were also wet. Next morning turned out to be fine, but dull, though the roads had managed to dry themselves (goodness knows how!) in the night. After visiting the famous Bowling Green, and viewing the 365 counties to be seen from that spot, Mr. Bidlake departed for the London train, and the Master, George Edward Talbot Poole, Mac and Cook left for a specialty arranged tour, leaving Buckley and the Mullah with the "Two Unsociables," and no doubt they all enjoyed themselves.

HELSEBY, 1st July.

I feel, Mr. Editor, that I have a grievance, in that I, almost a stranger, should be pounced on and ordered to write up the run upon one of the few occasions on which I am able to attend. However, as the request was put in such a nice way, I will do my best. I cannot write much about the event, as I'm afraid I have forgotten nearly everything. I started out about midday, solus, and after lounging about on the "top road" in the hope that someone would come along, went into Chester and on through Eaton Park. After dawdling about

watching a cricket match, I went on over the Iron Bridge, and so on to the Whitechurch Road, then up to Chester and out by the Kelsall Road to the lanes, in which I met James, barging off by himself down to Shropshire to make final arrangements for the "24." Shortly after debouching on the Helsby Road, I ran into a rainstorm, and when passing a roadside inn was hailed, and found Buckley "sheltering." Of course, I joined him. I learned that he had come through Eaton Park, and had passed the Golden Gates only a few seconds in front of me, having been down to Ruabon for a training spin. The rain showing no signs of stopping, "macs" were donned, and we set off on the remaining five miles, and immediately the rain ceased. There was a poor crowd at the "Robin Hood"—poor in point of numbers, that is—what they lacked in quantity they made up for in quality. Our host set before us the usual excellent spread, which was done full justice to. The Skipper and Cook week-ended, as, of course, did Worth and the Mullah; I believe they went down into Shropshire and joined James. I returned with Zambuck, Royden, and Cotter. The latter not feeling well left us and trained home from Chester, while we three rode along the low road and over to the top road by Capenhurst, and home via Hinderton.

LOSTOCK GRALAM, 8th July.

I have been persuaded to write this account, in spite of the warning of another contributor re the remuneration not turning up. I could not decently get out of it without the use of heated arguments with the Editor; and I was quite heated enough (of course, he tackled me as soon as I arrived), so I just gave in.

Well, to get on with it. When I arrived at Cuddington corner I found quite a Club run. I was trying to creep quietly by, when someone called out "There's no hurry" (I was doing about eight miles an hour), so I waited for them, and then they tried to do me over. (Anfield manners.)

We avoided Northwich by turning right, and all was well until someone said it wasn't. Even Teddy Edwards didn't know we were standing in King Street. After map searching and arguments (in spite of the heat) we found ourselves at the Black Greyhound.

There was a fairly good muster, and the "Fodder" was very good. A few of the Committee were busy making arrangements for the "21," and I believe Mr. Secretary was seen trying to cajole innocent novices into riding, by telling them it was a sort of Picnic.

After tea, Mr. Conway tried his camera all over the inn-yard, but being dissatisfied with the scenery, he marched us down to the hollow, where, after a struggle with barbed wire, we found a suitable spot in a field, and settled ourselves comfortably on a bed of thistles. To make it look as much like a Cycling Club as possible, those in long trousers were ordered to the rear, and, after a few more or less witty remarks and thistle throwing, we tried to look pleasant, and Mr. Conway obliged.

Another struggle with the barbed wire, and then home.

24 HOURS' RIDE, July 14th-15th.

It has been stated by some members that this event should not have been run, there being so few riders, but I don't suppose many will share this opinion. Quality is frequently preferable to quantity, and although a large field is very desirable, the quality of the competitors and the race they put up have to be taken into consideration. Viewed from this point, the "21" this year was a gorgeous success, and quite as

memorable as any of its predecessors, for we had three distinctly class performances, and a magnificent duel for first place, such as will never be forgotten. The card showed 8 entries, but there were only 6 starters, and two of these, Rudd and Stevenson, were only going for 12 Hours Standards; but with Buckley, Grimshaw, Turnor, and Poole all fit and well, a strenuous contest was promised. Carpenter was reported in Chester on Thursday, but there was no sign of him anywhere, and Jones had unfortunately to stand down owing to a strained back, caused by diving in the Isle of Man. At the start Poole took the lead, with Buckley, Turnor, and Grimshaw close up, but on the Marford extension Turnor punctured, and never showed prominently again. All through the night Poole held his slight lead, with Buckley and Grimshaw close up in that order, but after 155 miles Buckley and Grimshaw began to forge ahead, and at 12 hours they dead-heated with 190 miles, Poole completing 185 miles, and Turnor 174 miles. Grimshaw punctured at 250 miles, and this let Buckley secure a slight lead, as he had started five minutes behind Grimshaw, and they left Bodnet the last time together. Meanwhile Turnor had punctured again, twice within two miles, and retired at 215 miles, when he realised that he could not make up on Poole, who was riding very strongly for third place. Then began the duel between Buckley and Grimshaw that will never be forgotten. At 278 miles they were still together when Buckley gave us one of his famous displays of head work from his vast experience, for cutting out all stops, he got away from Grimshaw at Combermere, and Grimshaw puncturing near Crewe helped to increase Buckley's commanding lead, with the result that, riding out time in his well-known style, Buckley exhausted the card, and required an extension to Mere Corner and back, thus piling up the magnificent total of 375 miles, which is better than he has ever done even with pacing, and 28 miles better than Northern unpaced record. Grimshaw never slacked off his efforts, and finished with 361 miles, which is a wonderful first attempt, and shows that Grimshaw is a most versatile performer. Poole seemed to slack off a bit when he found he had lost the incentive of Turnor's competition, but he still persevered gamely, and ran out time with 349 miles, which is 28 miles better than his previous best, and within 8 miles of record, and warrants high expectation for the future. After the race, nine of us stayed at the Angel, Knutsford, and on Sunday, Rowatt, Williams, and Cook escorted Poole back through Chester in easy stages against a stiff wind, which all were thankful was a day late.

Buckley's second 12 was only 5 miles less than the first. He declares that it is his last race, but we all hope his "farewell performance" is a la Patti. There was a lot of very wetting misty rain in the early morning hours—quite sufficient to make tarred roads sopping wet, but fortunately macadam roads were not affected, and the sun finally conquered. The wind chopped about a good deal, but was never really harmful, and must have been a good help on the Chester-Newport stretch. Steven-on had bad luck after starting on the Gayton stretch, and had to walk back with a punctured tyre and broken lamp, so cut this out, and continued for a 12 Hours Standard on the course as far as the Bungalow, where he returned towards Chester, completing 145 miles. It is a pity he did not take a good long rest, and then continue for 24 Hours Standard A, but no doubt he gained experience that will stand him in good stead in the future, and we shall hope to see him add his name to the list of those who have ridden 300 in the day.

Rudd cut out the Queen's Ferry triangle second time, and also turned at the Bungalow, completing 118 miles in 12 hours, which

was excellent considering his recent illness, and we all hope to see Rudd do a good 21 next year. It was very gratifying to see men like Royden, Rupert, Kettle, and George taking on checking jobs, while Royle must have ridden a respectable distance, for he took both Nantwich and Whalebone checks, and was at the Whipping Stocks for the finish.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

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PIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1911.

	LIGHT UP
Sept 2nd -- "50" Miles Unpaced Handicap (Shropshire Course)	7-58 p.m.
.. 8th - Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	7-43 p.m.
.. 11th - Committee Meeting (St George's Restaurant) at 7 p.m.	
.. 18th - Over Peever (Mainwaring Arms)	7-27 p.m.
.. 23rd - Kelaby (Robin Hood Hotel)	7-11 p.m.
.. 30th - Pulford (Crosvener Arms)	6-58 p.m.
Oct 7th - Lymm (Church Hotel)	

Full Moon 8th September.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

New Addresses.

F. D. McCann, 16, Croxteth Grove, Liverpool.
M. O. Sarson, The Nutshell, Millford, Stafford.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

MEMB.

If members who have not yet paid their subscriptions would do so it would facilitate matters for our worthy Treasurer.

M. O. Sarson has entered the holy bonds of matrimony. Good luck to you, Sarson! Long life and happiness to you and yours.

IRISH MEMS.

The tourists in Ireland were much indebted to Mr. Murphy for his kindness in conducting the party. The trouble taken by Mr. Murphy on our behalf was much appreciated.

Grimshaw "proposed" and was "accepted" five times on Sunday night. Everyone made a fuss of "the foreigner from Wigan."

The two trikes caused many amusing comments.

Fancy going to a Police-station for a jug of tea for competitors in a road event—and not being allowed to pay for it!

The Keizerette's old Humber trike was seen near the finish with a small boy having "a joy ride" on the footpath.

If we go again we must certainly book accommodation at Springfield. Those who cannot get away on Friday night can easily join the party for breakfast on Sunday morning; and two days in such delightful country is certainly well worth while. Two-thirds of a loaf is better than no bread, and Ireland provides a distinctly novel holiday.

ACTON BRIDGE, July 22nd.

I thought I had done rather a meritorious thing in plugging all alone to Acton Bridge as sole representative of the "Smart Set." (The others, I presume, had valid reasons for absenting themselves, be it claims of business, domestic matters or "affaires de coeur"), but the Editor thought differently, and sentenced me to write an account of the run by way of encouragement. One of the most pleasing features was the universal congratulation of the evergreen E.B. on his wonderful "21" of the previous week. He certainly appeared none the worse for his effort, and looks as if he could go on giving "farewell performances" for some time to come. Talking of "evergreens," "Boss" Higham is a bit of a marvel in that line, as an all-round sportsman he would be hard to beat, and after tea he gave us a masterly exhibition of the art of bowling, showing a complete knowledge of the mysteries of bias, thumb, and otherwise, and of all the other intricacies of that ancient game. I am beginning to suspect the "Boss" must have discovered the elixir of perpetual youth, and that he has found it somewhere near Tabley Corner. A remarkable feature of the run was the appearance of Jimmy Williams actually riding a bicycle. Until the present occasion, he has been known to attend by almost every recognised form of locomotion except cycling and aeroplaning, and it only remains for him to engage Mr. Melly to aviate him to one of the fixtures in order to complete a unique record (regular attenders frequently see Jimmy cycling.—Ed.) I am tempted to get my own back on the Editor by pointing out that it is hardly the correct thing to wear a hat during meals. I was pleased, however, to see that master of etiquette, Will Cook, forcibly remove the hat from the offender's head, and so save the situation. Statistics as to the number of members attending the run, and the movements of the week-end parties I must leave to the Secretary, and will conclude by expressing my determination not to attend another run without guarantees from the Editor that I shall not be called on to chronicle it.

BROXTON, July 28th.

The only reason I am writing the story of this run is because I hadn't the energy to refuse when the Editor asked me to do it in his usual polite way. It was really quite warm, and I think it was worth two attendances to turn out into the boiling sunshine, instead of lying in the shade.

There was quite a decent muster, and although the tea was quite up to the usual Broxton standard everybody would have preferred a cold spread instead of hot roast meat and baked potatoes. However, the plums and custard were quite a success, and saved the situation (ask the Skipper).

It seems to be the fashion to ride nowadays without collars and ties. Our worthy Secretary arrived in a state of semi-nudity, which became more pronounced when he sat down to tea, and was immediately copied by several others; Teddy Worth looking really interesting in shirt and knickers.

After tea, a thunderstorm appeared on the horizon, but the only result was a drop or two of rain, which soon stopped. We got it later, however, in Chester, at about nine o'clock. The sky opened, and let fall an avalanche of water, which lasted about 15 minutes, and then slackened off.

After leaving Chester we found the roads just damped, except where they had been tarred, and here, of course, the water could not soak in, so we got the benefit of it. Of course, Tommy Royden lit the usual fire, and was lost sight of for several miles, as nobody felt inclined to tackle him, he had already given Teddy Edwards all he wanted between Handley and Chester.

There were several week-end parties, and they all apparently struck decent weather on the Sunday—Cook and party having a most successful time at Hawkstone—where the park is looking its best.

IRISH TOUR, August 4th-8th, and I.R.C. "50."

No doubt the uncertainty as to how this holiday was to be spent largely accounted for the small support the fixture attracted, but several of our prominent members made an unfortunate mistake on the Friday night, and went on board the wrong steamer. Tierney was seen on the New Brighton boat, and it is understood quite a crowd went on the Isle of Man boat; so that Johnny Band only saw George Poole, Turner, Toft, McCann, Rowatt and Cook off on the "Cork," which left over an hour late in a miserable drizzle, which speedily drove the six down to supper (even The Mullah broke his record), and then in the smoke-room, where we were vastly amused by the antics of a "scratch man" before spreading ourselves in the eight berths which had been booked, and which a small tip to the chief steward secured to ourselves. Saturday morning saw us all up bright and early, just as we reached North Wall, and a dull morning was followed by a glorious day. After breakfast at Wynn's, The O'Tatur joined us, and after a conclave our plans were arranged. Murphy telephoned to the Spa Hotel, Lucan, booking accommodation, and we sent our bags off before starting off at 9-30 on what proved to be a most delightful pottering circular ride and walk round by the Featherbed Mountain road, almost to Glencree, having lunch at the gamekeeper's cottage faving the ruins of Hell Fire Club, thence to Glensmole, Ellenborough, Tallaght, Clondalkin, and Lucan, where we found the Spa Hotel, a large, well-appointed house, magnificently situated in its own grounds, with every facility for "taking the waters" and sulphur baths, and after arranging rooms we proceeded through the demesne to Leixlip to visit the salmon leap on the Liffey, and had afternoon tea at Springfield before returning to the Spa for dinner. In the evening, Murphy was busy developing, and we enjoyed ourselves in the Spa grounds, The Mullah deciding that we were "a very jolly party." Sunday morning was wet, but as Grimshaw rode out to Lucan before breakfast we did not have to meet him in Phoenix Park, as arranged, and the morning was spent re-constructing McCann's and Murphy's tyres, and interviewing the police about the loss of Rowatt's mac., Cook's pump, McCann's cap, and sundry articles from various tool bags, which had undoubtedly been purloined by one of the hotel staff, as several tubes of solution, etc., were mysteriously "found" later on. After lunch, in brilliant weather we all started off for Phoenix Park, and across to the start at Cabragh, and then up the course to the fork beyond Clonee, where we turned for Dunboyne and Leixlip, to Springfield for afternoon tea, where we found such entertainment that we all returned after dinner to join in a dance, and spent a very delightful evening. Monday was a brilliant day, and after re-building Poole's and Grimshaw's machines, Edwards arrived, and leaving Toft and Murphy to look after our men at the start, the other five rode

over on to the course, and located themselves five miles apart, and made preparations for drinks. Rowatt took Clonee, Edwards by the Black Bush fork, McCann at Dunshaughlin (where we found an excellent **cycle shop and pub**, combined, and bought several sundries, including a pump for Cook), Cook at the Police Barracks by the famous Hill of Tara, and Turnor at the Kilcarn Bridge, near the turn. And now we come to the race itself. No fault can be found with the course, which, except for three miles of bumpiness, is an excellent and fast one, with gradual slopes, no hills and an ideal finish. With any kind of luck we should have covered ourselves with glory, for both our men were riding in tip-top form, and faster than any other competitors, for road-racing in Ireland seems to be in the same state as it was with us when we thought anyone beating 2-40 for a 50 was doing a class ride. Unfortunately, our luck was dead out. Grimshaw at 20 miles had punctured twice, and yet was inside evens. Cook lent him a tyre, and he was just getting the leeway made up when he punctured again, and having no spare, had to chuck it and walk back to Tara. Poole did evens till he punctured near the turn, and lost ten minutes changing, and then the spare developed a slow leak, and he had to get off and pump up several times, so that his time of 2-56-22 certainly represents 20 minutes faster, which would have secured him third place and **fastest time**, with Grimshaw, who would certainly have done well inside evens, out of it. It was, therefore, cruel luck we experienced, but we have no cause to repine for the men rode well and were well looked after, considering the smallness of our party, and we have gained experience that will be invaluable in the future. The fastest time was made by Walker, of the promoting Club, with 2-36-34, while Miller from Glasgow was first in the handicap, and only 1 second outside fastest. Our party all got together again at the finish, and then rode into Dublin with Arjay, being afterwards joined at dinner by Murphy and Doyle. Toft, Edwards, and Poole were staying over, so there were only five of us to return on the "Kilkenny," and it was with the unanimous opinion that we had had a glorious holiday that we departed our various ways on the Landing Stage early on Tuesday morning.

LITTLE BUDWORTH, August 12th.

Another hot day! I spent an hour before tea lounging on the edge of the Common, and found it much pleasanter than riding. The tea was good, but more suitable for November than August. A small party of three went down to Hawkstone for the week end; the evening gave much more enjoyable riding than the afternoon. Sunday morning was spent in the Park; the journey home, after lunch, was made against a fresh breeze, but in spite of this we found it difficult to keep the engines cool, and we had to refill the tanks more than once. On the contrary, a pleasure, I assure you.

SHAWBURY, August 18th.

I should say this is the first time in the history of the A.B.C. that it has been necessary to abandon a race because of railway strikes, and we sincerely hope it will be the last, not only on account of ourselves, but on account of all others who are affected by such unprofitable occurrences.

Early on in the week, as things grew from bad to worse, the "50" became a matter of speculation, and when Friday came, and still no settlement, something had to be done. In a telegram thoughtfully sent by Buckley, it was learned that the train service from Manchester was impossible, whilst we learned at Liverpool that the chances of getting through were very remote, and so it proved, as no train left after 10-30 a.m. until late on in the afternoon. We were short

of checkers, so after getting the opinion of as many of the officials as we could in the time at our disposal the event was, with much regret, declared off. Some members have expressed the opinion that, under the circumstances, the run might have been centred nearer home, but it must be remembered that it would have been unfair to expect our Secretary to send out dozens of postcards on Friday afternoon with business in such a congested state.

About a dozen stalwarts made the journey to the "Elephant and Castle." George was near at hand, being on holiday at Overton, whilst Carpenter came up from Ipswich, but promptly left (by road) for Birmingham. Teddy Edwards was sighted homeward bound by three of us who were in sight of our tea, and Louie Oppenheimer and Stephenson arrived during meal-time. Teddy Worth made a non-stop run from Birkenhead, and Kettle and Tommy Royden had returned earlier when finding the event off. Tea over, it was found that all were intent on spending the week-end out of town. Accordingly, a meeting was held, and Newport was selected. We got under way under the leadership of the official week-ender "The Mullah" leaving Teddy, who was expecting the arrival of James. We arrived at "The Barley Mow" inside schedule, the steady breeze which had annoyed us before tea being now distinctly in our favour. A very pleasant evening was spent, mostly discussing the strike question.

Sunday was an ideal day all through. Nantwich was the venue for dinner, and after passing through Audlem, at Cook's request we went to view Moss Hall, an excellent specimen of the black-and-white buildings so often found in Cheshire. The date over the entrance is 1616, but it is thought that 1610 is nearer the mark. The house is occupied by a friend of Cook's who kindly took us over most of the building, which is in an excellent state of preservation.

At Nantwich, "The Mullah's jolly party" divided, Cook going towards Chester, and we others to the "Lord Eldon" for tea and tyre repair, Stephenson being the unlucky one. After tea we had no more trouble, and polished off the remaining distance in good style, and arrived home just in time to miss getting very wet.

G. E. T. P.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1911.

	LIGHT UP
Oct. 7th Lymm (Church Hotel)	6-33 p.m.
„ 9th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant) at 7 p.m.	
„ 14th—Pulford (Grosvenor Arms). Week end Llangollen (Royal Hotel)	6-18 p.m.
„ 21st—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6-4 p.m.
„ 28th—Helsby (Robin Hood Hotel)	5-50 p.m.
Nov. 4th—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	

Alternative Manchester Run.

„ 4th—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....

Full Moon 8th October.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

A special tariff has been arranged for the Autumn Tints Tour (Llangollen Royal Hotel, 14th Oct) 6/6 supper, bed & breakfast, and as this is one of the pleasantest outings of the year it is to be hoped that we shall have a large party. I should be glad if those members who intend to spend the night at Llangollen on Oct. 14th would notify me as soon as possible.

The committee have appointed Mr. C. Blackburn to look after the entertainments this will ensure a perfect Vaudeville Entertainment every Hunt's Cross run.

New Addresses.

G. E. Carpenter, 58, St. Peter's Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

E. A. Woodward, c/o Messrs. Joseph Chadwick & Sons, Alsina 317, Buenos Ayres, Argentine.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

MEMS.

Will members who have not paid their subscriptions please hurry up.

Turnor wishes to thank all members who so kindly helped him in his 24 hours record ride. Without such help, 24 hours records would be impossible, and therefore to the helpers the success of the ride was mainly due.

Billy Neason, an old-timer, whom we seldom see owing to his residence in London, was out as a follower for the Mullah, and having his first experience of unpaced record work.

The O'Tatur thoroughly enjoyed his recent visit. He week-ended with McCann, Cook, and F. H. at Knutsford, and greatly appreciated the tourlet in the Delamere district before catching the Irish mail back.

QUESTION.

Who had ten punctures in 24 hours ?

ANSWER.

McCann.

Ruthin has been unofficially suggested as a possible venue for lunch on the 15th October.

PULFORD, August 26th.

At last, we have had a respectable muster at Pulford, even though it still does not seem to appeal to those who profess to desire shorter runs. Altogether we numbered 24, but owing to tyre troubles, we sat down to tea in sections. A party of five took the Llandegla circuit, and escaped the rain that fell heavily at Chester, but owing to Edwards and Royden experiencing punctures, three of them were very late for tea. The Mullah and a friend on a tandem, starting for a week's tour, also "found it," and were late. We were all glad to see The Boss out again, but undoubtedly the most important re-appearance was that of Woodward, from Buenos Aires. Although Woodward was only in Liverpool for a few days, and had to catch the midnight train for Plymouth, he got out to Pulford to show that he still is a real Anfielder, and to renew his friendship with the older members, and to meet the younger generation. Woodward looks very fat and flourishing, but assured us that he had really "lost seven pounds," because when he arrived in Cardiff during the strike he thought he would be compelled to CYCLE to Liverpool, and went so far as to arrange for a machine, and the mere anticipation of the ride made him lose weight! Returning home, Lord Hawkes paced a small crowd, and "dropped" Harold Band and McCann before Chester, and we hear he broke all records to Hinderton and up Evans Hill.

50 MILES HANDICAP, September 2nd.

The last "50" of the year was held in Shropshire. The day was a glorious one, but the roads were gritty in places, and caused quite a lot of trouble. The entry was not so large as might have been expected, seeing that this was the last "50" of the year. Out of eleven entries, eight faced the starter, E. Buckley, E. Webb, and L. Nash not putting in an appearance. R. T. Rudd found trouble early on, and retired. J. A. Grimshaw also punctured and changed, but still found his tyre going soft, and had to pump up two or three times. At Hodnet Corner he changed to Crowcroft's machine, and this not proving to his liking, he changed again on to Royle's at

Shawbury Corner. Up to this point in the race, G. Poole was leading Grimshaw by 3½ minutes, H. R. Band by 3 minutes, and F. D. McCann by 4 minutes, and looked like repeating his performance of the last two years; but fate decreed otherwise, for soon afterwards he punctured and lost considerable time in changing his tyre, and was only able to finish fourth. In the meantime, McCann, riding very strongly from Shawbury Corner, gained on everybody except Grimshaw, and eventually proved the winner with 2-37-16. H. R. Band was second, with 2-42-16, and Grimshaw third and fastest, with 2-34-30.

It is rather unfortunate that the checker at Crudgington could not get out, for by the time his telegram reached Shawbury the men had been sent off. A checker was, however, at once sent to Crudgington, but did not arrive in time to prevent W. L. George taking a wrong turn, whereby he lost quite five minutes. Hard lines, George!

After a typical Shawbury tea, some of the party week-ended at Hawkstone, some at Shrewsbury, others at Newport, whilst others returned home. Through the train from Hodnet being late, The Boss and Grimshaw missed their connection at Crewe, and a "special" was chartered (at the expense of the railway company), and they arrived in Manchester at 12-45, just in time for Grimshaw to catch the 1-5 for Preston.

Thus ended the list of racing fixtures for the season, which, so far as the entries are concerned, has not been up to the ABC standard. Let us hope that next year we may have a great improvement in this respect.

KNUTSFORD AND TURNOR'S "24" RECORD, September 8-9th.

The Club tea at the Lord Eldon was naturally not a very large affair, as most of our active members were busy helping Turnor, and a great many had been out all night on the job, but it was pleasing to see men like Rudd, whose work had finished in Shropshire, take the trouble to ride over to Knutsford to support the Club fixture. After enjoying the usual good feed, we all went to the Seven Sisters, which was the record point, to await Turnor's arrival, and, sure enough, he turned up at 7-18, with 12 minutes to go, and my reward for being one of the first to congratulate him on his plucky ride was the commission to write this account for the CIRCULAR! I had forgotten, in my excitement, that Turnor was the Editor chap, or I would have kept away; but how could I refuse him under such circumstances? Personally, I saw nothing of the first 12 hours, as I had to be on deck early in the morning at Shawbury, but riding down Friday evening with Neason, a call at the Talbot, Chester, showed that the clans were beginning to gather, for we found 'The O'Tatur had come specially over from Dublin, and was having tea with Worth. I understand that there were plenty of followers and helpers at Chester, and that Grimshaw did quite a lot of work owing to Nash's failure to materialise. At Whitchurch we picked up Dr. Carlisle, and duly arrived at Shawbury after a very delightful ride in the brilliant moonlight, enlivened by the many old-time reminiscences of the Doctor and Neason, which made us ignore the fact that both their lamps were out! Meanwhile The Mullah was steadily "getting them round" under ideal conditions, and sticking closely to his schedule—indeed, some of us think he might with advantage have hustled a bit more on such a phenomenal night, and got a bit of credit balance in the kitty, but doubtless The Mullah knows what suits him best. All went smoothly till after he left Chester for the last time, when his only puncture occurred on the Whitchurch stretch, and then really began the great struggle with Father Time, and the snaggy Sou'-Easter that sprang up with the dawn, and frequently blew with perishing force, and only helped on the Hodnet-Shawbury stretch. The Mullah

deserves every credit for the persistency with which he stuck gamely at his task, reeling off the miles at a very steady bat, and cutting stops very short. It was for hours a touch-and-go affair, and we all know how harassing that is. Gradually schedule was getting the mastery until "8 minutes behind" got to "14 minutes behind," and there was still the Pons Asinorum to be faced—I mean the Whitchurch-Congleton stretch, dead into the wind's eye, which has put paid to many other attempts. (Ask Jones!) But Turnor evidently realised that he must be master, and after seeing the way he got from Whitchurch Corner to the Brine Baths in 45 minutes, I felt confident that he would be Wellington, and not Napoleon. After Congleton, the sun came out, the wind dropped, and for the last 3½ hours Turnor's "glorious weather" prevailed again, so that he lost no more on schedule, and if anything, began to gain, and reached record point with 12 minutes to go, finally finishing at "evens" with a distance that will probably be passed at somewhere between 350 and 351 miles, and I am sure every member of the Club will in spirit congratulate him on a most meritorious performance.

WHIPPING STOCKS, September 16th.

This fixture proved to be quite a gathering together of the "Old Brigade." Fancy having Knipe, Charlie Conway, Hubert Roskell, and the Kiezerette altogether on one Club run. The two latter certainly came by motor, but still they favoured us with their presence, and, after all, that is the important point.

The next item of interest on the run was the Kettle-George tandem. This curious contraption underwent the usual criticism that is meted out to any "strange beast" on a Club run, and both before and after a very excellent tea was the centre of attention. The Chester party, after leaving the Stocks, went by way of Lach Dennis towards Davenham, and on the cinder bridge between these two places the Kettle-George tandem (which was with the party) collapsed. It was thought at the time that the machine had stuck in the loose cinders, but when the tandemons attempted to push their contraption along, it was discovered that the front wheel and forks remained on the ground!!—broken right across by the top ball race of the head—a most unusual place. It is a lucky thing that the pace at the time was slow, or the result might have been serious. Had the accident happened descending Shipbrook Hill, which is only a little further on, the pace would have been fast and——! Well, things might have happened.

(It is a very curious fact that when breakages occur to the head or front forks of a bicycle, the pace at the time is usually slow.)

The tandem had to be tied up with wood and string, so that it could be WHEELED, and was then taken to Hartford. Poor Kettle and George having to wait two hours for a train, did not get home until midnight.

The tandem crew were not the only members to experience trouble on the homeward journey. Whilst Buckley was riding home on his trike, he had the misfortune to come in contact with a dog, the result being disastrous from Buckley's point of view. It is a pleasure to record that the "evergreen" has now recovered, and shows no sign of the affray.

The usual week-end party was enlarged by the presence of Hubert Roskell and the Kiezerette, and it is understood that after leaving "the Stocks" they travelled in an easterly direction.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1911.

	LIGHT UP
Nov 4th—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-31 p.m.
„ 11th Chester (Talbot Hotel)	5-20 p.m.
„ 13th—Committee Meeting (St George's Restaurant) at 7 p.m.	
„ 18th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5-10 p.m.
„ 25th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	5-1 p.m.
Dec. 2nd—Hunt's Cross (Hunt's Cross Hotel)	

Alternative Manchester Runs.

Nov 4th—Knutsford (Lord Eldon Hotel)	
„ 11th—Coostrey (Red Lion Hotel)	
„ 25th—Over Peover (Mainwaring Arms)	
Dec 2nd—Mobberley (Roebuck Hotel)	

SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

New Address.

S. J. Buck, 5, Russell Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

MEMS.

Ramsey Wells and S J. Buck have recently become Benedicts. We all wish them the best of luck

Harry Poole had the misfortune to damage his motor car on the 23rd September, owing to a bad skid. Give it up Harry and take to cycling again, it's safer.

The R.R.A. hold their triennial dinner at 7-0 p.m. on the 21st November, at the Holborn Restaurant, London (morning dress). It is hoped that all who can will make a point of being present to represent the A.B.C.

PRIZE FUND.

Our Treasurer has much pleasure in adding the following names of contributors to the list published earlier in the year, but regrets that the total amount so far falls short of previous years. G. E. Carpenter, Lawrence Fletcher, Fred Gee and G. B. Mercer.

HELSEBY, September 23rd.

For this run we were favoured with a foretaste of the weather conditions which we may expect to occur fairly frequently during the next few months. The rain, which had been threatening all morning, started in earnest about 3 o'clock, and for an hour or more descended heavily. However, we must not grumble, for with the exception of the Saturday of Coronation week, on which day the Wheelers' Open "50" was held, we have not had a wet Saturday since February.

Only fourteen members sat down to the good fare, which we have come to regard as inseparably connected with the "Robin Hood." Perhaps the item on the "me-an'-you" most appreciated was the trifle. I seem to have seen the plate of one, who shall be nameless, passed up for replenishment not once, nor yet twice, but several times.

We were pleased to see Billy Owen out again; also Johnny Band, who had pushed out on one leg, and we hope that by riding slowly and nursing his injured tendon during the winter months he will be back at his old form again next summer.

Cook, Royden, and Harold Band had been round by Tarvin and Delamere Forest. Tommy arrived in such a dirty state, having evidently been hanging on, that I'm afraid his suit will have to go "straight to the cleaners." There were two notable absentees—regular run attenders—Edwards and Worth, both being away on holidays. In the absence of the Captain, Harold Band took one end of the table, and, in consequence, rebelled at collecting. The Mullah came to the rescue, and was rewarded by not having to give change to anybody.

I really think the name of the Club will have to be changed to the "Anfield Marine Club," as the greater part of the conversation over tea was "naughty-cal" in character. Captain Kekil, of the ketch "Mary Ann" or "Mary Jane," or some such name, had come ashore from his ship, then lying at Garston.

James and The Mullah week-ended, the former, by-the-bye, having fitted UPTURNED bars to his machine, under the mistaken notion that he is "getting an old man now." Jimmy, remember the saying, "A man is as old as he feels," and take example from such men as The Boss, Toft, Royden, and several others.

Rain was falling in a slight drizzle when the final detachment made tracks for home; after Chester, it developed into a torrential downpour, and the wind, which had been against us going out, went round to the north at the same time. It is to be hoped that the winter runs are going to be better supported than this one was. A little rain once in a while, will hurt no one.

I forgot to mention that George Mercer was out, with some tall story, which no one believed, of having walked from Widnes in a quarter of an hour.

PULFORD, September 30th.

There is very little to chronicle in regard to this run, so I shall have to find something and expound it as best I can.

A very select party, composed of myself and bicycle, left home and proceeded through the lanes via Chelford, Davenham, Hartford, Tarvin, and Egg Bridge. At this point I met trouble: my rear tyre appeared to go rather "eggy." After losing some minutes repairing, I found there was no time to be lost in getting to the "Grosvenor" in time for tea.

Proceeding through the Park, I was overtaken by Cook and Royden, who had been "Round the Earth," and they, too, appeared to be in a great hurry. On nearing Pulford we overtook Blackburn, only to leave him immediately to finish the remaining distance on foot with a burst tyre. We arrived at the "Grosvenor" on schedule, just as the "Church" clock struck six. (Reads well, don't it!).

The number that sat down to tea was rather disappointing, considering that the weather turned out so delightful after dinner. Our party included Mr. Murphy, who had been touring in the Wye Valley. I was greatly pleased to have met "The O'Tatur," and shall read his notes with greater interest in the future. After tea was partaken of, we set to work repairing Blackburn's tyre. (Lucky Blackburn!). This was quite a work of art. The beautiful row of "pimples" and "Blackburn's patent detachable bands" added such a promising aspect to future trouble. Leaving the "Grosvenor" in company with Stephenson, we found the only bit of wind since noon, it having been most favourable during the whole of the afternoon. We parted at Chester, each proceeding on our respective ways "solus."

The homeward journey was rather lonely, though pleasant, the moon making itself rather conspicuous. When about a couple of miles from the "Windmill" my machine came in contact with a cat. (Quite a change, isn't it!) Luckily, there was no more serious damage than a broken front mudguard. The usual call was made to get the "check sheet" signed by our friend, Mr. Burgess. The remaining journey through Altrincham was uneventful, and having just completed over a century, I arrived home just before midnight.

LYMM, October 7th.

"Glorious" weather did I hear somebody say? Yes; but then we do expect to have some kind of weather in the month of October, and as the run of this date was to Lymm, it was confidently anticipated that there would be a good muster; but, alas! fate decreed otherwise, and only 19 members found their way to this famous beauty spot. In addition to the stalwarts, we were pleased to see Dr. Carlisle, Grimshaw, and Crowcroft.

Before tea, a beautiful Picture Postcard was handed round, containing a view of the ketch "Edith May" entering the Port of Bude in charge of the celebrated Captain "Kekill," from whom everybody was delighted to hear.

Tea was very good, but a little fire would have been really appreciated, and would have enabled members to fraternise for a short time before continuing their journey, but as there was no fire to sit round, an early start was made for home. Several of the members returned home by way of Chester, and others by way of Warrington. The Boss Buckley, Dr. Carlisle, Grimshaw, and Crowcroft escorted the weekenders to their destination for the evening, "Thrutchem," where, after seeing them comfortably settled, they left them and returned each to his own home.

PULFORD AND LLANGOLLEN, October 14th and 15th.

A muster of about a score turned out to Pulford, this being about the same number as our last visit. The members who came via Llandegla stated that the Roskell's car had been sighted en route for Llangollen, but the car did not first come to Pulford. There were only three of the

Manchester members out, The President, the Editor, and Louis Oppenheimer, and as the two former formed part of the touring party, Louis had the return journey home to do on his lonesome.

After tea and the usual conversation, the "call to the pig-skin" brought out The President, the Captain, Billy Toft, Cook, and The Mullah. (Teddy Worth having previously departed).

This seemed a small muster, but when we reached Ruabon, and found that Cook could not be persuaded to come along with us, the party was still smaller.

Llangollen was eventually reached after repairing three punctures in the Captain's tyres, and we there found our worthy Secretary (who, whilst on a fortnight's tour in Wales gave us the pleasure of his company), Teddy Worth, and the Roskell Brothers. This did not quite complete the party, for whilst partaking of a very excellent supper in walked the Master.

Next morning we were all ready for breakfast, bright and early, and after that meal had been disposed of The Boss and Billy made tracks for Ruthin, via the old road, shortly followed by Koenen, Poole, and The Mullah. Koenen (a young and vigorous lad in the pride of youth) scorned to walk up the old road with Poole and Turnor, but rode "the horseshoe" to get rid of his superfluous energy. At the summit of the hill a re-union of our forces took place, but not for long: Koenen and Toft dashed off, and gave us an exhibition of free-wheeling (It is doubtful if that lad Koenen will reach man's estate, he runs so many risks.) Poole managed to keep the free-wheelists in sight by dint of sprinting, but The Boss kindly waited for "the Old Gentleman on the tricycle," and descended in a more sedate fashion. Shortly after the party had arrived at Ruthin, the Roskells turned up, closely followed by the two unsociables (Worth and James), so the whole of the week-enders were enabled to lunch together. The Boss, Toft, Koenen, and Turnor went home via Chester, and meeting Cook at the Loggerheads, he joined the party; Poole, via Nannerch; James and Worth journeyed to Ruabon; and the car went home via Mold and Queen's Ferry. The autumnal tints on the journey hardly appeared to equal those of last year, though they were much finer than might have been expected, judging from the Cheshire trees. By going to Ruthin via the Horseshoe or the old road one misses the beautiful wooded scenery of the Corwen route, where the tints are more in evidence. Last year, going to Ruthin via Corwen, the autumnal tints were so grand that they were worth going a thousand miles to see, and the writer very much fears that he made a mistake in not going that way on this occasion.

The following account just to hand from our special correspondent:

"L'heure et malheure du tour de galles" (or, the cook that took the wrong turning.)

A small but high-spirited party, consisting of Toft, Worth, Gossage-Turnor, Poole, Cook, and Rowan-High'm left Pulford for Llangollen via Ruabon (James and the Roskell Freres going by other routes), which latter, I may add, is the little town where one may enjoy comfort and rest amidst such alluring surroundings.

Here, at the Fork, an unfortunate contretemps took place that lost us a member of the party. That so old a campaigner as W. P. C. should take "the wrong turning," like the girl of melodrama, proves the innate humanity of our friend, for by some mischance, or in an absent-minded moment, he found himself at Ellesmere instead of Llangollen,

and being too fatigued to retrace his steps, stopped the night there, hoping to catch us up on the morrow. His place was taken, but far from filled, by Coddum-Koenen, who, on learning of the above catastrophe while at Knutsford with the wild men from Cheadle, hurried in hot haste and at high pressure over different systems to the scene of action. In the morning a search party set out to look for W. P. C., the main pack going up the old road, and a special scout, on a false scent, going up the Horse-shoe, while four others, including two motorists, scoured the same district at a later hour so as to leave no stone unturned.

All in vain, we arrived at Ruthin without him, and yet no one guessed how near we were to our quarry, who, once again misled by destiny, at one time was so near to us as the Wynnstay Hotel, at the very hour that the motor searchers arrived heart-broken at the Castle.

On leaving Ruthin fate was all but kind to us, for with only a few minutes' interval the two sections left their respective hotels. And yet another fork intervened, and this time not only W. P. C., but also Capt. Poole, we believe, turned for Nannerch instead of for the Bwlch-y-Parc. Perchance in asking their way of the natives, their Welsh accent played them false. Arrived at Llandegla, the former recognised the spot as well as his error, and boldly steering for the uplands, he made for Llanarmon, climbing the Bwlch-y-Parc from that side, and, regaining the Mold Road, he caught us up at the Loggerheads, where The Boss and The Master were engaged in zig-zagging, with Toft chipping in. Not so Captain Poole. Of him we lost all trace for the time being. Toft and Cook saw the Manchester section safe into Chester, where The Boss and The Mullah found their way to the highroad for Dunham and Northenden, while Master-Minor, still bent on further adventures, grappled with the return half of Tour No. 37.

WARRINGTON, October 21st.

After tea, I received a great shock. It was well it came after, for I might not have enjoyed the good repast I did.

It was to write an account of the Club run. I am no penman, so asked to be excused. Had it been to snap the shutter at the start or finish of a race, I should feel more at home, but could not refuse the bewitching smile of our Editor.

Starting a little late, I had not the good fortune to meet any of our members on the road, so am afraid have little to write about. Doubtless many of you will have seen the "Evening Express" placard, "Wake up, Liverpool!" I regret not having read the articles; still, what result? Our "George the First" was seen riding a bicycle on the Warrington Road; also another member, dressed in winter garb; and once again, the Skull and Crossbones had been resurrected. "The wake-up" must have gone to Manchester, for the Doctor and Marchanton joined the number.

It was ten minutes past six when I reached the Patten Arms, so found they had started tea. A very kind welcome and a chair was ready for me at the table. The head was adorned by our evergreen President. We all enjoyed the feed, the Shadow going nap for the celery and cheese. Our worthy Hon. Treasurer looked round with eagle eye to see if he could find any who had not had a receipt from him. I doubt if it could be called a Club run if the two Teddies and the two Wills did not put in an appearance. We had a good muster from Manchester. The smoke and chat was of short duration.

The Boss making a start, then Willie Toft lighted his huge gas lamp, Hubert taking our Secretary in his car, Teddy Worth and our still-smiling Editor going over that terrible bridge.

If I may, I should like to say a few words re the run to Hunt's Cross on the 4th of next month.

There are a good number of our members whom we do not see at our summer runs whose fellowship we value very much. It might be said they should turn out, but that is not the way to increase our attendance. Should we not look them up more? .

One of our oldest members, and still one of the best, is D. R. Fell. We know you have a cycle, Dave, for we see you riding in town; so please remember the 4th, when a hearty welcome awaits you. Dear Frank, if again you find the office locked when you return from lunch, and you are not able to get your hat and coat, never mind, come. Don't you hear the boys a-calling, "Chem! Chem! Chem!"

To Charlie Keizer, a boiled turkey, two chickens, and some of Lowe's steak will be ready for you. G. R. Theakstone, Esq., what would you like to take you out—a four-in-hand or motor-car? Dave Rowatt, on an occasion like this, would not G. Melley fly with you, clear of all muddy roads, and lastly, just let us, one and all, of the Liverpool section, make this a record attendance.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1911.

	LIGHT UP
Dec 2nd - Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	4-53 p.m.
„ 9th - Chester (Talbot Hotel).....	4-50 p.m.
„ 11th - Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant) at 7 p.m.	
„ 16th - Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-49 p.m.
„ 23rd - Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms).....	4-52 p.m.
„ 26th - Knutsford (Lord Eldon Hotel) ... (See Secretary's Notes)	4-53 p.m.
„ 30th - Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-57 p.m.
Jan 6th - Hunt's Cross (Hunt's Cross Hotel).....	

Alternative Manchester Runs.

Dec. 2nd - Mobberley (Roebuck Hotel)	
„ 9th - Marton (Devonport Arms).....	
„ 23rd - Bollington (Swan Hotel)	
„ 30th - Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms)	
Jan 6th - Allostock (Three Greyhounds)	

Full Moon 6th December.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL

The Annual General Meeting will be held early in January. Any member who wishes to bring a motion forward must let me know as soon as possible (see Rule II).

The meeting place for the Boxing day run will be the Abbey Hotel, Broad Green, leaving at 10 a.m. prompt. Dinner at Knutsford 1-30 p.m.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

MEMS.

The Treasurer would be delighted to receive the few Subscriptions still outstanding. Remit at once please, so that the year's accounts may be prepared.

At the Committee Meeting of the N.R.R.A., held in November, Turnor's 24 hours' bicycle record was passed at 350 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The claim for the 12 hours record made by J. Crookes, of Sheffield, had been withdrawn, his measurements turning out seven furlongs less than the present figures, so, in consequence, Buckley's 208 $\frac{1}{2}$ is still record.

HELSEBY, October 28th.

The writer was especially lucky to arrive at Helsby dry. For miles before arrival it was evident that the neighbourhood of Frodsham and Helsby was being deluged with rain. North of Preston Brook the roads were perfectly dry, but dropping down the hill to the Weaver the road was like the bed of a stream; the rain, however, had ceased. All the members of the party do not appear to have been as lucky as the writer, for the men who came via Chester appear to have been caught. W. L. George turned up on "rags and timber," minus spare tyres and cape, so if anyone was asking for trouble he was. The attendance was not good, but the feeding was up to the usual excellent standard of the "Robin Hood."

HUNT'S CROSS, November 4th.

I notice it is fashionable to either apologise or complain when writing for the "Circular," so I must weigh in with the customary prologue. Late in the evening, in an unguarded moment, I thoughtlessly promised to write "the account," and promptly forgot all about it until—; but I had better get on with it.

There was the satisfactory attendance of 40, including many men whom we have not recently seen as often as we should have liked; but it is pleasing to know they have not quite forgotten the A.B.C., and that these Hunt's Cross runs (sounds like Hot-X Buns!) are still attractive to the less active members. After the usual excellent tea, we had a capital evening's entertainment. We heard Tetrizzini, Caruso, George Formby, etc. (per Keizerphone), and Blackburn, Cheminais, Knipe, Park, R. E. Prichard, Rudd, and Theakstone each materially helped to make the evening pass quickly. We were very fortunate, too, in having with us such an accomplished pianist as Mr. Workman.

Among the absent ones was James, who wired from London instructions to "make Bunchy sing," but the efforts made were unfortunately unsuccessful; even at the Second House he did not rise to the occasion. A surprising feature was the entire absence of fireworks; but I believe the stock was exhausted on the outward journey, all in one compartment. At the last moment, the Club Aladdin and his Wonderful Stockings discovered a shortage of carbide, and being unable to beg any or to effect the legendary exchange, had to return by train.

KNUTSFORD, November 4th.

Our numerical force was small on this occasion, as there were only seven pairs of "pedal pushers" under the mahogany when the horological instrument pointed to the hour of six.

The Boss graced the head of the board, and did marvellous feats of skill with the carvers, being in the best of form after toiling out with Norman on the tandem. Crowcroft was the sole representative of "the smart set." Louie Oppenheimer was present, and on his outward

journey he had been strenuously upholding the honour of the Club in a scrap on the road (he assures us that he and his opponents, though doing their best, went no faster than 13 miles per hour). Billy Jones, instead of "basking in the sunshine of his fair lady's smiles," journeyed out on his "steed of steel" to join us. The party was completed by the Sub-Captain and Editor, who, had they come out at any slower pace, would have found difficulty in maintaining their balance.

CHESTER, November 11th.

Having been persuaded by the Skipper to write an account of this run, I am compelled to inflict this screed upon you. On arrival at The Talbot, I noticed in the yard among the machines a sort of suspension bridge, which proved to be the Kettle-George tandem, on which this new combination have had such blood-curdling experiences. The muster for tea was disappointingly small for Chester on such a perfect day—only 18—but we were all pleased to see Keizerette, Jim Park, and Lichtenberg out for the second consecutive fixture. Royden reported fireworks and a triumphal arch at Marford in connection with some wedding festivities, and seemed as excited over it as though they had been his own. Lichtenberg acknowledged to having ridden out for a staked bet, and the Committee will have to be careful they do not accept his entry for the "100" next year. After tea, our motor section, whose run had been to Broxton, put in an appearance, and Jim Park was decoyed into Poole's motor car, while in small parties the common or garden cyclists donned sweaters and proceeded home after a most enjoyable run.

GOOSTREY, November 11th.

Another record! Most people thought it was rather late in the season for records. Not a bit of it. The Manchester members did themselves proud on Saturday by turning out in phenomenal strength to support this fixture. What on earth is the cause of such enthusiasm? Is it because they wish to show their appreciation for having winter runs specially arranged for their benefit and convenience, or that they are so proud of having one of their members elected President that they are desirous of showing their Liverpool friends the way to support him during his year of office? Whatever may be the cause, the President must have felt almost overwhelmed with pride to meet such a tremendous crowd. Actually FOUR (capital letters, Mr. Editor, please!) enthusiastic riders crowded the Red Lion at Goostrey, where Sub-Captain Buckley had arranged for tea, and it was feared that the viands provided by our worthy hostess might not hold out, so good were they, and so heartily did the crowd eat. These fears, however, proved groundless, for when the attendants came to gather up the fragments that remained they found there was quite the historic seven baskets full. We are beginning to fear that it will soon be difficult to find suitable feeding places if the runs are to be so well patronised. However, perhaps our fears will be groundless, one never knows, but please let me beg of the Manchester members not to turn out in such crowds in future, otherwise it may be impossible to provide them with tea. I need not tell you what a grand time was spent after tea; suffice it to say that the time for parting came all too soon, and it was with great regret that we had to leave. Owing to the crowd being so great, it was considered advisable that they should ride home in small parties, accordingly two returned home via Knutsford and the other two via Chelford. Up to going to press we have not heard of any interference by the police for obstructing the traffic.

WARRINGTON, November 18th.

Just a moderate crowd of 26 put in an appearance at "The Patten Arms," the day being fine, but dull, with some breeze from the east, the roads being fairly dry, except in odd places. I myself did not sample them by cycle, but am just writing of what I saw from the car. I do know it was much pleasanter travelling on four wheels than two through the "well-kept thoroughfares of Warrington." Speaking without prejudice (as Chem says), I may say I am not in love with the aforesaid place for Club runs. The air, the surroundings, the approach, and the other things, don't seem to agree with my internal organs.

There were two cars out, both hailing from Waterloo, which, by the way, is a grand place from which to start on a Club run. There are five miles of beautiful setts, excepting for runs on the north side, which we never get now.

I never knew before that Louie Oppenheimer was a mechanic. Last Saturday I heard him arguing with Harry Poole about the new Sleeve-valve Engine, and other styles of engine which give a maximum power at a minimum cost.

Grimshaw rode from Preston, ate a pound of steak and chips in less time than I could eat a quarter the amount, and caught the 6-30 train back (for business reasons), thus doing what is called a quick turn round.

On our way out we called at the "Wellington Hotel," Hale, to see what it was like as a prospective house for Club runs. The accommodation is splendid, and we have reason to believe the catering would be good. We are sadly in need of some new destinations for our winter runs, and the Committee would be pleased to receive suggestions.

The week-end party, consisting of five members, made Northwich their destination.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.