

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1912.

	LIGHT UP
Jan 5th—Annual General Meeting (St. George's Restaurant) at 6-30 p.m.	
„ 6th Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel) .....	5-5 p.m.
„ 8th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant) at 7 p.m.	
„ 13th—Chester (Talbot Hotel) .....	5-13 p.m.
„ 20th—Warrington (Patten Arms) .....	5-24 p.m.
„ 27th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms) .....	5-37 p.m.

Alternative Manchester Runs.

Jan 6th—Allostock (Three Greyhounds) .....	
„ 13th—Coostrey (Red Lion) .....	
„ 27th—Over Peover (Mainwaring Arms) .....	

Full Moon 4th January.

### SECRETARY'S NOTES

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

#### New Address.

F. C. Del Strother, United Shipping Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 319, Moscow.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

### MEMS.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all members and friends.

The Baron is filling in his spare time in New York by amateur acting. It seems a poor substitute for pedal pushing. Good luck to you, Baron.

Billy Foster sends his chin-chins to all of you. Billy has now become a Cockney, and knows all about tube railways and motor-buses.

Once upon a time—(No, you're wrong! this is not the commencement of a fairy tale.)—once upon a time, I believe I am right in saying, there was in existence a Club Photograph Book. As far as I can gather, the purpose of the book was to provide a convenient and safe place for a collection of photographs—photographs which were taken on Club tours, or which were, or might be of interest to the membership at large. I do not know the reason the book was discontinued, but think that, as we number so many photographers in our ranks, it might be revived. I would suggest that it be an understood thing that copies of photographs taken on tours, etc., should be sent to some member appointed to look after the album, and that any member applying should be allowed to have the book for a short period, say, not exceeding a week at a time. I am sure that a book, once started, and in the charge of someone who would take an interest in it, would be a success.

### **IMAGINATION!**

The following story is too good to miss. Prior to the Hinderton run of November 25th, the Managing Director of Tripe-let, Ltd., called a meeting of the shareholders, at which it was decided to have the gear reduced from 105 to 85, so as to enable Bunkers Hill and other precipices to be scaled without walking, which undignified procedure the crew had been forced to resort to on previous occasions. The famous machine was, therefore, sent over to Routledge's, with instructions to be returned for the Saturday, and in due course the voyage to Hinderton was embarked upon. The crew were immensely delighted with the lower gear, which they were convinced "made the hills fade away," for they sailed up everything in fine style. On the following day a letter was received from Routledges informing them that he had returned the tripe-let **without changing the gear**, as a special sprocket would have to be made; so that they had been pushing the 105 gear after all! Query: Had they vivid imaginations, or was it the effect of brother-in-law as Lucky Alphonse?

### **HINDERTON, November 25th.**

Starting too late to put in a long ride on this particular afternoon, I renewed my acquaintance with several almost forgotten lanes round Parkgate and Neston, then on through Burton Woods to Puddington. Reaching the top Chester Road, I turned right towards Chester, and after going a mile or so I met Cody, so I promptly turned round and rode with him to "Mother Morris's."

There was a most excellent muster—I have forgotten the exact number; but anyway, the room was quite full, so the rabbit-pie, etc., was not wasted for want of eating.

The New Brighton contingent was out in full force, including the famous triplet, which had made a good passage, quite free from accidents, and it is to be hoped that the worthy crew will be seen out more frequently now. Why do they only come out in the winter. There are quite a lot of budding speed-worms who would be most grateful for a good fast triplet to hang on to in the summer. Somebody ought to head a deputation to "Capt." Keizer!

As I have given up speed riding, I can quite conscientiously make a lot of suggestions for the benefit of those who have not.

During tea, a dark smudge was noticed on the Skipper's upper lip, but he promised to wash it or shave it off very soon. I forget which operation was thought to be most efficacious.

The weather was "glorious," so altogether nothing was wanting to make our visit to the Shrewsbury Arms a great success.

### **WHIPPING STOCKS, November 25th.**

The weather turned out to be of the "glorious" variety, and in consequence, we were favoured with a better muster of Manchester members to this fixture.

Grimshaw rode over from Preston, and stopping the night at Cheadle Hulme, made an early morning start in order to be in Preston by 10 a.m. on the Sunday. Buckley came out via Lower Withington, and The Mullah via Lostock Gralam, Middlewich, and Sandbach. It is believed that the other five members made more or less of a bee-line out. The musical programme, which has in the past been a feature of this run, was discontinued on this occasion, but the proceedings were by no means dull, being enlivened by a motorist friend of Koenen's, with tales of his novitiate in the art of driving.

The party dispersed very gradually, Billy Jones being the first to go, followed by the Highams and Buckley. The Smart Set, Grimshaw, and The Mullah stopping much later.

### **CHESTER, December 9th.**

We really ought to get a larger attendance than we do for a Chester run, and when you get a day that is good enough for the week-enders to get to Shrewsbury after tea, we should be justified in expecting a muster of between thirty and forty. When we are running a 24-hours race we cause Mr. and Mrs. Bates a lot of trouble, and considering the splendid way we are catered for, both on occasions of that sort, and on Club runs, this fixture should be much better supported.

### **MARTON, December 9th.**

Starting out alone, I rode straight out to the Devonport Arms, to hear that Buckley having already called, had gone out on a fishing expedition. I continued my journey as far as Havannah, a deserted village near Congleton, which place I have not visited for some years, and the streets of empty houses are unlikely to charm me there again for some time. I made my way back to Marton by way of some charming bye-lanes in the vicinity of Gawsworth, and having stabled my steed set out to view the remains of the celebrated Marton oak-tree. I met Buckley on the way, and he accompanied me. To give an idea of the size of the tree, I may say that some years ago, a bull used to be kept in the hollowed trunk.

Buckley and I went back to the hostelry, where we were shortly joined by the President and two visitors. After tea, I left for a solitary ride through the lanes to Sandbach, whilst the other four members of the party steered for home.

### **HUNT'S CROSS, December 2nd.**

This fixture was remarkable for so many things that I hardly know where to begin. Riding to Chester against the gale was very snaggy, but we got some of our own back after turning for Frodsham. Kettle and Edwards pushed on for the 5-0 Transporter, but Cook and Royden decided that the 5-20 would do, and thereby met Peacock, who had negotiated the Warrington circuit; so that when this trio arrived last they found that they completed a large gathering of about 45. It really was good to see round the festive board such strangers as Cooper and Fred Gee, but where were Bentley, Cheninails, Theakestone, and Lichtenberg? It was also good to see Boss Higham and L. Oppenheimer over from Manchester, to hear that Toft and Zambuck had headed an expedition of nine to Hale Lighthouse during the

afternoon, and that the Skipper had *ridden* out; but perhaps best of all was the way the gathering held together. There was no helter-skelter for the 9-7 train, and very few who found they had to go downstairs to get refreshments fast enough! The consequence was a very jolly sociable evening, with everything going with a swing till 10 o'clock, and **no real second house!** Boss Higham took the chair in his usual able manner, allowing George Mercer to enjoy a busman's holiday, and I am sure we all heartily endorsed his remarks about the debt of gratitude we were under to "Kekil" Blackburn for the splendid entertainment he had arranged, as well as the appreciation we felt for the services rendered by our old friends Andrew and Newall, and our new friends, Kermode, Bainbridge, and Mayer (accompanist). There is only one criticism I must make, and that is that the programme would have been improved if "Kekil" had not been so modest in only singing once. The programme was so epoch making that I cannot do better than give it in extenso. "Kekil" led off with "The Schooner 'Hesperus,'" followed by Newall with "Mary" and "I Hear You Calling Me," both sung very sweetly. Then came Prichard, the serio-comic, with "Kiss Me, my Honey" and "The King's Champion," and Andrew with "Land of Hope and Glory" and "Two Eyes of Grey," magnificently rendered. Knipe favoured us with a monologue, "Levinski at the Telephone," and then as we were not getting on fast enough, two singers were turned on at once, Newall and Kermode "knicking" very well in "The Moon Hath Raised" and "Life's Dream is O'er, Farewell!" Bainbridge gave us some stories in Anglo-Welsh, followed by Andrew with "Glorious Devon" and "She is Far from the Land." Charlie Keizer aroused great enthusiasm with his Shakespearian recitals, "Clarence's Dream" and "Soliloquy from Henry IV." Kermode gave us "Shadows Gather," and L. Oppenheimer wound up Part I. with "The Two Grenadiers." After the few had departed for the train we resumed again, Newall setting the ball rolling with "With such a Dainty Dame" and "Absent," which did *not* refer to any Club members. Andrew followed with "The Bugler" and "Myrra," and Charlie Keizer very finely recited "Hamlet's Soliloquy." Then Kermode obliged again with "The Veteran's Song" and "The Yeoman's Wedding," and Prichard completed the programme with "A Soldier's Life." After the Boss's speech, and Mr. Mayer's equally eloquent reply, we all sang "For they are jolly good fellows," and wound up with "Auld Lang Syne," an evening that will long remain in our memories.

#### **MOBBERLEY, December 2nd.**

Six members and one visitor attended this fixture, which is not so bad when we remember that two of the Manchester members had gone to Hunt's Cross. It means that a large percentage of the Manchester members who ride with us in winter were out.

Mrs. Leigh has not yet forgotten how to cook, and the boys showed their appreciation of the fact in the usual manner. We do not possess the musical talent of our Liverpool brethren, but the evening passed all too quickly listening to various raconteurs, chief of whom was our visitor.

#### **WARRINGTON, December 16th.**

Scene: The Patten Arms, shortly after six o'clock in the evening. Two tables groaning under the weight of steak-pies, legs of mutton (or is it lamb?), and all the usual and appropriate trimmings in the shape of vegetables; to say nothing of the apple tart and rice puddings. There are gathered round twenty Black Anfielders and one

friend, who, although not one of us in fact, is one of us in spirit—to wit, Joe Andrews. Full justice is done to the viands, which were, as usual, splendid; in fact, the remark was heard: "You Anfielders know where to go to get good feeding." So much for the gorging part of the programme; now for the ways and means of getting to the "beastly" town, which, by the way, was not as beastly as usual, the setts being too wet to be slippery. Manchester was represented by but a trio, The Boss, Turnor, and The Master. The latter attended his first Club run at "Warrentoun" for three years—let us hope that it will not be as long, or anything like it, ere we see him there again. Buckley was, for once, an absentee, being in Sheffield representing the N.R.R.A., and, incidentally, the A.B.C., at the dinner of the Sheffield Road Club. Cook, of course, came out through Frodsham, accompanied by Tommy Royden; as also did Edwards. Harry Poole had a full car load, and also went via Chester and Frodsham. There were tales floating round of many plates of bread and butter having been consumed at the latter place. Awfully hungry work, this motoring, eh, what? The Skipper was also with Harry, and ought to be ashamed of himself. What's the matter with pushing yourself out, Mr. Captain? Toft and McCann "paddled" out direct, and were joined en route by Peacock and Stevenson. Those who returned by way of Cronton and Broad Green will understand why "paddled" is used, and not pedalled. Tea over, The Boss seized the opportunity provided by the last combined run before Christmas, of wishing us all "whatever we could wish ourselves." The same to you, Boss, and many, many of them. He also expressed the hope that we should have a bumper attendance at Knutsford on Boxing Day, and suggested that each man should make a point of collaring another one, and lugging him to the run, though he didn't express it so crudely. Tea over, the fire was in demand, and the gathering dwindled by ones and twos until there were only the week-end party, made up of Worth, James, The Mullah, and The Master, and about half a dozen Liverpool men. The week-enders were left in sole possession, and the small band "swam" home, or homewards.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

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FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1912.

	LIGHT UP
Feb. 3rd - Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel).....	5 51 p.m.
„ 10th—Warrington (Patten Arms) .....	6-3 p.m.
„ 12th—Committee Meeting St George's Restaurant at 7 p.m.	
„ 17th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms) .....	6-16 p.m.
„ 24th—Halewood (Derby Arms) .....	6-30 p.m.
Mar. 2nd—Chester (Talbot) and week-end to Hawkstone.....	
Alternative runs for Manchester Section	
Feb 17th—Coostrey (Red Lion) .....	
„ 24th—Over Peover (Mainwaring Arms).....	

Full Moon February 2nd.

### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,  
LIVERPOOL.

At the Committee Meeting held Jan. 8th, Messrs. C. H. Turnor and F. D. McCann tendered their resignations of the posts of Hon. Sec. and Captain respectively. Mr. W. R. Toft was elected Captain, while Mr. McCann took over the duties of Hon. Sec. Mr. Turnor was re-elected Editor. Mr. W. P. Cook was elected to a seat on the Committee.

R.R.A. Delegates are Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and W. P. Cook.

N.R.R.A. Delegates are Messrs. C. H. Turnor and F. D. McCann.

Handicapping and Course Committee: Messrs. W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. R. Toft, E. G. Worth, and the Hon. Sec.

The following resignations were accepted:—Messrs. A. L. Jones, W. H. Gibson, and R. J. Robinson.

Prize Rule No. 1 was altered by the substitution of "twelve" for "twenty" in the last portion of the rule.

A New Standard for for unpaced 24's to be called J was made; distances to be ten miles over Standard I.

A New Standard for 12's to be called H was made; distances to be five miles over Standard G.

New Standards for 100: Single Bicycle, unpaced, A 6hrs 15min.; B 5hrs. 45min.; C 5hrs. 30min.; D. 5hrs. 15min. Ditto Tricycle, unpaced, A 6hrs. 50min.; B 6hrs. 20min.; C 6hrs.; D 5hrs. 45 min.

The 12 Hours' Ride is to be run as a handicap, and Tandems are to be admitted.

A Team Race is to be held in connection with the '100.' Three Silver Medals and three Bronze Medals are offered for the first and second team.

J. A. Grimshaw has resigned Membership of the Cheadle Hulme Social C.C. Grimshaw is now a *first claim* Anfielder.

#### New Addresses.

W. E. S. Foster, 181, Albert Road, Wood Green, London, N.

W. L. George, 84, Well Lane, Tranmere, Birkenhead.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

#### Mems.

Jimmy Williams has once again offered to bring a lantern and all etceteras to Hunt's Cross for the next run there, 3rd February, and it is hoped that all will make a very special effort to be present to show our appreciation of his kindness. May there be a big muster of Mancunians. In addition to the Lantern Show there will be a short but sweet musical programme, "Kekil" having promised something very extra special.

Lost at Hinderton.—A very striking Muffler, of a pronounced type. Colours innumerable. Kindly return to C. K., 1, Lynton Terrace, Albion Street, New Brighton.

R.I.P.—Members will be sorry to hear that Taylor, of the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, has passed to his rest. Bettws without Taylor will seem very strange, for he was a vast source of amusement, with his idiosyncracies and Malapropisms. Who is there that does not remember his declaration that "Umbrellas are *absolute* nowadays," and his "Not identically?" Taylor died very suddenly from heart failure on December 22nd, and his death disclosed the fact that his real name was Harry Dunnington, and that he came of a good Nottingham family. He chose to lose his identity in "Taylor" so that his brothers, one of whom is an artist and another holding a high position in the Inland Revenue, might not know what he was doing. His life was a tragedy, and by his death Mrs. Evans loses a faithful servant, and we Anfielders a great admirer. Such is Life.

The Baron is no longer "R. A. Fulton." His name is now "R. Arthur Fulton," as per "Liverpool Echo."

The following extract from "The Scottish Cyclist" will interest Members in general and our "trike" exponents in particular:—

"Yet with some English clubs many riders favour the three-wheeler, and, we understand, there is in particular several prominent Members of the Anfield Club, Liverpool, who ride and handle light tricycles admirably, and have no trouble in keeping up with the bicyclists when out on Club runs." Oh yes! They have "no trouble in keeping up with the bicyclists! Je ne pense pas!"

#### Hinderton, 23rd December.

I am in doubt as to whether the event should be described as a Club "run" or "ramble." Upon reflection, however, the object is to get there, and the older Members are gratified to see the fixtures in the winter attended either through the medium of bicycle, motor, walking or train.

On the date in question a beautiful spring-like day obtained, and those who put in an appearance at Hinderton must have enjoyed the outing and the change of fare, though a second round of the special "diet" would have been relished by the Knights of the Round Table.

The *man* of the day was the "Mullah," who left his native heath at noon, inspected the Cheshire Hunt, and arrived soiled but spatlike and fit. Next in order of merit were the erstwhile Tandem pair, Buck and Prichard, who left New Brighton at 11-30 a.m. and proceeded per boots, turning up at 5-20 p.m.—14 miles in 6 hours, a feat which placed Prichard in the tired department. Another walking party (quartette) made a brave attempt at a six or seven mile tramp. The Pug-e-hot (I don't know how to spell the original) contained H. Roskell and Charlie K., the latter assisted by his faithful umbrella (probably to keep the flies out of his eyes) and his neck emblazoned by a very saucy 'kerchief. The balance of the participants was made up of pedallers—more power to them.

After grub, and whilst Xmas punch was being partaken of, a diversion was created by the advent of the village minstrels, assisted by a very noisy tambourine. Their glees were not bad, but a duet by the local bass and a doubtful tenor was the limit. Cecil's face was a study, and the Keizerette simply winced. Still, it was Xmas, with its "goodwill to all men."

After the usual yuletide greetings and good wishes for the coming year were exchanged, the party broke up, the week-enders making for Chester in a downpour.

#### **Bollington, 23rd December.**

This run was patronised by a very select party, amongst whom we noticed The Boss, Buckley, and L. Oppenheimer. What the party lacked in numbers was made up with enthusiasm. After tea, emulating the historic example of the eminent personages of Tooty Street fame, the affairs of the nation—I mean Club—were discussed in great detail, and it was the unanimous opinion of the assembly that something must be done to arouse the interest of the other Members residing in the vicinity of Manchester, otherwise there might be a danger of the Manchester runs being discontinued. The meeting was, however, adjourned without arriving at a definite conclusion as to the best method of carrying the scheme into effect.

#### **Knutsford, 26th December.**

I am not normally inclined to be up with the lark (or whatever beast of prey is first in the field at this time of the year) but having in mind that this was THE run of the year, I determined to make an early start. Not only did I wish to be in time for the feed—at which, alas! I have sometimes been too late—but I desired to take each Member by the hand on his arrival. Remember, I am an exile, and see little of you; therefore, with these laudable intentions I arose at 4 a.m., and cooked my breakfast (the family declining such early repast unless I took the two youngest in the trailer), and got under weigh at five punctually—successfully escaping police observation as I suspiciously left the premises. It was a starlit morning, with a temperature (out of the wind) that was more like July than December, but any further illusion as to the time of the year was dispelled by the quagmire condition of the roads leading out of Birmingham. Through Brownhills and Cannock the going was heavy, but a pleasant relief came in the attractive run down by the edge of the Chase to Stafford. Sunrise along the beautiful Trent Valley—now glowing in pink under the exceptional colour of the early gathering clouds—was a charm in itself, and well worth the early start. Newcastle-under-Lyme is an ugly blot to negotiate, but with the breeze astern the going was comparatively easy, and I was somewhat surprised to find myself at the "Lord Eldon" by 10-30.



Needless to say, I was first for once in my life (any certificate?), and I had time to inspect some of the quaint architectural beauties of Knutsford before the arrival of the next contingent. Unfortunately for me, it was the Editor man, who commandeered my services after an attempted bribe of twopennyworth of beer, and I almost a teetotaler. He was accompanied by the thoughtful Teddy Worth, the two having, together with Hubert Roskell and James, spent a proper bachelor Christmas in some forsaken nook in the wilds of Cheshire. They appeared contented, however. The others arrived in little groups of twos and threes, each greeting one another with a cheery "Many of them." Buckley was early on the scene with a suspicious-looking contraption which made us feel quite nervous. His first picture, I believe, included James, who was seen disporting a mysterious gingham; another fine subject was a group of road warriors surveying three of the club ambulances in the yard and watching the agile disembarkment of Hubert. However, we got to the chief business at 1-30. The crowd, all told numbering 28, was rather less than had been expected. The fare was excellent (copies of menu on application, 6d. stamps), and also, judging by the aroma, were the cigars kindly handed round by David Rowatt. Few also resisted the tempting coffee at Edward's invitation. All were happy, and conversation waxed merry as the fraternal spirits rose. So exhilarated, indeed, was our welcome Bristol exile, that, failing one more beloved, he kissed the modest Teddy, of New Brighton, under the mistletoe! Now, don't feel jealous! Christmas comes but once a year. Just as we were getting on such affectionate terms the party showed signs of melting by Johnny Band announcing that he wanted to "get home early," and so I with others once more adjourned. It was raining steadily in accordance with the precedent of last Boxing Day. James was happy with his gingham, but our worthy President, who sets a good example by always cycling to club runs, showed less enthusiasm for the dampness, as both he and Norman had come minus capes. At 3 o'clock I departed, so I am unable to chronicle what happened to the remainder of the party. Doubtless they arrived home by divers ways. Being so wet, the car gentlemen, which included Carlisle, Crowcroft, Harry and George Poole, Sunter, and other restful pedal-pushers, no doubt congratulating themselves upon their comfort while the insatiable mud-pluggers, numbering Cook, Toft, Worth, McCann, Royden, and other weather heroes, revelled in their elements. It is all a matter of taste.

So far as I am concerned, I had wind and wet in my face practically all the way, Newcastle-under-Lyme being about the limit of luxury. But eventually I reached Brum and home at 9-50, feeling all the better and happier for another Anfield run.

#### **Halewood, 30th December.**

I don't know why I was asked to write this report, and when I was asked, why I did not say "No." Anyhow, I presume I am not the only Member who has been put in the same cart—so here goes:—

Being a beautiful afternoon, and wishing to have some healthy exercise, I went out by "Puffing Billie"—all on my own. On arriving at the station I met an old pal, an old track rider, Bert Monk. He kindly took me in hand, and we arrived at ye hostelry, where he introduced me to ye landlord. Bert then purchased me some liquid refreshment, remained a considerable time chatting over old times. In a while fellows began to arrive in ones and twos and sometimes in threes. The motor parties arrived, evidently from the smiling faces, no breakdowns. James, Gobo, and the pedestrian Blackburn, Poole, Sunter and Jimmy Williams, full of beans. I was informed that it is about seventeen years since we had a run here. Buck up, chaps; some of us are getting a bit ancient, I reckon. Some more arrived on various machines. About the schedule

time the meal was announced. It was pretty fair, but in all probability with a little more knowledge of the ways and means of the A B C, ye landlord will, I hope, improve the repast, and not forget that whatever the weather is our boys turn up in goodly numbers, and don't like being kept too long waiting for things to be served, and when served like them hot. "The Round the Earth Merchants" were rather late in turning up, but all the same, seemed to fare fairly well. In a while we retired to the downstairs room, and all made ourselves sociable. Tommy told a tale or two—"laugh, you brutes, laugh." Zam-buck gave us a new (at least it was new to me) recitation, and it was a bit of all right. The smoke was cutable, and was rather a lung tester at this time of the year; personally, I could hardly breathe. Songs were tried. And I must not forget the duetts, "Love and War," etc., which were simply rotten. A very pleasant hour or two was spent. Conversation did not lack, and everybody seemed to have a very good time. "Good Old Charlie" did it on us again (not a bowl this time). These little events seem to crop up annually. I think the "Gay Photographer" would break his heart if such did not happen, in addition to proposing the "Easter Run." Others also played us nasty tricks, and much to the gratification of the proprietor, few refused. During the evening several of the boys made attempts to thump the dominoes, but I must admit they did not come out with flying colours. If the "engineer" would learn duetts instead of working at figures there would be some musical treats in the near future. Enough of this, so I will shut up.

#### **Alderley, 30th December.**

What a glorious spot for a winter run is Alderley Edge, and what a grand place for a feed is the Trafford Arms. Those Members and Friends who carried out this fixture must have been delighted that Sub-Captain Buckley had suggested such a pleasant spot. The tea was one of the most enjoyable that we have had for many a Club run, and was well worth going a much greater distance for. We hope this may not be the last time we shall have a run to Alderley.

#### **Annual General Meeting, 5th January.**

Shortly after half-past six saw a crowd of Anfielders gathered at the St. George's Restaurant. This year we were able to have undisturbed possession of the room, not having to give up part of it as a dressing-room for another meeting. The Boss was in the Chair, and proceedings were opened by The Keizerette proposing that the Minutes of the last meeting should be taken as read. Carried. The Secretary-man then read his Report, and it appeared that the average attendance at Club Runs during the past year was only 25.2—distinctly poor! Cook, as usual, took the attendance prize, and Tommy Royden—that young man Royden—as someone referred to him later on in the evening,—was a very good second prize-winner. Well done, Tommy, may you long put in as many runs as during the past year. It having been moved and seconded that the Report be adopted, The Boss tendered thanks to A.P.J. for his services during the year. Mr. Treasurer Owen then read his report. The cash balance this time is some £20 bigger than for a year or two, mainly brought about by the decreased interest in the racing fixtures, and also to the abandonment, owing to the railway strike, of the third fifty. The accounts were adopted, and thanks given to Owen, who then moved that the Entrance Fee and Subscription should be as heretofore, and that the Prize Fund should be continued. Carried unanimously. Make a note of it, all you who have not already put your names on the list. Owen then moved that S. Irving's name be put on the Honorary List during his residence abroad. Knipe, as the one most intimately associated with Irving, seconded the resolution, which was carried. Mercer seized the opportunity provided by a slight lull in the proceedings to call

attention to the fact that the attendance during 1911 was very poor, and that interest in the racing was practically non-existent. Out of order, George, but quite true. The Boss, proposed and seconded by Theakstone and Bentley, was re-elected President, amid considerable demonstrations of approval for the able way in which he has carried out the duties of the office during the past year. The Boss, in returning thanks, made an appeal to every member to "pull together and make 1912 a bumper year." G. B. Mercer, proposed from the Chair, and Edwards, proposed by Wells and seconded by Conway, were re-elected Vice-Presidents. Cook, proposed by Toft, and seconded by McCann, and strongly supported by Knipe, was elected Secretary. In the absence of Cook, he not being able to get to the meeting until late, The Mullah was appointed Acting Secretary for the purpose of recording the minutes of the meeting. McCann was then elected Captain, and Zambuck and The Mullah sub-Captains. Billy Owen, proposed by the chair, and carried with acclamation, will again take any and everybody's money. A ballot for the members of the committee was held, with the result that the following will sit on that august body:—Toft, Harry, and George Poole, Worth, Buckley, Norman Higham and Stevenson. Dave Fell and Lowenthal were re-elected auditors. The Skipper proposed that the Club should hold in 1912, four "fifties," "The 100," and a "24," but was prevailed upon to amend this proposition to two or three "fifties," "100," "24," and a "12." This programme was passed, so that now those men who have been for so long agitating for a "12" should be satisfied, and it remains to be seen whether they will support it by either riding or checking. The next proposition was that an entrance fee of 10/6 be charged for the "24," and 5/- for the "12," to cover feeding expenses. Now, remember, all you racing men, or SHOULD-be racing men, that these races are cheap at the price. Ramsey Wells, who so much enjoyed his trip down to the Bath Road "100," some two or three years ago, that he wishes others to go down also, offered, as an inducement, a Prize of five guineas to the first Anfielder to finish in that event. Ramsey's offer was accepted with thanks. The acceptance of this Special Prize appears as if the Club sided with the Bath Road Club in the recent rumpus over the amateur question. However, such is not the case, as the meeting, when the point was raised, decided that the policy of the Club on this question should be left entirely in the hands of the Committee. It was decided that the special prize for records should again be offered. Charlie Conway then proposed his "hardy annual"—that the Easter Tour should be Bettws-y-Coed. Carried amid cheers. The destination of the all-night ride was fixed as Leamington in the month of June. It was proposed that the August Tour should be to the neighbourhood of the "Mine Barff Rowd," but this did not meet with much approval, it being felt that as the non-racing man gives up his Whitsuntide holiday to help make the "100" a success the racing man should be satisfied with a tour closer at hand and more easy of access than the Rath Road. Toft's proposition that the tour should be nearer Liverpool, and that the details be left to the Committee being passed. Cook reported that Del Strother again offered a special prize, and it was accepted with hearty thanks, and decided to award it in connection with the "100." Cook, having been made acquainted with his election to the post of Secretary, absolutely declined to accept the office. "The Mullah" was elected in his place, and the proceedings closed with hearty votes of thanks to the Chairman, Scrutineers, etc.

#### **Hunt's Cross, 6th January.**

It was undoubtedly a rotten day, for even the Apostle had to confess that there was some rain, so it is not to be wondered at that only nine bicycles graced the stable. Still Edwards and Cook came via Chester, and Peacock had ridden via Ormskirk. The total muster was only

about 25, and probably this is accounted for by the exhaustion of energy at the A.G.M. the night before. However, we had a real jolly evening, which I have difficulty in recounting as I only received the Editorial mandate two days later, and have no notes to guide me. The Hot Pots were just the thing on such a night, and were greatly appreciated, although Jimmy Williams got more than his fair share of oysters, and was discovered fishing for them with a grub out of the celery as bait! George Mercer took the chair until he had to leave early to go on night duty, when Edwards succeeded him. Jim Park led off with a piano-forte solo, and then followed items by Blackburn, Johnny Band, Rudd, Toft, Cheminais, Zam Buk, Knipe, Theakestone, and Cook. We were all delighted to hear Band's melodious voice again; he takes a lot of persuading, but if he realised how much we enjoy his efforts he would surely favour us oftener. Zam Buck and Knipe recited excellently, the latter being particularly good in "MacBray," but we had to have "Wee Cotter House." Theakestone had a bad cold, but amused us none the less with his "Speech." Cheminais was in excellent form, and revived "Pardonnez Moi" to the surprise of the younger and pleasure of the older generations. Of course Cook was only turned on as a joke, but at a small "family party" gathering everything goes! During the evening our old friend and erstwhile Member Simpson, with his brother, "the plumber," arrived, and received a hearty welcome, and he promptly took his place at the piano, which made it quite seem like old times. The second house was very small and select, Tommy Hoyden being much missed, but it was nearly 10-0 before the cyclists turned out into the sleet, and with the wind behind, had a very easy ride homewards. Thus ended the first run of 1912.

#### **Allostock, 6th January.**

For this run the elements were more unpropitious than they have been for months. Even the day of the Wheelers' Invitation "50" was eclipsed, and goodness knows that was bad enough in all conscience. The new Manchester Sub-Captain had desired to go to Hunt's Cross, but having been appointed to this new post, he went forth to meet the Manchester "crowd." All the way out through snow and sleet this solitary individual made his way, his thoughts throughout the journey being of the happy time in store and of the quip and jest that would be flying round the festive board. Alas, friends, all the pleasant dreams during the outward passage vanished like mist before the sun. The "Three Greyhounds" was reached, and 6 o'clock came, but where was the crowd of Manchester Members? They did not materialise, and the newly-elected officer had his tea in solitary state. This is the only occasion on which the Manchester section have had only one for tea, and let us hope it will be the last. Buck up, Manchester, and show that we still have some hard riding Anfielders in our midst.

#### **Chester, 13th January.**

A fine day is something to be thankful for after the many wet Saturdays we have experienced this winter. I went out by the top road, and found it very heavy in places, whilst a stiff south-easter did not help matters. At the tea table at the Talbot the muddy roads seemed to be the chief complaint; there was no complaint, however, about the meal, which was of its usual excellence. Mr. Bates certainly knows the way to cater for hungry cyclists. Cody, who reached the Talbot somewhat tired, came out via Runcorn. Other venturesome spirits like Cook, Royden and Edwards arrived via Queen's Ferry and Wrexham. The last-named gentleman was very late, being held up at Rossett by punctures. The meal was enjoyed by 26 Anfielders.

After tea a pleasant half hour was spent in general gossip, and Tommy Royden favoured us with his latest, "How I met Lord Chelsea."

Before leaving Chester a good number visited the new Arcade, which is nearly finished, and when finished will prove a great addition to the charming city of Chester. The new Captain led a good party home by the lower road to Liverpool, and Johnny Band and Blackburn, on a tandem, paced Cook, Royden, Hawkes, and Cotter back by the top road. The ride home was most enjoyable, and a steady breeze from the south compensated for the grind of the early afternoon. Let us hope that Cody, Bentley, and the Keizerette were so pleased with the run that they will attend more regularly in future.

### **Knutsford, 13th January.**

This run should have been to the Red Lion, Goostrey, but owing to the unfortunate illness of Mrs. Knowles, the destination was changed to Knutsford.

First of all "The Mullah" must be heartily congratuated on his appointment as Sub-Captain, and in doing so I am sure that it is the unanimous opinion of us all that we have a capable successor to our worthy Buckley, who does not seem so active as of yore.

Now, as regards the run. I met our Sub-Captain at Cheadle, from whence we proceeded via Dean Row, Mottram, and Broken Cross, with the intention of discovering a road "Mullah" had seen on the map and had not yet traversed. This we eventually found, and after going through several gates and farm yards we struck mud (I should say we stuck in the mud). O, it was delightful—the harder you pushed your machine, the worse it became embedded, and only by getting your shoulders under the saddle were we able to make any headway. However, after several mighty efforts we came out on the Gawsorth-Marton road, greatly relieved. (No more surveying with you, "Mullah.")

Proceeding through Marton, we were obliged to light up and put on capes, it having commenced to rain rather heavily. We reached the "Lord Eldon" about the scheduled time, and did justice to a splendid tea excellently served. The attendance was again disappointing, only six being present, and this including two friends of Buckley's.

Come, you Manchester Members. Is this the way you are going to support your newly-appointed Sub-Captain. Surely you can make a better show than this. Where were the "Smart Set?" Binns, where have you been putting yourself for months past?

I may add that our President was unable to attend this run owing to feeling unwell. We wish you speedy recovery, Boss.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1912.

March 2/3rd.—Chester (Talbot), and Week-end to Hawkstone Park Hotel	Light up. 6.45 p.m.
„ 9th.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	6.58 p.m.
„ 11th.—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.)	
„ 16th.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7.10 p.m.
„ 23rd.—Helsby (Robin Hood)	7.22 p.m.
„ 30th.—Lymm (Church Inn)	7.33 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Section.	
March 9th.—Sandbach (Wheatsheaf)	
Full Moon March 3rd.	

#### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Members are particularly requested to make a note of the following Dates of Races and Tours. It is hoped, by giving early notice, the dates may be kept free from other engagements, and so ensure the proper support of the various fixtures.

First "50."—4th May.

"100."—27th May.

All-night Ride.—21st/22nd June.

"12."—13th July.

August Tour.—3rd/5th August.

"24."—23rd/24th August.

Second "50."—21st September.

In addition to the above the Committee are prepared to hold a further "50," provided the support given to the first two warrants such a course.

The resignation of Frank Oppenheimer has been accepted with great regret.

The following names have been "struck off the List of Members for non-payment of Subscriptions":—G. Croft, G. A. Evanson, H. Hellier and J. B. Wilkie.

An Anonymous Donor has offered, and the Committee have accepted the following Special Prizes:—

(1) Of the value of Ten Guineas to the member winning the N.R. "24," or of the value of Five Guineas to the member putting up the biggest mileage in that event.

(2) Of the value of Five Guineas to the member doing the best performance in the Speedwell "100."

(3) Of the value of Three Guineas to the member doing the best performance in the North London "50."

(4) Of the value of Two Guineas to the member doing the best performance in the Manchester Wheelers' "50."

E. Webb has resigned his membership of the Cheadle Hulme Social C.C., and is now a *first-claim* Anfielder.

The following Runs have been arranged for the Easter Tour:—

Friday: Llandudno. Lunch at the Grand Hotel Café (on the pier).

Saturday: Via Beddgelert, Aberglaslyn and Penrhyn-deudraeth to Tan-y-bwlch. Lunch at the Oakley Arms at 1-30. Return via Ffestiniog and Dolwyddelan.

Sunday: Llanfairtalhaiarn. Lunch at the Black Lion at 1-30.

Return by various routes on the Monday. Lunch has been arranged for at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin.

If it is your intention to take part in the Easter Tour, please drop me a line, or otherwise advise me, not later than Saturday, 30th March.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

#### Mems.

The "Liverpool Echo," in its issue on the first Saturday after the snowstorm, stated that "the tremendous fall has naturally put a stop to wheeling" and "that riding could only be resumed after Nature had cleared all the fall away." So all you men who were out at "Warrentoun" per bicycle must either have gone per rattler or else have walked there. You could not have cycled out, because cycling was impossible. The "Echo" has said so—therefore it is so!

Members will learn with regret of the death of Will Fell, who was an Honorary Member of the Club in the old days of the Lower Breck Road Club House. Although never much of a cyclist the older generation knew him well, and even in recent years he has occasionally been seen among us. He passed away after a very painful illness on January 23rd, leaving behind him the memory of a very lovable character. To his family in general, and to Dave Fell in particular, our deepest sympathy is extended.

#### Warrington, 20th January, 1912.

One of the good resolutions which I made for the New Year was that I would attend every Club run this year, yet when contemplating the journey to Warrington over roads covered with snow, my resolution was nearly broken, but after having made the journey and experienced the peculiar sensation of sliding about over the snow, I was amply rewarded. Our worthy Editor (by way of recognition I suppose) conferred upon me the honour of writing the account of the run, and I almost felt I had experienced "Glorious weather" when I realised the compliment which had been paid to me.

Many of us were greatly amused to hear the views of one of our members, who was speaking *as a Cyclist on Saturday*—whilst earlier in the week the same member had expressed himself *as a Motorist*. Needless to say, the two expressions did not exactly coincide.

Considering the day the attendance—which totalled 25—was very good and as only a small muster was expected, tea had been ordered for twelve. Under the circumstances, it was a very judicious proceeding on the part of the Sub-Captain to perform the official duty early on, and in some cases I think he obtained Cash with order.

However, everyone seemed to have been satisfied and after the usual smoke and chat we proceeded on our various ways—some walking, others by train, about 50 per cent. cycling and one car party—and apparently all reached home safely without any exciting experiences, excepting in one case—where a new game was played, viz.:—hunt the whip—at a little place between Warrington and Rainhill, but of this we will say no more.

#### Hinderton, 27th January.

I rode out via the Transporter and Chester with a "friend," who shall be nameless. Suffice it that he was trying to do me over all afternoon, in spite of—or because of—the fact that I told him I was tired before we started.

It was a beautiful day—real winter—and the roads were not at all bad, although the snow was still in evidence in places. At the top of Rock Savage, especially, it was quite thick and we had to beware of the frozen

ruts. After that it was fairly plain sailing. As we passed through Chester we were hailed by another party consisting of Johnny Band and Tommy Royden—on a tandem—and Cook and Edwards—the latter in a very dirty state—and after uniting our forces a scrap was developed, the Tandem leading the way. As we rounded a sharp bend, a couple of motor cyclists tried to sweep us off the earth, but were unsuccessful. One of them asked after our health *very politely* as he passed. Of course we told him all about it.

I hear that Tommy Royden is trying to persuade Johnny to ride with him—per tandem—in the “12.” Will the handicapping committee please keep their eyes on them?

The feed, as usual here, was very good, especially the “Hare á la Jug” and afterwards Tommy Royden was persuaded to give us a few of his numerous adventures—all facts of course. For the benefit of those who had not heard it at Chester, he gave us “Lord Chelsea” again, and also told us how to see an estate on “closing day” by the judicious use of two cigars. For my part, I think Tommy’s persuasive manner must have had quite as much to do with it as the cigars. He was in good form and favoured us with quite a lot more before we broke up and started for home.

There was a fairly good muster, but what had they all done with their bicycles? No one could grumble at the weather or the roads. We can’t have motorists and pedestrians outnumbering the cyclists at an Anfield run.

#### **Whipping Stocks, 27th January.**

I had a pleasant ramble round Lostock Gralam, King Street, and then through the lanes to the “Three Greyhounds,” at which hostelry I called for refreshment, and then proceeded on to the Stocks via Bradshaw Brook. I was the first arrival and had horrid visions of dining in solitary state like the Allostock run. Shortly before six o’clock Buckley arrived and just on schedule the two Highams appeared, so that we formed a small, but social party.

#### **Hunts Cross, 3rd February.**

A raw, uninviting, inclement day, as cold as charity. Snow had fallen and the weather conditions were far from tempting. But, be the weather what it will, little recks the hardy Anfielder. He fears not the elements. Rain, hail, wind or snow, mud, fog or otherwise, you will always find him awheel, “ploughing the lonely furrow.” The worse the conditions, the more he chortles in his glee. Well, like true Anfielders and imbued with the ardent enthusiasm which few other cyclists possess, several kindred spirits foregathered at the Liverpool end and forsaking friendly shelter, went out into the unfriendly night. We bought a train to translate us to our destination. After all, its much the most comfortable mode of cycling. Our carriage was crowded, some having to stand. The courtesy of Hubert in giving up his seat to Theakstone was extremely gracious and was only equalled by his subsequent consideration for the latter by sitting on him (physically) for the rest of the journey, so as to keep away the draughts, a touching example of the weak protecting the strong! Arrived at the Hotel, no time was lost in taking our seats at the table. The gathering was a large and representative one, there being 46 members and friends present. Giants of the past, with the heroes of the present and (no doubt) of the future. Superfluous to speak of the catering and attendance, which was in Hill-ditch’s best style. We missed dear old Charlie Koozer and we hope he will soon be able to be with us again. The members looked after their own interests at table in the usual unselfish manner. After a sumptuous repast the tables were cleared for the evening’s entertainment. And what an entertainment! First we had a display of pictures on the screen; an excellent selection of scenes and events on club runs and tours. Bunchy emulating one of the sights of Brussels was a fine study—but three pictures stood out pre-eminently in the opinion of the writer, viz., two views of the Glenmalure Valley (taken on an Irish tour) and a bird’s-eye view of the country taken from Hawkstone—very fine examples of the photographic art. Then came



the Concert. An array of talent, mes chers, which would have gladdened the heart of the most exacting of impresarios. Pa Higham took the chair and kept the programme moving briskly. A Monologue from "Chem" opened this part of the proceedings and the "Claque" did their best for him as usual. Then followed Mr. Mann, a visitor for whose presence we are indebted to our friend of "Wee Cotter Hoose" fame. The song chosen was "Drake goes West," and it was delivered with telling effect in a rich baritone voice. The rendering, as it well deserved, "brought down the house," an encore being vociferously demanded and responded to with "Phil the Fluter's Ball," sung in inimitable fashion. Then came our old friend, Thomlinson, who delighted us with the "Lily of Laguna," giving the boys an opportunity of joining in the chorus. Then another visitor, Mr. Thomas, a tenor of exceptional beauty—I am speaking of his voice of course—gave us "Mountain Lovers." He magnetised the audience by his artistic rendition, and was enthusiastically encored. About this time Pa Higham, having a long journey before him, vacated the chair in favour of Teddy Edwards—Teddy is one of the "Bhoys"—one of the "Philberts"—He made an excellent chairman and kept the ball rolling merrily. After a couple of Mandolin Solos by "Chem," we had a couple of songs "The Bells of Ely" and "Molly Malone" from Mr. Mann, then our "furrin" friend Mr. Peris showed us what he could do on the Ocarina, playing inter alia, a piece which he had composed specially for the occasion and dedicated to the Club, which went off with great éclat. A further treat from Mr. Thomas in the form of "My Sweetheart when a Boy" and "Like Stars Above" was succeeded by Mr. Thomlinson with two dainty songs "Grow, Little Mushroom, Grow" and "My Lady Loo" tastefully rendered and greatly appreciated. Then Mr. Mann, who seemed never to tire, enchanted us with a Somersetshire song, which was received with deafening applause and encored. The concert concluded with Mr. Thomas's rendering of "Thora" and "Absent," sung in the artist's best manner. Our genial friend and late member, Arthur Simpson, and our visitor, Mr. Mann, divided the work at the piano with great credit. The general verdict on leaving was that we had had one of the best musical evenings since many a long day—a real old timer!

Our best thanks are due to our visitors, Messrs. Mann, Thomas, Peris, Simpson and Thomlinson, for favouring us with their company and for making our fixture such a success. We must not forget our pal, Cecil, who so ably engineered the function and performed his work so unobtrusively.

We who had come out together "All went marching home again" in like manner, lightening our journey with merry song and story, quip and crank, carrying home with us the pleasant memories of a very enjoyable evening.

#### **Warrington, 10th February.**

As a preface let me state that I was basely betrayed into this job.

At four o'clock I left the "City of Smells" for Warrington via Bold Heath and Sankey. The roads were rotten and on two occasions I was unpleasantly reminded of the necessity for care in crossing tram lines. Leaving Warrington, I met three of the Manchester section coming in, but, continuing through the lanes to Hatton, eventually joined the Chester Road at Daresbury and not seeing anything of the "via Chester party" rode slowly back to Warrington. There was the usual Anfield crowd, some muddy, others so nice and clean—it was quite a treat to see them—but all hungry. After tea the Manchester party and the motorists were first away, the Birkenhead and Liverpool contingent following, leaving the week-enders, Worth and Turnor, who eventually made their way to Newton-le-Willows. Taking the Cronton Road, Johnny Band piloted us along till Stephenson had to stop owing to his nose bleeding. Whilst waiting we were joined by Cook and party, so we all rode on to Cronton together. Leaving Cronton, Johnny Band again took the lead and riding very strongly with *only* one leg (thank goodness he's not like a caterpillar) led us through the mud to Liverpool.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

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## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1912.

April	5/8th.—Easter Tour, Bettws-y-Coed. Circular herewith	Light up. 7.48 p.m.
„	13th.—Lostock Cralam (Black Greyhound)	8.2 p.m.
„	15th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant	7.0 p.m.
„	20th.—Wrexham (Wynnstay)	8.13 p.m.
„	27th.—Nantwich (Crown)	8.25 p.m.
May	4th.—First 50 miles Unpaced Handicap. Tea at the Elephant and Castle, Shawbury, and Week-end to Hawkstone Park.	
	Full Moon April 1st.	

#### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

The 1912 Racing Season will be opened on 4th May, with a "50." Entries for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, 27th April.

Members are requested to make a note of the following dates of Open Events. Those desirous of riding in any of them may have Entry Forms on application:—11th May, North London "50"; 8th June, Kingsdale "50"; 22nd June, Manchester Wheelers' "50"; and 21st September, Speedwell "100."

At the last Committee Meeting it was decided to invite Clubs to submit the names of the members for whom they desire invitations for the "100." Should these names be acceptable to the Committee, invitations will be sent direct to the riders.

A rather interesting discussion took place at the last meeting. One or two members had requested a Committee man to suggest that during the summer months, instead of having the usual tea, commonly known as "high tea," something simpler should be ordered. It is felt that during the hotter weather a plain meal would leave us in better health, to say nothing of pocket. There is no doubt that at the majority of places nowadays we

do not get full value for the two shillings. On a hot summer's day nobody expects to, or does, eat two shillings worth. You are one and all requested to ventilate your views, either in writing or verbally, to any member of the Committee, which will, of course, be guided by the verdict of the majority.

If it is your intention to come to Bettws (and it is hoped to have a larger muster than ever before), please drop a line to me, if possible before the end of the present month.

New Address.—H. B. Saunders, 34, Sandymount Drive, New Brighton.

The following clubs have been invited to submit the names of their members for the "100":—North Road (5), Bath Road (4), M. C. & A. C. (4), Unity (4), Vegetarian (3), North London (3), Polytechnic (3), Manchester Wheelers (3), Speedwell (3), Manchester Wednesday (3), Oak (3), Highgate (3), East Liverpool Wheelers (3), Irish Road Club (3), Sharrow (3), Sheffield Road Club (3), Yorkshire Road Club (3), Kingsdale (3), Liverpool Pembroke (3), Evesham (2), Grosvenor Wheelers (2), Hull Thursday (2), N. Liverpool Y.M.C.A. (1), Cheadle (1), Cheadle Hulme (1), Leeds Road Club (1), Warrington (1), Leicester Road Club (1), Halifax Road Club (1), Leeds Albion (1), Leeds Kirkgate District A.C. (1).

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

#### Mems.

It was said at the Hawkstone week-end that the Manleys were giving up the Swan, at Whitechurch, in order to concentrate on the Hawkstone Hotel. The arrangements have fallen through, and they are continuing as before.

#### Hinderton, 17th February.

Not having been able to get away at an early hour on this Saturday afternoon, I had to make my way direct and, consequently, have nothing of any note to write about of happenings en route. But one thing I do know, and that is that there was decidedly "some moisture" not only "under the trees," but everywhere. The roads were extremely heavy, but, the stars be thanked, there was no wind. As usual, there was the small band of early starters who put in a nice round via Queensferry and up Pulford way and back by Chester. It is rumoured that Edwards must be getting very fit—for a slow race—as he reported having taken two hours to do the distance to Chester! and over an hour back from there to the Shrewsbury Arms!! There was a crowd of seventeen members, of whom thirteen—good old Anfield number—rode to the rendezvous. Of the remaining four, one, at least, walked out, and the other three helped to swell the dividends of the railway companies. Tea was, as is usual at this house of call, all that we could desire, and was done full justice to, especially by Toff and Edwards, who had quite a fight to see who could remain at work longest. History does not record who proved the victor. After tea the toast was "many of 'em" to Harold Band, who is shortly entering the Holy Bands, beg pardon, Bonds of Matrimony. With the darkness had come a fairly thick mist, which made the going a trifle tricky on the return journey, still, there were four acceptances for the West Kirby-Moreton route home. After Thurstaston, down which declivity I do not remember having before ridden so slowly, the air was clear again, but a strong drizzle made things none too comfortable; still, in spite of it, there was enjoyment in the ride.

#### Goostrey, 17th February.

The weather conditions certainly left something to be desired, though they might have been a lot worse. For a change I went out through Styal and discovered that the vile "pavé" on that road is quite as vile as

ever. I continued on direct to Wilmslow and had the road all to myself. It seems a pity that "the powers that be" don't take this road in hand and make a job of it. Traffic from Manchester going south has at present a choice of two decent roads, so if the Styal road was improved it would have the effect of diverting some of the traffic from the other two roads. From Wilmslow my course lay through Mottram St. Andrew, past Harehill Park to the top of Alderley Edge, then by the hamlet of Birtles—with its quaint old church—across the Macclesfield-Knutsford road and by a picturesque lane route to Siddington. At this point the climatic conditions were such that I decided on a call at Lower Withington and consequently wended my way in that direction. After a refresher I made my way direct to Goostrey and there found the President and Buckley. The numbers were soon increased by the arrival of Jones and Crowcroft, so that we had a party of five.

#### **Halewood, 24th February.**

It happened like this—the editor man asked Mac. to write up this run, and as Mac. did not follow the American motto "DO IT NOW," of course he promptly forgot to do it. A whole week later, simulating undying friendship while we were idling about in Hawkstone Park and feeling at peace with all the world, he suddenly sprung it on me in this wise: "Say old man, do you remember anything about Halewood, because the Mullah asked me to write and I can't for the life of me remember the job?" I am now heartily wishing Mac. had fastened on some other mug as I was out on my own for graft. Anyway there was quite a crowd of Anfielders at the "Derby Arms" to do away with the solid, homely feast; I know I remember a giblet pie, even at this late date. Poole, Cook, Sunter, Williams and, I think, Cooper had gone to London to help to liven up that dull place, rumour having got about that lately there had been a decided falling off in the visits of provincial "Lhads," which caused the usual habitués of the Lounge L'Europe and the Bristol to adopt a shockingly blasé appearance. Our heroes seem to have hiked things back to the right trail, and so London exists for another year. All this is by the way and typical of the scribe who knew precious little of the run before he started, and a lot less now. It seems they have altered the tank at the "Derby Arms"; it used to be quite a respectable sort of tank, just a little cubby-hole 6ft. by 4ft., with a 7ft. by 6ft. fireplace. Well the ceiling has been raised about a foot, the fireplace has been replaced by a modern invention, so of course the room is spoilt, there's too much ventilation, and to make matters worse they've painted it. The whole show is ruined beyond repair, because it's not half so warm as it used to be. The very oldest 'nabitant who was wont to grunt all night in the ingle nook, the while he smoked his old black cutty, and periodically tottered to his feet to poke the fire with an equally old crutch, simply could'nt stick it, so he died of grief. Somebody should have sprung the "Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis" wheeze on him. Its odds on he would have replied: "Thank'ee sir, thank'ee; a pint of six and three of gin in't sir, thank'ee."

A number of men walked out to the run, some sat down to it and trained, while others trained down to it and sat. Cecil Blackburn and Buck. and Ven. were among the first species; Lord Chelsea and Ted Edwards were on the long trip through Warrington, but I won't peach about the rest 'cos they mightn't like it. After tea it was out into the night and a horrible dash for Liverpool, which proved to me that I was whacked and awfully unfit to a degree hardly creditable; it makes me sore now when I think on't. However, we were on the 9.20 boat—that is to say exactly thirty minutes after leaving Halewood.

#### **Whipping Stocks, 24th February.**

The close of the Winter Season is at hand and next month will commence the combined runs of the Club when we Manchester members will have the pleasure of meeting our fellow members from Liverpool each

Saturday. Why this fixture is not better supported by the Manchester division is difficult to say, several members were seen in the vicinity who did not put in an appearance at tea; nevertheless we were pleased to see seven members and friends foregather, amongst whom were Grimshaw, who had ridden over from Preston, and Grimsdell, of the North Road Club, a friend whom we were delighted to welcome amongst us, and we trust now that his business has brought him to Manchester we may have the pleasure of having him with us on many occasions. During the evening our old and esteemed friend, J. V. Marchanton, gave us a look in and listened to some interesting Motor Stories by Mr. Armstrong, of Oldham, relating to his adventures whilst learning to drive. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

#### **Chester-Hawkstone, 2nd March.**

Some authorities thought it was too early for such a long week-end run, but there are others who think that for a club founded "to promote fast and long distance riding" we do not have sufficient week-end runs, and that the small support these fixtures have received in recent years has arisen from well-known regrettable reasons. Certainly the success of this fixture seems to show that with enthusiastic energetic officers determined to promote cordial sociability, week-end runs will flourish again, for the weather outlook was pretty bad on the Saturday, and it took some pluck to tackle the 29 miles from Chester to Hawkstone against a howling gale. Twenty-one sat down to tea at the Talbot, including Gerald Grimsdell, of the N. R. C. C., who was a most welcome visitor, and who had paced The Mullah, who was the sole representative from Manchester; but Cook and Royden, who came out *direct* via Queen's Ferry and Wrexham, reported having met "Dean and Dawson" in what looked suspiciously like Frank Roskell's car crossing Grosvenor Bridge, and we hear they week-ended at Wrexham where they were joined by Fidus Achates. Why they did not stay for tea in Chester is "wropt in mystery." After tea the week-enders prepared to get on with it, the car party, consisting of Sunter, Jimmy Williams, George Poole and Rowatt, leading the way, followed by The Mullah, Bentley, Royden, McCann, Cook, George and Peacock (new tandem combination—very hot on 66 gear) and Grimsdell on motor bike bringing up the rear. It was real Hard Work to Handley, but the moon lighted us on our way and gave us some very fine wild sky effects. Beyond Broxton we got the shelter of the Peckforton Hills, and as there had been very little rain the going was ever so much easier, and we all foregathered at the Swan, Whitchurch, except Bentley, who, with a fine display of napper, slipped unawares through the town, and got well ahead of us. At Whitchurch we heard that The Master and Crowcroft had checked at tea time, so that made our party numbered 14, and as good weather would certainly have enabled Hawkes, Venables, Charlie Conway, Barry and perhaps Cheminais to get down, it is pretty evident the fixture was attractive. Going over Press Heath Grimsdell ran out of "essence," and had to pedal on to Prees, and then a choked carburator caused a further delay, so that Turnor, Cook and Royden, who played the part of good Samaritans, did not reach Hawkstone till 11.0, just as supper was ready. After supper the party of 14 had a very merry time while "sitting up for Hawkes," and McCann and Turnor made excellent Barmen, but at ———(fill in to suit taste) we decided that Hawkes was not coming, and we all sought our "virtuous and secluded couches." Sunday morning brought us a great reward in "glorious weather," and some were energetic enough to visit Neptune's Whim *before* breakfast. Afterwards *the whole party* wandered through the Park for three hours under the guidance of The Master, whose knowledge of the place as the result of several "rest cures" is both extensive and peculiar. Unfortunately Bentley had to leave us before dinner to keep an engagement, but he did so openly and above board. After dinner we sat in the Sun Parlour, and F. H. vastly entertained us as a Quack Doctor! We were indeed a "jolly party," and it was with great regrets that we paid

up and departed about 3.0. Indeed Grimsdell enjoyed Hawkstone so much that he decided to stay over till Monday. Leaving Turnor to the tender mercies of the F. H.-Crow tandem, the Liverpool contingent departed in batches for tea at Hinderton, and although the wind had backed to West, the roads were quite dry and the going excellent. At Broxton we met Hawkes on a very clean machine, which perhaps explained why he had not defied the elements the night before, and after a stop for a drink at Chester we duly reached Hinderton, where we found Kettle and a friend walking, and Barry, and had quite a merry tea party. With the George-Peacock tandem going mad at Thornton Hough the party really broke up, and if you want to know whether the week-end was a success, ask Lord Chelsea.

#### **Newburgh, 9th March.**

"This run was carried out under unfavourable weather conditions, although there was a fair muster of members, some 20 odd turning out. There was no incident of any note to record, but one has satisfaction in recording to the excellence of the feeding arrangements, which were all that could be desired." So runs the account of the last Run to The Red Lion at Newburgh, held 6th April, 1907, and which might very well do for the report of the present one. At the time of starting there happened a cloud burst, accompanied by some sleet, and which left the roads, in places, completely under water. We numbered 19, which must be written down as being very good for the day. The feeding was good, but it would have been nicer could we have had the joints on the table. Hotel proprietors, who insist on their staff doing the carving, evidently do not know of the abilities of the Captain and other Official Carvers in the quick serving line. On the way out, while skirting Knowsley Park, I sighted four "cycyclists" on the horizon, and had my work cut out to catch them. When I did so the remark was made "Now the party will get broken up," but these fears were ill-founded, as we kept together, except when Royden and George, neither of whom knew the route, shot past one of the many turnings. Did we wait for them? No! not much. On arrival we found several had already called and were, presumably, out exploring the neighbourhood on foot. An expedition "to the top of Bold Hill"—that is to the top of the canal bridge, the genuine thing being too much like graft—was made and "The famous Douglas River" inspected. Upon returning to the hotel we were greeted by Knipe and Cody and by Harry Poole with a car load. George Mercer, the only pedestrian, had footed it from Ormskirk. A start was made for home about eight o'clock and the journey seemed very short. To one who knows very little, if anything, of the roads in this neighbourhood the goodness of the surfaces was astonishing. The greater part of the abominable "Lancashire Setts" have been abolished, and good macadam laid down instead—indeed, were it not for the abnormal number of corners and cross roads, this part of the country would compare more than favourably with our Cheshire roads. The good surfaces continued right up to the main gates of Knowsley. Anyone who wants to see a "motor-improved" road need go no farther afield than the main gates of Knowsley. The contrast between the roads we had been over and this piece was tremendous, and can only be accounted for by the latter being extensively used by Lord Derby on his journeys to and from Liverpool. It was in a positively dangerous state, being scored with deep ruts along its entire length, and frightfully greasy. The general opinion was that it is difficult to see what objections some of the members have to this run. One great merit which it possesses is that it is a complete change from our regular winter places, and I hope, if only on this score, that we shall have more runs there in future winters.

#### **Sandbach, 9th March.**

Arriving at the President's, I found Turnor already there, and we started for Sandbach under an agreement to ride slowly and enjoy the scenery. The first part of this arrangement, I am afraid, we observed

because we could not help it; but our attention was soon distracted from the view by the unheard of insolence of a total stranger, who refused to be left behind.

This little matter was settled by his retirement at the Whipping Stocks; and we ourselves pulled up a little later at the Drover's Arms to let a shower pass over.

At the Wheatsheaf we were the first to arrive, and as no tea had been arranged for, we ordered for three. Soon we heard a voice enquiring if the Anfield was here, and Marchanton, with a friend, joined us. We ordered more chops and eggs. Later appeared Buckley, with a friend, who had been hunting; we ordered a lot more chops and eggs. Jack, of course, kept the party awake during tea. The rain, which had been heavy, cleared off before we left, and with the wind behind we had an easy run home.

#### **Warrington, 16th March.**

My friend the Editor, with that charming persuasive manner of his, deputed me to write an account of this run, but for the life of me I don't know what to say; however, here goes. When I jumped out of bed on Saturday morning, I thought what a glorious day for a ride, birds singing and the sun shining, it was enough to gladden the heart of any Anfielder. Alas! my hopes were knocked to the ground before mid-day, the weather turned out to be of much the same variety that we have experienced all winter, so perhaps that accounts for the miserable muster—eighteen all told, including seven Manchester members. Warrington seems to find less favour every run. This attendance compares very badly with the run to Newburgh of the previous Saturday, when we had twenty men out on a worse day and the Manchester members having a run of their own. The "Globe Trotters" came round by Cuddington and picked up Teddy Edwards on his lonesome near Acton Bridge. After tea—which was all that could be desired—we had a pleasant chat round the fire until the party was broken up by the departure of the Manchester men. We followed suit shortly afterwards, leaving Worth, James, Koenen and Turnor to week-end. I was more than pleased to see James out on his bicycle and hope he has now cut himself adrift from those evil smelling motors. Fancy! not a single car at the run. I believe it is a fact that Jimmy Williams remained at home to clean up his mount for the ensuing season. Go it Jimmy! cut motoring and come back to the old pusher.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1912.

	Light up.
May 4th.—First 50 miles Unpaced Handicap. Start at 4 p.m. Tea at Elephant and Castle, Shawbury, at 7-30 p.m. Week-end at Hawkstone Park Hotel .....	8-44 p.m.
„ 11th.—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn) .....	8-50 p.m.
„ 13th.—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.) .....	
„ 18th.—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms) .....	9-7 p.m.
„ 25th.—Whitchurch (Swan) .....	9-18 p.m.
„ 25th-27th.—Hundred Miles Invitation Unpaced Handicap. Headquarters: George Hotel, Shrewsbury .....	
June 1st.—Northop (Red Lion) .....	9-34 p.m.

Full Moon, 1st May.

#### Committee Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Application for Membership.—Mr. Lionel Cohen, 26, Hartington Road, Liverpool. Proposed by F. D. McCann and seconded by W. P. Cook.

New Addresses.—H. R. Band, 64, Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry; J. R. Wells, Junr., 36, Palm Grove, Oxton, Birkenhead; W. R. Oppenheimer, 15, Wood Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

The following additional clubs have been invited to submit the names of their members to compete in the "100":—University (3), and Liberty (1).

A special tariff has been arranged for Whitsuntide at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury. From Saturday night to Monday morning (that is, supper,



bed and breakfast and dinner, bed and breakfast) the charge is 16/-, and from Sunday night to Monday morning (dinner, bed and breakfast) 8/-. Please advise me at least a week in advance if it is your intention to stay at Shrewsbury.

At the last Committee Meeting C. H. Turnor tendered his resignation of the posts of Sub-Captain and Editor. The Committee accepted the resignation with regret. S. J. Buck was unanimously elected Editor.

Entries for the First "50" must reach me not later than the first post 27th April.

The course for the first "50" is the Shropshire one, starting on the Wellington side of Shawbury Corner, at 4.0 p.m.

A large number of Checkers, Marshalls and Helpers are required for the "100." I shall be pleased to receive word that you are willing to go anywhere, and do anything, round the Course.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

£ s. d.

Subscriptions are now overdue and can be remitted direct to me at "Bank House," 378, 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.

I beg to thank the following members who have already either contributed, or promised, Donations to the Prize Fund and shall be pleased to add further names to the list:—Messrs. A. M. Higham, E. Edwards, T. Royden, R. T. Rudd, F. D. McCann, C. Blackburn, W. P. Cook, F. Gee, S. J. Buck, E. G. Worth, G. B. Mercer.

W. M. OWEN, Hon. Treas.

#### Easter Tour Mems.

It is rumoured that a certain member, who shall be nameless, would not come down to Bettws because Bettws is in Wales "look you!"—and Lloyd George comes from Wales. Rather savours of "cutting off ones nose to spite ones face."

One shilling for a cup of tea—and rotten tea at that! Such was the charge at the Elen's Castle Hotel,—“owing to the Miners' Strike.” The hotel should now be placed on the Black List.

A most amusing incident occurred one morning in the yard of the Glan Aber. A very fine new Siddeley motor-car which had been on fire had been towed into the yard over night, and was being inspected by a crowd, including Dr. Carlisle and Theakstone, when the owner appeared, and mistaking George for the proprietor of the garage, who had been sent for, said "How long will it take to put in running order, and what will it cost?" George, thinking it was Carlisle who was addressed, made no answer, and the mistake was discovered, but if he had only had presence of mind enough to say "A few hours—£25"—he would have obtained possession of the car. Don't ask George how he missed getting a cheap car, for it is rather a tender subject.

#### Mems.

It is a great pity that The Mullah felt compelled to resign his seat on the Committee. The Club has lost the services of a good man.

The Hon. Secretary has three invitation forms for the North London "50" on 11th May. Those desirous of riding may have same on application.

Members will regret to hear that old Mr. Davies, of the "Grosvenor," Pulford, has recently passed away. He had been in failing health for some time past.

It is proposed during the racing season to have a training spin each Thursday evening, leaving Broad Green Abbey Hotel at 7.30 to Sankey Corner and back, via Cronton Road to Black Horse, Farnworth, then turning left to Rainhill and via Liverpool Road, returning same way. It is hoped all members who can will turn out—those who are later can hurry and overtake the others, or at least meet them returning. The skipper has promised to be out, and any members will be sure to find some of us at the Abbey about 9 to 9.30.

## RUNS.

### Helsby, 23rd March.

The morning of this particular Saturday was gloriously fine, and I am afraid lured a good many out to Helsby, who, if they had known what roads, wind and rain would have to be encountered in the afternoon, would have given this fixture a miss. At least I know I should have been amongst the absentees. I started off in a slight drizzle, which was the precursor of a good steady downfall of rain, which lasted until nearing the Robin Hood. A nasty southeaster assisted in making the spin anything but enjoyable. To add to the discomforture the Chester Warrington Road was in a very bad state, and called forth unfavourable remarks from both the Manchester and Liverpool sections. In places the road has been torn up by the motor-cars, and is full of pot holes, which made riding more or less dangerous.

On arriving at the Robin Hood I found a fair number of fellow Anfielders, all in good spirits and doing their best to get as wet inside as out. Cook and Royden, who had left Chester together, became separated in Delamere Forest and arrived separately, just before six. Thirteen sat down at 6 o'clock, but this number was supplemented later by Grimshaw, who rode out from Preston, and two more Liverpool men, Zambuck and Rudd. Mine host did us well and the tea was greatly enjoyed by all.

There was the usual chat around the fire after tea, which was especially beneficial, as everyone had his lower extremities to dry out. We finally left the Mullah and Teddy Worth, who were week-ending and had a pleasant run into Chester. The night was fine and cool and the wind astern. The pace to the Shrewsbury Arms was too hot for me, the last five miles being a scrapping match between George, who was very aggressive, Cook, McCann and Rudd. The home journey was in strong contrast with the outward run, and I do not think anyone who was out was sorry he had been to Helsby, for a little wetting now and then does an Anfielder good and is soon forgotten. I might say, in conclusion, that no motors attended this run and there were no pedestrians, it being attended by cyclists only.

### Lymm, 30th March.

The Liverpool contingent were to be envied on this day, for they had a glorious gale behind them on the ride out, and as luck would have it the wind had dropped for the ride home; but what of the Manchester section! The writer had been invited by the "Mullah" for a week-end on the tandem; little did he think what he was in for when he accepted. There was no turning back, for the Siamese Twins could hardly have been more firmly fastened together than the writer was to the "Mullah" on the tandem, and the "Mullah" is a terror for work.

We left Northenden and went out via Altrincham and Tabley to Great Budworth, fighting the gale. What a relief Shepherd's Brow was. At Cumberbach we came across Edwards and Royden, who slyly pointed up the road to Runcorn, insinuating that it was the way to take. Their directions

ignored, having had enough of the gale in our faces, we continued on the road to Preston-on-the-Hill, intending to meet Cook there, but near Whitley were caught in the edge of a storm, so turned right to miss it, journeyed on through Stretton, down Swinyard Lane to High-Legh and thence to Lymn, where tea was very welcome.

The week-end party consisting of the firm and Worth, were escorted by the President and a tandem ridden by Crowcroft and Koenen as far as the Jolly Thresher, from where we went past the Schools at High-Legh, and so to Knutsford for the night.

#### **Easter Tour—Bettws-y-coed, 4th-8th April.**

Although this fixture was participated in by 31 members and two friends altogether, it is many years since we had so few really staying at the Glan Aber. There was certainly no difficulty over beds, for, whereas in former years some sleeping out or doubling up has been necessary, this year some of the members had the choice of two beds in their room, for the "total number in the house" only reached a maximum of 22. How to account for this is difficult. No doubt the coal strike (fashionable excuse just now) kept away some of our distant members from London, Leicester and Liscard, who would have had to accept aid from the rattler, but seeing that "Mawr" Conway braved the perils from Bristol, this is not a completely satisfying explanation; neither do the defections to Overton and Hawkstone fill the bill. Perhaps it was a combination of all three, but let facts speak for themselves. As usual Boss Higham with Crowcroft on a tandem started first, and reached Denbigh for Lunch, by which time the Westerly wind had developed into a healthy gale, and they "made history" in their fight against it over the heights of Llansannan and Gwytherin, struck some new roads, and finally landed at Bettws quite satisfied with "something attempted, something done." During the afternoon Toft, Worth, Edwards, Bentley, Royden and Cook (trike) on cycles, and Rowatt, Mercer, Blackburn, Band and Theakstone in a car also struck the Denbigh route, while in the evening Hubert Roskell and James in a car got as far as Mold, and Turnor and McCann got as far as Ruabon, where they wisely chucked it, for it was no night for struggling on so late. Bentley, Edwards, Royden and Cook had tea at Denbigh, and learnt that Toft had just gone on, but Worth passed through non-stop for Llansannan and striking tyre trouble was forced to stay the night at Llangerniew. Up to the Sportsmans was certainly a corker, and en route the Rowatt-Mercer car party passed the struggling cyclists with hearty cheers.

Cook and Edwards found Toft at the Sportsmans, but as Royden and Bentley were evidently doing a lot of walking, and Edwards was overdue at Trefriw, these three pushed on, and finally reached Bettws at 10-0 to find with the others Buck, Venables and our good friend Mr. Andrews, who had come down by train. Later the party for the night was completed with the arrival of Bentley and Royden, who had struck a snowstorm and other luxuries on the descent. Friday morning gave us wet roads from the rain during the night, and Bentley joined the pedestrians, while the rest set off for Conway and Llandudno, and were rewarded with bone dry roads and "glorious weather" within 4 miles. A stop at Trefriw Wells drew a blank, but at Conway we were in luck, for we met a friend of the Boss's, who opened two bottles of Cham., which mixed excellently with Chateau de Bass, and according to Lord Chelsea really did make "the hills fade away." At Llandudno we were joined by James and Hubert, and 12 of us sat down to an excellent repast, after which we returned by Llanwrst, where we called to see Johnny Price. At the Glan Aber we found Worth, McCann and Turnor had arrived, while, staying elsewhere, Dr. Carlisle, Marchanton and Oliver Cooper put in an appearance, and after tea a party walked up to the Swallow Falls and back, although the Boss was the only one who signed the checking sheet. Saturday saw 16 of us making for Tan-y-bwlch, via

Beddgelert, and although the wind was still strong the gale had largely subsided, and the passage was by no means a bad one, so that we all arrived at the Oakeley Arms in ample time, and were so well catered for that we decided it was a real good house. The return journey through Ffestiniog was delightful, except for the desertion of the "Mullah," who had gone off alone, determined to go via Pont-ar-afon-gam and Penmachno, but lost his way and found himself with us on the Gardinnan Pass! Coming down the pass some of us had to play the good Samaritan to a lady who had half killed herself by riding down on a free-wheel machine with only one inefficient brake. She certainly would have been killed if the "accident" had occurred a little lower down by the bad corner near Roman Bridge. Why will people start out with one brake broken and the other useless? Afternoon tea at Dolwydellau proved an expensive luxury, and a black mark is now scored against the house, but we soon forgot about it when we found Tom and Charlie Conway had arrived, and as the Hawkstone party, consisting of both Pooles, Sunter and Williams, favoured us with their presence at dinner, we made quite a good show. The evening was spent by the motorists in repairing their tyres, so we saw little of them until we saw them off at 11-0. Sunday was our biggest day, for Buck and Venables hired a chariot, Hawkes rode over from Liverpool and Edwards joined us at Llangerniew, so that 23 sat down for dinner at Llanfairtalhaiarn, and were excellently catered for by the Byrds. Marchanton and party called, but did not stop, and the "Mullah" had toured round by the Sportsmans and Llansannan on his own. The return journey was made by various routes, the main party direct with Worth and Bentley hanging on to the Buck-Ven chariot, Edwards by Eglwysbach, Turner and Mac by Bettws-yu-Rhos and Tal-y-cafn, Roskell, James, Higham, Crow, Royden and Cook by Abergele and Colwyn. On reaching Bettws we found Stevenson had arrived from Overton on Dee, and thus our party was completed. Sunday evening provided quite a novel experience in the Chapel. We had music each evening, and are greatly indebted, particularly to Mr. Andrews, Theakstone and Blackburn, who worked hard for our entertainment, but Sunday evening was the evening, because in addition to having the presence of our prominent Tank Merchants in their Glad Rags, we were favoured by members of the "Deutscher Turnverien Manchester" fraternising with us, and they undoubtedly hugely enjoyed themselves, and particularly appreciated Theakstone's items, which he gave with extra brilliancy. The D.T.M. party were staying at the Glan Aber (sleeping out) and exploring the district on foot, and they proved most jolly sociable fellows, thoroughly appreciative of the Tank, and highly entertained us with their Hymn Books, out of which they sang German songs with choruses. One of them sang several songs for us, and it was vastly entertaining to see the way the crowd joined in the chorus each time without understanding a word! With the gas going out at 11-30 (it was turned off at the works each night, owing to the coal strike) the session was brought to a close with very appropriate speech making by one of the D.T.N. and the Boss, and after making a job of Charlie Conway's chocolates and Rowatt's cigars, etc., we brought our last evening to a successful close. Monday morning brought a gale of wind and heavy misty rain, with the result that there were some jibbers and investors in railways. Worth and Bentley trained to Rhyl, but Charlie Conway was the quaintest, for he trained to Chester, and then got out to ride against the wind instead of riding with the gale and training against it! The rest knew from past experience that it was 1,000 to 1 the rain would soon be run out of, and as the wind was a fluter one, what did it matter? We were simply hurled along at a dangerous rate all the way to Chester. Beyond Pentre we got stretches of bone dry roads, and at Llanfihangel, while repairing the tandem tyre the rain ceased, macs were stowed away, and we continued in brilliant sunshine to Ruthin, where 14 sat down to lunch. Here the car party left us for Wrexham to call at Rowatt's country place, and the common cyclists proceeded to Mold and Chester. So strong was the wind that for, I believe,

the first time on record the whole party rode Bwlchyparc, but the speed engendered was the cause of some trouble, as the tandem had more tyre trouble, and Cook's chain came off and locked in the differential, giving a lot of trouble to get out, and resulting in a bent tooth that kicked up a row like a gatling gun, and necessitated the purchase of a new chain at Mold, where we were joined by Harold Kettle and Fish of the Sharrow C.C. Mold to Chester was like a sea beach and caused further tyre trouble, but we arrived at the Talbot for tea at 6-0, and did ourselves very well. After tea Higham-Crow and Turnor departed for Manchester, Toft and Conway took the lower road, and the rest proceeded to Hinderton, and were delighted to find the gale had largely abated, so there was no real graft, and all eventually reached their homes highly delighted with one of the easiest rides home from Bettws ever experienced. At Bettws a wire was received from "Ben Allen," of the Pickwick B.C., regretting that their North Wales tour had been cancelled owing to the strike, so that we were deprived of the opportunity of meeting the oldest club in the World, and a most "artistic" post card arrived from Del Strother "Specially to wish you all a very merry and enjoyable Easter . . . with very kindest regards to all the boys," which was very greatly appreciated, and I feel sure we can say that Del Strother's good wishes were fully realised.

**Lostock Grlam, 13th April.**

When our enthusiastic Editor pounced upon me on the stairs just before leaving and asked me for a report on the run, like a fool I answered Yes! and have regretted it ever since. I have been out of touch with the Club for so long that it is difficult to dwell on very recent events; however, it was a pleasing sight to see so many of the old faces, which appear to be the very backbone of the Club, and I am afraid but for them we should meet the fate of so many similar organisations and fizzle out. We have many new members I am told, who I sincerely trust will turn out on all possible occasions.

Most of the chat was upon the previous week-end at Bettws, which I was counted in at and may say enjoyed myself immensely with the exception of Monday morning, and this was, borrowing the word from the President, BEAUTIFUL? ?

I believe there were about 24 members present amongst whom I noticed the evergreens Toft, Worth, Buckley, Edwards, Cook and the remains of Koenen (cycling), but about what struck me as being somewhat sad was the entry into the yard before tea of a scolloped Blue-mould containing a very decrepit old man: this person (I was informed by one called Crowcroft) was the old End-to-Ender, known as the "Doctor." I said "really,"—further words failed me.

Our prospective member, Mr. Lionel Cohen, came out for the first time: McCann piloted him out and the skipper saw him safely home with the assistance of Zambuck and Cody, who returned via Warrington. Stevenson, I believe, did "all the extensions" on the way home and evidently has his eye on the 24. I hear the Chester-Hinderton contingent allowed a tandem with Band and Blackburn up to hustle them so much that they had to stop at Chester to rest and then had difficulty in reaching Hinderton. I was not there and it may only be a rumour.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1912.

	Light up.
June 1st.—Northop (Red Lion) .....	9.34
„ 8th.—Hoo Green (Kilton), Photo Run .....	9.36
„ 10th.—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.) .....	
„ 15th.—Wrexham (Wynnstay) .....	9.39
„ 22nd.—Chester (Talbot) and Manchester Wheelers' "50" in Shropshire. ....	9.40
„ 28/29th.—All-night Ride. Circular to follow .....	9.39

#### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

At the last Committee Meeting, Mr. Lionel Cohen, 26, Hartington Road, was elected an Active Member.

The date of the All-night Ride has been altered to a week later, and will now take place on 28th and 29th June. The Special Circular will be sent out in due course. The start will be by the 9 p.m. New Ferry boat from Liverpool, leaving New Ferry Pier at 9-30, proceeding through Chester, Nantwich, Woore, Lichfield, Cannock and Stonebridge to Leamington.

The Manchester Wheelers' Open "50" is to be held on Saturday, 22nd June. We have four invitations, which have been given to J. A. Grimshaw, J. C. Band, G. Poole and F. D. McCann. It is hoped that as many as can do so will make their way down to Shropshire and render all the assistance in their power to our men riding. For those men who cannot get down a run has been fixed to Chester, but no arrangements have been made for tea there; each man must order for himself.

Charlie Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club Photograph, and the best way to show our appreciation of his goodness is to turn out at Hoo Green on 8th June. It is intended to give the idea of plainer teas a trial at this fixture; eggs, preserves, stewed fruit, etc., have been ordered, but doubtless anyone who desires something more substantial may obtain what he wants by specially ordering it.

The entry for this year's "100" is a big one, and all members are particularly requested to place themselves at the disposal of the officials, ready to do anything and everything necessary round the course.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

#### Mems.

Harry Poole is to be married on 6th June, and, on behalf of the members, a small token of esteem, subscribed for by them, has been sent to him. The presentation took the form of a solid silver salver with a suitable inscription in the centre. Harry Poole, in acknowledging it, says "I wish to convey my sincere thanks. It came as a great surprise, and while the present is most handsome, may I be permitted to say that the friendships and associations it represents add very much to its intrinsic value and the pleasure I have in accepting it." We all wish you both every happiness, Harry.

## RUNS.

Wrexham, 20th April.

It was my misfortune (or honour should I say) to be standing next to Zambuck at the moment he suddenly realised he was the new Editor man. Of course he did it on me.

It was a beautiful, warm day. At least that was my opinion before I started out, and as I was supposed to be in training, I thought I would go round Warrington, and even dreamed airily of Tarporley, etc., etc. When I got going I found it very dusty and warm and myself apparently very tired, so I ended up by going direct from Warrington and arriving at Wrexham at 6, thoroughly baked, after averaging the terrific speed of 9 miles per hour. I was much relieved on arrival to hear that nearly everyone else was in the same boat, and that there was a nasty, warm wind.

There was a very good muster—27 I think when all had arrived—and the tea, in my opinion, was equal to anything we have had this year. From these two facts it seems advisable that we go again as soon as possible.

Cook and Royden on the tandem were very late, having had repeated puncture trouble on the Llandegla route. They finally bought a spare tube, which Tommy put in his *pocket*. Its presence there had a miraculous effect. There was no more trouble.

While we were standing on the steps at the front after tea, Zambuck disgraced himself for ever as a married man by going off between two charming young ladies. I would point out that this is demoralising to the morals of the younger members, and that it should be put down with a firm hand.

Quite a crowd started home together, but it was somewhat broken up by scraps with Johnny Band and Blackburn on a tandem. Rudd seemed to hold the opinion that tandems cannot go fast down hill or else that Johnny Band had got a bad leg. He challenged them half way down Marford Hill, and ought now to be convinced that both these opinions are incorrect. (It should not be overlooked that Johnny has, in any case, one good leg.—Ed.)

Some of us called at the Talbot, and as we came out Cook and Royden came up with Mac and George Poole. After leaving the latter, who was week-ending, we joined forces and took the top road home.

Week-enders were quite numerous; George, Kettle and Peacock going to Overton-on-Dee, while the Mullah and Master (per tandem) and Teddy Worth went somewhere else. I was told the name of the place, but regret I cannot spell it.

Nantwich, 27th April.

The afternoon was windy but otherwise fine, and the weather could not be blamed for the small muster of 16, only one of whom hailed from Manchester, Turnor of course. Our latest recruit, Cohen, was going on to Manchester and had naturally anticipated companionship, but as the Mullah was, as usual, week-ending, he was disappointed; however, I believe Stephenson went part of the way with him. Although I heard a good many growls about the long run, yet quite a large proportion did some extensions on the way out, but perhaps like myself they were thinking of the homeward passage. In any case there are some who did not turn out because of the distance, and I think Nantwich is too far for April. Tea was good, but cold. After tea, while the Handicapping Committee adjusted the marks for the approaching "50," Johnnie Band gave a rags repairing exposition, and when some of us left just before 8 o'clock he was still at it, while George, McCann and Rudd had joined him. With the present motor improved! roads, lane exploration in the afternoon, and, as we cannot altogether avoid the main roads, tyre exploration after tea, promises to be quite the thing. I hear that McCann, Cook, Rudd, George and Band, who were last to leave, had still more trouble on the way to Chester, and they were so late that only Cook and Johnnie did the complete tour via Hinderton. Royden, I should think, was first home—an easy first—as he disappeared from the Skipper's advance party at Sutton with a bite, and I am told never slowed down until he reached his doorstep.

## 50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, and Week-end Run to Hawkstone Park, 4th May.

This fixture attracted a muster of 24, which is rather better than we have been having lately. The "50" card showed an entry of 12, and we were all pleased to see Johnny Band, Bentley and Tierney proposing to scrap again, especially the latter, whom we have not even seen at a Club fixture for several years. Unfortunately Band caught a chill, Bentley decided the day was not good enough for him, and Tierney failed to materialise, but we hope to see them competing in the later events. After weeks of drought the weather completely broke down, and it was just such another day as that experienced for the Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50" last year; a cold, S. E. wind and driving misty rain with heavy roads. Owing to tyre trouble Poole (who had George, Cooper and Williams in his car) only just arrived in time to act as timekeeper after Toft had arranged for Edwards to deputise. Right from the start Grimshaw showed his title to the scratch mark by being over a minute fastest over the first  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and at  $16\frac{1}{2}$  miles he was 3 minutes fastest, but both Lowcock and George were well in it for the handicap, McCann and Rudd having punctured. Stephenson was riding strongly, and Cohen was shaping well for a complete novice and total stranger to the course, but neither Carpenter nor Webb seemed to get going. Unfortunately George punctured near Hodnet, and this left the issue between Grimshaw, Lowcock and Stephenson. At Crudgington the last time ( $37\frac{3}{4}$  miles) Grimshaw was 5 minutes faster than Lowcock, but at Hodnet ( $44\frac{1}{2}$  miles) Lowcock had got back a minute, and but for puncturing and having to finish on the rim would probably have secured first prize, as there was only 18 seconds difference on handicap, Grimshaw getting first and fastest with 2-40-56, and Lowcock (4 minutes) second with 2-45-14. Stephenson (18 minutes) was third with 3-1-29, showing an improvement of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  minutes on his previous best on a perfect day and giving us every confidence in his future as a scrapper. Webb (8 mins.) did 2-56-19, Carpenter (20 mins.) 3-9-40, and Cohen (20 mins.) 3-11-52, which is most meritorious under the circumstances. After the race 19 sat down to an excellent and properly ordered feed at Shawbury, and then the week-end party of 8 (Toft, McCann, Turnor, Stephenson, Koenen, Woodroffe, Cohen and Cook) made for Hawkstone, where Grimsdell was found awaiting us, and a very jolly time was spent. With Woodroffe and Cohen to be shown the Park and "experts" Captain Sloss, The Mullah and Mac with us, we had a most enjoyable ramble all Sunday morning, and then after dinner Grimsdell, Koenen and Turnor departed for Sandbach, and the rest of the party made for Tarporley, where Toft and Stephenson continued on to Runcorn, and the other three for Hinderton, which was duly reached after encountering a rain storm at Chester, thus completing a very pleasant outing.

Carpenter lived up to his reputation by riding all the way back to Birmingham.

The motor party seemed to forget there was an official week-end run to Hawkstone! Perhaps they exhausted it at Easter! We badly required George Poole to guide us to some of the places in the Park we have never visited.

Worth at the S bend at Hodnet improvised an excellent flag with his inflater and an envelope.

Kettle was at Overton "waiting for George" and week-ended in solitary grandeur as George went home! What was the matter with Hawkstone?

Lord Chelsea accomplished a feat that shows what a real Anfielder he is—he rode all the way down to Crudgington to check on a beastly day, came on to Shawbury for tea, and then rode all the way home again with only company (Owen) as far as Whitchurch—a little matter of 108 miles! It was too bad he lost himself (owing to the pitch darkness) outside Whitchurch, and only realised his mistake when he found himself in Malpas—and then he punctured near Chester! This is the kind of thing helpers and checkers frequently do without any of the applause the performers in the limelight get.

Hawkes strenuously fought his way down against the wind and rain as far as Hampton Green, and then being whacked to the wide-o, turned tail!

What is this we hear about Broxton to Chester in 29 minutes?

We were all pleased to see Timbertiles again. It shows keen interest to come all the way from Leicester.



**Acton Bridge, 11th May.**

I had hoped for the company of our President on the outward journey, but had to make the trip alone. We are all very sorry that owing to continued ill-health the Boss is not able to attend with his former regularity; we wish him a quick and complete recovery.

There was a high wind, but it had blown away the threatening clouds of the morning, and in brilliant sunshine we enjoyed the finest show of blossom for many years. Between Cuddington and the Hanging Gate great patches of hedge were perfectly white, without a leaf to be seen; and in the woods on the east side of the Weaver the hyacinths were lying like a blue mist under the trees. A not very large company sat down to tea at 6 o'clock, but there were many late arrivals. We had given up hope of seeing Toft, but he got in as we were finishing tea, and we learnt that he had been at business till 5.45; evidently his riding days are not nearly over yet.

May I add a word on a serious subject? A majority of the Committee have arrived at a decision which many of us think ill-advised; but the matter has been finally decided by the only proper means of a vote, and I think it most necessary that the minority should loyally accept the decision, and should make no change in their conduct towards the Club or their fellow-members. I know that our President takes this view, and acts upon it. I don't know if he will approve of a reference to the subject in the Circular. For myself I see no reason why matters of importance should not be introduced here, so long as we avoid personalities.

L. O.

**Whipping Stocks, 18th May.**

Once again the small amount of interest taken by the Manchester members, as a whole, in the runs was demonstrated by the poor attendance at the Whipping Stocks fixture. This run, which might be said to be "right on the Manchester men's doorstep," was attended by the splendid number of ONE from the Manchester district, namely Turnor. It appears as if the time had now come when the Committee should fix the runs without regard for the convenience of those members who reside in this part of the country. It is certainly rather a long way for some of the Liverpool men, and especially for those who cannot start early, to get out to the Knutsford district. It means either a late arrival or a "scrap" all the way, and, in my opinion, the runs should be fixed to places more easily accessible to the Liverpool men without consideration shown to the Manchester ones. It is passing strange that the attendance at the Stocks should be *one* from Manchester, and yet when a run to Wrexham is fixed there should be at least four or five, although the distance is four times as great. Having now got this growl "off my chest," some particulars of the run may be of interest. There was a total muster of 14, and, as Host Street had provided for about 25, there was plenty of "grubb" for all. The afternoon was as near perfect as it well could be, and all along the roads the show of blossom in the hedges and fields was superb,—quite the best seen for many a year. After tea a tyre-changing demonstration was given by a certain member, who had also had similar trouble on the way out, and who, on the way home was left derelict at the roadside, having got through all his spares. The "old war horse," Edwards, had cut down the creepers and other climbing plants from his "rags and timber" machine and was out on it. He was hot enough for some on steel wheels, so we may now look out for trouble. The majority returned via Warrington, and there was a small party of four who had a very pleasant passage home through Chester and Hinderton. James was out again after an absence of several weeks, and we hope that now he has started again that he will continue so to do.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1912.

July 6th.—Helsby (Robin Hood) .....	Light up. 9.39 p.m.
„ 8th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m. ....	
„ 13th.—12 Hours Unpaced Handicap, starting at 8 a.m. ....	9.33 p.m.
„ 20th.—Broxton (Royal Oak) .....	9.26 p.m.
„ 27th.—Lostock Cralam (Black Greyhound) .....	9.15 p.m.

#### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Mr. G. Stephenson has been elected Sub-Captain, and Messrs. H. W. Keizer and W. L. George Committee Men.

Mr. E. G. Worth has resigned his seat on the Committee, and the resignation has been accepted with great and genuine regret.

Messrs. Cook, Burt and Selbach, of the University C.C., and Messrs. Gillvray and Crooks (Sheffield Road Club), did not get up in the "100." They were prevented by business reasons. The trouble over the anti-advertising clause had nothing to do with their not riding.

Many competitors in the "100" failed to call out their numbers to the timekeeper when finishing, and although every effort was made to establish their identity, one or two were consequently not timed: indeed with a less efficient timekeeper than Harry Poole, who the Committee believe to be without a superior, the trouble would have been much more pronounced.

Owing to the tariff demanded at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, the venue for the All-night Ride has been altered to Warwick (Woolpack). The charge for afternoon tea, dinner, bed and breakfast will be 9/6. The time of start has also been altered, being now by the 11 p.m. boat—that is the last boat—from Liverpool Landing Stage, leaving New Ferry at 11-30 p.m. Supper will be ready at the Crown, Nantwich, at 2 a.m. Saturday, and early breakfast at the Swan, Stafford, at 6 a.m.

Entries for the "12" accompanied by 5/-, to cover cost of feeding, must reach me not later than Saturday, 6th July. The handicap will be framed on that day, so entries received later than at the run cannot be handicapped. The event is open to tandems.

#### Applications for Membership.

Mr. John Seed, Junr., and Mr. Richard Percy Seed, 8, Ash Road, Higher Tranmere, proposed by W. P. Cook and seconded by F. D. McCann, and Mr. Gerald Lucien Grimsdell, 3, Cunnahs Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester, proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by W. P. Cook.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

## RUNS.

Whitsuntide, May 25th-27th.

This fixture really commenced with the departure of the Tandem Trike (Bentley and Keizerette), on Friday evening, to take up our quarters at the George, and visit Tong on Saturday, but officially the fixture began at Whitchurch, where about 15 met for tea on Saturday. After tea The Mullah departed for Oswestry to join James, Worth and Hubert Roskell, and the rest made for Hawkstone and Shrewsbury. At Hawkstone J. and L. Band and Rudd were joined by Neason, and on Sunday Blackburn and Stephenson completed the party. At Shrewsbury we numbered 15, but on Sunday night further arrivals including the Oswestry party and the Hereford motor tourists (Pooles and Williams) brought our number up to 26, which is the largest gathering we have had at Headquarters in recent years, while also in the town were F. Gee, H. Kettle and Bailey, and the Newport contingent (Dr. Carlisle, Crowcroft, Royle and Dakin—we were all glad to see Dakin again), joined us for dinner on Sunday night. On Sunday most of the party toured on the course to Hawkstone, but Lord Chelsea escorted a party to Mortimers Cross, and met several members of the B.R. and N.R. at Craven Arms on the way back. We were again favoured by an excellent day for the 23rd Anfield "100," and as "the eyes of the Olympic Selection Committee were on the Anfield "100" last Monday" the event was of peculiar interest this year. It is not proposed to go into close details here, as the Press has so generously done so already, but of the 69 entries only 56 faced the starter, and at first sight this seems significant, but it ought to be explained that most of the non-starters had excellent non-political reasons for standing down. For example the University team were prevented by the London Dock Strike, and Labour troubles affected Gillvray and Crookes; and it was only the N.R. team that was withdrawn over a matter that is still subjudice, and therefore cannot be discussed yet, although it seems to the writer that the N.R. would have been better advised if they had acted as the Unity Club did and confidently relied upon our protecting them. Outside of this the race was a great success, and all the feeding and checking arrangements worked smoothly, although it must be recorded that the police complained to Timbertiles at Tern Hill of the way competitors threw the bottles on to the road, and something will have to be done to stop this in the future. Owing to the team race we had the record number of 36 finishers, which did not add to the "softness" of Poole's job as timekeeper, but only one mistake occurred, and was admittedly the sole fault of the man himself in not calling out his number as he passed the finish—indeed the man evidently did not want to finish as he careered round Rockhall for the *second* time! It would, of course, be a good thing if the last 13 mile triangle with its overlapping of men could be avoided, but it is easier to say this than to show how it can be done, and after all if competitors don't know when they have reached the finish, and won't call out their numbers, they have only themselves to blame, as no timekeeper can be expected to be a Sherlock Holmes, and the fact that only one man suffered through his own fault does not seem to warrant any change. Early on it was seen that some very fast-times would be done, and that Hodges, of the Manchester Wheelers, off 24 minutes, and Bamford, of the Bath Road Club, off 18 minutes, were well in it for the handicap, as they were only six minutes and two minutes, respectively, slower than Moss, who had clocked five minutes inside evens at 40 miles. And such was the result, for Hodges with 5-22-17 secured first place and Bamford with 5-16-10 was second, while H. Kinder, Liverpool Pembroke (33 minutes) with 5-34-52 was third. It will thus be seen what a remarkably close handicap it worked out, only three seconds dividing the first pair, and a full list of the finishers shows than 10 minutes covered the first 12. Moss for the third time in succession did fastest with 5-11-12, again breaking record for the course by 40 seconds, which, with his similar sequence of successes in the B.R. "100," are unique in the history of unpaced road racing. And now what of our own men? Again we had bad luck, but one outstanding performance we can all be hugely proud of. Rudd punctured early on and never troubled the checkers. Both Mac and Band retired with cramp at 46 miles, but in Mac's case it is only fair to say

that some idiot had been monkeying with his machine in the stable, and as he had not marked his saddle pin he could not get his exact reach. Stephenson punctured at 56 miles when doing quite well, and thus we were left with only Grimshaw to do the Club honour, and what a tower of strength he provided is well shown by his splendid performance of 5-17-50, which was the result of stern determination to stick at it to the death. Grimshaw certainly well earned the handsome Del Strother prize, and we are all proud of him. Sexton of the B.R. was the only trike exponent, and his time of 6-20-4 was some nine minutes slower than Fulton did two years ago. Other good times were done by S. L. Jones (Highgate) 5-16-5, Bennett (Unity) 5-19-19, and Tapley (Oak) 5-20-25, while the team race was won by the Unity with an aggregate of 16-4-11, with the Polytechnic second with an aggregate of 16-19-20, and the Oak third with an aggregate of 16-21-24.

#### Items.

Venables and Cotter were busy at the Raven. The "smart set" patrolled the Chetwynd Church end of the course most efficiently, and then came to Crudgington to give a hand there. The Mercer-Rowatt car acted as the Commissariat Express. Buck was busy with his camera, and got some excellent snaps of the Sisters Rogers on their natty speed tandem.

We were all glad to welcome our old member Moir home from India on a holiday. He looked like Nansen in his motor bike rig out, and seemed to greatly enjoy himself.

Among others busy helping round the course were Cody, Cooper, Edwards, W. Jones and Knipe. Look out for Carpenter's son and heir, he is very hot stuff and should be put up for membership *at once*. Another ex-member revisiting the "100" was W. Slade, who for many years took the Ercall check most efficiently. Fred Gee, Mercer and Williams worked hard as clerks to the timekeeper.

An old member, whom we have not seen for years, made his first appearance among us as a motor cyclist, and joined the noble band of marshalls. We were all pleased to see him, and hope he will now resume active support of the Club.

#### Northop, June 1st.

This was one of the jolliest runs we have had for some time, and will certainly bear repetition. It was a glorious day, and most of us reached Northop by indirect routes, some having done the round by Llandegla and Llanarmon, while others had been in the Bodfari Valley and Holywell districts. At 6-0 o'clock we mustered 15, only to discover that the Proprietress of the Red Lion had forgotten all about the date! A diplomatic suggestion that a reduction in price, combined with "Do the best you can" would meet the case, resulted most satisfactorily, and we hope Mrs. Bateman will "forget" again. We certainly fared very well with delicious salmon, salad, eggs, ham and eggs, cakes, jam, tea and yet again more eggs, all for 1/6, and were very pleased with ourselves afterwards. Stephenson and Cohen departed for Chester and Warrington, but slipped their trollies at Chester and found themselves in Birkenhead. Cooper and Williams went to see friends at the Loggerheads. Worth week-ended at Farndon, and the rest of the party toured gently to Queens Ferry, where Mac, who was unable to get away, owing to business, met us. Here Blackburn had to repair his mudguard, and Toft and Owen continued straight on over Ledsham, but the others, Cotter, Cook, Edwards, Royden, Band, Mac, Blackburn and Bentley and Keizerette on tandem trike, foregathered again at Hinderton before, in due course reaching their various domiciles. The Mullah missed his first run for the year, as he was acting guide, philosopher and friend to the Manchester D.A. of the C.T.C. in a Wye Valley tour, but he was evidently with us in spirit as he wired us good wishes from Leominster.

**Hoo Green, June 8th.**

Our old friend, the Editor, button-holed me the other evening to write an account of the Run to this charming old spot. The very elements were dead against a large muster, as so many of our members now like the sun to shine upon them, but what is a little rain when you know your face will be washed nice and clean to meet the piercing gaze of Charlie Conway's camera?

We sat down to an excellent repast of the lighter kind, and thought we had been done very well for the large sum of eighteen pence, but Oh! what a surprise when our old chum the Captain returned us three D.

It was a pleasing sight to see an old member out in the shape of Butler. Of course time, etc., has not lessened his girth, but I am sure we would all like to see his genial old face amongst us a little oftener.

I think we had a muster of from 27 to 30, and a few of the Wirral men started off immediately after tea for the run home via Mere Corner and Chester. The Boss was looking very well after his sojourn at Blackpool, and he told me he felt wonderfully fit and was quite looking forward to many pleasant runs during the summer.

Now if the Editor will not think it cheek on my part mentioning it, I would very much like to see a real good muster for the All-night ride. We are going to have a high old time, and the man who does not enjoy it is only fit for his own company.

**Wrexham, June 15th.**

Zambuck was eyeing me curiously as we surveyed the High Street from the Hotel steps after tea, but I little knew his intentions! However—here goes. There was quite "a jolly party" of 28 at the Wynnstay, and again the grub was fine. Cook will agree that although the "garcon" does not understand his native language, the inner man was nevertheless well satisfied. There were, to me, several new tandem teams out, including the famous Wirral Express—better known, perhaps, as the tandem-trike. Another combination was Cook and W. Robinson (Wayfarer), and they did NOT have a rear light on the tandem. We were also pleased to see two prospective members, J. Seed and Grimsdell, and a welcome reappearance, after an interval of over two years, was made by W. Band, who helped Royden to lose himself looking for Llandegla without his usual guide; we want to see you oftener than every two years, Will!

The Manchester contingent numbered two, Grimsdell and Turnor, the latter being motor-paced for quite a dozen miles—rather useful I should think with Saturday's wind, eh Mullah! It is worthy of note that Rudd was mounted on roadster tyres and apologised for his inability on this occasion to give his usual tyre repairing exhibition. Everybody was beautifully "had" by the photographer of Maypole Tea fame, though nobody admitted it. There must have been quite a number week-ending, judging by the crowd left on the steps as the Chester contingent departed. The advance party were taking things easily, digesting their tea in comfort, until a tandem in a hurry came up; immediately there was a ducking of craniums and all were off for the mud bath treatment. Oh how the dirt did fly, and after a terrible scrap it was a minstrel troupe on cycles that arrived at the Talbot, after putting it through the tandem-trike and the skipper and crew en route. The fiery Cook combination assured us they would go quietly to Hinderton, but the risk was too great, and the two T's (Royden and Edwards) and Rudd departed earlier, the tandem eventually taking along J. Band and Mac, leaving Stephenson, George and Cohen to go soberly (which they did) along the Bottom Road, dirty but happy.

**S. J. BUCK,**

**Editor.**

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1912.

		Light up.
August	3rd to 5th.—Tour in Lune Valley, etc. (See Special Circular) ..	9.0 p.m.
„	10th.—Wrexham (Wynnstay) .....	8.50 p.m.
„	12th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m. ....	
„	17th.—Little Budworth (Red Lion) .....	8.36 p.m.
„	23rd/24th.—24 Hours' Ride .....	8.20 p.m.
„	31st.—Tattenhall (Bear) .....	8.4 p.m.

Full Moon, August 27th.

#### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

The Special Circular for the August Tour is in the hands of all members. It is particularly requested that due attention will be given to the last paragraph.

The Golden Lion Hotel, at Settle, being unable to accommodate us, arrangements have been made with THE ASHFIELD HOTEL, SETTLE.

#### The "24."

The "24" takes place on 23rd and 24th August. A large number of Checkers and Helpers is required. It will help considerably if you will advise me at the earliest possible moment of your intention and desire to do all you can to assist anywhere and in any way.

#### New Addresses.

W. L. George, 9, Tennyson Avenue, Rock Ferry, W. C. Humphreys, 72, Albert Road, Sedgley Park, Manchester, and G. H. Turnor, 5, Kingsland Road,, Cheadle Heath, Stockport.

#### New Members.

Messrs. J. Seed, R. P. Seed and G. L. Grimsdell were elected active members at the last Committee Meeting.

Entries for the "24," accompanied by 10/6, to cover cost of feeding, must reach me not later than Saturday, 17th August.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

#### Mems.

The Del Strother Prize for this year's "100" arrived a day or two after Whit Monday. It took the form of a most magnificent gold cigarette case, beautifully enamelled in various colours—far too fine to use. Grimshaw, the winner, is highly delighted with it, and our best thanks are extended to Del Strother for his remembrance.

The Club is greatly indebted to Mr. H. L. Mitchell, of Wem, for his help in the "12." Mr. Mitchell took the Shawbirch Check himself, and also "fixed up" checkers for Haughmond Abbey and Shawbury Corners. .



A Voice: "Why isn't the Treasurer here?"

The Chairman explained that the Treasurer had left the neighbourhood somewhat hurriedly a few days ago, but he hoped to have him back in time for the Assizes.

In the event of the business of the Company not being satisfactorily disposed of as a "going concern," it was decided that the Assets and Goodwill of the Company be put up for sale by private treaty, and that all offers be forwarded for consideration of the Liquidators to Mr. H. M. Buck, "Cottesmore," Sea Bank Road, New Brighton.

N.B.—Cash offers only will be entertained, and must be accompanied (for obvious reasons) by a stamped addressed envelope for reply. The Liquidators do not bind themselves to accept the highest, or any Tender.

## RUNS.

### Whcclers' "50" and Chester, June 22nd.

Quite a crowd were down in Shropshire to witness the Manchester Wheelers' 50 and look after Grimshaw, Band and McCann. Those who rode down had a very snaggy time of it against the wind, which the competitors knew all about before the race was over. F. H., Crow, Turnor, Cody and Edwards were at Hodnet; Cohen, Stevenson, Cotter, Toft, James and Worth at Shawbury, and Cook at Shawbirch. Several others started down, but discovered that the alternative of Chester was good enough. The race was somewhat novel in that the competitors' order of start had been *decided by ballot*, and the timekeeper gracefully reposed on the grass at Shawbury Corner, while the number of non-starters was large. Moss gave another brilliant exhibition of his powers, and the way he shot forward each time he got the wind behind was a treat, but he was run very close by Bamford, of the Bath Road Club, whose career so far has been meteoric, for clocking 2-26-9 Bamford was only 38 seconds slower than Moss with 2-25-31, and as the handicappers had generously given him 8 minutes he was an easy winner. McCann suffered his usual tyre trouble early on, and Band chucked it when caught by Lowcock who started 2 minutes behind him, but Grimshaw rode through with great determination (although his time of 2-32-8 was not up to his form), and he is rewarded with the Special Prize given by an anonymous donor. After the race Turnor, Cohen, Stevenson, Cook, F. H., and Crow went to Hawkstone along with Bamford, who was escorted over the Park on Sunday morning, and like many others decided to prolong his visit. Cohen and Stevenson wisely took advantage of the opportunity to learn the Chetwynd Church end of the 12 Hours' course, and also the Christleton lanes after rejoining the party at Whitchurch, where the six divided for Manchester and Liverpool respectively.

The alternative fixture at Chester justified its inclusion in the fixture list, although it did not attract the number I anticipated for so fine a day. Five members and one friend had tea, up to the "Talbot" standard, together. Bentley and the Keizerette were out on the Tandem trike and complained of having to suddenly accelerate from 4 m.p.m. to evens, to shake off the unwelcome attention of a stranger who "bit" on the top road. Royden, who had started for Shropshire but had to turn it down owing to a puncture near New Ferry, had been to Llandegla. As he had not time to reach the Wheelers' 50 he embraced the opportunity to give the lie to the libel in the last circular, and has now effaced the slur then cast upon him. He CAN find Llandegla without a guide. I did not see any bicycle other than Roydens, Rowatt and Zambuck having apparently walked—from the Railway Station.

### Warwick, June 28th/29th.

I have known of more than 10 starters in past years, but no doubt, the very unsettled state of the weather for one fact and holidays for another kept many men away. By 11 o'clock seven men on different types of machines called round to Cook's house, and strangely enough, these few nearly constituted the run, as only three others were found at New Ferry Pier. As there was no arrangement to meet at W. P.'s house, I think there



must have been some sort of spontaneous idea that the Pagan one was going to back down on account of the threatening sky, and so were there to see he didn't. Any way to New Ferry was the order of the moment, so thither we repaired, and as 11-30 p.m. approached and the people landed from the boat, we were rather surprised and not a little disappointed to find only Capt. Toft and Ted Edwards among them. These two with Cook, J. Seed, R. Seed, Royden, Hawkes, Cohen, Bentley and Blackburn, making up the run as far as Chester, which place was reached at 12.30 a.m., ten minutes inside schedule. Here we picked up the Mullah and Webb on tandem, but they were only going as far as Nantwich, as Webb had to be at work early on Saturday morning; still they did us a bit of good, taking us along at a steady pace, the Mullah from time to time enquiring if any-one's machine had c'lapsed yet. Nantwich at last, and twenty minutes ahead of our time-sheet, we found the "Crown" folks ready to do the needful with a splendid supper. Presently Sunter and his car came in, carrying Jimmy Williams and two friends, and they promptly gave a tyre demonstration in the street, which was still in full swing when we left. Lamps were now no longer necessary as it was quite light when we started for the Stafford check, and though we were now without the Mullah and Webb, who had gone back to Manchester, and Hawkes, who had to be in Liverpool as usual, we were still 13 and one who was leaving us at Stafford. The morning broke dull and warm but without rain and the climb up through Woore to the Loggerheads was not so grafty as some of us expected. Further on, before Ecclesall, there is a very fine old half timbered house, and Cook was most anxious we should not miss seeing it, but as the gradient was decidedly with us, most of the party either caught but a fleeting glimpse or missed it altogether. Ecclesall, with its vile main street, was safely negotiated, though the tandem trike with Bentley and Cohen up, had to make use of the sidewalk, on account of a groggy axle box. Stafford was reached without further incident, but with the schedule just about battered to the extent of half an hour, though one or two punctures would have made all the difference in keeping to riding time, and some were inclined to think slightly over twelve an hour was rather thick, allowing for all emergencies. Now Carpenter has been known to turn up at fixturs from strange places, but if anybody wants to know where we discovered him last Saturday morning—just ask him. Breakfast was excellent and we wanted it badly, also some wanted sleep, but this could not be indulged in, as only about half distance had been covered, and rain had meanwhile put in an appearance, and it continued more or less showery all morning. Crossing Cannock Chase, against a nasty head wind, Cook punctured a side tyre and changed, so we were not long delayed, and a call at the "Parson and Clerk" was decided upon; a very good notion too, as the rain was very heavy at this point. Carpenter left us here for Birmingham, in completion of his trip from Manchester; showing what a hard nut he is, for he was working right up till midnight Friday, and then started off to join us at Stafford. All through Erdington and Castle Bromwich we encountered heavy rain, which made the tandem and single trikists into a gorgeous mess, but we ran on to dry roads again about 2 from Stonebridge, Dick Seed puncturing a tyre just about here. On arrival at Stonebridge we decided that this "must be PARADISE," and forthwith fled inside the hotel for lunch, which was rather scrappy but very badly wanted. Getting on with it to Kenilworth, there was much discussion as to whether or not, we should call and see the Earl of Clarendon, and this course was not decided upon till a final committee meeting, round a grid, carried the motion unanimously, so in we went. Bill Cook successfully did the old lady in for a couple of guides for 1d. Inside the Castle grounds were found the usual rubber-necking Americans, and some of these "allowed" we were a cycling club; also we came upon a swarm of flappers from a neighbouring seminary, who seemed to be all legs (fat, thin and decent) and beribboned pigtails. Anyhow Miss Rowbottom was a very hot sprinter in the rounders section. Soon growing weary of these "diversions" and, as Cohen was anxious to do the watersplash, we cleared out for Guy's Cliff. The watersplash aforementioned was *not* a success, as the tandem trike could not be induced to go further than the centre of the river, also the jeers of the multitude were received with

silent contempt by the crew, as of course they were only sitting in the middle of the river for fun. Guy's Cliff was reached, through very pretty country, at about 2 o'clock, and some time was spent inspecting the old Saxon mill and the view over the lake to the Castle, which would have made a very pretty picture if our one and only camera had been with us instead of with the car party at Warwick. We had now but  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to go and it made one feel good to think of fresh clothes, a good wash and the reality of more grub which, by the way, we had been having at such queer hours. Warwick at last, with its stiff climb up under the old gate-way, the last climb of the outward journey, and we had reached our desired haven, the "Woolpack," where we found Sunter and Co. again busy wrestling with tyres, this time a new one, which had been wired for from Stafford. Later in the afternoon, but before tea, Geo. Mercer came in from Stonebridge way, and just before dinner Billy Neason and his wife arrived from London in their car, also Crowcroft and the Master, on the Dreadnought, were sighted rushing violently into the town, having come from Stoke way, and last came Timber-tiles from Leicester. We had quite a useful crowd at dinner in the evening, after which some of the more energetic spirits took tram for Leamington and decided that the Cameron Highlanders' Band was quite a good line, as were the Gardens themselves, not to mention more flappers and the gilded youth of the Royal Spa. However the thought of the long journey home on the morrow, and prospects of what the day might bring in the weather line, brought bed very clearly before our mental vision, so boarding another car, we got back to the hotel. My eight hours sleep seemed like five minutes from the time I crept into bed till the chambermaid called me at 7 a.m. Breakfast over and a good deal of precious time cut to waste, a few farewell group photos taken and we bade adieu to Mrs. and Billy Neason and Timbertiles, also Cook and Ted Edwards, who had not had enough and were staying out another day, the main body got on with it ostensibly for Newport, but the weather going all to doll-rags before Brown-hills, and continuous stretches of flooded roads finding out wangled tyres, the party soon got split up and eventually the tandem trike crew reached Newport at 3 o'clock, filthy but very fit and monstrously hungry. About an hour later the car came in from Tewkesbury via Wolverhampton—they had been exploring. Finally after more dirt and heavy rain, the trike crew reached Chester for tea at 8 o'clock, and it turns out that the others had such awful luck with their tyres they could only make Nantwich for tea and plodded home from there. The tour was a distinct success, and great regret must be expressed that neither President Higham nor Secretary Mac were on the run, in the first case we know not why, and in the second case further labour troubles were threatening in Liverpool, and these prevented Mac from putting in an appearance. And now if Zam-Buck ever finds out who wrote all this and dares to ask for more copy within the next ten years, he'll be withered where he stands.

#### **Helsby, July 6th.**

As the writer was contemplating departure from the "Robin Hood," he heard the Secretary person muttering to himself "Who shall I get to write an account of the run?" I immediately tried to sheer off and look as though I had not heard, but Mac was too quick for me and, grabbing me by the shoulder, exclaimed fiercely "You—YOU have got to write the account for the Gazette," and then in a more conciliatory tone added "It need only be a short one." Thus encouraged (sic) I somewhat grudgingly agreed, so here goes.

The weather was "glorious" though somewhat breezy, and there was a muster of 22 members and friends, including Fred Band and Lowcock (the latter accompanied by two Manchester Wheelers). Harry Poole and Sunter, escorting car parties, were also present. We sampled another of the "summer teas," which to my mind are a great success and should be persevered with.

After the usual chat and smoke the party broke up, the majority returning home via Chester. The Captain and the writer of this effusion cut off the corner (through Upton, etc.) and rode together to Rock Ferry

where the former was left to take his chance with the Mersey Railway. Worth, James and The Mullah week-ended as usual, and as Cohen was going on to Manchester, Stephenson stated that it was his intention to accompany him as far as Lymm. These two ought to be in good form for the "12," to which I am looking forward expecting to have an enjoyable time. N.B. and Verb. Sap.—I am not riding.

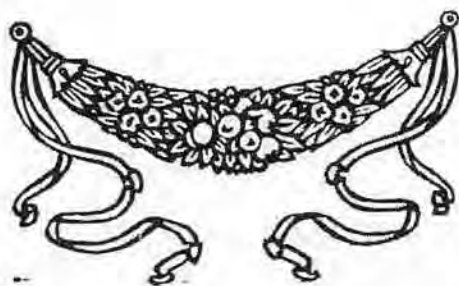
#### 12 Hours' Handicap, July 13th.

This, the first 12 Hours' Handicap promoted by the A. B. C. since 1907, attracted the fair number of nine competitors, though there were some five or six other members who should have been seen up in the event. Promptly at 8 a.m. Mr. Timekeeper Poole despatched the first "acid-seeker" in the person of Rudd (30 miles), and the others, in the following order, were sent off at intervals of five minutes:—Webb (14 miles), Carpenter (28 miles), Lowcock (5 miles), Stephenson (30 miles), McCann (17 miles), Cohen (30 miles), Grimshaw (scratch) and Bentley (22 miles). The resurrection of Bentley was very pleasing, and he rode a good race throughout, using his head to good effect, showing that he has not lost his experience gained some years ago. The inclusion of several novices at the distance promised to be exceedingly interesting. The first stretch of the course was straight away before the wind down to Chetwynd and very fast it proved to be. McCann (on brand new tyres) was early in trouble, just at the moment of overhauling Stephenson his back tyre punctured. A change and he had Stephenson again just before the Raven, where Cotter was dispensing drinks. Mercer and Cook, who were the checkers at Hodnet, were at Tern Hill to see the men go through, and the Mullah was on duty at Chetwynd, where the times were, for 37 miles:—Rudd, 2hrs. 1 min.; Webb, 1 hr. 56 mins.; Carpenter, 2 hrs.; Lowcock, 1 hr. 54 mins.; Stephenson, 2 hrs. 10 mins.; McCann 1 hr. 59 mins.; Cohen 2 hrs.; Grimshaw, 1 hr. 52 mins.; and Bentley 1 hr. 53 mins.; From this point to Crudgington, where Edwards officiated, the going was not so easy, but was not too hard, but up to Hodnet was all graft. Here Mercer, Cook, Cotter and Toft were found. The latter had seen the men start and had then followed down to render what help he could; the way in which Toft looked after the riders, putting in some hard riding and generally being "all things to all men" was splendid, and an object lesson to all as to what the Captain's duties are and how they should be carried out. The times here were for 51½ miles:—Rudd, 3 hrs. 4 mins.; Webb, 2 hrs. 48 mins.; Carpenter 2 hrs. 53 mins.; Lowcock, 2 hrs. 42 mins.; Stephenson, 3 hrs. 5 mins.; McCann, 2 hrs. 51 mins.; Cohen, 2 hrs. 54 mins.; Grimshaw, 2 hrs. 39 mins., and Bentley 2 hrs. 48 mins. On to Haughmond Abbey Corner (where a son of H. L. Mitchell, of Wem, was checking in the style of an old hand) was very fast, but the return to Shawbury was somewhat heavy, but the run from there to Shawbirch made up for it. At Shawbirch Corner, Friend Mitchell was found checking. Unfortunately both Webb and Cohen turned at Ercall and went down to Crudgington. Webb went on to Shawbirch and meeting Lowcock about half a mile from there was turned back. This unfortunately put him out of the Handicap. Cohen was sent back to Ercall and thus remained in the Handicap, having an extra four miles to be added for standard medal purposes. Up again to Hodnet was hard, and the times, for 87 miles were Rudd, 5 hrs. 35 mins.; Webb, 5 hrs.; Carpenter, 5 hrs. 12 mins.; Lowcock, 4 hrs. 48 mins.; Stephenson, 5 hrs. 24 mins.; McCann, 5 hrs. 6 mins.; Cohen, 5 hrs. 30 mins.; Grimshaw, 4 hrs. 40 mins., and Bentley 5 hrs. 17 mins. McCann was again in trouble within a mile of Hodnet, this time getting a flint through his front tyre. Round again, via Shawbury, to Shawbirch and Chetwynd was "real jam" and gave the riders a rest before tackling the wind all the way to Christleton. At Crudgington Edwards had thoughtfully provided some really hot tea, a bottle of which he handed up to each man. Up to Chetwynd, 111 miles, the times were:—Rudd, 7hrs. 28 mins.; Webb, 6 hrs. 32 mins.; Carpenter, 6 hrs. 50 mins.; Lowcock, 6 hrs. 10 mins.; Stephenson, 6 hrs. 59 mins.; McCann, 6 hrs. 50 mins.; Cohen, 7 hrs. 10 mins.; Grimshaw, 6hrs. 5 mins., and Bentley 6 hrs. 59 mins. Shortly after turning into the wind McCann, who had evidently not been altogether happy, went all to pieces, finally

abandoning at The Raven—possibly the prospect of a leisurely feed here had something to do with the decision? Rudd at this feeding station spent an extra long time,—he was there between 15 and 20 minutes. Grimshaw had caught Lowcock before this and the latter tried to “hold him,” with the result that he absolutely emptied himself, in more senses than one, “giving it best” on reaching Blackburn as the Christleton Check. The times here were for 148 miles: Rudd, 10 hrs. 55 mins.; Webb, 9 hrs. 24 mins.; Carpenter 9 hrs. 47 mins.; Lowcock 9 hrs. 23 mins.; Stephenson 9 hrs. 55 mins.; Cohen, 10 hrs. 1 min.; Grimshaw 8 hrs. 44 mins., and Bentley, 9 hrs. 54 mins. It was seen that barring accidents, Grimshaw was easily certain of greatest distance, while Webb was 40 mins. behind, with Carpenter, Stephenson, Cohen and Bentley close to one another. Grimshaw, Webb, Carpenter, Stephenson, Bentley and Rudd, in that order, reached the 19th milestone near Nantwich, where Worth timed them. Cohen, who was buying his experience, thought it better to turn at some point which would give him an opportunity of getting near Chester before he ran out time, turning at Alraham, where he got a check at the Post Office, and thus finally put himself out of the Handicap. It is a great pity he did this, as he was certain of a place. Grimshaw, the only one to find trouble besides McCann, punctured first between the 19th stone and Tarporley, and again between there and Vicars Cross. Arriving back at Vicars Cross he proceeded to Frodsham and nearly back to Vicars Cross, where he ran out time with the grand score of 199 miles. It is certain that had it not been for his double trouble he would have handsomely bested the double century. The final distances were Grimshaw, 199 miles; Carpenter, 181½ miles; Bentley, 180½ miles, Stephenson 178¼ miles and Rudd 163 miles, while Webb and Cohen rode, for Standards, 185¼ and 177¾ miles respectively. The Handicap turned out: 1st, Carpenter, 209½ miles; 2nd, Stephenson, 208¼ miles; 3rd, Bentley 202½ miles, with Grimshaw 199 miles and Rudd 193 miles. All the rides are distinctly good for the day, while Cohen’s performance for a raw novice riding in his first year and second race, is excellent. Webb was riding in defiance of his Doctor’s orders, having had a spill on the previous Tuesday, which damaged his kneecap, and his ride is all the better on that account. Rudd did better by 20 miles than before, and Carpenter strange to say, had no trouble with tyres. Bentley cut all stops, except the Raven, feeding from a “nose bag” fixed on the bars. There was only a moderate crowd at the finish, the greater part of which did not bother to come to Talbot to learn the result, which lack of interest is greatly to be regretted.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.



# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1912.

	Light up.
Sept. 7th.—Knutsford, (Lord Eldon) .....	7-47 p.m.
„ 9th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.....	
„ 14th.—Chester (Talbot) .....	7-30 p.m.
„ 21st.—50 Miles Handicap, Shropshire Course, and Week-end to Hawkstone Park .....	7-13 p.m.
„ 28th.—Lymm (Church Inn) .....	6-56 p.m.

Full Moon September 26th.

#### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

It is hoped that a large number of members will place themselves at the disposal of Mr. Timekeeper Poole at the Stocks on Saturday, 24th August, and that all who can possibly do so will turn up at Chester, ready to do all they can to make things go properly during the night. If you have not already done so send me a post card saying that you can get down into Shropshire for checking, &c. on the Saturday.

The second "50" is to be held on Saturday, 21st September, so please keep this date free from other engagements. It is hoped to have a bumper entry. A week-end has been fixed for Hawkstone after the race.

The average attendance for the first six months of the year shows a falling off as compared with that for last year. Last year it was 25.2, whereas this year it has fallen to 24.2,—not much of a drop, but still, it is a drop. IT SHOULD NOT BE SO.

Riding in the Irish Road Club "100" on August Bank Holiday, J. A. Grimshaw made FASTEST TIME, by nearly a quarter of an hour. It is quite some time now since we had a Fastest in an "Open."

#### New Addresses.

J. N. Peacock, 140, Tulketh Brow, Ashton, Preston; R. F. Kettle, Avondale Road, Hoylake.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

#### Mems.

Grimshaw's time of 5 hrs. 50 min. 9 sec. in the Irish Road Club "100" does not look much on paper, but those who know what the course was

like know how to appreciate the ride at its proper value. Grimshaw went wrong more than once, and add to this the half dozen water-splashes through very cold water, and you have some idea of the merit of the performance.

In an article by one "P" in the "Echo" of 3rd August occurs the following passage, having reference to a short-cut made at Garston some little time back:—"This short cut would have been appreciated years ago when we had to push our bikes (then the solid, and afterwards the pneumatic-tyred safeties) up the nasty little hill and over the bridge at the top. Memories of G. P. Mills, Carlisle, Bennett, Dave Bell, Billy Toft, Dave Fell are in my mind at the moment, some of them going perhaps not so strong as they were in and about 1890, but still going, in the good old Anfield." Of this sextette, one at least is still going strong, and he's The Captain, while others are still members, but we do not see them as often as we would wish, more's the pity.

There must be quite a number of people, in addition to the Clerk of the Weather, who are out of their reckoning, for the "A.B.C." are holding a "24" this week-end and have still one or two "50's" to hold, the N.R. open "24" is to come, the Speedwell "100" has yet to be run, whilst in last Saturday's "Express" I read from the pen of "Incog."—"Now, however, that the racing season has ended."

## RUNS.

**Broxton, 20th July, 1912.**

Eighteen members turned up, including Charlie Kiezer, who had done quite a useful ride on his own from New Brighton,—I wish we saw you oftener, Charlie. Cook and Co. had toured through Eaton Park to Shocklack, and so by bye-lanes, which Tommy Royden insisted he knew quite well, and wanted to take every left turn he came to, and so to Broxton. Johnny Band had tried conclusions with a pedestrian in Eaton Park—the pedestrian won, and Johnny has spoiled his beauty for some time to come. McCann evidently is trying to get fit, and had been down to Hawkstone for lunch and then to Whitchurch, where he picked up Bentley, who had also been doing himself some good, reporting 1 hour 56 minutes for the trip from home to Whitchurch—look out Handicapping Committee. There was a small party, consisting of Stephenson, Lionel Cohen and the Mullah for a week-end at Hawkstone, there to meet the Master and some of his friends. What's the matter with Broxton, en route, F.H.? We have not been honoured with your company for some time.

**Lostock Grlam, 27th July, 1912.**

During the afternoon the weather clerk excelled himself, and this is saying quite a lot in the present alleged summer. The writer was house-bound from 3 to 3.30, during which time the roads were being flooded. However a start was made, and with the exception of five minutes rain in Warrington, I reached Lostock without any wet—inside or out; it was not a day to linger, as the accounts of the weather from Liverpool a little later proved. McCann, who arrived about 6.30, had encountered an almost continuous thunderstorm, while poor Chem, who arrived about 7 o'clock, was in a terrible plight, and one can sympathise with his request for a hot meal. It is strange that Chem almost invariably enjoys such bad weather when he puts in a summer run. Whilst commending him for his determination to complete the journey, I hope he reached home dry. The rain was not so heavy via Cuddington, according to Cook, but his companion on the tandem—Dick Seed—admitted they had their capes on, and Cook, who was late leaving home, would not have stopped to put on a cape for an ordinary shower. His late start was due to a mishap to his trike, on which he left at the usual time, and which he had to trundle back a couple of miles. Included in the 15 or 16 who were out, were the two Pooles in a car, and Harold Kettle, whom we were all pleased to see. Quite a number I believe returned via Chester and a small party via Warrington, the latter taking things quietly until after the city of bridges, when Cohen and Stephenson, who are both putting in quite a useful lot of riding, evinced a desire to hurry, and the Skipper and Zambuck on the former's matrimonial tandem

responded on the down hill stretch from the Black Horse to Cronton, where a short halt was made, after which the original sedate pace was adhered to for the remainder of the journey.

#### August Holiday Tour, 3rd to 5th August, 1912.

The tour really started on Saturday morning with a party of four (Cook and the Mullah on a Tandem, Tommy Royden and J. Seed) leaving Liverpool for Newburgh, where they had lunch. As they were leaving here they met Cohen in the lanes, and Stephenson was picked up at Rufford, the party then proceeding through Preston, where a short halt was made to buy Tommy Royden a new tyre in place of what looked like a boa-constrictor after a heavy meal.

Garstang was reached well inside schedule, and an excellent tea was partaken of. About half-way through the meal Lord Hawkes arrived and "we were seven" when we left to complete the day's journey. A short halt was called on Hornby Bridge to admire the Castle and give Hawkes a chance to get up, and were rewarded by him puncturing as soon as we were on the move again. After this there was no further incident, and we reached Kirkby Lonsdale shortly before ten o'clock. Here we were joined by Timbertiles, who had come over from Ilkley, thus completing the party. We found the Hotel rather primitive, though clean, and we all agreed that it could not be called really expensive.

Sunday morning broke wet and breezy, but the rain had slackened off a bit when we made a start, and capes were not necessary until we were leaving Sedbergh. Here, however, the rain began to come down very fast, and as we turned right into the wind, it was terribly hard work, and we were frequently blown to a standstill. The tandem went on in front and waited at the Moor Cock, where they offered us drinks as we came up. Needless to say they were mostly accepted. Hawkes, however, was somewhat late and passed through without stopping, being strongly advised to rush the hill as he passed. In the meantime the tandem had again gone on to Hawes to keep lunch back, as it was very apparent that some of us, at any rate, were going to be late. Timbertiles had not yet appeared at the Moor Cock, and it was deemed advisable to leave Cohen behind to wait a short time. It appeared, however, that Timber had stopped for food at a cottage, so that he only arrived at Hawes as we were finishing lunch.

On our arrival there we found that Sunter and George Poole were waiting for us with a goodly array of slippers and fancy hose. These we very gladly availed ourselves of, although Cook, whom the younger generation had nicknamed Uncle, insisted that "it was a good thing we had missed the rain." The lunch was great, and we were again a "very jolly party" when a start was made for Ribbleshead, which was to be our next stop. The Uncle-Mullah combination again going on to order tea. All through the tour the "two middle-aged, kind, benevolent, old gentlemen on the tandem" were a great acquisition to the party in this respect, and saved the others from a lot of delay over meals. On leaving Hawes, as the wind was now at our backs and the rain had ceased action, we had a little more leisure to observe the scenery, which, combined with the cloud effects, was truly magnificent. While we were having tea, a thunderstorm thoughtfully cleaned our machines, which we had left outside, but it soon cleared off, leaving us to have a glorious drop into Settle by a very tricky and winding road.

Here, after supper, we paid a visit to the Golden Lion just to let them see what they had missed by not putting us up. In boy-scout style the Anfield Patrol then returned to its abode, where Lochroy (for further particulars please see small bills) unfolded some more facts. After the supply was exhausted we retired to a well-earned rest.

Monday morning found us bound for Whalley after leaving Timbertiles to continue his holiday tour to the East Coast. The rain had now stopped, and except for a rather high wind, it was a lovely day.

Two miles outside Whalley, Cohen met with an unfortunate accident while hanging on to the tandem, and on being examined it was deemed advisable that he should train home, and that Stephenson should accompany him.

At Whalley Teddy Edwards met us, and we had an excellent lunch, the Roast Duck being especially good. I have since heard that the Whalley Arms make a speciality of it. Afterwards the ride was continued through Preston to Newburgh, where George Mercer met us for tea, and afterwards the party wended its way homeward, the tandem striking tyre trouble, which they afterwards made up for by very fierce riding. I heard of them doing 24 an hour down Knowsley way. Thus a very enjoyable little tour was brought to a close.

In Erin's Isle, 4th to 6th August, 1912.

There is something in the happy-go-lucky manner of the Irishman which cannot fail to appeal to the student of human nature; the easy and polite way he will assure you, for instance, that without doubt, this boat will sail to-night. What time?" "Oh, never mind that at all, there is plenty to ate in the saloon, so be off wid ye now and spend a pleasant half hour for yourself, and a little money for the good of the company." Who, I ask you, could feel annoyed with a sound argument like that? Another little anecdote and then I am ready to recount the principal events of the visit to Ireland. On Saturday night we were on the way to the Empire Music Hall, and were tackled by an urchin who was very anxious to sell us the local evening papers, and on being told we could not read them if we had them, his reply came like a flash. "Well then yer honors can look at the pictures." Fearing a rush for berths, Bentley, under instructions from Capt. Toft, secured a four-some cabin, and as Dave Rowatt made the third man crossing on Friday night, we three looked like being very comfortable, but took the precaution of getting aboard shortly after 7 o'clock to prevent mistakes, the Keizerette, Mac and Cohen turning up to see us off, and we eventually pulled out at 9.30 p.m. Of course the chief steward bothered us a good deal about that extra berth, so we made good use of a little yarn about a short, clean shaven man, a friend of Toft, who was certainly somewhere on the ship but could not be found. This yarn we served up to him with great success right up to 1 a.m., when he pushed a harmless old gentleman in on us, who took off his boots in the alley-way and got undressed in the dark for fear of creating a disturbance. But we, carrying a portion of the family plate and treasure, had three pair of very watchful eyes on all his movements, and, as he only stayed about an hour, we had a very good night's rest. We eventually got alongside the North-Wall at 7 a.m. and promptly lit out for Wynn's Hotel and joined Crowcroft at breakfast, he having crossed on Friday afternoon from Holyhead. Then after a visit from Murphy, who was early astir and anxious to do anything and everything for our comfort and delectation, we got round to the "Granville" Hotel, where we had decided to stay. By 10.30 a.m. we were all outside the offices of the "Irish Cyclist," and here we met another man who, along with the "O'Tatur" will be warmly welcomed at either Bettws or Shrewsbury. This was Doyle of the I.R.C., and his arrival was the signal for Murphy to expose the first of a large number of photographic plates, the tour proper commencing immediately after this operation. Leaving Dublin by way of Donnybrook, we had a fairly severe climb through Stepside to Dundrum, halting at Stepside for light refreshments. It was here that Murphy, mounted on a very low geared machine and sporting a straw hat, complained of undue haste and perspiration, blaming the long'un for sprinting up the hills. Continuing on in brilliant sunshine for Enniskerry, we ascended the Novices' Hill and went through the Scalp, where we came upon a party of trippers, who were greatly detracting from the natural, peaceful beauty of the place by their vigorous use of a melodeon and a brace of army bugles. Collin's Hotel people at Enniskerry put on a very good lunch for us, but the landlord got rather grumpy about the length of time we were taking over it, and told us so. This got Murphy very annoyed and the O'Tatur eventually hoist the old swell very successfully with his own petard, as lunch had originally been promised for 1 o'clock and we did not get it till 1.20; still the old crusty one insisted that his "HOUSE PARTY" (*You lads*) must NOT be kept waiting. The truth of it was he thought we were going to clean the ranch and thought he had better nip us in the bud while he had any grub left. After lunch we indulged in a lounge in the garden, and more snapshots were obtained by Murphy and



Bentley, who was operating a very doubtful camera, which he appeared to know nothing at all about. A start was then made for Powerscourt, Murphy getting another picture of the crowd descending the hill from the hotel, and it was here we met Mecredy and party, who were on a cycle camping expedition to Luggalore, by Lough Dan. They rode with us through the demesne to the waterfall, passing by the back of the Mansion, which is said to contain the greatest and most valuable collection of art treasures in the Kingdom, the late Earl having practically beggared himself to enrich himself in this direction. Five miles of this beautiful demesne were traversed and we finally bade good-bye to Mecredy and Co. at the foot of the hill to Tinnahinch. We very wisely walked this hill, though there were suggestions that the lengthy sprinter should tackle it, these suggestions being received by him with quiet scorn. Meanwhile Murphy had done a tremendous lot in the snap-shot line, both going to, at, and returning from the waterfall. Shortly after resuming the ride at the summit, (from which magnificent views of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, the Military road to Dublin and the Scalp can be obtained), Crow had the misfortune to burst a tyre, and so we had another halt; more photographs and a splendid opportunity to jeer at a wonderful brake fit-ment, which Crow said was all right for a touring bicycle, when you were used to it. We had no sooner started off again when Hooley suddenly discovered his back sprint to be devoid of air, but was able to reach Bray by pumping up occasionally. A wonderfully fast run down through Kilmacanogue brought us to Bray, where we had tea on the front at Lacy's Hotel, after which we took a short walk to Bray Head and back to our machines, Hooley and Bentley giving it best at Shankill, as it was though they had done enough for the day, considering the coming struggle on Monday. The Shankill folks had no trains to sell however, and these two had to get on with it to Killiney, where they were just in time for the Dublin train. Meanwhile Fred Lowcock, "Happy" Grimshaw and Mae. had arrived from Liverpool and the Keizerette from Holyhead. After Dinner, the party, accompanied by Robb, a representative of Bentley's firm, visited the Empire Theatre and witnessed quite a good bill, Maidie Scott being the principal attraction.

For the benefit of the English racing crowd, Murphy had planned a delightful little excursion to Howth Head on Sunday, making only a total of eighteen miles riding for the whole day, or, if they did not feel inclined to do that much, there was a very convenient train at 10.50 a.m. from Amiens Street; instead there was a very inconvenient rain, which must have started some time in the night and kept going in good style for the rest of Sunday. However we managed to find plenty of amusement indoors, as the manageress of the hotel very kindly handed over the key of the billiards room to Crowcroft, who made a splendid saloon keeper, and, as the good lady herself said, he handed her more money than had ever been taken before on a Sunday for billiards. In the evening we visited a Picture Palace, these places of amusement (and instruction) always being open on Sunday in Dublin. Monday morning broke fine, sun shining and all that sort of thing, but there was also a veritable gale blowing, which we knew would go a long way towards making times slow, even if it had done a lot of good in drying the course, and this proved to be the case as the day wore on. The I.R.C. Committee's idea of starting the scratch man and back markers first does not altogether appeal to us, not indeed because we were supplying the man who occupied the post of honour, but there are always chances that he may go wrong on a strange course. On the occasion of this "100" it would have been almost impossible to go wrong, as the course was so well marked with direction arrows, and with one exception (Kilcarn Bridge) the course was excellently marshalled and checked. It was fortunate that Toft and Dave Rowatt were "in the country" for us, and incidentally unofficially checked and marshalled the Kilcarn Bridge turning, for many who were strange to the course would have gone straight on over the bridge and been hopelessly lost. Murphy and another man held the watches and clocked Grimshaw away at 10 o'clock, followed at one minute intervals by Mick Walker (10 minutes), Fred Lowcock (11 minutes), Bentley (14 minutes) and a crowd of others off various marks, there was also a trike starter off 28 minutes, and his mark appeared to us to be far too short, considering Grimmy's capabilities at the distance. This man was Killeen

of the Belfast and Y.R.C., and he had every scrap of sympathy I could give him as he was riding a trike fitted with a 26 in. axle and 1 in. tyres on the drivers. Men like James, Cook, Buckley, Poole and others of ours who have made a study of the three tracker will understand what that means on roads which can very easily compete with the Upper Astley-Shawbury stretch for vileness. Anyhow to get back to the race, two of our men were early in trouble, for while Bentley never seemed to be happy after croppering heavily on a piece of submerged road, Mac had been ruthlessly followed by the puncture fiend, so both reluctantly gave it best at the 50 mile point. Oswald Hooley, of the Cheadle Hulme C.C. and a very promising youngster too, only got six miles through having rotten tyres and no spares, and Freddy of ours, but riding as a Wheeler, punctured twice and in addition, went off the course while making a very successful effort to ride Guy to a standstill. His ride of 6.29.50 sounds rather ludicrous, but we know Fred Lowcock, and we now also know the course and have a very vivid recollection of the day. Meanwhile "Happy" had been going great guns, and though Mick Walker had had a very bad dose of cramp, his brother Johnny, like he of whisky fame, was still going strong, and was actually half a minute faster than Grimmy at 50 miles, but this was a race to the swift and the strong for Grimmy eventually came home in 5.50.9. Repeated attacks of cramp caused Mick Walker to turn it up, and his brother made fastest time for the I.R.C. in 5.57.45. Actual times and placings are appended:—

	ACTUAL TIME.		
	H.	M.	S.
1. J. Walker (19 mins.)	5	57	45
2. A. G. Palmer (25 mins.)	6	7	38
3. B. J. Doyle (19 mins.)	6	3	40
4. E. Hattimore (40 mins.)	6	27	16
5. J. A. Grimshaw (scratch)	5	50	9
6. S. Kerr, Belfast (30 mins.)	6	21	12
7. F. Guy, Belfast (13 mins.)	6	4	32
8. A. W. Wilkinson, Leicestershire R.C. (25 m.)	6	38	43
9. F. C. Lowcock, M'chester Wheelers (11 m.)	6	29	50

After the race we went into Dublin through the beautiful Phoenix Park, and after dinner and settling our bills at the "Granville," which bills were eminently satisfactory from our point of view, we bade good-bye to our Irish friends and once more boarded the "Kilkenny" for Liverpool, Doyle coming down to the ship to see us off. And now if any one asks me to go to Ireland next August, even to try over these roads, for the honour of the A.B.C. I shall say "Cert'nly." As a competitor, I feel it my duty to thank Will Toft, Dave Rowatt, Herbert Keizer and Crowcroft for their sterling help, and I am sure I voice the opinion of the other men, when I say that these helpers did a very useful whack between them. Dave Rowatt put in a lot of hard work on tandem with Toft, and he has hardly seen a bicycle for months; also the Keizerette went to a lot of trouble in getting over and had some very fine pears at the 50 mile point, which were veritable manna to the hungry souls who got them. Our only regret is that we could not do better performances, though "Happy's" was value for the day.

Wrexham, 10th August, 1912.

At last a fine day, which discovered a muster of 20 at the Wynnstay, where the usual good tea and warm welcome awaited us. I have been "compelled" to write this account a week after the run, and am afraid I know or remember very little about it. Cohen we were all pleased to see was out, in spite of his fall the previous weekend, but he has had a shaking! Mac was not out presumably owing to labour troubles. The Mullah and Webb had joined forces and the latter appears to be getting over the damage to his kneecap. Another tandem was out (Venables and crew), and on the way to Chester, after tea, the evergreen Edwards and Band, who still manages to potter about at evens on one leg, and the tandem sighted a fire, which ended my connection with the run and which must consequently end this account of it.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1912.

	Light up.
Oct. 5th.—Aldford (Grosvenor) .....	6.39 p.m.
„ 12th.—Warrington (Patten Arms) .....	6.23 p.m.
„ 14th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m. ....	
„ 19th-20th.—Pulford (Grosvenor), and Week-end to Llangollen (Hand) ..	6.6 p.m.
„ 26th.—Newburgh (Red Lion) .....	5.51 p.m.

Full Moon, October 26th.

### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

The Annual Autumnal Tints Tour is to be held on 19/20th October. A Special Tariff has been fixed up at the Hand Hotel, Llangollen, of 7/6 for Dinner, bed and breakfast. For those so minded LUNCHEON has been arranged for at the Castle Hotel, RUTHIN, on Sunday, and it is proposed to have TEA at the Talbot, CHESTER. This is one of the most pleasant outings of the year and it is hoped to have a big muster.

### New Addresses.

W. L. George, 10, Ilford Avenue, Liscard, Cheshire; G. Jackson, C/o. Messrs. Ed. Gray and Co., 1, Old Hall Street, Liverpool; H. Poole, Sandon, Formby; G. Stephenson, The Mount, Eccleston Park, Prescott; G. J. Theakstone, 18, Laurel Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

### Mems.

All those members who have had the pleasure of meeting our good friend, Mr. Joseph Andrews, at Bettws-y-coed and Hunts Cross, where he has so often and so generously delighted us with his fine singing, will be deeply sorry to learn that Mr. Andrews has suffered a sad bereavement by the death of his wife, who passed away on August 29th, and will desire to have this record made of our deepest sympathy.

We noticed in a recent issue of the "Irish Cyclist," that "a well-known member of the Anfield B. C." was awarded the weekly prize for a "poser," apparently copied from the "Rubbing Stones" at Bebington. Crowns are easily picked up by some!

Extract from the "Athletic News."—"A Promising Novice."

"It must be well over 20 years ago that F. H. Koenen, one of the keenest and most enthusiastic cycle riders the North of England ever had, won a triple event in one afternoon on the Belle Vue track; on Saturday we saw his son, F. K. Koenen, win a one lap handicap in a style that delighted us. . . . He won the final in a manner which suggests he has inherited much of that ability and determination that was always a dominant factor in the almost countless number of races his father won. I only hope the son will persevere at the game; he is sure to improve considerably, because he has the speed and the necessary adjuncts that go to make a first-class man."

And so say we all of us! We all know the Master as "one of the keenest and most enthusiastic cycle riders," and all about his "ability and determination," and we hope "F. K." will become a second "F. H."—but why not let him *begin right* by joining the A. B. C. and showing us his paces *on the road*: It is a much better sport, and means *real cycling*. Path racing knows nothing of "the joys of the open road," and we hope The Master will direct his offspring accordingly.

As we recently gave an extract from the "Roll Call," which we considered in bad taste, we have all the more pleasure in giving the following Editorial and Secretarial quotations from the August issue, and as the gospel applies with some force to our own Club we hope it will be taken to heart by those who do not make much effort in this direction:—

"But it shows how important are the checkers, and how impossible it is to carry out a road race without their assistance. It is a thankless job at the best, expensive and worrismatic; but it should be so arranged that the work is distributed equally, and not left to those willing souls who invariably offer themselves for immolation on the altar of sport."

"This matter of checking is getting a desperate one, and the officers are becoming a little weary of it. I speak—or write—feelingly, though I feel certain nobody will take much notice of it. It is increasingly difficult to obtain checks at the various points on our courses, and *one has to rely on the same members over and over again*, until, when a failure comes about everybody is ready to blame the delinquent, but few indeed are prepared to accept the post he should have occupied on the next race. *What are the riders themselves doing?* Only nine men were up on the 24th, which leaves a huge number of active racing men in reserve—enough, in fact, to marshal two courses. Where were they? Not one of them out to assist, to stand on a corner and cheer on their comrades. Considering how well they are catered for by the club, assisted in every possible way, and always given the minimum of trouble, *I think their neglect in the checking department when there is a race toward in which they do not intend to ride is extremely selfish.*"

## RUNS.

Little Budworth, August 17th.

Old Sol had evidently forgotten to shine round Little Budworth, for the roads and weather were slightly damp. Notwithstanding the damp Mac. had no trouble, for once, with his tyres, and rumour has it that he actually reached home without touching them. It was hardly a day for a trike, but "Uncle" never sees the rain, and on a trike he arrived, and was the inspiration for a discussion re the latest in coats. Tea was served in lamplight, and owing to our skipper's late arrival Bentley deputised as carver. After tea Mac. was busy looking for victims for the "24"—at 10/6 a time (no reduction for quantities); he seemed to secure a fair number and I hope they all go the full time and so have full value. Neason we were pleased to see; he was on a speed machine, presumably with the intention of putting it thro' someone on the homeward journey. I have no information on the point however. The majority returned via Chester, and if there is a quicker road or shorter cut to Chester than the one taken by the late arrivals the early ones found it. After a short stay at the Talbot, Band,

Bentley, Mac. and Rudd accompanied Neason en route for Hoylake. The elements were now showing their true temper by sopping us through, and Stephenson and Cohen who had taken the bottom road were held up at Eastham by the latter's back tyre busting. In conclusion let us all pray for respectable conditions next week-end.

#### 24 Hours' Ride, August 23rd-24th.

After looking at one time as though the event would have to be abandoned owing to paucity of entries, it was pleasing to find nine names of certain starters on the card, and then our only anxiety was the weather, which was breaking all records for rainfall. But we had no luck, for it simply continued pouring with a persistency worthy of a better cause, and it says something for the vigour of the Club that there were only two jibbers, and Woodroffe, Rudd, Carpenter, Cohen, McCann, Grimshaw and Stephenson were duly despatched by Poole, at five minutes intervals, into the outer darkness and rain, over swimming roads. The weather was certainly worse than it was in 1906 when one by one the competitors were submerged, and the race collapsed; and this year's event will probably be ranked in notoriety with 1903, which everyone remembers as the year Jim Park was sole survivor and winner. First of all hearty thanks should be given to the checkers who for long weary hours stuck to their posts under distressing conditions. Toft looked after the men well in Chester, and then worked hard at Whitchurch. Others at Chester were Lowcock, Band, Blackburn, Turnor, Cotter, three Rowatts, Williams, Sunter, Worth and Neason. Norman Higham was at the Nantwich check, and then at Hodnet Corner all day. Venables was at Gayton, Royden at Childer Thornton, Jack Seed at Queensferry Corner, and Knipe at the Whalebone, while Keizerette was in charge at Whitchurch, Bentley at Newport, Pritchard at Cock Inn, and Zambuck with a friend at Shawbury, Crowcroft at the Waggon and Horses, Green of the Cheadle Hulme at Middlewich Corner, L. Oppenheimer at Holmes Chapel, Worth, James, Buckley and Edwards at the Whipping Stocks, and Koenen at Toft Corner rendered equally appreciated services.

Naturally, Grimshaw at once established a lead he was never dispossessed of by riding the first 35½ miles in 2-19-0, 49½ in 3-12-0, 74¼ in 4-54, 112½ in 7-44, and 132 in 9-4, although he punctured on the Queensferry triangle; but Carpenter was pushing him close under terrible odds, for at Gayton he had a bad fall, which broke his saddle, and he had to ride 30 miles before he could get another saddle; then on the Queensferry triangle second time his seat tube broke right across and he punctured! For the Whalebone stretch he was given Mac's machine—Mac. had retired at 50 miles owing to having badly sprained his neck just before the start, and then at 132 miles he was lent Blackburn's roadster, and yet was only 48 minutes behind Grimshaw. Rudd had also been riding steadily, and showing more napper than usual, so that at 132 miles he was second, one minute faster than Carpenter. Woodroffe had been surprising us by the way he was getting on with it, but evidently he was going too fast to last, for he fell away greatly on the Whalebone extension, and retired at 132 miles in 10-52. Cohen had punctured on the first stretch, but was only riding for experience, as he had not completely recovered from the bad fall he had on the August tour and was bothered a good deal with his head, while Stephenson was quite unsuited by the heavy going, and both were evidently going to content themselves with Standards. At 12 hours Grimshaw had ridden 172 miles, Carpenter 158, Rudd 154, Cohen 151, and Stephenson 148. In the second 12 hours the men continued riding steadily through the rain with no change of positions, and interest really centered on whether either Cohen or Stephenson would make a race of it with Rudd for third place, but this was settled by both men refusing to tackle Newport for the second time, and preferring to make for their clothes at Knutsford, where both finished with over an hour to go, and a total of 255 miles for Standard B, but the sequel showed that they might possibly have beaten Rudd, for the latter retired at Wem into the Rattler, and just missed Standard C by less than a mile, with 264-1-31. Meanwhile Grimshaw, after

puncturing again, left Whitchurch the last time at 5-0, and reaching the Whipping Stocks at 8-5 ran out time at the Three Greyhounds with a total of 329-4-132, which was a splendid ride for such an awful day. Carpenter, followed by Crowcroft from the Wagon and Horses, finished  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles short of Holmes Chapel, with a total of 303-7-174, a really remarkable performance under the circumstances he had to surmount. And thus ended another "24," which will never be forgotten by either riders or helpers, and it is pleasing to record that this year at all events the running of a 12 Hours in July did not spoil the "24," although our course involves a difficulty with lamps when run so late in the year.

#### **Tattenhall, August 31st.**

A fine Saturday at last, but a rather poor muster of twenty-two. Manchester was represented by Webb only. Being one of the early birds, I had the opportunity of observing the arrival of numerous worms on bicycles, tricycles, etc., etc., in all stages of distress. The Apostle brought a large party, J. C. Band, Mac., Teddy Edwards, the two Seeds and Jimmy. Delighted to see the latter chewing acid once more. Stephenson, Rudd and Zambuck were the next on tap, the two former full of beans and evidently none the worse for their gruelling ride of the previous week. At 5-55 the tandem trike turned up, Bentley complaining bitterly of Cohen's fitness; simply couldn't go slow. Harry Poole and George (shame!), Sunter and Jimmy Williams by car. After a splendid meal the party broke up, a number foregathering at the Talbot before finally getting on with the journey home.

#### **Knutsford, September 7th.**

Either the charm of the place or the capabilities of Mrs. Ellwood as a cook drew forth a goodly crowd of Anfielders, and that in spite of the fact that the weather conditions might have been better. Buckley, who has been attending rather badly of late, favoured the club with his presence; it being Knutsford Show Day he gave the fishing (his new sport) a miss, and after "doing" the Show put in appearance at the Eldon. For some time L. Oppenheimer has not been well, and has consequently been absent from the runs, but it is a pleasure to record the fact, he has so far recovered, that he was able to score an attendance on this occasion. Crowcroft and W. Lowcock would have been present but that their tandem "k'lapsed," the riders received no damage, but the club were deprived of the pleasure of their company, and the takings of the railway company were increased. The Keizerette arrived per cycle, looking as spic and span as if he had come out of a band-box, but it was a regrettable fact that the rain after tea enticed him to return home per motor. Billy Cook reported that he had not had any rain (he never has), but Bentley, who was steering the tandem trike, gave the impression that it must have been somewhat moist somewhere "en route," because his rain-proofed suit (?) had not prevented the water from penetrating to his under garments, and he found it necessary to stuff his "bags" with paper before going in to tea. Most of the riders had inclement weather on the outward journey, but the probability is that the weather on the homeward journey was very, very much worse.

**S. J. BUCK,**

Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

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## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1912.

	Light up.
Nov 2.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel) .....	5.37 p.m.
„ 9.—Chester (Talbot) .....	5.24 p.m.
„ 11.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m. ....	
„ 16.—Halewood (Derby Arms) .....	5.13 p.m.
„ 23.—Warrington (Pattern Arms) and Week-end to Congleton (Lion and Swan Hotel) .....	5.4 p.m.
„ 30.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms) .....	4.57 p.m.

### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Particular attention is called to the fixture for the 23rd and 24th November—a week-end from Warrington to Congleton and East Cheshire. A special tariff of 7/- has been arranged, and it is hoped to have a good attendance.

In accordance with the practice of past years the runs for the first Saturdays in November, December and January have been fixed to Hunts Cross. At the last Committee Meeting it was decided to ask several members to each take charge of an evening at Hunts Cross. Mr. Herbert Keizer has promised to look after the November one, and it is hoped that Messrs. Knipe and Cheminais will take the December and January ones respectively.

### New Addresses.

H. Pritchard Walden, Heywood Road, Garden Suburb, Wavertree;  
H. Dakin, Pleasant View, Heath Bank Road, Cheadle, Hulme.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

### Mems.

Frank Wright, the Hon. Secretary of the R.R.A. has recently been married, and on behalf of the A.B.C. a donation was sent to a fund which Mr. A. J. Wilson is raising to present him with a token of appreciation.

There is a persistent rumour flying around that "F.H." has taken to motor-cycle. It is to be hoped that there is no truth in this. You have still plenty of kick left in you "F.H." Anyone who saw you making short work of some of the "pimples" encountered on the Llangollen fixture can confirm this.

Bentley and Cohen desire to convey their grateful thanks to those members who turned out to help them in their record ride. There appeared to be such a multitude during the later stages that to have written each one individually would have been almost impossible.

#### An EASY way to run a "25"—By "Nosey Parker."

There may be a great divergence of opinion as to whether or not it is right, not to say good form, to pry as closely into other people's concerns as did Mac and the writer, on a beautiful Sabbath morning a short time ago. I had it on good authority, there was going to be a great 25 mile scrap, starting at 9.30 a.m. prompt, near the Gayton side of Barnston village, and we decided that our proper place was to be as near that start as possible, for while Mac confessed to wanting to see everything, I wanted very badly to see the chronometer, the handicap and times of start. Of course we got up late that Sunday morning and arrived on the scene twenty minutes after the appointed time, but no matter, the timekeeper did not turn up till half an hour after that, and a good many of the competitors after that again. It was glorious to see these giants of the road arriving on different grades of scrap metal, their picturesque racing clothes lending enchantment to the view. One gentleman, a muffin and pastry merchant by profession, mounted on a stripped carrier bicycle and clad in a tweed hand-me-down, replete with massive gold watch chain and medal, a sky-blue collar and dickey, tout en semble, pierced by a huge brass stud that had evidently been wrestled with earlier on in the week, when the aforementioned dickey had been received from the hands of Chung Ling Soo. Our friend happened to be limit man, and he was, in more ways than one; 22 minutes start was not a bit too much for him, for he dashed violently home at six an hour, an easy last. Another competitor did not feel inclined, so he refused to start. Then the timekeeper held a consultation with sundry other competitors, as to what times they would like to go, and one said quite naturally, "he didn't give a B——" Fancy talking like that to Harry! Another aspiring, perspiring late arrival was very solicitous as to his chances of winning, and not getting a very reassuring reply, sat down and cried the job off. It later transpired that the Chester checker was beaten a mile by the first man to arrive at the turn; this person made fastest time. Far be it from me to doubt his having ridden the full distance, but really a scrap of 25 miles, which hardly serves to get a man warm, timed on a half-hunter, in a half-hearted way, the start an hour late and no checkers on their marks; doesn't the whole thing seem a farce, and don't you feel glad that whatever you have done in the way of racing in the A.B.C. bears the hallmark of respectability and rigid exactness in timing?

### RUNS.

Chester, Sept./4.

On arriving at the Talbot I found quite a select, if small party, and considering the quality of the tea we are always certain of at Chester one can't help wondering why only 15 members attended. The tourists had been round by way of Wrexham, Farndon and Eaton Park, where they were joined by Hawkes. The skipper arrived as tea was announced—I believe he had called to cheer Runcorn on his way. Lord Chelsea arrived, but how is doubtful; judging by his spotlessly clean linen collar he had not cycled, but he stoutly asserted he had. The Mullah and Crowcroft arrived per tandem. After tea the usual smoke, etc., until the conversation veered round to someone's experiences of the seventies, when we thought it time to make a start. The usual crowd, led by the one-legged man, toured gently at about evens in the dark to Hinderton, and more than one expressed the opinion that it was too fast to travel at night (without rear-lights).



## Fifty Miles Unpaced Handicap, and Hawkstone Week-end, Sept. 21.

When Robert Burns once said, "Man was made to mourn," of course he not mean that man must always mourn, but the weather on all or nearly all of our race days this year has been so vile that it seemed as if we should always have to bemoan our fate as regards riding conditions. Everything comes to an end, and so must bad weather, for on Saturday, Le Roi Soleil beamed upon us and made all things merry and bright, in spite of a persistent Southeaster, which hardly left you alone on any part of the course, except the Crudg-Ercall piece. The field was rather smaller than usual, the notable absentees being Grimshaw, who was touring in Scotland, Webb, away riding in the Speedwell "100" and Cohen, who, in view of attempting record the following week-end, was unable to tilt the credit balance of leave in the right direction at the office; this was rather unfortunate, as those who have watched the keen friendly rivalry between him and Stephenson, would have witnessed a grim battle fought out to a good finish in this, the last club race of the year. Carpenter had also entered, but for some very good reason, did not appear on the mark. I am here going to make a few remarks on the "Elephant and Castle" catering, and these remarks are not to be taken in the nature of a growl against the Club either, as that won't do any good, unless we all agree to cart our steaks down along with our tights and spare tyres, etc. Mac is not to be blamed for a moment for ordering the steaks to be stewed, as he has been there many times, and he was naturally anxious to get something the men could digest fairly easily; but many of us know that stewed meat is not good to race on, and anyway the "Fillets de Latta" are impossible, whether stewed or grilled, and what we had on Saturday very quickly put paid to poor Bentley's inside, though he don't generally suffer that way either, but British modesty and conventionality forbid of our reporting their true method of attack upon him. At 3.30 p.m. Harry Poole sent Stephenson away, followed by Fred Lowcock, Bentley, Rudd and McCann, and if Fred could but reproduce his last Saturday's form, it was reasonably supposed he might do fastest time, as he had only Mac to challenge him, for Bentley failed to do himself justice. Early on Mac was seen to be riding a fast and comfortable race; he seemed to have found both his form and his luck on the same day. Stephenson was also moving faster in spite of having donned an 85½ gear as an experiment, and he would have certainly run into first place but for a spill near Crudgington, which shook him up considerably. Rudd was in his usual good-tempered, easy going style, and I am sure if he would only knock himself about a bit he would do a good ride. The finishing times were:—

	5 min.	2 hrs. 33 min. 45 sec.	2 hrs. 28 min. 45 sec.	Fastest.
1st—F. C. Lowcock	5 min.	2 hrs. 33 min. 45 sec.	2 hrs. 28 min. 45 sec.	Fastest.
2nd—F. D. McCann	9 "	2 " 38 " 8 "	2 " 29 " 8 "	
3rd.—G. Stephenson	22 "	2 " 52 " 24 "	2 " 30 " 24 "	
4th—R. T. Rudd	18 "	3 " 1 " 23 "	2 " 43 " 23 "	
5th—E. A. Bentley	10 "	2 " 55 " 7 "	2 " 45 " 7 "	

Fred secured a well-deserved win in fastest time, and his success is all the more popular, because of his splendid consistency, while Mac had very hard lines to be beaten out of first place by a matter of only 23 secs on the handicap. Carrying this first place point a little further, one might say that Stephenson would surely have beaten them both out of it but for his spill. After tea Toft and Rudd left for Shrewsbury and home, filling in the time of waiting for their train at a picture house in Salop. Harry and his car party pushed off somewhere about 7.30, and were in Liverpool before 10 o'clock, and the week-enders then commenced the tour proper to Hawkstone, arriving there about 9.15, and were in a very short time installed round a cheerful fire in the smoke-room, there to wait for Hawkes; that was the order of the evening in fact, "WAIT FOR HAWKES." Everybody knows what waiting for a late comer means at Hawkstone, at any rate Miss Manley does, for she simply hands over the keys of the bar to Mac, gives us the run of the kitchen, and after imploring us not to make a row, goes off to bed and leaves us to it. Well, midnight arrived but Hawkes came not,

so a large bunloaf was unearthed and quickly demolished, and if there is one thing Dick Seed loathes in this world, it's bunloaf; I don't think. F.H. and Crow eventually got tired of the "wait and see game," so they went off to bed, and not long afterwards Hawkes tottered in, having done a nerve-racking performance of 5 hrs. 35 mins. for the 50 miles, on a free-wheel bicycle minus the brakes, the pads of which were safely stored away in his pocket. He did not seem to mind the risks he had run, but promptly fell to work on such broken victuals as could be dug out of the kitchen; then we went to bed.

After breakfast (and this is always an important function at Hawkestone, on account of the bacon being by far and away the best we come across in our wanderings to the many different pubs we use) everybody started off on the usual tour of inspection of the park, F. H. pointing out a wonderful place for a display of cragsmanship. He acknowledged it had got him down in more ways than one, but the number of aspirants for fame and glory was quite large, and the result a complete victory for the cliff. About the only satisfaction the specators got from the effort was a view of the trouser seats of the competitors, some of which proved that their owners did a little cycling in their spare time. The incident of the wreck of the Museum was mentioned during the course of the morning, and while F.H. was repudiating the charge of being concerned in its destruction, Will Cook was heard to remark that it was P. W. B. W. wrecked before the A. B. C. had been there. Autumn tints are beginning to show in the park, and the trees and shrubs are looking their best just now; I mean the colourings are so fine, and there is a peculiarly peaceful feeling everywhere as you listen for the distant lowing of the herd, lazily browsing away down by the lake, in that patch of brilliant sunlight; then all around one the stillness is broken only by the hum of countless insects, glancing from bloom to bloom. It's all very wonderful, and makes a man feel glad he can, by means of his bicycle, get away from the turmoil of Liverpool and Manchester to such a glorious place. After lunch we had to think about home, and so the party broke up at the Weston cross-roads; Crow, The Mullah, F. E., and Stephenson going up the main road to Whitchurch and the others via Ellesmere, Bangor, Farndon and Chester to Hinderton. The race was a fair success, and the week-end was a great affair entirely.

#### **Twelve Hours' R. R. A. and N. R. R. A. Unpaced Tandem Tricycle Records, Sept. 28.**

Anyone who had had the pain or pleasure (according to personal fitness) of riding behind Bentley and Cohen on the Tandem Trike could have no doubt that their attempt to establish Northern 12 Hours Record would be a sleigh ride for them, and that given a decent day they might also beat R. R. A. Standard; but they had in addition given notice for Northern 100 (5hrs. 40 mins.) instead, and this was generally thought to be a debateable proposition. The day was certainly fine and sunny, but a stiff Southeaster was blowing with perishing force, and it was undoubtedly not a record breaker's day. At Whitchurch, on the Friday night, the little crowd of helpers consisted of Toft, Poole (Timekeeper), Johnny Band, McCann, Lowcock, Murphy (The O'Tatur) and Cook, who had resorted to the rattler at Broxton owing to his trike "Klapsing" and spent the next day swanking about in Poole's car, and is now convinced that all pedestrians should be compelled to let off hand rockets at half minute intervals as they walk at night. Lowcock was of immense value to the aspiring record breakers, and worked like a Trojan both before, during, and after the ride—indeed, it is hard to estimate the value of Fred's services so cheerfully and willingly given, but assuredly they will never be forgotten. Starting at 7-30 Bentley and Cohen shaped surprisingly well, for at 30 miles they were 6 minutes inside of the 5.40 schedule, but then their troubles commenced, for at 45 miles they had to take an upset into the ditch to avoid an idiot coming round a corner on his wrong side, and this considerably shook them up. Then the wind got up to almost gale force, and such an experienced judge as Murphy expressed the confident opinion that there

could be "nothing doing" on such a day. At 62 miles they were 9 minutes behind schedule, and at 87 miles they arrived 23 minutes late, and with a flat tyre, so all idea of the 100 was abandoned, and they had a good feed while the tyre was changed, but even then their troubles were not over, for they punctured again on the Wem extension, and yet their 100 time was 6-3-50, which shows that on a good day free from trouble the record is theirs. It was at this point that the riders really showed their mettle and gained the day, for by cutting the Whitchurch stop short they left for Congleton only 15 minutes behind schedule, and although they had to battle for 27 miles against the wind they settled down to it so determinedly that at 133 miles they were actually *3 minutes ahead*, and victory was in sight. Continuing to take full advantage of any fluter wind and not forcing themselves against it, they steadily beat schedule to a frazzle, and at 154½ miles were 16 minutes ahead. Northern Standard was beaten with over an hour to go, and R. R. A. Standard went by the board with over 10 minutes in hand, while finally amid great excitement at Mere Corner they passed the old *paced* record distance of 181½ miles accomplished in 1893 by Bidlake and Holbein, and ran out time at The Kilton, Hoo Green, with a total of 182½ miles, a really "class" performance on such a day, and one that speaks loudly for their dogged persistency. Bentley and Cohen have certainly earned their frilled buttons, and we warmly congratulate them. They finished with one of the back stays broken clean through at the eyelet hole which must have disconcerted them in the last hour. After wetting the success at The Kilton, the new record holders proceeded into Knutsford, where Mac, Stephenson, and Murphy stayed with them, and on Sunday they toured home via Frodsham and Chester.

The Brothers Poole on a tandem finishing the record breakers was a very fine sight, and quite like old times. If they could see themselves as others saw them, they would cancel the sale of their birthright for a mess of petrol.

In addition to those mentioned as working in Shropshire, we must mention our good sporting friends Messrs. Mitchell and Norton, of Wem, who took Shawburch and Shrewsbury checks respectively, while in Cheshire Stephenson, James, Worth, Buckley, Turnor, Webb, Norman Higham, L. Oppenheimer, Edwards, Royden, Dakin, Crowcroft and Williams rendered much appreciated services.

Herbert Keizer came down to Whitchurch, and energetically looked after the feeding, and then joined the car party over to the finish, and probably no one was more unselfishly delighted at the successful issue than the owner of the machine.

#### Lymm, Sept. 28.

There is little to chronicle under this heading as the attendance was completely spoiled by the counter attraction of the T. T. record ride; 75 per cent. of those who sat down to tea did not know of Bentley and Cohen's attempt until they arrived at Lymm, else the number would have been smaller still. However, the large party of two who were blown home to Liverpool were delighted to hear from the Timekeeper's car, which passed them in Warrington, that records had been beaten, their delight being equalled by their surprise as the wind on the outward journey convinced the writer at least that success could not be expected on such a day.

#### Aldford, October 5.

This is only going to be a "short story." I wended my way straight out by the bottom road to Chester, congratulating myself that I had not to hurry in order to keep fit. It was one of the most pleasant outings I have had this year. The day was perfect for riding and Aldford is a pretty spot to stay for tea. What more can one have? There was only a fair muster (16). "Uncle" Cook was out, not much the worse for his smash, and both Cohen and Bentley were looking and feeling quite fit after

their record ride, though Bentley was complaining of an appointment with someone who had kept him waiting two hours (or was it days?). After tea everybody gathered round the fire for a gass, and every important subject was discussed and duly settled before the party broke up to go home or elsewhere. A small party went to the latter place, consisting of "Uncle," Murphy, whom we were very pleased to see again amongst us, Cohen and Stephenson. They went, I believe, to Ellesmere, and from all accounts, had a very jolly week-end .

**Warrington, October 12.**

We are often told that members will not go to Warrington, but 10 members and 2 friends from the Manchester district and 18 members from Merseyside sat down to the usual good tea at the Patten Arms, including several whom we do not see as often as we should like. We were all delighted to see the Boss well enough to be with us again, and sincerely hope the improvement in his health will continue. Buckley, L. Oppenheimer, the Doctor, Crow, Webb, Lowcock, Charlie Conway and Grimshaw also registered an attendance—I wonder when all these men last met at a club run. G. Poole turned out on a trike: this is much better than lording it in a car George, but why did you disappear so quietly and so early? We wanted to see you riding. A goodly number toured out via Chester, and Royden unwittingly paced several of them from the lane-ends near Chester to the tea-shop. He noticed he had a bite soon after striking the main road, and blinded the whole eight miles without looking round, discovering for the first time at Frodsham that Edwards, Cook and Co. had been the ones to set him on fire. Cook, by the way, appears to have made a rapid recovery from his fall of a fortnight ago, and it is to be hoped that his anxiety to be riding again without delay will not have an ill effect. With such a satisfactory attendance there was a good gathering round the fire after tea in spite of the departure of the early birds and the call of the Billiard room, and quite a crowd left together for Liverpool—a halt, reminding one of old times, being made at the Unicorn. In conclusion, I think it is only fair to the Manchester men to emphasise the fact that the unusually good muster was due to their turning out in force; let us hope it will continue as the average attendance for the year is as yet a little below last year and might be put right with an effort before December 31.

**S. J. BUCK,**

**Editor.**

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

### FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1912.

1912.		Light up.
Dec. 7.	Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel) .....	4.52 p.m.
.. 9.	—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m. ....	
.. 14.	—Warrington (Patten Arms) .....	4.51 p.m.
.. 21.	—Chester (Talbot) .....	4.52 p.m.
.. 26.	—Boxing Day Run—Knutsford (Lord Eldon), meet Broad Green Abbey Hotel, 10 a.m. ....	4.55 p.m.
.. 28.	—Helsby (RAILWAY HOTEL) .....	4.57 p.m.
1913.		
Jan. 4.	—Hunts Cross .....	
	Full Moon 24th instant.	

#### Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

The BOXING DAY RUN has been fixed to the Lord Eldon, Knutsford; it would be grand to have a record turnout. The MEETING PLACE is, as before, the Broad Green Abbey Hotel, starting from there at 10 a.m. promptly.

The Hotel at HELSBY has been changed to the RAILWAY HOTEL, as the proprietor of the old place insists upon having a guarantee of the numbers before he will cater for us. He has always had more than the number catered for; his action is therefore inexplicable. It is hoped to have a bumper muster to give the new place a good start, particularly as it is very well spoken of—the catering is said to be the best in the North of England.

The Bath Road Club are holding their Annual Dinner on 6th December—Mr. A. G. White has agreed to represent the Club at that function.

Any Members having any matters to bring up at the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to be held early in January (Rule 6), must send particulars to me as soon as possible, but not later than the turn of the year, so that I may enter same upon the Agenda.

At the last Committee Meeting I was authorised to send a weekly note of the Club doings to the "Liverpool Echo"—a short note will, therefore, appear each Saturday, under the heading of "Cycling Notes."

### New Addresses.

F. C. del Strother, per 3, lodg 18, Gazetny, Moscow, Russia; W. E. S. Foster, 45, Torridge Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

### Applications for Membership.

Mr. Herbert Green, Ash Lea, Park Road, Ashton-on-Mersey, proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by F. D. McCann; Mr. Ernest Green, 98, Cheadle Road, Cheadle Hulme, proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by F. D. McCann; Mr. Edward Owen Morris, 56, Sudworth Road, New Brighton, proposed by W. T. Venables and seconded by F. D. McCann.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

### Mems.

In calling attention to Del Strother's change of address, members will be interested to learn that it is just possible Del Strother may pay us a visit some time next year, and in a letter to Cook he warns us that we may find him greatly changed, but however much he may have changed in appearance we know he has not changed in heart and affection for the Club, and we can assure him that he will find no change in the heartiness of our welcome.

Under the heading of "Social Events" (Manchester District) in the current C. T. C. Gazette appears the following:—"Lantern Lecture: Mr. C. H. Turnor has kindly consented to describe the recent D. A. Tour through the Wye Valley, with lantern illustrations, at a meeting of members and friends to be held in the Church Hall, Stretford, on Wednesday, December 11th, at 7.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by W. A. Linnell, Esq. Members are cordially invited to attend, bringing with them any unattached cycling friends."

We much regret to have to record the death of G. R. Lichtenberg, which took place at the Mill Road Infirmary at the end of October. He joined the Club in 1894, and always took a keen interest in the Club's affairs, acting for many years as Auditor of the Club's Accounts. While never near the top in the list of attendances, his support of the Club Fixtures was most consistent, with a satisfactory average of about twenty, until his health began to break down.

The occasion of R. J. Mecredy's Silver Weeding has been selected as a fitting opportunity to show the appreciation of his great services to Cycling and Motoring, and Cook was asked to form one of the Committee, with the result that the following 36 members and 3 friends have subscribed to the Fund:—E. A. Bentley, C. J. Conway, T. B. Conway, W. P. Cook, J. O. Cooper, W. E. Cotter, E. Edwards, D. R. Fell, Laurence Fletcher, W. E. S. Foster, A. M. Higham, N. M. Higham, W. C. Humphreys, A. P. James, W. Jones, R. L. L. Knipe, F. H. Koenen, A. H. Maddock, F. D. McCann, G. B. Mercer, G. Milne, L. Oppenheimer, W. R. Oppenheimer, W. M. Owen, H. Poole, H. Pritchard, W. M. Robinson, H. Roskell, R. T. Rudd, M. O. Sarson, J. D. Siddeley, A. Slater, W. R. Toft, C. H. Turnor, W. T. Venables, E. Webb, J. H. Williams, E. G. Worth, C. H. Woodroffe. One part of the Presentation is to consist of an illuminated address in an Album containing facsimile signatures of all the subscribers, with suitable illustrations, and our members will be interested to hear that their signatures will be accompanied by reproductions of the Club's monogram and button badges, together with a photo of St. George's Hall.

The following are a few words and phrases which may, or may not, be familiar to the members of the A. B. C. :—

**A JIGGER.**—A jigger is a two wheeled vehicle propelled by human energy, and generally painted black. **A CROCK.**—Same as above, but may be four or twenty years old, and in varying stages of decay. Carpenter has a roadster, . . . but that's another story. **SPEED-IRON.**—According to the makers' catalogues is a species of bicycle usually listed at £3 19/9; is invariably fitted with a free wheel and a coaster hub. **GRID.**—Is an old tandem, not on any account to be confused with **THE** old tandem, the Dreadnought, the property of F. H., alias The Master, alias Dr. Koenen, the alleged motor cyclist. **TRIPE-LET.**—The erstwhile property of a Limited Liability Company, whose affairs are now in the hands of an Official Receiver. **THE T.T.,** or Tandem Trike; no connection with motor cycle T. T.'s or semi-T. T.'s; should really be called a T. E. (tyre-eater). **RATTLER.**—A much scorned but very useful means of reaching club-runs. **STINK-PROPELLED VEHICLE** (Abbrev. "STINKER").—Runs on two or four wheels at, mostly, dangerous speeds, and at a cost of 1/6 per gallon, plus tyres, which are always a source of worry, but may be had cheap if you know how (or Will Cook). **KNOCK.**—An awful, indescribable feeling; in fact sheer in-ability to push the pedals down as fast as they come up. **HUNGRY KNOCK.**—As above, but with the horrible addition of an aching void in the region of the belt-plate, and the sure and certain knowledge that you'll be sick if you eat anything. **THIRSTY KNOCK.**—Can be obtained by, but need have nothing to do with, cycling. **PIPPED, &c.**—To be Pipped, Whacked, Baked, Done in, Beaten to the wide-o, Nacquered, Dropped, Angled for and dropped again are all, or should be taken as, cheerful forms of sport. **A BITE.**—Is either a person who comes past with a rush, and eventually indulges in one of the above "Cheerful forms," or having been passed, nips in behind, and refuses to be dislodged at any cost. **A CLUB-RUN.**—Usually consists of most of the members of the Committee, plus a small percentage of other members. **A REAR-LIGHT.**—In Spain they shake red rags at bulls to make them savage, thus in the same way, if you dangle a rear-light in front of Will Cook, . . . O, 'ek!!!! **RAGS & TIMBER.**—The former are the cause of more bad language and misery than any other evil invention known to man, while the latter are everlastingly going out of shape. You can get them both for nothing, **ONLY** look out for trouble and the "Anti-advertising clause." **EVENS.**—We generally speak of 20 m.p.h. as evens or even time; but 5 m.p.h. is also evens, and a lot easier too. **A PIMPUELLE.**—Birdlip. An "ALL-NIGHT."—A wearisome performance usually done in June, but very pleasant to think about after it's over.

## **RUNS.**

**Pulford and Llangollen, 19th-20th October.**

Once again the "Autimnal Tunts Tour" has come and gone, and the latest of the series must be written down as being quite as great a success as any of its forerunners, for was there not a muster of —, but I must start at the beginning. The Circular said "Tea at Pulford, and week-end to Llangollen." At Pulford there were Cotter, James, Johnny Band, Worth, Bentley, Toft, Stephenson, Cohen, Owen, Koenen, The Mullah, Jack Seed, The Secretary Man, Cook and Fred Lowcock—a total of fifteen. The Master arrived somewhat late, and was immediately taxed with having "sold his birthright for a mess of petrol," for rumour has it that he went to Hawkstone on a recent week-end on a **MOTOR-CYCLE!** If "rumour is a lying jade," so much the better, but if the rumour is true I can only say "Shame F.H.!" and hope that you will soon get tired of it. The feeding was, as it always is here, excellent—if anything, it was better than usual. In addition to the members heretofore enumerated there had been several others who had called for "checks." Sunter, with Williams and Cooper, had been in about a quarter before six, but they did not stop for tea, preferring to "push on"—strange how the motorist shuns the dark! Shortly after seven o'clock "stinkalites" were much in evidence. Cook barged off before the rest of the week-enders were ready, possibly to avoid

being seen on a weird monstrosity of a bicycle—a really “complete” one—staircase to the belfry, hot and cold water laid on, etc., etc., all complete, except for a rearlight! The explanation was that he had broken the cable of the brake of the trike—which, by the way, is now quite well again, thank you—it has had new “tubes” put in, *solid* ones, and he had left it for repairs at Rossett. The Llangollen candidates were The Skipper and Sub ditto on a tandem, Lowcock and The Mullah also on a twicer, Cohen, Uncle, Jack Seed, F. H., Billy Owen and McCann—Cook being picked up at Rossett. Near “Castle Rowatt” we passed Rowatt at the roadside waiting to see the crowd go by, and to speed them on their way. Nothing of any moment occurring, we called at Ruabon, and by so doing missed some very heavy rain. The stretch of road between the town and the fork over the railway bridge was treacherous and some wild gyrations took place. On arrival at Llangollen we found Charlie Conway awaiting us, he having ridden down earlier—he got a check at Pulford en route. Buck and Venables and a friend were also here, and the Doctor and Marchanton and four friends came in shortly after. Sunter, Williams and Oliver Cooper followed, making the party up to twenty members and five friends. Full justice having been done to a splendid supper, a merry evening in the tank ensued. It was noticeable that the cycling portion of the party kept quite distinct from the motoring section, leading later on to division into “The House of Commons—Labour Party” and the “House of Lords.” A Mr. Speaker having been elected for each House, some excruciatingly funny speeches were made, occasion being provided for some good-natured sarcasm by the “crossing of the Floor” of James—(or Jim, I don’t know his full name, none of the “Labour Party” did, and so James it remained for the rest of the Tour)—the “Thirstwhile” Cyclist, and now a passenger in one of the cars. Sunter also allied himself to the “Labour” party, and the “House of Lords” eventually passed a resolution of admiration for that Party, and on Division, a victory for the pedal-pushers resulted. About 1.30 the session came to a close—it will be looked back upon by me, and I know by many others, as one of the best it has been my good fortune to be present at. In the morning the back tyre of the Skipper’s tandem was found to be flat, and on tackling it a fine crop of pimples was disclosed. Lowcock attacked it, but was not successful in making a permanent repair, Toft having ultimately to invest in a new tube. The party for the Horseshoe was only a small one, made up of Cook, Seed and Mac. The latter made a determined attempt to conquer the gradient, and got right up to the cottage at the last bend, where a strong gust of wind off the mountain side, when only a yard or two remained, made him “give it best.” The rest of the party went up the Old Road. Turnor, Lowcock, Cook, Seed, Cohen, and McCann made the extension to Llandegla, where the password was found to be “Amber,” or as a variation “Amber-Bright”—the latest line in lubricants. As the cyclists were leaving the inn two cars arrived—Sunter and Co. having gone off to the south’ard. Heavy rain was now experienced, and the beauties of the Nant-y-Garth were somewhat neglected by reason of having to ’ware grease all the way down. Bentley arrived at Llandegla about a quarter of an hour after the rear-guard had left, but fell in with Toft and others before Ruthin. He reported a grafty, and draughty, ride from home. An excellent line in lunches was set before us at the Castle, after which all were reluctant to “get on with it.” About three a start was made, and as soon as the climb was reached the rain came down in earnest, not to stop till after seven at night. The Lowcock-Mullah tandem pacing Cook soon got away from the rest and made a non-stop run to Chester. The others made a call at Mold, and here the Skipper tandem with Owen and Cohen made direct for home, leaving Seed and McCann to go on for Chester. Seven members carried out the full Tour, meeting for tea at the Talbot, viz., Cook, Lowcock, Turnor, Koenen, Bentley, McCann and Seed. The Liverpool portion of the party left Chester about seven-thirty (the Mancunians having already gone) and had no rain for the remainder of the trip. And so ended a well supported and most delightful outing.



**Newburgh, 26th October.**

The less said about this run the better. The weather was as bad as it could well be—it blew and it rained, and it rained and it blew, and not only from one direction, but it continually “boxed the compass.” Nine was the sum total out, and there was a run on stockings at the pot shop in the village, and on dry garments of all descriptions at the Red Lion itself. Those present were Edwards, Cody, McCann, Bentley, Worth, Turnor, Cohen, Cook and Jack Seed. Turnor had ridden “all on his lonesome” right away from Cheadle Heath, and returned the same way, tho’ he had company for the first ten miles or so of the return journey. Bentley was out, by train to Ormskirk, and was by far the wettest of the crowd. The ride home was much easier than the outward journey, and by the time Knowsley was reached fine weather had succeeded the wet. From information received later, I learn that Toft had repeated tyre troubles, first with one and then the other going off! He arrived at Ormskirk at 7.15 and then gave up the struggle, as his tyres were down again.

**Hunts Cross, 2nd November.**

The Winter Season was opened in a blaze of glory. Perhaps those who appreciated it most were the small band of the faithful who had plugged through mud and rain to Newburgh the previous Saturday, for only those who defy the elements can get the fullest enjoyment out of the glorious days when they come along. All those who braved Newburgh *cycled* to Hunts Cross. The run really seemed to start on the 5.0 transporter with a muster of 9, for Band, Seed, Cook, Edwards and Mac had met at Frodsham, Tommy Royden had sneaked through Frodsham express to negotiate Rock Savage *quietly*, while The Mullah, Webb and Lowcock were discovered “waiting for the bridge” suspiciously near a pub. The Race track was found to be at last a road within the meaning of the Act, and a great boon. Near Ditton Junction, Cohen and George Poole were overtaken, and the band of 11 duly landed at Hunts Cross without any scrapping. Then others came flocking in until we mustered 32 members and 8 friends to do full justice to the festive board. We were all particularly delighted to see Dave Fell amongst us again, but where were Lowy, Charlie Keizer, Prichard, Cheminais, and many others we look forward to seeing at least at our Socials. This year the Committee, feeling that the engineering of 4 Socials was too much to expect of one man, have asked different members to be responsible for each, and this was Herbert Keizer’s night. To say that he provided us with a treat is to put it very mildly. Talent simply overflowed, and we are greatly indebted to all our friends who so willingly entertained us. Under the chairmanship of George Mercer, Mr. Workman led off with a pianoforte selection, and then followed in quick succession Mr. Thomas with “Jean Upon the Uplands,” Mr. Andrews with “Pale Hands I Love,” Mr. Olsen with a violin solo, Mr. Sutton with “The Mighty Deep,” and Bob Knipe with a clever recitation about “Bill Owen,” with apologies to W. M. After an interval for gargling purposes, we resumed with Mr. Thomas singing “Come Into the Garden Maud” and “I’ll Sing Thee Songs of Araby,” Mr. Sutton “Land of Hope and Glory” (the chorus went very strong), Mr. Olsen with two violin solos, Cecil Blackburn with “Where My Caravan Has Rested” and “Stonecracker Jack,” and finally Mr. Andrews with “The Prologue to Pagliacci” and “Love Could I Only Tell Thee.” It was then time for the 9.7, and before the Second House assembled an unfortunate accident happened to Cecil Blackburn, for going into the yard for a breath of fresh air, the dog went for him, with the result that he took a piece out of Cecil’s trousers. The Second House was excellent. The Gallery was empty, but about 20 sat in the “fat oils” and were vastly entertained by the painful efforts of those who *cannot* sing! Mr. Thomas, who kindly stayed to “acompany,” was frequently “dropped” owing to uncontrollable laughter preventing him “hanging on close enough.” George Poole was nearly disqualified, and Jack Seed has been “reported.” Soon after 10.0 the gathering broke up, and gradually dispersed en route into town, the last fragments being seen wandering about the Landing Stage at 10.45, but even then getting home before many of the 9.7 train party.

**Chester, 9th November.**

Twenty-four members and friends sat down to the usual tea, high tea I should say, judging by the first course, and it was evident that some of us prefer fresh hare. The skipper got uneasy as soon as 6 o'clock struck, and consequently tea was a little earlier than it usually is at Chester. If I remember rightly he himself was late last time we were at the Talbot. Although a little draughty the afternoon was fine, and very few came out direct, but I did not hear of any Llandegla party. The Poole car party travelled through Warrington, as did also Edwards, who sighted Zambuck with a buckled wheel at Frodsham. The editor had back pedalled his chain off entering the Village, but the wheel was fixed up to do duty to Chester, where, however, it was dry-docked during tea. Cook went to Kelsall to meet the Mullah, who brought with him two prospective members, Messrs. Miller and Green, the latter the President of the Manchester D.A. of the C.T.C. Another prospective member, Mr. Morris, whom we have often seen out with Venables on a tandem, was out, this time on a single. As usual there were separate parties by the top and bottom roads home, and beyond an odd shower, there was nothing of any note to record.

**Halewood, 16th November.**

Winter has arrived—the Mullah had his spats on! Many of us were no doubt disappointed with the Weather Clerk. He gave promise in the morning of a *real* November day, with fog, rain and mud, and then turned out with quite a nice afternoon—mild, fine and no mud to speak of. Most annoying!

There was a fair muster—twenty, I believe; some on bicycles, “Uncle” on his trike, which proves it was fine and dry, and two or three alleged pedestrians with very clean boots. Motorists were conspicuous by their absence.

There was quite a Club run from the Transporter, with Tommy Royden showing us the nearest way, with a Devonshire map I expect.

The fodder was again excellent and seemed to be much appreciated. Cohen had the appearance of having eaten chickens wholesale, judging by the bones in front of him. Dick Seed also seemed fairly happy, and showed that his throat was quite open again.

After tea the usual adjournment was made downstairs and immediately Charlie Conway did it on us. This also seems to be getting the usual thing at Halewood, and was much appreciated too. Venables somewhat disappointed the company by refusing to sing “Jolly Good Fellow” by himself for turning up late, but made up for it handsomely later on. Lizzie Buck also demanded “half-a-crown’s worth, please.”

Many amusing yarns were told; of course the Mullah was the main fount of wit, and “dropped” Tommy Royden every time, and incidentally missed the Transporter about four times, while Dick Seed absolutely declined to be drawn into a “scrap.”

The Mullah and Cohen finally *did* decide to go, and I believe they caught the 8.50 Transporter, which was not bad, seeing that at tea they had expressed their determination to catch the 7.50. From this it will be more apparent to you than from anything I can say that we were a “Very Jolly Party.”

**S. J. BUCK,**

Editor.