

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIX.

No. 215.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1924.

		Light up at
Jan.	5. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-6 p.m.
..	10. Special General Meeting, 7 p.m., Washington Hotel, Lime Street, Liverpool.	
..	10. Annual General Meeting to follow.	
..	12. Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	5-15 p.m.
..	14. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	
..	19. Tarporley (Swan)	5-26 p.m.
..	26. Rufford (Fermor Arms)	5-39 p.m.
Feb.	2. Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening	5-56 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

(Tea 5-30 p.m.)

Jan.	5. Bollington (Swan With Two Necks), near Altrincham...	5-6 p.m.
..	12. Knutsford (Red Cow)	5-15 p.m.
..	26. Allostock (Oak Cottage)	5-39 p.m.
Feb.	2. Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-56 p.m.

Full moon 22nd inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 10/6, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Members.—Messrs. J. E. Austin, R. Warwick-Jones, H. Crossley, and R. Hawker, have been elected to Active Membership, the two first-named being Juniors. Mr. A. Skinner has been elected to Honorary Membership.

As announced in the Fixture List, the Committee have decided to run another Musical Evening on the first Saturday in February. The musical arrangements are again in the capable hands of Mr. A. T. Simpson.

The Manchester members purpose holding a Musical Evening at Knutsford (Red Lion Hotel), on the 16th February next, and early notice is desired in order to ensure an excellent programme. Will Mancunians who can do a "turn," please communicate with our Manchester Sub-Captain, in good time.

As announced in the Committee Notes in the October Circular, Mr. P. Williamson has been requested to resign or furnish an explanation of his entering for the East Liverpool Wheelers' "50" in the name of another club, without the consent of the A.B.C. Handicapping Committee. Mr. Williamson has refused to do either, and has even characterised the Committee's request as "impertinent." The Committee have therefore instructed the Secretary to call a Special General Meeting (which will precede the Annual General Meeting) of the members, to consider the matter, under Rule 20.

L. Oppenheimer has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Change of Address.—T. V. Schofield, c/o Mr. F. Owen, "Avondale," Pensam, Abergelle, N.W.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Correspondence.

To Our Editor.

Sir.—The very brilliance of the member who addressed to you the protest published in the last issue causes a blow, struck by him, to leave an open wound. We may not be your keepers, but you are our joint concern. No blow—no pinprick even—should be inflicted on you by any one member, however famous. You Sir, have never failed us yet nor has your azure crayon.

On reading the protest most members will have reopened their November copy to read once again the passage complained of. It was an extract from an article that had appeared in the Manchester Supplement of the C.T.C. Gazette (October), under the heading: Famous Cyclists I Have Met (by The Vagabond), and this particular Famous Cyclist is our protesting member.

Whether the Series of Sketches under this heading is wise or otherwise is no affair of ours, but when the subjects include members of the A.B.C. it is natural that you, as Editor, give us an extract. I have not read the original, but it appears from your extract that it is an appreciation, with such sidelights as are customary between fellow members.

The offending nature of the passage is that the praise, though unstinted, has been qualified by the suggestion that the application

of the great gift of lecturing has been at the expense of another gift: that of writing. This remark was not yours, but that of "The Vagabond." The latter is probably not an Anfielder and no one seems to know his identity.

Curiously enough, the protest sent by the same member to the C.T.C. is much milder in tone, although the original article was addressed to their much wider public. Ours is for private circulation only. The suggestion that the private interests of a member can be jeopardized by stint of praise in our club journal is absurd. The plaint is amazing and places the protesting member on a plane far away from the rest of the membership.

Those who, through excess of modesty, shrink from seeing their names (or pseudonyms) in print, do not join clubs, least of all large clubs with journals. I am not convinced that sheer modesty is the underlying cause of this protest; on the contrary it appears "clear as summer's lightning flare" that our friend has risen above accepting qualified praise.

Such protests may be customary in the art columns of great newspapers, but they are new to the Anfield Rag; and in that sense this controversy is a compliment to your organ.

What yet remains unexplained is: How can a man so addicted to the limelight use and repeat the term "obscure" as one of reproach in speaking of others? To be sure, there is not room for us all "under the lantern."

From whatever angle we view the protest, you, Sir, stand firmly vindicated.

"Eighty-nine and fifty."

[This correspondence, which in our view should never have been opened, is now closed.—Ed.]

A Pro-Cycling Burgomaster.

Anyone familiar with the congestion of traffic in the narrow streets of Amsterdam, and the part played there by bicycle riders, will enjoy the following:—

At a recent Council Meeting, Mr. Councillor Guilder (a name that suggests an early family connection with a bazaar of the Woolworth pattern), proposed to forbid the passage of all cyclists for the whole of the inner city. The Lord Mayor, in reply, gave it as his opinion that it is chiefly pedestrians who hamper the police by not observing their directions, which are equally incumbent on pedestrians as on vehicles, and that the bicycle has become an acknowledged mode of conveyance of so great importance that its prohibition is out of all question. He added that it would be just as reasonable entirely to exclude pedestrians, for that would at least be a radical solution.

(Lord Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester, etc., etc., please note!).

ITEMS.

A contributor to "Cycling" writes: "But few people ride tricycles now. I would suggest that tricycle design be radically altered. Let it no longer be called a 'tricycle' but a 'runabout' or some such name. Further, let the driving wheel be situated at the *back*, the steering arrangement being identical with that on the

motor runabout so well known on the road." Perhaps "runabout" would be better than "bassinette," but we should like to have the views of Teddy Edwards and Schofield before we commit ourselves.

A correspondent writing to Wayfarer writes: "As perhaps you know, cycling is a lost art in Bristol." What have Mawr and Frank Roskell to say? We expect they will rise in their wrath and strike this correspondent hip and thigh!

The latest member of the Koenen Exploration Syndicate is Buckley, who amply fills the Caboodle and is well looked after. Asked whether he were Jack or Jill, Buckley modestly replied that he thought Pint or Quart would be more appropriate!

A member of the C.T.C. has made the brilliant suggestion that cyclists should make themselves more conspicuous at night by wearing a Reflex device on their ankles a la wristlet watch! "Twinkle twinkle little star, Oh I wonder what you are" would be the motorist's anthem! But it is a fine idea and would enable the rear-light agitation to be settled in the only logical fashion, for *everyone* out after dark could be compelled to wear the Anklet Reflex and thus "all road users" would be indicating their presence on the highway. It would not matter whether you were cycling or walking or pushing a pram, you would be quite safe!

According to the American paper "Life," "the only difference between a secretary and a private secretary is that one knows more and tells less." We wonder if this applies to the unpaid variety?

The discussion about unrideable hills still rages, and the latest participant is The Maggot (W. E. Taylor), who declares that Todd Brook hill is not unrideable, because he has ridden *down* it. Such is the force of a bad example! At the same time we admire Taylor's expertness which we would not try to emulate, even with a Hair Oil Special as a prize!

We have often wondered why so many of the members have a penchant for week-ending at Wem. The mystery is now solved by a writer named Louis Golding, who contributes an article to the new publication "The Bermondsey Book," entitled "The Last Refuge of England," in which he bursts into poetry as follows:—

In Wem, in Shropshire, are lapwings' wings,
And misty castles and rootless hills,
And there is balm for all your ills
In Wem, in Shropshire, when blackbird sings,
Time is most very still in Wem,
The men and women are old and sage;
The little children do not age,
There is a spell cast over them.

"It seems to be a necessary qualification for a club president to be able to write and sing a good topical song"—"Irish Cyclist." Good heavens! we hope not. Just try and imagine the O.G. attempting either.

The Presider won the 34th prize in the N.C.U. Xmas Ballot and what do you think it proved to be? Why, a bottle of *whisky*. This incident will now doubtless take the place of the "joke" about Jay Bee's bottle, which was rather worked to death a few years ago.

We are sorry to learn that Creed is laid up as the result of an "accident" near Gayton recently. We have no clear account of what happened—only very second-hand information—but we hope he will soon be a wheel again.

We are asked to deny the rumour that Knipe and "My Private Secretary (unpaid)" are investing in Roadboats. As rowing men, it should appeal to them, and it would be a sight for sore eyes to see them docking at Club Runs.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. F. Percy Low, the Great Panjandrum of the N.C.U., at the World's Rowing Championship event, will be sorry to hear he has recently suffered a sad bereavement in the death of his daughter. The Club's sympathies have been suitably conveyed and acknowledged.

The less frequent visits of Grandad to Llanarmon O.L. during 1923 have convinced the Lord Mayor and the Elder Brethren of that place that the Old Gentleman is now feeling the draught and that he really is not the man he was. We gladly place our columns at the disposal of Cook, in the hope that he will overcome his extreme reluctance in the matter of writing letters to the press, and dispose of this mischievous opinion. We understand that the Old Gent. can produce irrefutable evidence to the effect that he is not, and never has been, the man he was.

We hear on the highest authority that Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, has been temporarily placed on the list of unrideable hills. We also understand that a Special Commission, consisting of "Swearfairer" and "my Private Secretary (unpaid)" have definitely confirmed the classification of Pandy Hill, in the Glyn Valley, as unrideable.

In Lighter Vein: "Koozer" and His Kith.

We read in the miscellany column of the staid "Manchester Guardian" that 90 per cent. of Ladies' Silk Stockings are purchased by males.

Little as we see of Charlie Keizer nowadays, it is evident that "he and his kith" are still a force in the land. As Harry Buck was ever foremost among this Kith, it goes a long way to rebut certain derogatory remarks from Welshpool recently levelled at the latter.

The Lion "Rampant" Once More.

The Lion at Leintwardine first gained repute early this century by a visit from the Anfield on their Coronation Tour. During the war it went through a period of hollow emptiness when we knocked in vain at its doors (while we were out with T. W. John), and it did not reopen until 1921, and that in very half hearted fashion.

Signs of recovery were observed this last summer when our Editor paid it a surprise visit, he having there summoned that trio of explorers, Chem, Lake and F.H., to investigate the Roman origin of the place.

Bucked up by this attention, the Lion has now become a hostelry of select standing, ruled over by an ex-Field Officer who encourages piscatorial treatment of the adjacent Teme. Bikley, who is an

authority on bait and can tell at a glance a maggot from a mayfly, has been there and bestowed an approving eye on the placid trout-stream.

Moreover, he has discovered a shortcut from Brimfield to Leintwardine over the alluring Goggyn Pass on Orleton Common. As an alternative route he recommends Kill Horse Lane. Orleton Common is a most romantic bit of country: at one end rises Caradoc's Croft Ambrey, and at the other lurks Fitzscrob's "amazing" (Hare and Cook) Richards Castle.

The Old Timers: Asseyant and Gardant.

Presider Cook is still climbing "up the ladder steady" since, in visiting the Old Timers' Dinner he found himself cast for one of the eight Vice Chairs in the capacity of a Wing Commander.

Besides the Anfielders Beardwood and Koenen, our end of the wing was occupied by Oscar Taylor, of Manchester, and by the North Roaders Bidlake, van Hooydonk and John Owen. But in addition, this wing sheltered, and has done so for many years, the two old Manchester Cyclists, Will Kershaw and Will Knott; the former an old captain of the Manchester B.C. and the latter an old secretary of the Manchester Wheelers.

Kershaw was F.H.'s first tandem partner in his pre-Anfield days, when the pair rode a tandem tricycle of the old Humber pattern. Knott's friendship with F.H. dates from the middle nineties, when our member assisted Knott in winning one of the Wheelers' 10 Miles Paced Novices Path Races. In support of one of F.H.'s (many) theories, the old hand on a single took Knott on his backwheel from start to victory. Their friendship was further secured by Knott keeping F.H. in hand straps ever after. Thanks to "suffering from that well spent youth," to quote Dr. Turner in his great speech, both strangers looked as hard as nails.

Ship Ahoy!

Stirring news reaches Anfielders on the eve of the New Year. Just as we thought that another year had elapsed without anything to challenge the supremacy of the rotary crank and pedal, the message is bruited that the new roadboat has come to change all that. Cook may scoff, but Knipe will gloat, for before the latter raised the dust of the highway, he caused ripples on the water by the power of his armstroke. This he tried to apply to cycling through the medium of the Bricknell gear, but to little purpose. Can Bob come again and this time in the Roadboat? But there are others: members of brawn and muscle who have grown a little stiff under the kneecap and to whom the constant pumping is now somewhat irksome (we are not Pagans all, that wear the hose and kneebreech), who may find salvation in the long pull and the strong pull. I look to men like Hubert to prove my words.

The frame of the Roadboat is a light tricycle with the steering wheel well away in front of the driving wheels. The owner-driver sits between the wheels very low down, rowing the caboodle along by the aid of levers. The levers work short (not endless) chains that run over ratchet free wheels on the driving wheels, and come back automatically by the aid of springs (a system that for pedal work was applied successfully in a lever driven safety in the nineties). There is

a simple change-of-gear device. In a single outfit the driver faces the way he is going, but the foremost aim and purpose is to convey a passenger as cox, who steers by a steering wheel and faces forward, while the driver in that case faces backwards, as in a boat. The two are thus vis-a-vis, and as it is essentially a machine to take one's best girl or favourite wife out, the cox's dead, but not dull weight will thus be compensated for in other ways. The cox sits well behind the back axle, taking weight off the frontwheel. Besides aiming at the amenities of making the sexes meet, infinite possibilities present themselves for club purposes. Larger models are suggested, accommodating two or three rowers, who between them can make light work of the cox's weight. The Easter Tour to Bettws with a man of limited stature, like J.J., as cox and steward (for the boat offers quite as good storeroom as Lake's dicky seat), and some hefty men at the thirst raising oarlevers, sounds alluring. If, in addition to the qualities for cox and steward, the passenger can also act as bosun and sing the chanties while the men heave at the levers, the whole thing will rock as well as reek of jolly seamanship. And then for a noggin of rum! In that case the plumber is the man for the job. (Chem's too heavy). It seems to be a condition of affairs that the outer shape shall be enclosed as in a boat, and ample accommodation for luggage and victuals is thus assured. Kegs are kept aft.

All this revives recollections of the old Anfield triplets, that of the Charlie Keizer days, and that other and even faster one commanded by Captain Frank. How would Harry Buck take to the Roadboat I wonder? Rucksacks might drape the gunwales.

The point claimed by the inventor, Major Hoare, is that in the rowing attitude more power can be exerted, and there is some truth in this. Except in trailers, no one attempts to propel an idle passenger (however dear) by pedal action, and even in trailers it is only done by a Carpenter. We recall that the reverse was attempted in trying to apply pedal action to the watersport, and the vain efforts of the Charlie Lucas team in the Mersey Estuary are not forgotten. On the water the arms proved mightier than the legs.

We seem to remember a road sculler built for a famous oarsman, but not what happened. Let us forget about that, in order to preserve the highest pitch of enthusiasm for the new idea.

TO THE BOATS!—Riders All.

The Bath Road Dinner. 7th December. Holborn Restaurant.

Climbing the marble stairs, and wandering through the pillared halls of the Holborn Restaurant, I was suddenly confronted with familiar faces of cheery fellows; a delightful contrast to the dampness outside, through which I had been mud-slinging in the afternoon.

The occasion was the Barfrovers' 38th Annual Dinner, and though a host in themselves, they had invited members of other leading road-clubs to help them pack away the host of good things provided, both gastronomic and auricular—thus I was your privileged representative. Stancer, of the Century, and C.T.C., whose members he reminded us had won the B.R. Tourist's 12 hours; Ellis and Pearce of the Fulham Wheelers; Sanford, and Sweeney, Highgate C.C.; C. Jay Cole, Secretary of the North Road C.C., supported by President "Biddy," and Captain "Jimmy" Inwood; L. W. A. Ewing, Secretary, Polytechnic C.C.; Bob Wilson, a Unity veteran; Newman Godward, of the West London C.A., and B. W. West, of

"Cycling," were some of those who caught my eye, whilst Percy Beardwood and Pa White, of "ours," kept me in good company.

Under the expert chairmanship of J. B. Barnes ("Barney"), decorated with his O.B.E., ably assisted by J. D. Daymond, R. U. Trevor, and S. Vanheems in the Vice-Chairs, the proceedings went with a lively swing. The Roll of Honour, suitably draped with the B.R. colours, occupied a prominent position, and The Silent Toast, to those members who "went West" in the Great War, was feelingly proposed by the Chairman, all standing.

R. C. Nesbitt, M.P., an old B.R. record-holder, of the Bath and back, and the Brighton and back, on the "ordinary," whose records will probably stand for all time, fresh from his victory at Chislehurst, in proposing the Club's health, amused us with election stories. His lady friend's advice to place only ONE of those magic marks with which they usually conclude their letters, against HIS name, on the ballot paper, and to give him the others in person afterwards, evoking loud laughter. Amongst the quaint toasts hurled across the room, were "The Owls," and "Those who have not paid their subscriptions," by our Percy (who is also B.R. Treasurer), the latter failing to draw the backsliders into the limelight.

Over 30 members took useful or interesting souvenirs of their season's prowess awheel, whilst W. Hinds and C. Smith, L. M. Lamouroux and H. M. Green received record badges for their tandem trips, and S. G. R. Hunter, Warren C.C., the Bath Road Cup for his fastest in the Open 100, amidst great enthusiasm.

Musical items enlivened the proceedings, and Auld Lang Syne far too soon brought the jovial evening—the success of which was eloquent testimony to the hardworking Secretary, A. Whinnett—to a conclusion.

EVER BRIGHT.

RUNS.

Halewood, Musical Evening, December 1st.

There was what I should imagine to be a record crowd at this fixture, there being, including visitors, nearly 60 out. For the first time in my recollection we had as the *pièce de résistance* a hot pot, and in keeping with the traditions of the house, a real old-fashioned one. After the first by no means anæmic helping, served with delicious red cabbage, all fresh and blooming, most of the populace cried for more, and this was easily forthcoming—in fact I believe the residue after these fierce onslaughts by our gourmets would have been sufficient to feed a young battalion.

We had a goodly array of talent, and the ball was opened by two friends of Knipe, Messrs. King and Lunt, the latter ably assisting the former by playing the accompaniments—evidently a labour of love. Mr. King is an original performer—in fact I do not remember seeing anybody quite like him before. He took the precaution to distribute printed handbooks of his choruses among the congregation, so that none could have any excuse for not exercising the vocal chords, and then swept us along with him in tornadic gusts of melody; first one section would be whipped into a vocal frenzy, then the other goaded, cajoled, exhorted, and threatened into a state bordering on madness, to conclude with the whole of the choir in one triumphant blend. Nor was this the extent of his versatility,

as in a nautical scene he caused cyclones of hilarious ozone to sweep through the chamber, and literally made the tables, chairs (and incidentally the occupants thereof) rock tumultuously, while his rendition of the "Roast Beef of Old England"—during which his facial expressions would have been worth a modest fortune to the celebrated caricaturist Bateman had he been there to note them—showed a broad sense of burlesque as welcome as it was unexpected. Then we had our old friend Mr. J. Andrews ("our Joe") who, owing to having missed his train, almost lost his passage altogether, and might have been wandering around Woolton yet but for the kind offices of some good Samaritans in a car who saw him safely delivered unto us to our great joy, just in the nick of time. Joe has earned our gratitude and delighted us so often that it will suffice to say he was in his usual excellent voice, and as Hubert would say "tout was bon" and all was well. We had another visitor in Mr. P. C. Proudman (brother to Mr. Arthur Proudman—both friends of the Presider) who gave us a most enjoyable and original version of "The Village Blacksmith," and also sang "The Mountains of Mourne," both efforts being greatly appreciated. Frank Wood further enlightened us on the private and bucolic views entertained by Boswell towards his friend the great Johnson, and in addition recited and told us tales in various dialects as only he can. George Newall—a bulwark at these concerts—once more warbled with melodious sweetness to our great content, while the Kinders (only a brace this time, the youngest, Mr. Kinder, senior, not being able to come), again performed duets on the to-and-from and the piano. G. B. Orrell was persuaded to favour us with a couple of songs which he did to our great acceptance, and the Mullah gave us an original ballad pertaining to rear lights, together with "The Hunky Kid"—an old favourite which is always welcome. A surprise packet was discovered in the shape of our new member, Arthur Skinner, who blushing made his debut at these concerts in a couple of songs, and if his reception counts for anything, I can see him considerably augmenting his repertoire for the future. A hearty vote of thanks to the visitors and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the full choral society concluded a most successful evening.

Knutsford, December 1st.

Ah, City of Perpetual Sunshine! How envious the Liverpool men must have been of the atmosphere we were blessed with on our journey to Cheshire's old time village! About a dozen and a half turned up at the Red Cow, all bearing a tanned appearance—did I say from the brilliant rays?; nay, we were deprived of this most helpful influence on passing out of range of the Corporation illumination—due to the clinging nature of the surplus road surface. Nevertheless, we were made welcome by our hostess, and we sat down to a well-prepared feed (ask Mr. Verdant Green or F. H. whether it wasn't just a little more attractive feed than usual). We were rather short in numbers as the Mullah, W. Orrell, The Twins, and Schofield had gone to Halewood, but we had augmentation in the persons of Randall and Cooper—almost one might say "as usual"—and Perseus and his followers. Bert Green qualified for M.P. for A.B.C. with his interesting views on the coming election. Then the company broke up.

Hooton, December 8th.

At last a Wirral run, overdue in the opinion of several regular weekly attenders, and others not so regular, the writer for instance, who found the outing so satisfactory that he hopes for a repetition ere winter goes.

Wirral lanes provide interesting cycling without getting far afield these short early darkening days, and one is glad to avoid the top or bottom main roads with their mechanical-honk-chattering annoyances.

What jolly Wirral winter meets we used to have in the old days, when "Mother Morris" ruled the roast at Shrewsbury Arms! Catering was then a pride, and attention a pleasure. Think of the rabbit pie (now a lost art) and the haunch of mutton, sufficiently hung, with jelly, etc., accompaniments! Later the jolly old punch bowl appeared, steaming hot, with lemon. Another week we would go to "The Farmers Arms," now submerged in Caravan Town, mushroom bungalows and "Mary Ellens." What gorgeous spreads, and cheerful atmosphere! However, we fared well at Hooton, comfort and plenty keeping us yarning around the cheerful fire for quite a spell, and we were loath to depart when due for home.

Old and young members were well represented in a muster I believe of about 22, but I did not hear if anyone had ridden via Warrington or Transporter. Seemingly this "avoiding town and ferry" route is only traversed when starting from Wirral. One would have expected a larger gathering. Walking for a change used to find favour with many whom we would again gladly greet hoofing it "twixt Mersey and Dee." Our trampers seem to have lost their form or zest for the open road, but we hope to see more of them when next we are favoured with a Wirral fixture so convenient for Anfielders on either side of the "Mersey" as Hooton.

Bollington, December 8th.

After a week in which King Winter blossomed forth in manifold proportions, it was generally conceded that the weekend held forth abundant prospects of materializing into something approaching a hostile force, which would tend to defeat the weaklings of the pastime, but contrary to the prevailing climatic conditions, as invariably happens, Rude Boreas was in a happy mood, Saturday afternoon being surprisingly mild, and a goodly number of us wended our ways to the above hostelry.

In the 24 arrivals were included a quartette of Liverpudlians, including the old gent, which lent an added distinction to the occasion.

After being reupholstered internally, Mullah started the ball rolling with a series of stories, rendered in his own inimitable way, and the opposition, comprised of a trio of young bloods, retaliated with telling effect.

One noticed the absence of a familiar figure, but that is perhaps accounted for by the adventure with the lady in beads, at the Halewood run, and shortly we shall, in addition to J. Band's "affair" with Jane Doe, be recording a further announcement, all of which points to the demoralizing characters of some of our members.

An early departure was Turvey, bound for distant Birkenhead, his afternoon's little jaunt amounting to a mere century or thereabouts.

Some of the party retired downstairs to indulge in their usual elbow exercise, paving the way for a select group to encircle around the fireplace. A heated discussion ensued, animated by Schofield's denouncement of our "50" course, which he characterized as being more in the nature of a hill climb, so who can wonder why "evens" cannot be so easily beaten.

We eventually left, after enjoying a delightful time, inspired by the environments of the departed sanctuary; and wended our ways under the charms of a glorious evening, to our various domiciles, with a feeling of perfect peace.

Tarporley, December 15th.

To those of us who had not attended a club run for a time, the conditions for this fixture proved most enjoyable—no doubt, even the satiated "regulars" found some measure of appreciation left for the spring-like weather prevailing.

Including Billy Cook, and the late arrivals, Bibby and J. E. Austin, some 35 members turned up. Yes! the Old Gent was there all right; he fairly confounded the scoffers this time by presenting himself in person, so there can be no question as to the validity of his run. Presumably, he has decided that the "broken crank" stunt as a method of obtaining runs is about played out.

Geoff Hawkes, L. W. Walters, and Jimmy Reade had dug themselves out again—the latter convalescent from a cold after undergoing the novel treatment for same in the invigorating atmosphere of a well-known billiard saloon at Ormes (Head). Teddy Edwards, intent on getting back to schedule, and urged along at a furious pace by Zam Buk, dashed breathlessly up to the Swan at FIVE o'clock, endeavouring to average things up somewhat by recovering the hour he had lost at Hooton on the previous Saturday, where he arrived at SEVEN o'clock. Bravo Teddy!

On the outward journey, most of the Wirral members had the pleasure of meeting Diapason and Hefty—per tandem—returning from the Whitchurch direction, on their way probably to an alternative (philharmonic) run.

We were all much interested in Secretary Austin's excellent chart of the individual attendances, which showed us at a glance how often we had missed parade; and, incidentally, no doubt spurred some of us, whose record was rather intermittent to hope for an unbroken sequence in the coming year.

Tarporley being an excellent jumping-off ground for week-enders, this time produced three parties—W. Orrell and Cook making for Newport; Reade and A. Davies for Grindley Brook, while Geo. Newall chose Whitchurch. This latter selection, however, was hardly premeditated, and not quite according to plan, as Wilf and Grandad had originally arranged to escort George down and see him safely tucked away at Newport. They deserted their charge, however, in favour of some local "tip it" championship (which they had previously entered secretly) at a house of call (situation not disclosed) on the road beyond Whitchurch. Here, they pretended, they were

"waiting for George to catch them up." *But now we know differently*, and have solved the question of the numerous trousers buttons we have noticed amongst Grandpa's loose change lately. *He's been practising!* Let us hope they were both knocked out in the first round. Meanwhile, Geo. Newall, having been forsaken by his guides, had perforce to turn in at Whitechurch for the night.

But we are forgetting our Kaptain Kettle. On the homeward journey he was overtaken by one of Billy Cook's aristocratic motor-ing friends—in a side-car outfit—who hailed him with a cheery "Good night Mr. Cook." Such is fame! Poor Harold, the shock occasioned proved so overwhelming that he had to spend the whole of the following day at home to recuperate.

Northop, December 22nd.

It is extraordinary that this delightful run always seems to strike a snag. Northop is quite a short and easy ride, only three miles further than Chester and two miles shorter than Pullford, and yet Queens Ferry Bridge appears to be a Pons Asinorum! The owner of the copyright of the phrase "Glorious Weather," who was expected to join the Xmas touring party, wrote to say: "Please do not expect me at Northope, as I fear the weather is not sufficiently propitious for strenuous exertion," which quaint spelling rather reminded us of the cycling journalist who will persist in putting an "e" in Bridgnorth! Of course strenuous exertion was no part of the tourists' plans, and the weather was ideal for their purposes. But to return to our muttons—It was in a sense Xmas Eve, and the calls of business and the Flesh Pots of Egypt may have seduced some folk, while the Toscin had been sounded for a Rally of the Faithful at Chirk. Anyway there were only a dozen to sit down to the excellent meal when 6 o'clock struck, and both Horrocks and Austin looked rather blue at the prospect of having to mollify the management. These ten other "heroes" were Chandler, J. C. Band, Cook, Davis, George Newall, Geoff Hawkes, Egar, Randall, Cooper and Dickman, but fortunately at intervals W. Orreil, Kettle, Edwards (via Llandegla) and Gibson rolled in, so the total muster was sixteen, and we made up in jollity what we lacked in numbers. After tea the five tourists set off for Abergele to spend Xmas in the ideal way on the Open Road, and the rest of us returned to England under perfect conditions of a fine moonlight night—so enjoyable that Egar and Gibson spent the evening playing with a lamp on the roadside, and did not reach home until the early morning hours! That the day was excellent for cycling is shown by the fact that George Newall was so invigorated that on his arrival at Higher Trammere he proceeded to take part in an Xmas Billiard Handicap and won a turkey! He is now busily engaged in writing a pamphlet entitled "see what cycling has done for me."

Siddington, December 22nd.

It was over twelve months since we patronised Sam's establishment, but this visit showed that his good wife's catering abilities are still unexcelled. No doubt the absence of a "tank" is the cause of such a few runs being held there. The "Siddington Wheelers" run clashed with ours, but in spite of this no inconvenience was entailed. We were much amused at Mrs. Wood's "Wait and See" teapot. It was really uncanny. A first attempt at pouring out the tea only resulted in hot water good and clear, but after leaving it alone for

about a quarter-of-an-hour it began to function in the usual way. "Betty," as usual, came in for a share of humorous comment, and this person is still enjoying a mysterious existence. After a period of conversation, an attempt was made with the aid of a pianist to get some choruses going, but this was not a success. A general move was then made, but only two or three of us really got away, the rest going in again, and from subsequent reports they proceeded to make merry in true Christmas fashion.

Tarporley, December*26th.

Christmas once again! After the freshness of the Spring, the glory of the Summer, and the quiet richness of the Autumn, the season of short days and long nights, of peace on earth and goodwill towards men comes with its ancient message and, indeed, who but the most Scrooge-like of individuals would have it otherwise? Towards the successful completion of any piece of work, a certain amount of training is necessary, and I think it must have been my careful preparation for Christmas that made the President, without any apparent hesitation, jump on me at Tarporley, and commission me to Chronicle that very important fixture, the Boxing Day run. The said preparation consisted of (1) Children's Party. (Ever played "Consequences"? The consequence of this was temporary deafness, and a dust-filled throat which it took much ginger wine to restore to service.) (That's what you get for missing Northop.—Ed.) (2) The selection of cards to remind distant relatives and nearer friends that the object of their long-suffering was still in existence. (3) Participation in a carolling party and a return home at 1 a.m. on Christmas Day with outside pockets bulging with tune-books and money, and inside pockets with coffee and mince-pies. (4) Personal decoration after investigating a box of crackers: the result being a cross between Steve Donoghue and a Highland Laird. (5) Adventures with a piece of mistletoe involving sundry "collisions," but nuff sed:—Now for the day itself. The morning was calm and pleasant, but a certain nip in the air called for the putting on of extra waistcoats. An uneventful journey at exactly 11 m.p.h. brought us to the "Swan" at 1-28, but it's a good job no Aufielders saw us "clumb" the hill into Tarporley. Good feeling was evident and good wishes were rife among the merry party of 39 who did full justice to an excellent and seasonable spread. The President had, we gathered, taken a little exercise around Bettws and Beddgelert the previous week-end just to work off the stiffness occasioned by his mid-week ride. We were sorry to hear from him that Charlie Conway, who had been looking forward to displaying the "Skull and Crossbones" stockings to a gaping universe, had been prevented from attending owing to a bus mishap, and the meeting expressed its sympathy, but if well-known cyclists will go in these contraptions, what can you expect? Manchester and Liverpool seemed to be about equally represented, and while the Sub-Captains juggled with finance, Austin managed to beat up quite a respectable party to call at Halewood for tea. The strenuous ones went via Warrington; the normal people via Widnes. Of the balance, I take it that most made direct for home, thus escaping the rain which came later on. Much suspicious talk was heard as to Freshfield: where was it? and what time was there a good train?; but we have heard these sorts of tales before. We think, however, Johnny Band rather presumed on his frilled button

when he said he would be home in two minutes. I once rode behind him for about 50 yards, but 7 m.p. minute—no, no, that's a bit too much.

Freshfield, December 29th.

It was a dull, foggy afternoon, inclining towards rain, when three gentlemen, complete with excursion tickets, stepped out of the electric train at Freshfield Station. They were keen cyclists, devotees of the pastime, determined to put in for once a good afternoon's exercise, to inhale the pure sea air, intermingled with the scent of the pines and so prepare themselves for their run.

After a welcome befitting these great men—names are uncalled for, a conducted tour of the district commenced, up hill and down dale, through myriads of pine trees and across sandy wastes.

Re-tracing their steps amid many groans and continuing by devious paths, they at length arrived, weary, hungry and thirsty, at "The Grapes." Ushered into its palatial halls they were amazed to find a previous arrival, Edwards to wit, calmly taking afternoon tea.

Half-past five, that magic hour, whose coming brings joy into the hearts of thousands, at last struck, relieving the intense thirst of the true cyclists.

A few minutes later Mac appeared, garbed in the approved fashion, followed by Kettle and Cody, who showed great lack of taste and enthusiasm by riding on "dirty push bikes." Such things ought to be prohibited, especially if you have to carry a map as well. That the Captain had to do so lays bare a great scandal, for ought not he to know every road, lane, track and "pub" within a radius of, say, one hundred miles as an absolute minimum?

Captain Park and George Mercer soon appeared—how jolly to see them! Austin, Knipe, Lucas, Morris, Videlex and Egar were the remaining "push-bikists." Lastly H. Roskell, Skinner and Barton strode in and gave the real cyclists a majority over the others. Briefly, there were ten real cyclists to nine of the other sort.

The event of the evening, the dinner, was of the highest order. We should indeed be fortunate if other "door-step fixtures" were possible and similar. Taken on its all-round merits, we have not come across a better hotel throughout the year, for it can be classed with the "Glan Aber," and that is saying much. Those who could not or would not come missed a great deal. Poor Billy Cook ought to be shedding tears of repentance, for at the table was his empty chair, like that of Banquo's, and likewise he came not; oh! Man-nians, see what you have done!

Little remains to be told, for after dinner we sat around the fire drinking coffee, and, one by one, faded away amid greetings for the Annus Novus, and with that greeting to all I cannot do better than finish.

Mobberley, December 29th.

Apparently the Boxing Day Run prejudicially affects the attendance at the preceding and succeeding fixtures, but as the Siddington Wheelers had not been at Tarporley and came to the Roebuck in goodly numbers, the attendance was the satisfactory one of 20. W. Orrell got out as far as Sandiway to meet Randall, Cooper, Long,

Perkins and Cook, who were "blazing along the Watling Street," as they preferred Moberley to Freshfield, and they brought our muster up to the exact figure ordered for. Schofield was attending his last run (on a trike) prior to his exile at Abergelle, and the others present were Turnor, H. Green, Cranshaw *père et fils*, D. Smith, Taylor, Bolton, Sheppard, Morton, Davies, F. Jones, F. L. Edwards and Reade. The Rawlinson brothers were in the toils of Bank Balancing and this alone prevented J. E. from tying with W. Orrell for the attendance prize with a full record of attendances—on which they are to be heartily congratulated in setting an example for others to emulate. Lord Birkenhead was efficiently deputised for by Brother D. We are extremely sorry to learn that F. A.'s health is so unsatisfactory just now and hope he will soon be restored to full vigour. After an excellent tea, thoroughly enjoyed by all, Reade and Mr. Cranshaw departed to engage in a terrific struggle on the green cloth while the rest of us gathered around the fire, and later on the village band was brought in to entertain us and nearly blew the roof off! Eventually with greetings of "A Happy New Year" we departed to our several destinations, some to week-end at Knutsford, Siddington and Nantwich respectively, but the Abernethy was purloined by Perkins and Long who left the Nantwich week-enders at Lower Peover and followed the long (no pun intended) trail back to Birkenhead, not being "deterred from doing so on considering the distance." And thus ended the Club Fixtures for 1923 with its long toll of glorious hours spent on the Open Road. Selah.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIX.

No. 216.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1924.

		Light up at
Feb.	2. Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening	5-49 p.m.
..	9. Pulford (Grosvenor)	6-1 p.m.
..	11. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	16. Northop (Red Lion).....	6-14 p.m.
..	23. Tarporley (Swan)	6-27 p.m.
Mar.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-39 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

(Tea 5-30 p.m.)

Feb.	2. Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-49 p.m.
..	9. Bollington (Swan With Two Necks), near Altrincham...	6-1 p.m.
..	16. Knutsford (Red Cow). Musical Evening.	6-14 p.m.
Mar.	1. Allostock (Oak Cottage)	6-39 p.m.

Full moon 20th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

As a result of the Special General Meeting held on the 10th January, 1924, Mr. P. Williamson has ceased to be a member of the Club.

The resignations of C. R. Barnard, D. Miller, and W. Jones have been accepted.

Messrs. F. E. Dolamore and A. Newsholme have been transferred to Hon. Membership.

The names of N. F. D. Hallsworth and J. R. Wells have been struck off for non-payment of subscriptions.

The following Junior Members have been transferred to the Active list C. Aldridge, H. Austin, W. E. L. Cooper, J. Gibson, E. W. Harley, W. Henderson, F. Jones, C. Moorby, A. E. Morton, F. Perkins, and H. Warwick-Jones.

Mr. A. T. Simpson has been unanimously re-elected Editor of the Monthly Circular.

The following have been appointed Club Delegates to the R.R.C.: Mr. P. C. Beardwood; the R.R.A.: Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and E. Bright; the N.R.R.A.: Messrs. W. P. Cook, W. H. Kettle, F. A. Smith, C. H. Turnor, and J. E. Rawlinson.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping and Course Committee: Messrs. W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, H. M. Horrocks, W. H. Kettle, F. D. McCann, and J. E. Rawlinson.

The whole method of awarding standard medals has been entirely revised to remove anomalies, and "previous winners barred" will in future also apply to the fifties, while gold medal standards have been suitably stiffened and Prize Rule 1 now calls for a qualification of 20 Club Runs. Racing men are strongly urged to study the new Handbook when it is issued.

The date of the All-Night Ride has been provisionally fixed for Saturday, June 28th, but will probably be altered to June 21st.

Changes of Address.—A Lusty, Royal Works, Brearley Street, Birmingham; T. V. Schofield, c/o Mrs. Turvey, "Morlais," Pensarn, Abergele, N.W.; F. E. Dolamore, 4, Mexborough Drive, Leeds; C. H. Woodroffe, 25, Greengate Street, Stafford.

H. AUSTIN,
General Hon. Secretary.

Racing Programme for 1924.

I wish to draw the attention of all members to the following programme as arranged by the Committee, and hope everyone will book the dates, either to race or assist, as the case may be:— 1st "50," May 3rd; 2nd "50," May 24th; Invitation "100," June 9th; Invitation 24 Hours, July 18-19th; Club 12 Hours, August 16th; 3rd "50," September 6th; this event open to tandems. A 4th "50" may be run if there is sufficient support shown to warrant same.

At a meeting of the Road Racing Council, held a few weeks ago, the following dates for the principal Open Events were agreed upon:— Etna "50," April 21st; North London "50," May 3rd; our Invitation "100," June 9th; Manchester Wheelers "50," June 21st; Anerley 12 Hours, August 16th; Poly "Gayler" Memorial 12 Hours, August 30th; North Road 24 Hours, September 12-13th.

W. H. KETTLE,
Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

Correspondence.

Bristol, January 8, 1924.

To the Editor of the Anfield Circular.

Dear Sir,

I was surprised to read in your paper that cycling is a lost art in Bristol. I think that is quite wrong. Lots of us "bike," but it is a very hilly place and it is so tiring walking up the hills, although going down them you can "freel" at a terrific speed.

Sometimes I go out quite long rides with my chums, and it is such fun! We go right into the country (but, of course, only in summer), and bring back lots of flowers on our handlebars and on Sunday mornings.

I think it is so much jollier to ride together, like I suppose the Anfield Club do, and we get so much fun riding side by side with arms on each other's shoulders. Mawr is awfully good at biking and can ride for miles with his hands off his handlebars, though I think this is rather risky, as his feet might slip off the treadles, and then he would fall, wouldn't he!

Don't you think it was a grand idea of the Government to make all bikists have rearlights? I think it is so much safer with all the motorears at night.

I see from your paper that some of the Anfield Club ride tricycles. Can they keep up with the bicyclists? And surely it must be awkward turning corners when going fast—I mean downhill of course.

But please tell your readers from Mawr and myself that there are lots of push bikes in Bristol, and we are awfully keen on trying these new Roadboats. I think bikes are so dangerous, and liable to sideslip when the roads are wet. Perhaps when I am 20 years older I shall try a tricycle.

Mawr joins me in wishing you all a happy new year.

Yours as ever,

FRANK ROSKELL.

P.S.—Do you think the Rudge-Whitworth is really the best bike in the world?

P.P.S.—There is an awful hill near here called Birdlip. No cyclist has ever ridden it.

Special and A.G.M., January 10th, 1924.

Listen, gentle reader, and it shall be told you (though but imperfectly) what things transpired at these truly important meetings. I always think that A.G.M.'s are typical British meetings, reminiscent of the time when Britannia ruled the waves. (Marcel rules them now). Maison Lyon supplied two of us with a short tea and a long sit down, and the "Echo" was particularly interesting, inasmuch as we learnt that our destination was under the observation of the law. Vision succeeded vision through my (alleged) brain, of Black Marias, sudden raids, Bob Knipe in charge of four policemen vainly protesting "ye ken fu' weel I can no get the Scotch accent out o' my heid," and an interrupted meeting, but these fears proved groundless, for, after viewing the "Scotsmen's Kinema" in Lime Street, we were welcomed into the portals of the Washington. To have the door opened for one is an unusual experience, but to have one's hat and coat removed and numbered was quite embarrassing. I was 95, and I'm rather curious to know who Convict 99 was. In the lodge room, we found about 25 people, whom after some time we recognised as our fellow members, clothed in purple and fine linen. The numbers grew steadily, and I believe about 50 was the grand total. The President took the throne, having over his lofty brow a canopy upon which blazed a crimson star. It could not have been a red lamp, because he was facing us, but Mr. Mullins (with Dickman for accompanist) was just prevented in time from bursting into "O Star of Eve." He has evidently forgotten that Regulation XXX, Page 4, Schedule 95, provides that "Mullah shall not sing to-night" (or any other night, for that matter). The real gem was the beautiful pair of dropped handlebars that surmounted the canopy. If Grandad could get a replica, we think he might beat "evens" on our new hill-climb course. Grandad became restive as the Kew A watch approached 7.5, and at 7.9 commenced the Special Meeting, which had the painful duty of considering P. Williamson's actions, and as

there could be no doubt that he had acted against the Club's interests, he will cease to be a member of the A.B.C. It was a relief to come to the A.G.M. proper, and, the minutes having been taken as read, Secretary Austin gave a very excellent report of the year's work, excluding racing. This was well received, but we would suggest that our Hon. Secretary borrows T. Royden's Halewood Chorus voice next time, or else provides the members with "Acousticons." The concluding paragraph of his report dealt with the grievous fault of attending Club Runs otherwise than by bicycle, and I found myself in complete agreement with him. (The walk on the preceding Saturday to Halewood was delightful). Banks immediately followed in order to press the point about non-cycling attendances, but drove it so far that the meeting did not find itself in sympathy with him, and we consider that to adopt the methods proposed of recording runs would make the remedy worse than the disease. By this time, an atmosphere of business-like friendliness and shag pervaded the assembly, and we were ready to listen to our Hon. Racing Secretary's report. The season, we gathered, had been very successful, though our events were mostly held in weather of the "not quite so good" type. The experience of the early fifties rendered it necessary to tighten up the standards for these events; in addition, the long-distance races were well-patronised, Grimmy doing a very fine "12" and only the unkindness of the weather prevented us providing the "24" winner also. Austin held the season's record with his "50" in 2.32.33, and must be congratulated on an excellent ride. I remember when I did this time (or perhaps I was a few seconds slower) a few years ago, it meant going all out. Toft was inclined to be very critical of our own men's performances and methods of training, and we must hear his views with great respect. The opinion, however, has been voiced that if some of the ex-stars would consort more with our present racing men and give them some practical advice, the times recorded would be much improved. My own view is that if we had fewer races, the sub. could be reduced, but I did not dare to suggest this at the meeting, for the next thing I should have known would have been "sit up, and drink this." Knipe (K silent as in cabbage) followed, and under his guidance the intricacies of finance were laid open, so that children could have understood the balance sheet. (We all understood it). Much time was wasted on an expected account which was not included in the liabilities, and Bert Green's and Zambuk's rival claims to be adepts at statements and figures will be settled on the "pistols for two, coffee for one" principle. The knight of the money bags proved that our principal item was the heavy prize list, and that will right itself, but our financial position is sound, and the PRIZE FUND is still open. Green's two motions as to dual club membership and proposal of new members by active members had the obvious sympathy of the meeting, but provoked lively discussion of the exact wording. E. Edwards did not want us to make a distinction between new and old members, and said he wanted us all to be on the same footing, but surely Teddy forgets we are a cycling club. Lord Horrocks was in great form, and he must have been practising from a soap box, for he spoke lengthily and well, and unburdened his sorrow on the slightest provocation. Among other intimate things, he informed us he was a North man himself, but perhaps he meant from where he was standing, in which case Bootle would seem to be in the running. We think the recent "Slogan" competition in connection with Candy Week must have stimulated our Editor to equal efforts, and when the election of

officers came forward, he was most emphatic that "Cook Must Go." Of course, the result was re-election with acclamation. The retreat of Smith (I've forgotten his initial, but it was not F. E., even if he does get "glittering prizes" after collecting the dough on Saturdays) on the ground of ill-health was agreed to with regret, and Rawlinson (can't remember initials) elected instead. The Committee, of course, provides the real thing in electioneering, and I've sometimes wondered whether it is age, or wealth, or beauty, or experience which decides the issue. We have some members who have these individual qualifications, and a very few with two or more, but the thing I remember most clearly was thinking I heard the "J. Farley" blowing fog signals; when, however, the haze cleared, it was only Johnny Band declining to put up for the Committee. The tours were settled as follows:—Betws at Easter, proposed by Fell in the regretted absence of C. Conway, "100" at Whit, and (perhaps) Co. Wicklow for August. Parry wanted to know if the President would support Home Industries, but Cook, when he recovered his breath, did not consider the suggestion a good one.

The meeting closed with votes of thanks to those who have served the Club so well during the past year, and my only complaint is that I was told to write up the meeting and make it FUNNY. I've done so, but I haven't dared to make it as funny as I could.

[Banks has written us a long letter on the subject of his remarks at the A.G.M., in which he amplifies his reasons for the views expressed and shows that they were not intended to apply to any but virile active riding members who habitually attend some runs by means other than cycling. He regrets, owing to pressure of time at the meeting, that he had to "cut" several explanatory remarks which would have made this perfectly clear.

Our last wish is to have any controversy on this subject, but we think the air ought to be cleared, and, we hope, once for all. There may be something to be said for Banks' views, but at the same time we hold the strong opinion that, in the best interests of the Club, it would have been better if the matter had not been opened. It is impossible to draw a line of demarcation between those whom he, and members who agree with him, think should always attend runs (when they *do* attend them) as cyclists, and those who are entitled to come out by other means. Even if it were possible, it would be inadvisable, to put it mildly. One might as easily suggest that a member who does not support every run, unless he has a sufficient reason, is not a good Anfielder, and it may be pointed out that splits have occurred on this rock before. In the dear old days it was a regular thing to have a dozen or more members at Hunts Cross once a month during the winter who either came out by train or on foot. This is going back a considerable number of years, yet the virility and prestige of the Club not only remain unimpaired, but have been enhanced. Rightly or wrongly we hold the view, and have always held it, that *all* members have a perfect right to please themselves how they attend fixtures, and it is this policy of allowing for the liberty of the subject which has made the Club what it is to-day—one of the strongest sporting and social clubs in the country. Any other policy would inevitably lead to cliqueism, the canker which has wormed its disintegrating way in so many organisations with devastating effect. We suggest now that the matter has been ventilated in a friendly way from both sides that it be permitted to die a natural death. R.I.P.—(Ed.)

Society Gossip.

It is understood that Sir Thomas Royden (Perpetual President of the Rough and Ready C.C.) and Lady Ursula Grosvenor have booked passages on the s.s. "Royal Iris," and will shortly sail for New Brighton.

Mr. W. P. Cook's monumental work on "Protection" is rapidly nearing completion. It is understood that the last four volumes, which will be devoted to "The dangerous position of the pedestrian," will be published immediately after Easter.

Mr. R. Leigh Knipe recently gave a reception to his old Borstal comrades, and discussed with them various questions relating to the secret investment of Club funds in cabbage ranches.

Those well-known explorers, Mr. Cyril Gregg and Mr. Alec Dickman, hope to do a great amount of research work at Llandegla during the coming summer.

Mr. C. H. Turnor, the eminent authority on West Africa, and editor of the world-famous treatise on "Mullahs, mad and otherwise: their habits and pastimes," is shortly taking up cycling in earnest.

Mr. Charles Tierney has disposed of his well-known light tricycle to the War Office authorities, who propose shortly to renew their experiments with tanks and armoured cars.

In a carefully worded manifesto addressed to the Road Records Association, Mr. George Lake and Mr. David Fell state fully the reasons which have induced them not to enter for any road-racing events whatever in 1924.

Owing to the General Election, the production of the new rove, "All the Simpsons," will not be ready until April. The first performance will be given in the Tank Rooms of the well-known Glauber Hydropathic Establishment, Bettws-y-coed.

Mr. E. Edwards has embarked on one of his famous weekends, and is now basking somewhere in the region of Monte Carlo. Unfortunately owing to business, his stay has had to be curtailed, and he will be compelled to return home in a month or so.

ITEMS.

A daily newspaper called "The Times" recently reviewed a new book entitled "The Elements of Vital Statistics," by Sir Arthur Newsholme. Now that Arthur has got this stupendous work off his chest, we trust that he will have time to attend one or two runs.

Newspaper heading: "Life cut short by milk pudding." Grimmy refuses to take any further risks, and (we understand) intends insisting on being fed with Christmas pudding and mince pies in our next "24."

Cook has now ascended to the exalted post of a Vice-President of the Cyclists' Touring Club. We don't know how Grandad manages all these coups, but he evidently has friends at court—in fact, at (or up) various courts. The salary attaching to the new appointment has not yet been revealed, but we are informed that it is at least seven times his remuneration as President of the A.B.C. It is thought that the Old Gent will now soon be liable for super-tax.

We are authorised to announce that Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, has been removed from the list of unrideable hills so far as concerns cyclists proceeding towards the English Bridge.

Newspaper heading: "Cardiff in danger." Too true; we hear that "Swearfairer" is lecturing there this month.

Evil communications corrupt good manners and bad examples in the spelling of place names find imitators, "Bridgenorth" and

"Northope" have now been followed by "Bottys Coed"! And to crown all the last Circular gives us "Pensam!" No doubt these things are sent to try us.

Chandler and Randall have added their names on the Scroll of Fame of those who have ridden up the "unrideable" Pass of Llanberis, and as the feat was accomplished with "competent observers" on Xmas Eve, they are not half chasty about it. Hubert Roskell and Winnie passed them in a car on the "struggle" and were ready with soothing nectar to administer at the top.

"On the whole the Christmas Holidays of 1923 will not be remembered with an immoderate amount of pleasure by the open road habitué"—"Irish Cyclist and Motor Cyclist." This may have been so in Ireland, but in this country we had no complaints to make. The quintette cycle touring in North Wales were highly favoured, and it is rumoured that the quartette who negotiated the Miler Cerrig and Tanat Valley through snow and ice are busily engaged composing "A five days' wonder."

The "accident" to Charlie Conway provides a Text Book Example of what happens when the driver of a motor vehicle does not pull up when there is rain on the wind screen and the driver is blinded by the approach of more powerful lights. No wonder the latest agitation is for the sides of all roads to be treated with luminous paint!

We have received an advance copy of the pamphlet: "Your England and Mine," by Wayfarer, which is in fact the address given to the Birmingham Rotary Club during National Bicycle Week. It is certainly one of the finest literary efforts ever produced by Wayfarer and well worth perusal—indeed it would have been a great pity if it had not received this further publicity with its excellent Foreword by Stancer.

The title of Mark Haslam's new club, the Lancashire Road Club, sounded very familiar, and after refreshing our memory, we recalled a club of the same name nearly a quarter of a century ago. That was also a "mixed" club in a different sense and strangely enough emanated from Bolton! It is doubtful whether the club had any constitutional existence—quite likely it was merely the assumption of a name by a few Bolton laddies—but the moving spirit was a man who had failed to secure admission to the Anfield and who was afterwards connected with a "record," eventually expunged from the R.R.A. books! No doubt the old "club" has been defunct for years, and the present generation of Boltonians have an indisputable right to adopt the grandiose title, but we don't think they would have done so if Haslam had consulted old Anfielders and ascertained its history.

Rumour has it that Kaptain Kettle is the latest to join the Corris-Mowley brigade! Ye gods and little fishes!

The Annual "Stars of the Stage" entertainment for the benefit of the League of Welldoers in which the late George Theakstone was so greatly interested, takes place on Friday, February 22nd, at the Picton Hall. The Presider has tickets for sale and will be delighted to supply them at 3/6 (reserved), 2/4 and 1/3.

Answer to Correspondent.

Mawr.—Awfully sorry not to see you on Boxing Day, as we wanted you to give the lie direct to the statement that cycling is a lost art in Bristol. You could have reached Tarporley by motor bus, dressed as a cyclist!

Reconstruction of the Cycle.

Hard on the heels of the Road-Boat comes the invention of the New Cycle, whereby pedallers hope to hold their own with the Scullers, whose probable progress was clearly defined in the January issue.

It has come only just in time to cancel or correct the specifications for our new machines for this season, or having them converted into the up-to-date and entirely remodelled pattern.

While the Editor is going to press, the Anfield Cycling Heads are placing their fresh orders on the market in secret and by stealth, so as to take us unawares when at Easter in front of the Glan Aber they parade their brand new "Jooms" for our gaze as George Mercer did of old. The machines that are likely to be all the rage before we are much older are built of pressed steel frames.

As regards the appearance of these "irons," I will let the kitten out of its cosy and describe the main features, so as to deaden the shock when you behold them:

The whole frame consists of a single member of very light flat pressed steel running from the head tube (there must be a head tube to accommodate the steering cups) to the bottom bracket, and then continuing bifurcated or forkwise to the back axle. And that's all. The usual front forks endure—at least we hope they will.

Ah! Hab! (you may say): But where do we sit?

Strictly speaking you don't sit. You'll float, and you will be supported in mid-air by the following contrivance: Somewhere midway between fork crown and crank axle along the main member is an attachment or slot, where is anchored (that is the correct term) a two feet long laminated leaf spring pointing in the direction where the saddle is usually to be found, and to this the saddle is fastened. Saddle adjustment is obtained by sliding the anchorage up and down the aforementioned slot.

The wonderful elasticity and yet firmness of the laminated leaf spring enable you to pass, firm and steady, along the smooth surfaces and then float with a whipping movement over the potholes, cobbles and furrows. The pressed frame is very light, extremely strong and rigid. There will be no side whip nor strain horizontally, but vertically we shall bob and bounce along, a treat alike to begetter and beholder.

You wonder whether the Presider has ordered his Bouncing Bess? How else can we account for those frequent absences from Liverpool runs in favour of Manchester Rambles, whereby he is enabled to weekend in the Midlands, there to plan, plot, and place the startling details of his new order. Wait and See.

THE INVESTIGATOR.

Owed to Derby Arms.

In Halewood there's a pub—
A pub I dub a pub,
A proper pub (ah! there's the rub!)
Is what I submit to the Club.

A pub I ween's a go-between
Twixt traveller and his grub,
This grub I dub "some" grub;
And what is more no troub—
Le's ever seen to intervene
In this posh pub—of pubs "the" pub.

And in this pub without hubbub
 The grub I dub "some" grub
 Is served in state; the most irate
 Vibrate not even if 'tis late.
 For grub in pub is ofttimes rub—
 Bish fit for snub; but at this pub,
 The hub of grub, no carping lub—
 Ber but could lub the scrumptious grub.
 O! Pub; O! Grub.

RUNS.

Halewood, January 5th, 1924.

This, the first run of the year of grace, 1924, was attended by 32 members, and as it was known beforehand that the fare was to be special and of a Christmassy nature, a larger attendance might have been expected. There was a turkey—the largest one I've seen, and such a turkey, done to a turn; a huge piece of roast pork, also cooked to perfection: these were upstairs, while downstairs I'm told there was a most excellent goose, but those below were not content with that alone, but had to send up for some of our bird—luckily we had worked our will on it first! In addition, there were the usual trimmings, all first class, as always.

Starting from home with, as I thought, ample time to allow for a call at Frodsham for afternoon tea and then to catch the 5-20 transporter I pushed a nasty wind out of the way so far as Chester, and then when I expected to feel the benefit after changing direction, was attacked by a fit of the slows, suffering at the same time from very cold feet. A stop on the roadside enabled "Diapason" to appear—he would have soon caught me even without the stop, and the company I then had brightened things up somewhat, with the result that, although we could not stop at Frodsham, we just missed the Transporter. Both suffering from the pangs of hunger, we filled the interval, and ourselves, with biscuits, and finally arrived at the "Derby Arms" just as the earlier arrivals were sitting down. The upper chamber was practically full, but room was made for both of us. I cannot attempt to name those present, but can remember being pleased to see Dave Rowatt out; on the reverse side there was a gap, usually filled by Arthur Simpson. After tea there was a little talk of A.G.M. matters, rather an unusually small account of it, however, which was perhaps accounted for by the diversion provided for by Fell, who handed round leaflets and enrolment forms for the British Fascisti, described therein as an attempt to combat the growing forces of Bolshevism and Communism in Britain. This gave a certain member, to our surprise, an opportunity of airing his views of Socialism on the "for" side and another, as a "counter," his experiences of unpatriotic actions and speeches in South Wales during the war. However, a Club Run is most certainly not the place for political discussion, and taking advantage of a pause, I and three others silently—more or less—faded away into the night, reaching the Landing Stage, there to part, after an uneventful but pleasant ride through town.

Bollington, January 5th.

This afternoon found us awheel with just a tang in the air that was not too biting, but helped to create an appetite that befits our Bollington retreat with its delectable catering. Clicking sounds and conversation greeted us on entering the "Swan," there to find Reade

playing on "the next best thing" to a billiard table, viz., a bagatelle, with Ann and Hodges tendering advice. In the next watertight compartment were ensconced the Mullah, the Verdant One, and "Bickley" toasting one another, with the latter relating, and Hubert confirming, experiences of their previous week-end tour. A trek was made upstairs, where our vice-president proceeded to serve out the roast swine, whilst the Mullah moved down the table and handed out the cat-pie. Grimmy created a sensation by putting in an overdue appearance, and during tea was trying to make everyone's hair bristle by telling us of a person earning fifty-seven pounds (sterling) in ten minutes! Or was it ten years?

R. J. Austin's lameness prevented a run out per bicycle, so he made use of a bus and joined us at tea. Perseus, and at least one of his attendants, came dressed as gentlemen, which means that they did it in "Halewood" fashion, though they haven't got as far as spats yet. Ann seemed rather dazed at the loss of his trike chum, and Schofield's smiling face was indeed missed by all of us. He can be sure of a cordial greeting whenever he appears on the runs. Lord Birkenhead was unable to come out, so Brother D. had perforce to act as deputy for the evening, and emerged safely and triumphantly through the deluge of cash.

Hooton, January 12th.

Years may come and years may go, but the A.B.C. remains unchanged; perhaps a more conservative club does not exist. Here we are starting the year again, looking forward to real, not imaginary prosperity: for the annual meeting was one of the most momentous of recent years, and its decisions worthy of a club with a great past, and I hope a still greater future. In the strict sense of the word, I am treading where I should not, in talking of events not strictly germane to Saturday last, but what else can be expected when the fixture resolved itself into a second A.G.M.? For instance, the arrival of eminent members, assisted by King Steam and his iron road (how much nicer that sounds than "per rattler") evoked the question as to their having obtained the necessary permission from Banks.

But in spite of these indecorous people, we spent a very pleasant evening, thoroughly enjoying everything. But stay a minute, I may be wrong; I did hear some growling, about a mysterious something they called "Blue Label." What in the name of fortune could it be—perhaps a sauce!

The attendance of twenty-one was as satisfactory to the management, a new one incidentally, as to ourselves. It was a real relief to fancy the suffering of the Maucunians under the strict eye of the President; our gain was their loss, or vice-versa.

A charge of irrevocable character could be laid against me if I did not mention it was Teddy's last appearance for some weeks. Our continental tourist, who is shortly to journey across la belle France and by la côte d'azur made us feel wretched with his talk of Mentone, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Paris. By the time this appears in print we shall be awaiting anxiously his return and his account of everything, including what the sun really looks like.

As mentioned above, the chief topic of conversation was the A.G.M. I fancy all endorsed its decisions, as steps in the right direction.

With few exceptions we remained fairly intact until about eight, when Banks' select train party of five meandered to the station to ascertain if the strike had yet begun. It had'nt.

Knutsford, January 12th.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, most of the members seemed to have come out more or less direct, but to our surprise, the Presider turned up. I understand he had come via Chester for a little jaunt, picking up Randall, Cooper and W. Orrell en route.

Why is it that the O.G. forsakes the Liverpool runs? I expect the real reason is that he has exhausted the supply of victims for week-ends (in more ways than one), and is prospecting among the Manchester men.

There were about 20 sat down to a cold tea, after which the sub. relieved us of a little, or rather a lot, of surplus cash. When we were seated round the fire, the talk drifted to the destination of the all-night ride and the suggestion of Aberystwyth made at the A.G.M. seemed to meet with general approval.

The difficulty of obtaining a piano for the musical evening in February was overcome, as our hostess did not wish to see us disappointed, and when it was learned that an extension of the licence could be obtained for dances and social evenings, this clinched the matter.

Our V.P. produced what he said was an eyeshade, but it was suggested that this might serve a double purpose, and that here was a clue which might throw some light on the mysterious highway robberies which have recently occurred in Cheshire.

At about 8 o'clock the departures began in earnest, although several thirsty souls remained until a late hour.

Tarporley, January 19th.

For this joint run the day was fortunately fine, as apart from a deluge for about half an hour or so the weather was on its best behaviour. Manchester and Merseyside were, I should think, about equally represented, the total attendance being 31. The following telegram from Liverpool to Austin was received:—"Regret absence moths later plus fours—England Lloyds Parrs and Martins." Obviously "later" was a mutilation of "caten," which amendment of course makes the message quite clear. It is a long way from Southport to Tarporley—especially with unsatisfactory seating accommodation! The meal was up to the usual standard and the writer heard no complaints. Among those present I saw Warwick Jones minor, who had ridden out alone from Manchester to enable members to make his better acquaintance, Gregg, who we are pleased to know has evidently fully recovered, and the usual more or less regular attenders, but Teddy Edwards was a notable absentee, being away on holiday. This early start would appear to confirm the rumour that he is determined to break his own vacation record this year. There were several week-end parties. I believe one motor party was sighted in Chester early in the afternoon on the way to Wem, but they evidently did not include Tarporley in their itinerary. Reade was travelling Whitchurch way, while Cook, Orrell, Cooper and Randall were bound for Newport. During the afternoon Cooper and Randall had spent several hours looking for each other on the Chester-Gayton road, in spite of having made a definite appointment. However, they arrived at the Swan together before 6-30, but when and where they eventually met I do not know. Banks will be pleased to hear that everybody came out on cycles, so all present are clearly entitled to a run, but stay—I believe there was one backslider who returned from Chester by the rattler and doubtless his case will be considered by the Committee.

Rufford, January 26th.

Why did I go to Rufford to-day? Why didn't I go to the "pictures" or stay by the fireside, and why did that wretched person swoop so unmercifully upon me to write up this run?

It was a splendid day, in spite of the dismal weather forecast. There was a strong wind blowing from the S.W., which brought me in good time to the "Fermor Arms," where already a goodly number of hardy "regulars" had gathered, later joined by the Kinders, who had brought A. P. James out in the car. This brought our number up to 19, so that Austin's estimate of 20 was not far out.

Promptly at 6 p.m. we were on the mark, ready to do justice to the excellent meal which is evidently a feature of this run. The festive board literally groaned with the abundance of eatables, which we forthwith proceeded to demolish. Once again we witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of Chandler Refusing Food.

But what of the "Old Gentleman"? We saw his chair looking cold and empty. Was it another broken crank (I am afraid that tale is about played out), or did he prefer the alternative run?

After tea, a move was made towards the fire, and the customary chatting took place, one of the subjects discussed being Annular Bearings, after which the various parties commenced boring their several ways through the wind, which, by this time, had developed into a young gale, and so to their ancestral homes.

Allostock, January 26th.

I started out from home and soon came to the conclusion there was a considerable amount of wind about, mostly in the wrong direction.

However, when I had slogged at it for several hours (I lost count after the first seventeen or so) I eventually fell in with a merry party mounted on all types of machines, including one with at least three wheels. The rider proved to be Cranshaw, the latest addition to our tricyclists, on a speedy-looking beast, which he seemed to have well in hand. On arriving at our destination, we had not long to wait before our V.P., was surrounded by pies of all shapes and sizes. There was a good muster, among whom I saw Cook, Turnor and Buckley (twice), Cooper, Randall and W. Orrell, while a late arrival in the person of Dean brought our number up to 21.

We were particularly pleased to see H. Boardman, who had come out by car, looking fit and well, which proves there must be something in this motoring after all. Bolton and Aldridge, on tandem, evidently making up for lost time, had been out all day touring Cheshire. Reade was reported ill in bed all week and had probably gone to the Orme (Hall) to recuperate. Cook and party departed early for Stone, and it was not long before others made a move, and with cries of "good night," we rode into the gloom, having spent another enjoyable club run.

A. T. SIMPSON.

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 217.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1924.

		Light up a
Mar.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-46 p.m.
..	8. Little Budworth (Red Lion)	6-59 p.m.
..	10. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	15. Freshfield (Grapes).....	7-12 p.m.
..	22. Tarpорley (Swan)	7-26 p.m.
..	29. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	7-39 p.m.
April	5. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-51 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS. (Tea 5-30 p.m.)

Mar.	1. Allostock (Oak Cottage)	6-46 p.m.
..	15. Bollington (Swan With Two Nicks), near Altrincham ...	7-12 p.m.
..	29. Mobberley (Roebuck)	7-39 p.m.

Full moon 21st inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Easter Tour.—Arrangements have been made with the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, for accommodation over Easter at charges of 12/- per head for dinner, single bed and breakfast, and 10/6 for those who "double up." As accommodation in the hotel is limited, I shall

be obliged if you will notify me early (particularly if you desire a room in the hotel) if you purpose joining the party.

If there are any members desirous of going down and who do not wish to pay the price agreed upon at the Glan Aber, a party will be unofficially organised for a smaller house if names are sent in to the Hon. Secretary; such members will, of course, be on the same footing as those staying at the Glan Aber.

The Cheadle Hulme C.C. have again called an informal conference of Road Clubs holding Saturday afternoon races in Cheshire, with a view to prevent the clashing of courses and dates. The Committee have appointed Messrs. H. Green and J. E. Rawlinson to represent our interests.

Change of Address.—H. Roskell, 19, Hyde Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

H. AUSTIN,
General Hon. Secretary.

R.R.A. Triennial Dinner, 8th February, 1924.

At this gathering the Club was represented by our President, Beardwood, Bright, and the writer, S. J. Buck. I met Cook at the C.T.C. offices after we had each attended to the business we had persuaded ourselves we had gone to London to attend to, and, accompanied by Messrs. "Jack" Urry and Stancer, we proceeded by way of London's underworld to the Connaught Rooms. During the half hour or so which remained before we commenced the actual dinner, many were the questions I answered about Knipe, Buckley, and other well-known Anfielders, to contemporaries of theirs. The Club button I wore proved a lodestone, and I was almost embarrassed by the high regard for the A.B.C. voiced by many, which sentiments were confirmed during the later proceedings, when the Club quartette (luckily able to stand steadily) were on their feet at very short intervals to respond to cries of ". . . . will drink with the Anfield." On moving into the Dining Room the first thing I noticed was that the table decorations included large size reproductions of the badges of the various clubs represented, the handiwork, I understand, of Mr. Vanheems' daughter: it was a very happy and highly praised idea, and incidentally enabled me easily to re-discover Cook and Beardwood among the 170 men present, but Bright's seat was empty; however, he turned up a little later. The dinner, like everything else, was excellent, and I heard nothing but praise for the whole of the arrangements. A. J. Wilson was in the chair, the Vice-Chairmen including Bidlake, Stancer and Cook. The guest of the evening was Sir Henry Maybury, Director General of the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport.

As "Cycling" said; it was "one of the most representative and distinguished gatherings of current road-racing notabilities ever seen under one roof," and "to mention all the names of distinguished men present . . . would occupy far more space," etc. Among others, I noticed Davey, Meredith, the brothers Stott, D. F. Nash, and Harry Green, and many others previously only known to me by name.

The various toasts were capably proposed by the Chairman and President (The R.R.A.), Bidlake (The Road), Dr. Turner (The Chairman), and Frank Urry (The Record Breakers), and were replied to by Sir Henry Maybury, Major Liles and C. F. Davey. Naturally most

of the speeches were of the Mutual Admiration Society order, and were consequently accorded an excellent reception, as also were Meredith and Davey when they were called upon to receive the Association Challenge Shields from the Chairman. There was one murmur of dissent during the orations when Sir Henry Maybury endeavoured to justify by a very ingenious argument the fallacy of making the ordinary ratepayer bear a large proportion of the expense of repairing roads destroyed by motor buses. Davey, in his speech, voiced his thanks to the men "along the road" who helped him in his various rides, and Bidlake was very interesting as always, but personally the speech I enjoyed most was that of Frank Urry. During the evening a flashlight photograph was taken, but owing to Cook's place of honour in a Vice-Chair we did not catch the camera's eye. I wished many times during the evening that our younger members could have been present in force, as I am sure it would have been an inspiration to them and deepened their respect for the traditions of the sport in general and the Anfield in particular.

R.R.A. Annual General Meeting, February 25th.

This meeting was much more satisfactory than last year's, but it again emphasised the fact that the silly parrot cry of "North Road domination" has driven away the helpful co-operation of many experienced men and one looked almost in vain for men of the Ilsey-Robertson type among the Club delegates assembled. We were represented by Beardwood and Bright, while Cook was there as a delegate of the Private members, Lusty as delegate of M.C. and A.C., and Harley as delegate of Essex Road Club. The most important happening was the definite resignation of Mr. A. J. Wilson, who has been President since the founding of the Association in 1888, and while this is greatly to be regretted, we are sure everyone will agree that a worthy successor has been secured by the unanimous election of F. T. Bidlake. Most of the alterations in the rules were purely verbal or to make matters clearer, but the sinister regard in which Private members are held was shown by the way their representation on the Committee was cut down from 3 to 2 by a barely necessary majority, after an attempt had been made to reduce the number to one! Private members of over five years' standing may now become Life Members on payment of £2, and Beardwood and Cook promptly availed themselves. The motion to permit of the election of timekeepers who do not possess Kew A watches was defeated hopelessly, after we had listened to the same speech that unfortunately carried weight at the N.R.R.A. meeting last March. The disgraceful motion that "No attempt on any Record shall be timed by a timekeeper who is a member of the rider's or riders' club" was cowardly withdrawn for no valid reason, so we had no opportunity of gauging the extraordinary mentality of the proposer, who would certainly have been severely trounced and completely answered in a way that would have made him very sick and sorry. Mr. Phillips, President of the N.R.R.A. and the Manchester Wheelers, had sent excellent communications resenting the imputation contained in the motion. The other motion to distinguish between Amateur and Professional in the list of Records was also withdrawn, but would in any case have been ruled out of order, as involving a change in the rules defining the Object of the Association. Bidlake signalled his election to the Presidential chair by a donation of another Challenge Shield for the 100 Miles Tricycle Record, and of course Vanheems was enthusiastically re-elected Hon. Secretary. The new committee includes

Stancer, Ditchman, Bamford and F. H. Inwood, with Burden Barnes and Whinnett representing the Private members, and may be considered quite satisfactory. It was nearly 11 o'clock "before not all was over," and then "other business" was attended to. Lusty caught the midnight train back to the "Big City" and Bright and Cook sought sanctuary at Euston.

ITEMS.

Now that Timbertiles has moved to Stafford we shall hope to see more of him, particularly when our fixtures take us down Shropshire way, while of course he is ideally situated for joining in most of the week-ends whenever he feels inclined.

Congratulations to E. M. Haslam who was successful in passing the final examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants recently. May we hope that now his studies have been crowned with success we shall see him at runs more frequently.

We are glad to announce that Jay Bee leaves the court without a stain on his character! For a long time sinister rumours of an intrigue with Jane Doe have been in circulation, but we now find that this lady has been basking in the sunshine of Mentone simultaneously with another old member of the club, who is only saved from scandal by having provided himself with a chaperone.

Creed will certainly have to alter the spelling of his name and emulate the office boy who spelt it with a "K" (hard as in Kabbage). His present initials of W.P.C. will never do now that he has equipped his bicycle with a full set of *three lamps!* All that he requires to make himself really "safe" is a gramophone on the back with a record broadcasting "Look out. Don't run me down."

At the A.G.M. of the Liverpool D.A. of the C.T.C. the lantern lectures delivered included two very fine slides of the Trough of Bowland, and we hope they will inspire some of our younger members who were present, to take advantage of a Rufford run to visit this delectable pass between Lancashire and Yorkshire. It would certainly be a delightful change from visiting Ypento umpteen times a year!

Maps will soon be "absolute," as the late James Taylor of the Glan Aber would have said. The grandmotherly Ministry of Transport is evidently determined we shall tour on the card-index system, and all the tourist will require is a list of numbers. For example, if you are at Chester and require to find your way to Birkenhead, you simply look out for a sign with A51 on it, while if you are making for Wallasey you search for A540, and the road to Farndon is A5130, and so on. This is all very well for Chartered Accountants and such devils with figures as Zambuck and Bert Green, but what are poor ordinary mortals to do who cannot remember the size of their own hats? Some of us will inevitably get lost. No doubt there's a catch somewhere; when you are trying to find Llanarmon O.L., you have to take away the number you first thought of and the answer is a lemon!

Some people are so sensitive that you have to be very careful. On January 2nd Diapason was at Llandegla (of course), and encountered two members of the Crewe Road Club. Possibly through unfamiliarity with the route and distance, Diapason innocently enquired if they were getting back that night, and it is quite evident that the C.R.C. men deeply resented the question, for after Diapason's

departure they inscribed in the visitors' book "Fancy a bloke from the Anfield asking if we shall get home to Crewe to-night. Perhaps he thinks that no one but Anfielders can ride." No doubt fur and feathers will fly next time they meet.

Lord Horrocks has been down with the 'flu, and we are all sorry; however, he is now convalescent and looking forward to the cycling season.

Under the auspices of the Liverpool D.A. of the C.T.C., "Kuklos" is delivering a lecture on "Old Inns" at the Y.M.C.A., Mount Pleasant, on Wednesday, March 12th. Tickets (1/-) can be obtained from the Presider or Dickman, and a rare treat is in store for those who can attend.

D. Smith had a funny experience the other day. Cycling along the Chester road he came across a local youth on the roadside with his bicycle upended engrossed in tyre troubles. With the true Anfield spirit (?), Smith dismounted to assist. Seeing the local was quite devoid of any tools he took entire charge of the operations, and after cursing it for a long and weary job managed to effect a complete cure. On replacing the cover, pumping the tyre and generally making a sound piece of work he was on the point of departing when the grateful local proffered him a sixpenny piece! This opens up a wide field for our more enterprising members—6d. a time and no outgoins' aint to be sneezed at.

Those who attended the R.R.A. dinner were disappointed not to see Harley, but we are glad to hear that he is not only "alive and kicking," but has been given a seat on the executive of the Essex Roads Club.

Out of the profits accruing from the weekly visits of the Cheshire B.B.'s to Saughall Massie, the room in which this organisation meets in solemn conclave is being re-decorated regardless of expense, and it is rumoured that Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead or George Mercer is to be invited to the re-opening ceremony.

Now that the Manchester Wheelers have joined the Road Racing Council it is to be hoped they will seek the opinion of the Council as to the wisdom or otherwise of offering a ten guinea prize for their invitation event, which appears to us quite foreign to the spirit and traditions of the Road game.

"Cycling" is very excited just now with a rather acrimonious discussion over the project of the N.C.U. to put a finger into the pie of Road Racing. We can afford to smile as we split with the N.C.U. many years ago, and defied them when they tried to stop F. R. Goodwin of the North Road C.C. riding in our 100. For several years now certain centres of the N.C.U. have run road events despite the officially declared attitude and depreciation of Headquarters; and it was fear of N.C.U. interference (notwithstanding assurances to the contrary) that was at least partially responsible for the formation of the Road Racing Council, which when first mooted at a public meeting was "talked out" by leading N.C.U. officials, and had eventually to be formed by securing the co-operation of twelve nucleus clubs met together for that purpose. Wisdom has been justified of her children, and there is now no scope for the N.C.U. either in a controlling or advisory capacity.

We are glad to say that George Lake, who has been laid up with a nasty attack of influenza, followed by pneumonia, is now on the high road to complete recovery, and we have no doubt that when he

gets to the Glan Aber (where we understand he intends to recuperate shortly), the nurses at that famed hydropathic institution will soon make a sound job of him.

RUNS.

Halewood, February 2nd.

(Alas and alack, and woe is us! One of our illustrious—but unfortunately unreliable—contributors has again failed to materialise with his brilliant “copy,” and this despite our heartrending appeals and S.O.S. signals. We are left on this, the 27th day of the month, and at the fourteenth hour thereof to fill the gaping blank. O Sir, how could you be so cruel, when you know that we had definitely gone out of this ‘ere writing business?—Ed.).

I am afraid at this late hour of the day that my recollections of the doin’s at this fixture are somewhat hazy, but the knowledge that the pulsating myriads of our readers are waiting breathlessly on the tiptoe of expectation must spur me on. Despite the beautiful poetical eulogism of this “hub of grub” which appeared in the last issue, the attendance was somewhat disappointing, as only a paltry 40 members and friends sat down to what can only be justly described as a feast for the gods. As one witty (and well distended) fellow said to me, the roast beef alone made one feel that you could go home and kiss the mother-in-law. Apparently several members must have had this feeling very badly, as despite an excellent musical programme, gaps were observed in the congregation early on as members stealthily faded away until towards the end there could not have been more than half the original number present. Unfortunately, owing to some misunderstanding, the large room was utilised instead of the smaller and more cosy one, and it must be admitted that the atmosphere was somewhat bleak, so I will simply content myself by mentioning the fact. Owing to illness, our old friend Mr. Joe Andrews was unable to be present, and he was greatly missed. Luckily the Kinders had been able to prevail upon Mr. Wilson (who has delighted us before) to come out, and he proved that his voice had not lost any of its charm—on the contrary it was better than ever, and our appreciation was shown in the only way. Mr. Arthur Proudman, another old friend of ours, was also to the fore, and gave us several items to our complete acceptance. Knipe had brought out his friend Mr. Lambourne (who it will be remembered, made his first appearance with us at Chester on the occasion of the never-to-be-forgotten “welcome home”), and he was in excellent form in his recitations, which included “Devil-may-care”—an item bringing dim recollections of Chem, although on this occasion it was done without musical accompaniment. Last but not least of our friends we had The Plumber with several new items, and old favourites, in all of which he was eminently successful, his delineation of “Only a pro,” especially causing a furore and making a lot more roar (stop, please, joke over). In addition to this talented quartette George Newall—a tower of virility at these concerts—warbled to us as only he can, while Chandler gave us, among other items, “Blow, blow, thou wintry winds,” a most appropriate song, accompanied as it was by a howling hurricane outside, in addition to the pianist. Then we had the three brothers Kinder—Mr. Kinder, the youngest, having providentially turned up in time to assist in several operatic selections on the toe and frons and to drive a

car-load home afterwards; also Knipe, who gave us another of his original conceptions in his own original way. A vote of thanks to the artists and the rendition of "Auld Lang Syne" closed a very enjoyable evening.

Mobberley, February 2nd.

Arriving prompt at 5.30, I found quite a crowd assembled round the fire discussing rot. A minute or two later a stampede was made for the doings, and I found myself seated at a table along with such C3 men as Jones, Bolton, Buckley (Junior), Smith and Moreby.

After doing yeoman duty to the "cat pie," a move was again made in the direction of the fire, where some fun was to be seen when the Buckleys, father and son, disputed the possession of an arm-chair.

Altogether there was a fair gathering of about 21 members, including all the notables and others.

An early start was made for home by most, but how and when they arrived is another tale.

Pulford, February 9th.

Being unable to get the company of the Paganone to Denbigh for luncheon (he having been busy feasting in town the previous evening), a start was made alone. The journey was quite uneventful except for heavy rain between Rhydymwyn and Bodfari. Proceeding via Ruthin, the wind was found rather trying as far as the Nantgarth, after which conditions were more favourable. The surface of the road from the bottom of the Pass right on to Bwlch Gwyn is in excellent condition, some portions of it being repaired by the Bwlchgwyn Stone Company. A cup of tea at the "Four Crosses" at the latter place was very welcome. For this purpose the house can be recommended to those who seem to be suffering from chronic Llandegla-itis, the position and surrounding views being far superior. The feed at Pulford was quite up to usual standard. The Llanarmon party consisted of Perkins, Rawlinson and Cook who, it is reported, had a very good crossing via the Nant Rhyd Wilym to Corwen for lunch the following morning. Teddy Edwards made a welcome reappearance after his rest cure in South of France, whilst Horrocks (in long pants) looked as if he had come in a Rolls-Royce. The remainder of the party in due course wended their way home, some via the Shrewsbury Arms.

Bollington, February 9th.

After the brief meteoric career of the walking section, known as the Anfield W.C., we now have the A.B.'s (Anfield Bargees), a kind of cycle-cum-duck section. The members of this section are easily recognised by their wet appearance and habits.

It was quite obvious that their fame had spread about, for even Hesketh, Mullah, and several others were at the table, but the Snub evidently thought they had gone to Pulford to form a Sub-section: The Mersey Seals or the Shrimps.

After tea Mullah gave us a heartrending description of the use of Mustbeleans, the racing men in particular being held in amazed attention as he told us how to clean by using a nut-meg grater; you then press for 15 seconds and, voila! (You have to say this because they are French and would not understand the usual pass words).

But towards the end of the narrative doubtful looks seemed to assail the Mullah, and even his enthusiasm waned a little. Shortly

afterwards the party gradually broke up, the aquatites leaving last. It was an emotional event to see them fade away down the ditch chanting the song of the Volga boatmen and bending to their oars, but I hear that on the voyage they were accosted by an angelic mermaid who persuaded each one to buy literature from her, and this enabled them to finish the voyage in full War Cry!

P.S.—Did Mullah try his Musthavebeens on my back tyre; if so, they are a failure, and if not he missed an excellent opportunity.

Northop, February 16th.

A perfect day, good roads, a keen nip in the air, a tandem, and a capable occupant; these were the first symptoms of this fixture. Twenty-seven Anfielders (real ones), a good feed, congenial company, and a good warm; these were the middle symptoms. A perfect night, same good roads, a keener nip in the air, the same tandem, the same occupant, and a very quick ride home (evens all the way); these were the last symptoms. Such is a very brief account of our Northop run.

It was 5 minutes to 6 when I arrived at the "Red Lion," and it was quite evident that there was "something doing" in the way of an Anfield run. There were many old 'uns, and young 'uns, in the tank, enjoying each other's company—and, of course, something else too!—when just before 6 o'clock Chandler made a move towards the dining room, and this seemed to be the given signal for the rest of the party, and at 6 o'clock there was a goodly number of our family sitting around the tables. The good folk at the "Red Lion" kept up their reputation in the way of the meal for it was of a real first-class character, and the perfection of this part of the programme was remarked upon afterwards.

There were, of course, the usual "inevitables"—I refer to Cook, Kettle and Austin—but there were also several well-known "landmarks" missing; these included Johnnie Band, Zambuck and Horrocks. Of the latter, it was stated he was ill in bed; presumably, he has been leaving his spats off and caught cold, but to counter-balance these absences it was noticed that the "Wayfarer" C.C. was there in full force. How is this? Surely there was something wrong somewhere; perhaps they did not know the run was to Northop.

It was about 7 o'clock when Cook laid hands on his victim—Schofield—for they were determined to "smash through" to Llanfair-Talhaiarn for the night. This, I think, was the only week-end party, so they departed rather early, leaving the rest of us grouped around the fire, discussing the various topics of the day. During the discussion I learned that Teddy Edwards had come out via Llandegla, and that Parry and Dickman (per tandem) had taken Rhyd-y-mwyn in their stride, while many others came by various ways to reach the rendezvous, and we were very glad to see Fawcett out once more.

After getting completely "fed up" (I mean in the way of food and warmth), the numbers gradually got less and less, until the last of us made for the yard: there Teddy (on tricycle), Parry and Dickman, Gregg, Fawcett, Austin, J. Egar and Chandler, made a hurried dash for England, home and beauty, through a night of brilliant stars, clear air, and on good, hard roads, where we had lots of room.

Knutsford, February 16th.

I am only a new member of the Club, so I am not conversant with its methods. Circumstances over which I had no control prevented

me from attending several runs, and the result was that I received a missive from the Mullah in which he severely reprimanded me. I replied, stating that I had already been to Liverpool, kissed the Presider's toe, and presented a plausible excuse for my absence. I also explained that I was searching the grey matter, which I am pleased to regard as my brain, for another excuse which would be likely to satisfy the Mullah's perspicacity. Alas, woe is me, for my programme came all undone, and being unable to button it up again, I did straightway hie me to one Cohen, a wardrobe dealer, for the supply of:—

Hair shirts—one, extra quality, irritating hair.

Sackcloth, several bales.

Ashes, three bags full.

But no, I knew that the foregoing could not suffice. My punishment must be even greater, so I wrote and offered myself as a willing sacrifice to *push the Mullah out on his tandem and let him smoke all the time*. (Loud cries of "Hero," etc.). This offer of mine was received with contumely, and I was informed that unless I wrote the account of this run for the "rag," absolution could not be granted.

Some thirty-four members and friends foregathered in the Ball Room of the "Red Cow" with Vice-President Green in command, and having disposed of the meal provided and settled for same, Jim Reade came and asked everyone to subscribe to Kitty. The lady in question seems to have been a very deserving female, because practically everyone handed Jim some money.

Gilmour started the proceedings with a tune on the piano (which seemed a much better instrument than one usually meets on these occasions). Mr. Birtwistle then sang the Floral Dance, after which Mr. Waddington (now dressed as a curate) obliged with a song. But look here, I can't go right through the programme! O. Aldridge, F. Jones and J. Smith sang sentimental songs, the newest Austin sang humorous songs, the Mullah spouted, and John Kinder, accompanied by Hans on the piano, gave us selections on the concertina. Later in the evening Mr. Birtwistle and Aldridge combined forces in a duet, and for a scratch pair they "nicked" beautifully. All the before-mentioned individuals appeared before us again and again, giving increasing delight as the evening proceeded.

Austin, who seems to have a very large repertoire and unbounded confidence is an undoubted acquisition, whilst Aldridge, who used taste and judgment in his selections, quite appealed to the company.

Mr. Birtwistle had a fine voice and was equal to all the numerous calls made upon him, whilst Mr. Waddington gave a very varied selection of humorous items which were much appreciated.

Buckley claimed the privilege, as one of the older members, to voice our thanks to Messrs. Birtwistle and Waddington, and the vote was carried with acclamation and musical honours. An exceptionally good evening terminated with Auld Lang Syne and God Save the King.

Tarporley, February 23rd.

An excellent day, fine weather and dry roads, induced the writer to make an early start, and with a favouring wind, I soon decided that it would be a practical proposition to go over the "50" course and see how the lanes had withstood the winter weather. Having heard

favourable reports of riding the triangle in the opposite direction to precedent, I turned right at Cholmondeley and followed the road to Acton Corner and so on to Ridley Green. I was impressed by the easier gradients and corners, and although the north-westerly wind made the going hard up to Ridley, I think that under summer conditions taking the triangle in this direction would be slightly faster. Arrived at the "Swan," I found a goodly muster of 37 to partake of an excellent tea. Perkins and Long brought the news that Kettle had collided with a motor-cyclist near Willaston corner. I am doubtful of the exact circumstances, but the motorist "pushed through," and was confronted with a blocked road, and when he applied the brakes the "bus" skidded, and our Skipper following behind ran into him and badly damaged his bicycle. Happily, I believe Kettle only suffered a few scratches and intended riding to Birkenhead. After tea the week-end party to Newport soon set off, and I gather that the Presider proposed going on to London to attend the R.R.A. A.G.M. on the 25th. I cannot say how the Mancunians fared, but a Wirral contingent sat yarning around the fire until 7-30, at what time we stepped out into a warmer atmosphere (which forebode rain), and set off for home. The first stop was at the Shrewsbury Arms for coffee and cigars (Teddy's), and thenceforth the ride passed without incident and I arrived home after a very enjoyable afternoon.

A. T. SIMPSON.

Editor.



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIX.

No. 218.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1924.

	Light up at
April 5. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-52 p.m.
.. 12. Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	8- 4 p.m.
.. 14. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 18-21. EASTER TOUR — BETTWS-Y-COED (GLAN ABER)	9-17 p.m.
.. 26. Tarporeley (Swan)	9-30 p.m.
May 3. First 50 Miles Handicap	9-42 p.m.

Full moon 19th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

A resolution of deepest sympathy with Mr. W. P. Cook in the loss of his mother was passed in silence.

Easter Tour.—Day runs were arranged as follows:—

- Friday, Rhyd-y-fen (The Hotel).
- Saturday, Menai Bridge (Victoria).
- Sunday, Portmadoc (Royal Sportsmans).
- Monday, Denbigh (Bull).

Lunch 1-30 p.m. each day.

Do not delay dropping me a line if you intend to join in the Tour.

Mr. H. Poole was appointed timekeeper for the Club Races during 1924.

The date of the All-Night Ride was altered to July 5th.

Changes of Address.—H. Green, "Fern Lea," Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey; T. V. Schofield, c/o. Mrs. Fifield, "Prince Arthur's," Pensarn, Abergelle, N.W.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Thomas I. Alsop, 13, Stanley Avenue, Wallasey, proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. P. Cook; Mr. Frank H. Evans, 2, Broadway Avenue, Wallasey, proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. P. Cook; George Hubert Welfare, 118, Raffles Road, Birkenhead, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by H. Austin (all junior active).

Correspondence.

Dear Friend and Editor,

Whispers reach me in my retirement of a mishap to Cook, the presider. After giving the matter thought and on learning that it turned out in no sense a catastrophe, I ask myself: Is not this so-called accident in reality a hapful incident bestowed on our presider and through him on cyclists-all, since it enabled him to emerge from it greater and more deadly than ever, as a rider deeply wronged by one particular motor fiend and menaced by all such.

Cook can now provide ample proof of the evil will and intent of all roadhogs; he has stored the proof in his own person, and has since taken toll from this culprit as a lesson to all such culprits in the name of all wronged riders.

And more: He has put to final conclusion our rampant suspicions of the inner purpose of the rearlight conspiracy, for be it noted: "Cook had no rearlight," and was victimised for that reason. Cook knew it was coming and offered his person as target. Cook has been mangled tho' not finally slaughtered, because he maintained his way without a so-called rearlight protector—the fact that the accident happened in broad daylight matters not.

He survived and rose again, this time like Lucifer in his wrath. To prove his case, Cook had provided himself with a light more potent than any rearlight: To wit the sunlight ray. In the blaze of this ray Cook was swept down on the false excuse of his having no right to live, because he had no light to rear. What revenge has Cook in store? Meanwhile I say: Let Roadhogs Look—Not Leer!!!

THE SCOUT.

Items.

An old Anfielder whose quaint conceits have often been borrowed without fee or license was credited in the Salopian-Cordellian days with a series of typical topical rhymes, one of which ran:

Why does the Master's Dreadnought rock so?
'Cause at the helm sits Slackport Oxo!

And now after 20 odd years the Sunday Chronicle: Chronique Scandaleuse comes out with a lengthy lyric: An Eastern tale, commencing:

Why does Hassan's prayer-carpet rock so?
Hassan, brought down by love,
Was once brought up on Oxo!!!

To our mind the Western Original "has it" every time.

The only Anfielder entered for the Grand National was Hawker, and we were prepared to put our underclothing on him. Unfortunately Hawker has been scratched (whatever that means) and was

not a competitor. We presume he has had another fall off his bicycle!

A recent visit to the delectable Red Lion at Long Compton by the presider on his way to the R.R.A. meeting in London disclosed the fact that among the notabilities who patronised the house last year were Buckley pere et fils and D. M. Kaye, who is getting quite a stranger these days. We wonder how many of them made a pilgrimage to the Rollright Stones in the vicinity?

The A.A. and M.U. announce that from Easter onwards they will run a service of Night Patrols on side-car outfits with illuminated signs! Perhaps now our motoring members will not be so "afraid to go home in the dark," as a famous song has it.

The members of the ancient order of Owls, of which Beardwood is an Arch Owl and Hubert Roskell and Cook more or less distinguished old birds, celebrated its 300th Annual Dinner recently, and certainly the summons to the feast was very cleverly original and witty, although unfortunately too lengthy for reproduction in our columns. We suppose the members of this mysterious fraternity are all Irishmen and that one of the qualifications must be descent from the "Owld Countree."

The Presider's publicity department must have been working overtime, for a recent article in "Cycling" which made absolutely no reference to the Old Gentleman was strangely enough illustrated with an excellent photo of him piloting Ven and P. Morris to one of the Old Timers' Rallies! How does he manage it? Surely Ven has nothing to do with it or he would have had his name mentioned underneath.

The recent "accident" to W. E. L. Cooper and Cook when they were biffed from the rear by a motor-car, piloted by a gentleman rejoicing in the Christian name of "Alonzo," on a straight road, in broad daylight, with such force that the car had to be jacked up to get the wrecked machines from underneath, shows how little visibility has to do with such happenings and the utter futility of whitened mudguards, reflex lenses, or rearlights as "protection." Failing the application of the gaol and cancelled licence remedy, the only protection seems to be a spring buffer or car catcher for cyclists, and we understand the two victims are busily engaged in inventing some such arrangement.

After the expenditure of several thousands of pounds in making Rood Hill, Congleton, "safe" for motorists by doubling the width of the road, easing the gradient, and ironing out the corner, an amazing thing has happened. Of all the hills in the country the A.A. has chosen this one for the erection of an enormous cenotaph, which is placed in a railled-off flower garden on the bend and looks for all the world like a very extravagant war memorial until one sees on the main panel of it in letters about a foot big the words "Dangerous Hill Change to Low Gear," and we understand that it is illuminated at night!

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, we are told, and the Manchester Wheelers have paid us the compliment of bringing out the Club Journal in a New Series, which is very like our Circular,

We are all sorry that W. Threlfall has been seriously ill with pleurisy and pneumonia, but are much relieved to learn that he is well on the road to recovery, much helped by the sympathy that has been extended to him from all sides.

Dean, H. Austin and Edwards came across an "Alonzo" on a motor bicycle near Barnston when returning from the Little Budworth run, but he was not quite so successful as he missed Edwards and only bagged Dean and Austin! And he made the mistake of hurting himself as well as Dean!

A characteristically witty letter from Elsie notifies us that he has by Deed of Poll assumed the name of Price (his mother's maiden name), and that he will henceforth be Lionel Cohen Price. A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet, but it will take some time for us to get used to calling Li L. C. Price.

Two more of our members are on the eve of departing into exile. Eric Bolton has decided to try his luck in Canada, and as he purposes settling at Hamilton, Ont., he won't be so tremendously far from Newsholme, and they will have to fix up some weekends and keep the Anfield flag flying in the Land of the Maple Leaf! The other "exile" is V. M. G. Cox, who is removing to Romford, Essex, and will provide another member for us to call upon to represent us in Metropolitan cycling circles.

Now that Ford cars can be acquired on the £1 down principle, there is no excuse for anyone so desirous being unable to graduate as an Alonzo!

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Urry for the following moving stanzas:—

WHAT LUCK!

O Billy Cook, our Billy Cook,
It's gone clean out, that bit of luck
That graced you through the ages;
To think that you should thus be struck
Behind, when wheeling, Billy Cook,
The first of cycling sages.

Had our Presider, boys, been hurt
In person, when he bit the dirt,
That motorist would tremble;
But since the damage done is such
That it don't matter over much,
Our rage we will dissemble.

But what we never can quite cure,
And our Presider must endure,
Is awful indignation;
To think that Cook, the Cook of tours,
(Who's just as much mine as he's yours),
Should suffer such prostration.

But happy thought! the jigger's bust
(Or so I've heard the fact discussed),
And though he may not care a
Damn that the bicycle has gone,
We can subscribe, and give him one,
As some folk did "Swearfairer"!!

The annual meeting of the N.R.R.A., on March 20th, was a much more satisfactory affair than last year's. We were represented by Cook, Kettle, Turnor, F. A. Smith, and J. E. Rawlinson, as delegates, while F. H. Koenen was present as Vice-President, H. Green as delegate of the private members, R. J. Austin as delegate of Cheadle Hulme C.C., and, of course, Buckley as Hon. Secretary. Our two resolutions to put the time-keeping on a better basis were carried, and now the Association has a list of qualified men that should solve all difficulties if only the affiliated clubs will recognise something of what is due to these gentlemen.

We are asked to explain that the lurid article in the newspapers under the caption "Four murderers in a Swift" has no reference to all the Simpsons who have recently acquired a car of that make. This reminds us that the Master and Teddie Edwards have now flocked to the Standard!

Another wave of tricycleitis is sweeping over the Club—the latest to acquire three trackers being W. Orrell, J. D. Cranshaw and Chandler, although so far Cranshaw is the only recruit to give us a sight of his proficiency.

We are all sorry to learn that Grimshaw is seriously ill with pneumonia and trust that his fine constitution will pull him through. If good wishes have any potency, Grimmy will be on the high road to complete recovery by now. (The latest report is that he has passed through the crisis and is doing nicely).

It is alleged that, of late, Bob Knipe, the Collector of Shekels, has taken to lying in wait in the bye-ways and hedges to pounce on luckless victims for his nefarious purposes. This has led one of our gifted contributors to perpetrate the following ballad:—

THE SCROUNGE.

Dedicated with humility and respect to R. L. Knipe, a
"Relieving" Officer.

There may exist a Halewood pub
Most aptly dubbed a "hub of grub,"
But who will dare to pass the gate
When Robert sits within—irate?

Don't think to venture with the Club,
Unless you've schemed to pay your sub.,
For Bob will have you on the slate—
You cannot dodge the Hand of Fate!

But, that we'll overcome the trouble—
Le: fill old Bob till he sees doub-
Le. When he's reached this "sub" 'line state
He may receipt for just half-rate.

Good News from Japan.

Professor Asahi, of Kyushu College, has succeeded where all others have failed, and his invention will soon leave its mark on the Anfield.

Of 120 Bald Men "tested," a lucky 60 are growing hairsuites; better still: both young and old with hair the colour of youth. Our

own bald pets: Cook and Chem, in whose patent and certain cure some of us are at last beginning to lose faith, must be "tested" forthwith, and as apparently only one in every two is entirely successful, we are on tiptoe to see whether Bill or Frank will emerge IN BLOOM. Betting will be rife, and our ever sporting Editor will lay the odds. Next comes the question of the Colour of Youth of this growth: Bets will vary with the colours of the rainbow and really long odds will tempt even our anti-gambling section of Bettws Chapel fame. (No pun here). Can any one recall the shades of Cook or Chem? (No, not their spooks!). W.P. as a Blonde and Chem with an Auburn Halo would be disowned by us.

But hark to the final condition: "The men all gain in weight." Cook, of course, may ride his extra tissue off by extra week-ends, but Chem really plump as well as hairy may cause deep concern. Chem is planning a fresh trip to Spain in quest of more oranges. As like as not he intends doing Nippon en route and return to us in full leaf and crop.

RUNS.

Halewood, Marchist.

If there is one run of the whole series that I would rather be excused from writing up, it is the Halewood one. I can quite understand the Editor's anxiety to shift the responsibility on to one of his victims, seeing that he himself has exhausted most of the possibilities in the course of the last few years, to say nothing of the most brilliant members of his staff who have vied with each other in their coruscating efforts. What chance therefore, have I, a mere hanger on, a neophyte in writing ability, a beginner trembling on the brink of literary aspirations? How can I be expected at my tender years to compete with the matured humour, the play of fancy, the subtly veiled satire, the clearly cut delineations of character, the poetical descriptions, the *je ne sais quoi* which have gone to the making of these Halewood reports on past occasions? How with my necessarily limited outlook and juvenile lack of experience can it be expected that I should cope with this admittedly onerous task? And why, oh why, should the Editor fix me with his glittering eye and demand this wretched "copy," thus effectually giving the quietus to what was developing into a distinctly healthy appetite? Why doesn't he get Cook to do something for the rag? After all, he is the President and should be expected to act as such, instead of which he seems to spend most of his time on the Chester road laying in wait for innocent, unwary motorists to mop him up at their expense—a bad example which is almost sure to be extensively followed by other members with a penchant for getting new bicycles on the cheap. (Thank goodness I must be down at least half a page by this time). . . . Considering that this was the last of the Derby Arms fixtures for the season, the attendance was comparatively poor, only 25 stalwart cyclists turning up. At the same time, it must be admitted that they felt the position acutely and did their best to justify the presence of edibles intended evidently for about twice their number. Several members wept bitterly at their inability to account for more than two of everything on the table, but were consoled on finding that the team work on the whole was distinctly good and quite up to Halewood standard. The choral efforts left something to be desired as they usually do when deprived of Tommy Royden's resonance. Several cyclists vanished early, several other cyclists rushed away to catch the 8-10, and the remainder of the cyclists wended their way home (or otherwise) in the time honoured way.

Allostock, March 1st.

Arriving early (as is my invariable (?) habit), I managed to creep in practically unobserved and, securing a seat where I would see without being seen (being naturally very shy), I surveyed the scene.

It was a stirring sight to see Buckley (Senr.), "Yank," "Mullah," etc., crouched round the fire discussing various abstruse problems (or was the weather the topic?). Drifting in on the cold draughts came Cranshaws (2), "Wilf" and Cooper, etc., when suddenly I blinked, rubbed my eyes and looked again—no they had not deceived me—our late "sub." had confounded his slanderers by attending a Club run per tandem. We hope he has quite recovered!

It was, truly, a day of surprises, because when the move for the table began we were able to enjoy the unprecedented sight of Cranshaw (Jnr.) and Buckley (Jnr.) without seats when all the other C3 men were seated. This, however, was soon remedied and viands of the usual good quality disposed of, although the "General" was heard to say that he had gone off his food. He must be a wonderful man when he is on it.

After the usual discussions, we moved into the c-c-cold outside world and I somehow got mixed up with the party bound for Manchester, but when we got through Knutsford it was noticed that Cranshaw (Jnr.) had been dropped (by the C3 men!). A glorious night, a glorious ride, finishing up with snow.

Little Budworth, March 8th.

Hearing some one on the tram car remark that, indeed, Spring had come, we decided to test the veracity of the statement by a little jaunt into Cheshire, and to emerge from our winter's hibernation. So, we proceeded to hail out our "bags" from Uncle's, to retrieve our hosiery from the rag-bag, and our trusty steed from beneath the remnants of the winter's coal supply, and sallied forth.

Riding fiercely in the direction of Tarporley, we were nearly run down by the Secretarial Person, who informed us that there happened to be a fore-gathering of the clans at the Red Lion that very day, and such was found to be the case. The usual assembly were outside watching the arrivals, most of whom came round by the wood and attempted to take the last rise at a great pace, to be greeted at the top by jeers of derision or the plaudits of the mob, according to the state of exhaustion exhibited.

After so long an absence, the sudden appearance of S. F. Bailey necessitated a general withdrawal for stimulants to the interior, but first it was necessary to investigate a gurgling sound proceeding from the xxx department. The seat of this disturbance proved to be the Mullah who, judging from the foam on his ears, was sampling the local brew. This shows him to be, at least, a man of intelligence.

A muster of 39 souls got outside of a truly gargantuan meal, which was more than satisfying to the majority, though one cynic was heard to observe that his piece of beef must have been situated mighty near the hide. Buckley, with his effervescent offspring, came in rather late, and three people got up for him to sit down. He seems to regard his growing expanse of waistcoat with something akin to satisfaction and we could not help noticing, as he mounted to the crest of that profanity-provoking Bucklow, how the hill sank into insignificance. After the usual chin-wag, a start was made for home in perfect weather.

Freshfield, March 15th.

Surely there is only one Freshfield and only one reason why there should be only one Freshfield. According to *Ye Doomsday Booke*, it was hereabouts that one, Lord Horrocks by name, did "hang out" after office hours and when not otherwise engaged in ye business of ye Anfield Bicycle Club. It is a remarkable coincidence that both place names end in "field." The probable explanation, not according to Bartholomew's Concordance, is that it has nothing to do with asparagus because this does not grow in fields, but is simply remarkable, not to say astonishing. Of course we are not at liberty to suggest that Lord Horrocks deliberately put the "field" on to the "Fresh" just to give a distinct—(Voice: "It should be extinct")—tone to the place and thus slavishly follow the high standard set up by the Anfield B.C.

On delving further into the matter we find another reason, i.e., Freshfield is famous for its "Grapes," and thereby hangs a tale. On the above date, between 20 and 30 good men and true, some on bicycles, foregathered at the said Freshfield with the sole object of sampling the succulent Grapes. Instead of feasting on the product of the vine, the gallant little company found feasting on the products of the hotel more filling, though the helpings were not quite up to the usual Anfield ideal. The service was also somewhat erratic, due to an opposition party claiming attention at the same time. There was, however, no complaint about the quality of the food, which had his Lordship's benediction.

A notable visitor was Marchanton, who took the opportunity of putting in his "annual" run. George Mercer, Dave Fell, all dressed up on his brand new Triumph; Banks and Swift, who dashed up from Southport and Waterloo, respectively, and who know every twist in the road, were also there. Tierney came on his Excelsior because he thinks the name of the club should be changed to the A.B. & M.C.! The regulars included Kettle, Teddie Edwards, the James C.C., the Kinders, Zambue (who indulged in a miniature walking tour), Johnny Band (per train), and Chandler (who persuaded Tierney to part with his trike). It was a happy party, but there was an empty chair —?

Bollington, March 15th.

It is well and truly spoken that all pleasures have to be paid for. Had I not ventured out on Sunday last, I might have been spared the irksome job of writing up a long-forgotten run. By arrangement I fell in, but not out, with a member who shall be nameless, but who occupies the exalted position of Archbishop of Sale, and he informed me that the victim, through pressure of work, could not carry out his duty, which I, like a fool, consented to fulfil.

It is with a mighty effort that I visualise the events of that far-off day. On the state of the weather I will not dwell, for that is of little importance to the hardy Anfielders who were gathered round that festive board, for which this house is famous.

Old and young were represented, and among the former was our worthy president who, if my memory does not fail me, was bound that very night for Nantwich, accompanied by the Archbishop, himself a victim in his turn.

After tea we gathered round the fire exchanging yarns, until in ones and twos we drifted into the night.

Tarpotley, March 22nd.

Arriving at the Swan about 5-50, I was surprised at the small number present, and as only a few more had trickled in by 6, we had a muster of but 29, which was not too satisfactory for such a fine day. Of those present 99 per cent. were composed of the regular attenders, and one wonders why we don't see more of the new members who keep joining us from time to time.

After having spent a precious Saturday morning going over the "50" course, as ridden last September, it was a shock to hear that the triangle is to be ridden the opposite way, and all my painstaking observations made on hills and corners are wasted. Not being a regular attender of Club runs, I didn't know the names of all those present, but noticed amongst them, Captain Kettle, Chandler, S. Threlfall, who gave us a good report of his brother, Austin on his new machine, and Schofield all the way from Abergele. Green arrived late and consequently found his special reserved seat occupied.

Most of the racing members seem to be buying new machines, some with their own hard earned money and others by getting motorists to run them down. After a pleasant talk on various topics, a move was made, the Presider and his party, I think, going off to Loppington, near Wem. Sammy and I went off together, leaving Teddy Edwards, Austin and a few others to come on later.

The evening was fine enough and with the light of the moon helping us, we made good headway through Tarvin (where we saw Gibson) and Chester, which we negotiated safely, Sammy's advice to ride straight at the crowds proving successful. In due course we arrived at our respective domiciles intact.

Pulford, March 29th.

It must have been a proud day for Lord Mayor Cotter to have a gathering of 26 to welcome at the festive board, and we just filled the room nicely. Even though the wind was a bit thin, it was really a perfect March day and quite satisfactory from a cycling point of view, and the gathering had some very pleasing features. For instance, Jack Seed was a most welcome resurrection, Bailey was attending his third successive run, and with no alternative at Ypento, Tattenhall or Hatchmere, we had Gregg, Dickman and Parry gracing the proceedings. Then, too, Le Roi den had given the pictures a miss, and Manchester had sent us J. D. Cranshaw and Hubert Buckley, with Taylor as make-weight, in exchange for Randall and Cooper, while finally we had the two prospective Junior members, Evans and Welfare, again sampling a club run. The only fly in the ointment was the rather conspicuous absence of members of the Executive, who presumably were busy blowing in the fortunes they had made on the Grand National or were drowning their sorrows, for we heard of one of them who lost at least 8/-! The rest of the crowd were the more or less regulars like Lucas, Band, Cody, Cook, S. Threlfall, Egar, Dean, Chandler, Edwards and Austin, so Kettle had not much chance for making expenses out of them, but as he had collected 4/- witness fee at Neston Police Court the day before this was immaterial, and he was still able to have the Corris-Mowley out next day. After an excellent tea the party broke up somewhat early as there seemed to be a desire to take advantage of the remaining daylight, and we rather envied Schofield (trike) what must have been a nice easy ride back to Abergele. The Presider took away

Walker and Taylor to Llanarmon D.C. to tackle the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd and the rest of us had enjoyable if uneventful rides back to our various domiciles.

Mobberley, March 29th.

On such a fine day with a combination of sunshine and dry roads, one could have expected a larger muster, only 18 sitting down to the excellent tea provided by this house. One or two of the usuals were sighted making their way to Pulford, evidently taking the opportunity of putting in a useful training spin.

After the meal, Albert Davies produced a cape, which he wished to dispose of, but as bids were few and not very far between, our V.P. suggested that a raffle might meet the case. Preparations were accordingly made, in which he took no little part, and on the draw being made, it was found that he had WON THE CAPE.

Later in the evening we were entertained to selections on 2ZY, by means of a loud sque—sorry, speaker, although one member expressed the opinion that a silencer would be more appropriate.

We were all pleased to hear that Grimshaw is now past the crisis and, we hope, well on the way to recovery.

There was only one week-end party, Orrell, Randall and Cooper making for Chester, while the rest of us, like the writer, no doubt arrived safely home.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIX.

No. 219.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1924.

		Light up at
May	3. First 50 Miles Handicap	9-42 p.m.
"	10. Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	9-51 p.m.
"	12. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	17. Warrington (Patten Arms)	10-6 p.m.
"	24. Second 50 Miles Handicap	10-17 p.m.
"	31. Knutsford (Red Cow)	10-26 p.m.
June	9. WHITSUNTIDE—INVITATION "100"	10-33 p.m.
	Saturday, Whitechurch (Anchor).	
	Week-end, Shrewsbury (Lion).	

Full moon 18th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Members.—Messrs. T. I. Alsop, F. H. Evans, and G. H. Welfare, have been elected to Junior Active Membership.

Mr. E. W. Harley has become a Second-Claim Member.

Whitsuntide.—Will members who desire accommodation at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury (the Headquarters for the "100") during Whit week-end kindly notify me not later than Monday, June 2nd.

Changes of Address.—J. A. Grimshaw, 12, Blair Street, Old Trafford, Manchester; E. J. Reade, 81 Albert Avenue, Sedgley Park, Prestwich, Manchester; E. Green, Junr., "Fern Lea," Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey.

H. AUSTIN,
General Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

Will members kindly note that the proprietor of the Black Dog, Waverton, is unable to provide teas for a large number after the races. In future, arrangements for teas will be made for competitors only; members requiring tea after the race are requested to obtain it elsewhere.

SECOND FIFTY, 24th May.

This event will be run over the mid-Cheshire course. Entries must reach me not later than Saturday, 17th May.

INVITATION 100.

Invitations for this event have been sent to the following clubs: North Road, Bath Road, M.C. & A.C., Unity, Vegetarian, Polytechnic, Speedwell, Manchester Wheelers, East Liverpool Wheelers, Irish Road Club, Sharrow, Yorkshire Road Club, Walton C. & A.C., University, Grosvenor Wheelers, Eina C.C., Hull Thursday Road Club, Leeds Road Club, Leicester Road Club, Cheadle Hulme C.C., Liverpool Century R.C., Cardiff R.C., Wood End, Century R.C., three each; Birkenhead N.E., Gomersal R.C., Walsall R.C., Wolverhampton Criterion C.C., Crewe R.C., two each; Manchester Wednesday, Leigh C.C., Leeds Kirkgate, Birkenhead O.C., Wigan Wheelers, one each.

About 50 helpers will be required for checking, marshalling, feeding, etc. I am now booking names. **COME AND VOLUNTEER—DON'T WAIT TO BE ASKED.**

In view of the limitation of entries to 100, the number available for "ours" will be restricted. Members desiring to ride must let me have their entry not later than Saturday, 31st May.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

It is with feelings of profound regret that we have to announce the death of R. J. Mecredy. Universally known as "Arjay," he was beloved by all those privileged to meet him, and we of the Anfield shall never forget how hospitably he looked after us on our various tours in Ireland and our feeble attempts at reciprocity when he joined us on our Easter tours. Arjay has been seriously ill for several years, and his passing is in one sense a happy release; but the whole cycling world will mourn his loss, and our deepest sympathies are extended to Mrs. Mecredy and family as well as to those associated with him on the staff of the "Irish Cyclist and Motor Cyclist."

On Training.

The first thing a racing man must impress upon his mind is that a scratch man must train for speed. The faster the man, the harder he must train. The second thing is to eschew cigarettes, as they are far more harmful than all the beer ever brewed. To be regular in your habits with meals at regular hours is most important, and at least 8 or 9 hours rest every night should be taken by getting to bed early. On arising in the morning do 10 minutes exercise with the arms, and deep breathing. Personally, I used to get out in the open and have half-an-hour with a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch skipping rope.

Then comes the riding, and you want at least four training spins a week of from 30 to 35 miles all out; but start gradually. Don't do your training on Club runs, but make your training spins on special nights, so that you can get straight home for a rub down, change of clothes and a drink of tea, prior to a quiet and short walk in the open air. After a month of such training you will knock off the few minutes so many of you desire.

There are at least six men in the Club without doubt who could beat "evens" if they follow my advice. Now don't say "Grimmy wants to kill us" when through being only half trained you do a 50 in about 2.40 finish whacked, cannot eat your tea and take nearly a week to come round, thus losing your training again. Properly trained, you are quite fit 10 minutes after the race and ready to resume your training on the Monday.

In racing you should climb the hills steadily and never do a gallery sprint when passing friends on the road, because if you once get "pumped" you easily lose two minutes while getting your wind again, and are unable to ride *down* hills like a bird. Getting ready for a race, train up to four days before the event and then take a very light dose of medicine. Do no more training, but spend the time seeing your machine is in racing trim in every respect. Your diet should be good, plain food (not much pastry) and plenty of it.

By thus carefully training, you will be fit and enjoy your racing for many years. Half-trained you will find disappointment, get tired of racing in two years, ruin your health and wear a *bronze* medal!

I should feel it a great honour to help any racing man in every way I can, so if you are ever in doubt about your training, just drop me a line and I will respond. Remember, I am writing after 17 years' experience of the game—actual racing, not merely watching—and in all my races I have only five times failed to finish.

I have now regretfully to pack up, owing to my illness, so please find me something to do.

J. A. GRIMSHAW.

Items.

With the advent of Summer Time, gas lamps have ceased to be "value," and the expert on gas lamps will be in no danger of leaving bits and things at home through not charging his lamp *before* setting out. But what will Kreed do for a back lamp now?

The Royal Insurance Company have recently issued some very interesting statistics of motor accidents as disclosed by their own figures, and these show that 85 per cent. take place in broad daylight and only 15 per cent. at night, which clearly shows that the roads are safest at night as we have always maintained. It is bad driving and not visibility that is the factor.

Among those who have been recently acquiring cars are Mawr Conway (Corris-Mowley) and Crow who has joined the "Have Beans." This suggests to us an interesting competition, the winner to be the first petrol burner to put in all the year's runs by road. Even the Kenilworth Motor Scooter now decorating "Immensee" would not be barred!

"Cycling" has recently been deluged with letters on the subject of Sunday riding, and it is surprising the number of correspondents who are against the mere use of cycles on that day. This being so makes one wonder what the volume would be on the question of Sunday racing. Certainly it would indicate an opposition that could not be ignored, and quite justifies our attitude in opposing Sunday speed work of any kind.

The President's new bicycle has been christened "Alonzo" and is equipped with a new tyre the makers of which are offering £5 for any one wearing them out. No doubt the O. G. has his eye on the

sporting offer and the award is as good as won. It would save a lot of bother if L-n M-r-d-th sent his cheque along at once.

We are glad to say Grimmy has made speedy progress and is now putting the finishing touches to his convalescence at Shawbury. He is very grateful for all the kind expressions of good will he has received and promises to devote himself most particularly to the racing end of our programme.

The belief very generally held that Cook never wears a macintosh cape, as it is always "fine" (or at least the rain is not of the wet variety) where he is riding, is exploded by an advertisement of a certain Poncho which says "Worn by W. P. Cook and other leading cyclists"! This is of course a flagrant fracture of the anti-advertising clause which ought to be reported to the R.R.C. "The other leading cyclists" we understand are Ven, Chandler and George Newall, but they have been careful to keep their names out of the ad!

Did you see the caricature of "R. Leigh Knipe" by Fred May in the "Liverpool Echo" of April 15th? It appeared in a group of "Headmasters at an evening out," and one of the other caricatures was of our friend Mr. W. King who so vastly entertained us with his "hymns" at Halewood in December. When one of our members saw "Bob's" picture he exclaimed "By gad and I haven't paid my sub yet. If he looks like that he is a dangerous man and I must rush off and pay it."

Lt Roi Den is the latest to sell his birthright for a mess of petrol. Tommy on a motor bike will be a sight for sore eyes! At Bettws he looked like the Sphinx in the yellow coffin of his prospective son-in-law's outfit.

All over Cooper is leaving the Ford stable and joining the Corris Mowley brigade—so there will be no more Tin Lizzie stories.

Beardwood evidently enjoyed his Easter to the full, for after leaving "Sunnyside," he cycled to Coventry and he comments: "If some of our motoring friends only knew the exhilaration and joy of a good bicycle and fitness, they would be rejuvenated. However, we do not want to give the game away, or it might spoil it for ourselves."

Our Sartorial Expert—Horrocks, makes the following important announcement re

CLUB TIES.

A special club tie is now being prepared and will be ready in about a month's time. They will be on sale at Messrs. Mander and Allender, Dale Street, Liverpool, at 3/9 each, silk wide end pattern. Special quality at 5/6 each, minimum one dozen, can be supplied later if demand warrants. It is hoped that as many as possible will obtain and wear them, so that the ties may come to be associated with the A.B.C. The design is neat and exclusive, but not gaudy. Every effort must be made to prevent their being worn by non-members, the best way being to support the makers.

RUNS.

Acton Bridge, April 5th.

Arriving a trifle late after an excellent run via Knutsford, Macclesfield, and Middlewich, I was very pleased to see a good muster already sitting down to tea.

The large room being full, I joined a small but very select party of cyclists, mostly of the motor car variety in the small room, where we enjoyed an excellent meal; in fact there was such an abundance of grub that the good lady said when we had finished, she could feed another 30 or 40 people.

It was really a very touching sight to see H. Green weeping on Teddy's shoulder, when he heard the latter had arrived, complete with long trousers, overcoat and shawl, in a brand new car. In vain did he beseech him to say it was not true, but alas and alack! it was only too true. Our Teddy whom we all looked up to as an example of the true cyclist, has fallen by the wayside. However, if some of the younger members remain faithful to cycling as long as he has, the Club will have reason to be satisfied.

The company was composed mainly of the usual regulars, and after full justice had been done to the tea, and the customary chatting finished, the party slowly broke up, the O.G. and H. Green to week-end at Macclesfield, and the remainder, I think for their respective homes.

Chester, April 12th.

After a nice lunch and a rest, I was informed it was time to quit my comfortable chair in front of the fire and start out, as it was a long run to-day. The weather looking miserable outside, I was loath to do so, but making a special effort I was soon in the saddle. After riding about an hour the rain came, but am pleased to say after a few minutes cleared off. A little later I was joined by two young speed beasts, who were too creased to proceed farther until refreshed by a cup of tea, for which I was pleased. We retired inside the Abbey Arms, and whilst there we were joined by two more feeling the same necessity for refreshment.

Resuming our journey we arrived at our destination in nice time for tea. There was not such a large company as usual, only about thirty members being present. During tea the principal talk was regarding "Bettws" a week hence. Shortly after tea the usual stampede started, a few week-ending, but the majority bound for home. The Presider was specially noticeable with his new "Alonzo," which caused a lot of envious comments, some wishing him the same luck in a few years' time with this, as he had with his last. Anyway, I am assured it is fully up to date, snakes, etc.

After climbing Kelsall and shouting "Excelsior," I was glad to arrive home tired but satisfied.

Easter Tour, April 17th-21st.

Undoubtedly this now historic gathering of the clans was record breaking in many respects. The weather was perfectly gorgeous throughout and the total number of participants must have been over sixty. And yet from a cycling point of view it did not commence any too auspiciously as Cook on a trike via St. Asaph, Bettws-y-nrhos, Gofer and Llanrwst, was the only one to ride all the way down on the Thursday, Mr. Mullins being delayed by business and having to employ the rattler to Chester, and the only other cyclist, John Kinder, having to invest in home rails all the way. The rest of the Thursday night party of about twenty were all motorists.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The three cyclists and Dave Fell on his puff and dart had a splendid ride to Rhydyfen via Penmachno and Eidda Wells, and John Kinder was pinning medals all over himself. Skinner's car

and Edward's car (driven by Mercer) went round by Ffestiniog, while Toft and Ven took the Cerrig route. Edwards cycled by himself, and as J. E. Rawlinson managed to get through from Chester we sat down fifteen to the excellent lunch always provided by the Haywards. After lunch the motorists went along the Cwm Prysor track to visit Llyn Trywelyn, and rumour has it that they were thirsting for the Presider's blood for suggesting the detour! Meanwhile the five cyclists proceeded to Ffongoch and Cerrigy-druidion, meeting Rothwell on the way, and at Cerrig they were joined by the Muckleys, Cranshaws, and Albert Davies, so that there were eighteen for afternoon tea at the White Lion, and all reached the Glan Aber in excellent time for dinner. Further arrivals of H. Green, J. C. Band, Kettle, Austin, Knipe, Jones, Morris, Egar, S. Threlfall, Frank Roskell and *all* the Simpsons swelled our numbers to about forty and "the tour proper" may be said to have been well under way.

Easter Tour, Saturday, April 19th.

With the huge muster of members and friends I hardly expected I should catch the Editor's eagle eye, therefore he is alone to blame for this.

After a merry evening in the Chapel and Tank, Saturday morning broke (so I am told) bright and clear. A good breakfast and then the "die hards" took to the road on their cycles. A fairly strong wind up to Capel Curig decided the weaklings to go via Ogwen Pass but the supermen, led by Cook, faced more wind to Penygwrdd and went the whole hog via Llanberis.

The Victoria, Menia Bridge, provided a good lunch, and the service considering the crowd, was excellent. Upon the return to Bettws the order was reversed, Cook's stalwarts proceeding via Bethesda and the weaklings via Llanberis, tea being partaken at Penygwrdd. The motor parties made their own routes with various detours and calls.

Easter Tour, Portmadoc, April 20th.

We were early away on a dull morning, which later developed into a beautiful sunny day, and quite the star day of the holiday—clear and delightful.

The bulk of the riders proceeded via Capel Curig, being joined by Teddy, and coming across Royden chaperoning dutifully and with evident satisfaction. Earlier the puncture fiend had found Bro.-in-Law Morris, but the victim seemed to have every confidence in the Skipper putting things right for him, and the road surface being in good order to Penygwrdd, no further mishap occurred to mar the steady, enjoyable plug against the wind to the summit, where the smooth surface petered out and loose stones on the Vale of Gwynant did not add to the pleasure of this lovely scenic glide to Beddgelert, where a halt was called for some reason known only to "The Presider," who deserted his bassinette and mysteriously disappeared, after advising the rest of us to gather at Pont Aberglaslyn. Bob of the Treasury, however, lingered, having an idea of "something doing," and apparently there was, but the doings were not of the same complexion as the stuff that flows under the bridge where the main body awaited these two far-seeing and experienced stalwarts, who had a look of great contentment and a well slaked thirst.

Once more under way Tremadoc was soon passed and Portmadoc found apparently uninhabited, except at "The Hotel," where the

host and "The Major" made us welcome, the latter growling as I blew in, "Here's another," but producing fourpence.

A stroll before lunch discovered the harbour with a couple of forlorn schooners clinging to the wharf and a derelict tug leaning on the wall, with a notice on the funnel advising us to "keep off." Concurring in this peremptory advice, we got on with it along Lombard Street, and Cornhill, climbed about 100 steps to the upper town to view the Strand, and returned to "The Hotel," convinced that the bulk of the inhabitants of this once prosperous seaport had decided to sleep all Easter Sunday, unaware that the glorious sunshine was without, and "The Black Anfielders" within their gates. Possibly the news of our coming had not been broadcast, and some explanation I think is due from our wired on experts. It is said that their valve sets must have crystallised, or their edges beaded before they vulcanized the constrictors and got up the pole. The result of course would be fearful, and had probably driven the townfolk to the hills.

We sat down 37 strong for lunch, including four Sharrow pedallers, and five genial artistic friends, later to be joined by "The Mullah" out for variety and the strenuous life, accompanied by our Hon. Sec. and Threlfall, Junr., they having taken in the Nantlle Valley en route, and reported it O.K. A fairish meal with slow but cheerful service was our portion, and we left the slumbering port by various ways, concluding a run which will long be remembered, the glorious masses of golden gorse bloom being a joy for ever, and leaving us in no doubt that spring was with us.

EASTER MONDAY.

All good things must eventually come to an end, but each year seems to see us more and more loath to leave the "Glauber." This year Mercer, Fell and Edwards spent the day on Snowdon, and most of the car party stayed behind. Even Turnor who had another free day and talked of making for Rumbon for the night was reported as unable to tear himself away! Most of the cyclists made for Denbigh over the Sportsmans, although Green pushed on to Mold for lunch. Austin, Egar, Knipe and S. Threlfall took the Gofer-St. Asaph route, while Kettle and Morris sampled the vile Llanfairtalhaiarn route and were very late. At Denbigh we were joined by Turvey, Zambuck and Dickman, so mustered twenty three for lunch, after which the party began splitting up into its component parts, the Manchester men making for Delamere for tea, and several of the Liverpool men "pushing through" home, while a party of five, including Percy Charles who was bound for "Sunnyside Hydro" had tea at Willaston and in due course no doubt everyone reached home with regrets that a very happy and glorious Eastertide had fallen into the limbo of the past.

Musical Evenings.

One of the most pleasurable features of our Easter programme is the Musical Evenings. After a day in the open, whatever the weather may have been like, it is very pleasant to foregather in the Chapel and listen to the dulcet tones of the silver-tongued members of the party, not to speak of the instrumentalists. This year's programmes can compare favourably with those of their innumerable predecessors. Our old friend Arthur was again in charge, and had under his sway as fine a body of entertainers as ever. Mr. Chilcott is an army in himself, and gave us good measure and brimming over

of old favourites and new. Mr. Joe Andrews sang in his usual dramatic style, and we were all very pleased indeed to have him among us again. George Newall gave us a number of the kind of songs which he renders so imitatively. Mr. John Simpson put it across his violin strings, drawing forth sweet sounds, and Frank Wood told us some very funny stories. Mr. Walter Simpson was in great form, and very much up-to-date in his songs, though he did not disdain, under pressure, to give us some of the old ones. He pulled the house down on Sunday evening with "That fine old English Gentleman," the following topical couplets going with great éclat:—

He never when his walks he took
Had dreams of bike or tram.
He never thought a man like Cook
Would pedal on a pram . . .
His wildest vision unconfined
Recoiled (or should have done so)
At pict'ring Bill mopped up behind
By road hogs like Alonzo.
His mind on aerials did not dwell
Nor had he seen a looper,
Unlike our wireless experts Fell
And Oliver Ford Cooper.
Nor F.H. could he visualise
Relinquishing caboodle
And trying hard to 'Standard'-ise
His thirst for places feudal.

Mr. Mullah obliged with a recitation in a manner which shows that he is by no means losing form. One acceptable selection on the concertina was given by Jack Kinder, but thereafter he was unaccountably absent from the scene. Encores were the order of the day, and it required the authority of the Presider to close the house at the proper time. Altogether we may congratulate ourselves on the continued success of these gatherings.

EASTER EGGS.

The Rough and Ready C.C. and the James C.C. have evidently been sold as going concerns or wound up! George Newall on a stinkpot and Tommy in a clothes basket only left Brother-in-law to trail behind Kettle's pram! And Ap. James was a missing scholar.

Greetings were received from Billy Owen (what does "could not" mean?) and Del Strother, while Tomlin popped over from Abergele to see us.

One visitor in the hotel was heard enquiring for the Chapel at which the service at 9-15 was to be held.

Our motorists deserve our best thanks for the way in which they solved the transport difficulty, so enabling all those who desired to attend the day runs.

Edwards' "Standard" was much more ours than his, in fact he only used it once; it was however, full every day notwithstanding.

What Struck Me Most at Anfield-y-Coed. By a Visitor. "As others see us,"

The family atmosphere.

The lack of conversation at meal time.

The absence of members between the teens and the forties.

The nonchalant attitude of the elders to the puplings.

The absence of joie de vivre in the latter.

The explosive effect of a meagre luncheon on a hungry cyclist.

The countenance of the motorist when the objective of a perilous journey was found to be a "ruddy pit."

The bonhomie of the Simpson Trio and the two boys of Peckham.

The versatility of the former and the capacity of the latter.

The appreciation that anno domini and avoirdupois do not debar a man from membership.

The Sub-Captain who left his smile at home—but not his moustache.

That the Club contains some rattling good fellows.

Bettws, 1924—An Impression.

As a paraffin merchant I must perforce confine myself largely to the tanks, both of the petrol and Bacchanalian varieties, leaving the official report of the fixture to a more facile pen.

My sincere thanks are due to Mawr, whose kind offer of a seat in his Morris-Cowley persuaded me to take what proved to be a perfect little holiday. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and years of exile make one appreciate the joy of greeting so many friends: old members, mellowed with the years, stalwarts of the past, and young ones, full of promise and, I feel sure, of the best Anfield spirit. Your cordial welcome to one, who, even before his exile, had somewhat strayed from the fold, was most gratifying.

Tom and I had a charming run through Hereford and dear old Shropshire on Good Friday. Hubert kindly picked me up at Salop after 60 miles on his own to meet me, and we hurried through to Bettws. What memories the Corwen road stirs in an old-stager!

On arrival at the Glan Aber, after many greetings and a good dinner, we settled down to the evening's music. Our artistes, though few in number, were most entertaining and hardworking. Jimmy Chilcott in particular has a wonderful repertoire and was thoroughly appreciated, while my old friends the Simpsons, George Newall and Joe Andrews show that passing years have not impaired their talents. My only criticisms of three delightful evenings are that the artistes might be sometimes spared from rendering two consecutive songs in a heavy atmosphere, and also that the Sunday night programme might be made more impromptu or cut out entirely. My impression this year was that, owing to paying of bills and other arrangements incidental to homegoing, it rather lacked the vim of the other concerts. (It is probable the weather—which was perfect—had something to do with this.—Ed).

We Shell-Mexers carried out the fixtures each day, which were all the more enjoyable as we were able to keep in touch with the cyclists. The Welsh mountain air is a rare tonic for jaded nerves, and even Hubert's occasional decision to "see 50" did not put the wind up unduly. He is truly a fine driver, and to see him, before breakfast and suffering from a clot of beer in the throat, winding up the Standard from cold to save someone else's self-starting system—is a sight for the gods.

I was particularly pleased and honoured to make the acquaintance of that fine old sportsman, Mr. F. C. Cobden, at Tyn-y-Coed.

Of the tank and its joys I can alas write but little, as owing to my interior being in process of decarbonizing I was compelled partly to resist the attractions of Worthington, and retired about 1 a.m. each morning. Parenthetically, who, looking upon my grey hairs and

attenuated frame, would imagine that I was once a "pupling"—nay, one of the original litter, by Anfield out of Young Enthusiasm! But as the Tentmaker says, "Fill me with the old familiar juice, methinks I might recover bye and bye."

The rivalry, both in repartee and other things between the outer and inner tanks was as keen as ever, and Bucky's scathing indictment of the "paraffin merchants" was a feature of Friday's night's session.

At the final meeting, having seen my fellow gasoleneers safely housed in the dogbox (rather a happy name, Bucky, in remembrance of old "pupling" days!) we in the tank proper regaled ourselves with anecdotes antique and otherwise. And so to bed, as the diarist has it, in some trepidation lest the tank should belie its name of "proper."

For a very comfortable journey home I am again indebted to Mawr, who at some inconvenience to himself drove round by Ruabon, where I caught the 1.13 train with a through carriage to Bristol, an empty compartment all the way and lunch on the train.

I missed very much dear old Chem, Harry Buck—philandering in the Lakes, The Master—caboodling in Hampshire, and most of all (standing, gentlemen, please!) that prince of Anfielders E. G. Worth.

Finally, my greeting to you all, whose company was the alpha and omega of a delightful Easter. Adieu till (I hope) Whitsuntide.

FRANK ROSKELL.

Tarporley, April 26th.

'Twas a typical April day—showers and sunshine to bring forth the May flowers—and quite delightful for cycling. And yet we only mustered 34 at one of the best places we ever go to. Doubtless many were "resting" after a strenuous Eastertide. But the great question on all tongues was "What has become of Jim Reade and A. N. Rawlinson?" That it was a good day is shown by the fact that Horrocks decided that the "sensible cycling season" had returned and paddled his own canoe, while the Skipper was on his trike, and Cook was apparently off on a trip round the world, judging by the size of the trunk he had on the back of his bicycle! The Siddington Wheelers were well represented by G. B. Orrell, F. L. Edwards and Morton. Chandler and Gibson were full of their trip to Ulster and had many interesting photos to show, but Bailey was silent about his trip "to Lincoln with the Pink 'Un," the quiet cathedral city à la Enid.

The rest of the party were the usual regulars and our latest recruits, Alsop and Evans, and a very jolly crowd it was in both the large room and inner sanetum. Of course Kettle was busy taking entries for the 50 and booking helpers, and the talk was largely about speed and fitness, but we shall soon see who have been training properly, and whether the new way round the triangle is an improvement or not. It was a glorious evening for the homeward journey. Cooper, Randall and W. Orrell week-ended in Shropshire, Cook went off on his own into Staffordshire with Walker escorting him over the threshold and in various groups we all safely reached our various sanctuaries.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 220.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1924.

	Light up at
June 7-9. WHITSUNTIDE—INVITATION "100"	10-33 p.m.
Saturday. Whitechurch (Anchor).	
Week-end. Shrewsbury (Lion).	
.. 14. Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) Photo Run.....	10-39 p.m.
.. 16. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 21. Manchester Wheelers "50," Little Budworth (Red Lion) 10-42 p.m.	
.. 28. Malpas (Red Lion)	10-42 p.m.
July 5. All Night Ride—Aberystwyth	10-39 p.m.
(See Committee Notes).	
Full moon 17th inst.	

Note.—Efforts are being made to have the results of the "100" broadcast on the evening of the 9th.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Before the meeting, the President said:—"We meet to-night under the shadow of a great tragedy. A year ago, when we had to mourn the loss of P. N. Gorman, we could at least console ourselves that no accident had occurred, but that Gorman's sudden death was from natural causes. In this case of poor Dick Seed, we have a member in the prime of life and the best of health suddenly launched into eternity when on his way to a Club fixture, and it adds to our grief to know that Seed was a victim of his own ultra carefulness.

In recent years business and domestic ties prevented his being much with us, but as one very closely associated with him, I can assure you that his interest in the Club suffered no abatement—it was deep and abiding, and he generally got out to special events. To his family and particularly to his wife and child, his mother and his brother Jack, I ask you to rise with me and pass in silence a vote of deepest sympathy and condolence in this sad hour of their bereavement, in which we as a Club as well as individually, so largely share.”

Expressions of deepest sympathy on behalf of all the members have been conveyed to his wife and child, and his brother Jack.

The Club were represented at the funeral by Cook, Venables, Kettle, Horrocks, Mercer, D. R. Fell, E. Edwards, C. J. Conway, J. C. Band, McCann, Royden, C. F. Hawkes, and H. Austin.

The Hon. Secretary was also instructed to convey to Mrs. Meeredy and family and to the Staff of “The Irish Cyclist” on behalf of all the members, condolence in the sad loss suffered by the death of Mr. R. J. Meeredy.

The Committee passed a strong resolution endorsing the references made to the dangerous driving of motor vehicles in Wirral by Mr. Maurice Jones at a recent meeting of the Wirral Rural District Council, and the Hon. Secretary was instructed to send copies of the resolution to the Home Office, Ministry of Transport, Chief Constable of Cheshire, Superintendent Eumion, Wirral Rural D.C., Mr. Maurice Jones and the local Press.

In accordance with the decision of the A.G.M., Aberystwyth has been fixed for the All-Night Ride, on July 5th, and it is to be hoped that as many as can will join the party. In order that proper feeding arrangements may be made if you intend taking part in the ride, will you please notify me not later than Monday, June 30th. The following schedule has been drawn up by the Committee:—

	Distance	Time
New Ferry	1	4.0 p.m.
Chester	13	5.10 "
Wrexham	11½	6.10 "
Afternoon Tea—Wynstay Arms		Dept. 6.40 "
Ruabon	5½	7.10 "
Chirk	5½	7.40 "
Oswestry	5¾	8.10 "
Welshpool	15½	9.30 "
Supper—Royal Oak		Dept. 10.45 "
Newtown	13½	12.0 "
Llanidloes	13½	1.15 a.m.
Llangurig	5	2.0 "
Devil's Bridge	14¾	3.45 "
Aberystwyth	11¾	5.0 "
Machynlleth	18	7.0 "
Breakfast—Lion Hotel		Dept. 8.30 "
Mallwyd	11½	10.0 "
Cann Office	11	11.15 "
Llanfair Caerinion	7	11.45 "
Meifod	5¾	12.15 p.m.
Llynelys	11½	1.15 "
Oswestry	3½	1.30 "
Lunch—Wynstay		Dept. 2.45 "
Chirk	5¾	3.15 "
Ruabon	5½	3.45 "

	Distance		Time
Wrexham	5½	199	4.15 p.m.
Chester	11½	210½	5.15 ..
Tea—Bull and Stirrup			Dept. 6.30 ..
New Ferry	13	223½	7.45 ..

Manchester members join in at Chester (Bull and Stirrup).

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club photograph, and Tattenhall and June 14th have been fixed as the place and date. A goodly muster is confidently expected as some small return to Mr. Conway.

Little Budworth has been chosen as the alternative run on June 21st for those members unable to go down into Shropshire to help our men riding in the Manchester Wheelers' "50."

Changes of Address: V. M. G. Cox, Customs and Excise, North Street, Romford, Essex; W. J. Neason, "Woodside," Sylvester Road, East Finchley, London, N.; W. E. Taylor, 50, Hornby Road, Bootle.

Application for Honorary Membership—Mr. Percy Brazendale, Orleans House, Edmund St., Liverpool, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by W. H. Kettle.

H. AUSTIN,
General Hon. Secretary.

It is with deep sorrow that we have to record the sudden death, under tragic circumstances, of an old member of the Anfield. Richard Percival Seed, in company with the writer, was cycling along the Chester-Parkgate Road on Saturday afternoon, May 3rd, when he collided with a motor car and received such severe injuries to the head that he died within 20 minutes. Probably all members are familiar with the facts of the accident, and it is not necessary to recount them here, unless it is to say he was riding "close in" on his proper side of the road, and yet his life was forfeited.

Dick Seed joined the Anfield in 1912 and up to the commencement of the war was one of the most active younger members. He did some racing, doing a 50 miles in 2.46, and being third in a 12 hours' trial with a mileage of 181½. Many of the older members will remember him in those days as a happy, smiling lad and enjoying to the full the pleasant weekends spent at Hawkstone. At the close of the war, when released from the Army, Dick married, and home ties became so strong that his attendance fell off. The return to civil life at the close of the war was not made too easy for many, and this was so in his case, but in the past two years Seed was in the employ of our worthy President, and his outlook brightened materially. It is inexpressibly sad to see a life so full of promise and energy laid low at the prime of manhood. I am sure every member of the Club will join with me in extending heartfelt sympathy to his stricken wife, his little daughter and relations.

C.F.H.

We deeply regret to have to record the death of Joseph Butler, who passed away on the 20th May in his 71st year, and was buried at Bowdon Church on 23rd May. Joe Butler joined the Club in 1902, but as he has not participated in Club runs during recent years, will be unknown to the newer members. He always had a soft spot in his heart for the Anfield, and though not "active" in the strict cycling sense, he retained his position on the list of Active or Full Members, and made no request to be relegated to the Honorary list. Whenever the Club made any collection for a charitable or cycling cause, he was always a generous and willing subscriber. It is interesting to recall that when Knipe beat the 24 hours paced record in 1902 by putting up his fine ride of 406½ miles he rode an unpuncturable tyre invented by Joe Butler. To those who knew him, Joe's death is a great loss, and the world is undoubtedly poorer through his departure to the great beyond.

Club Ties.

Official Club Ties are now obtainable and may be purchased from Mander and Allender, 5 and 7, Dale Street, Liverpool—price 3/9 each. Will members please make a point of buying one and wearing it on all possible occasions? These ties take the same status as badges, but, unlike badges, may be worn during business.

It is highly desirable that all those who intend being down in Shropshire for the "100" should display the Club Colours.—*Ver's. sap.*

H. M. HORROCKS.

Sidelights on the Tattenhall Run.

Among the utensils taken to the scene of action of the Prezider's exploration exploits there was found that handy implement, The Wheelbarrow. It was carried at the rear of a certain caboodle that has become a familiar sight (though not an eyesore) among Roman Walls and Celtic Ditches. Speculation was rife as to what was to be its load: Roman pavements or human fragments. Those who know understood that it would take but little to make the Anfield foreman exchange the 3-wheel perambulator for the monowheel.

And thus that inveterate delver after Roman remains Bailun Barney (to use his *nom de plume*) and his precocious pair of Labes, Sammy and Silly, went on the warpath after the Tattenhall run, and old Barney took some delightful snapshots of the youngsters cavilling amongst themselves as to the value of the finds. Next winter we hope to see these thrown on the screen if not previously thrown on the fire. Sammy is seen smoking a pipe, a present from Dad on his nineteenth birthday, while Silly wears a coquettish hood and long cape looking arch, coy and piquant. Her upper lip looks dirty.

Brilliant sunshine in the Roman glades served as proof if proof were needed that the discovery found favour with the gods. The only human encountered, a gamekeeper, tried to damp their ardour but was soon silenced and overawed by Dad's "All Friends Round The Wrekin." The dead Romans on that mountain were in sight and cast an approving eye. The whereabouts of the long lost, stoien or

strayed Rutinium are now settled beyond all doubt. The photos prove it to be a spot even as romantic as that of the abandoned city of Silchester of Bath Road fame. Its local name, Pim Hill, would suggest it to be named after that Emperor whose wife called him Pim in strictly confidential moments.

The entrance to the Roman Ditch lies within handy reach of an excellent inn where Anfielders cannot do better than discuss the pros. and cons., the latter becoming fewer and fewer as discussion proceeds. During the evenings the glads are exclusively preserved for couples of opposite sexes, on the strength of the Roman right of way.

Items.

Turnor and Buckley having passed all the tests at Bettws-y-Coed, have been duly admitted as OWLS, and now sport bravely the insignia of that wonderful secret society of which Percy Charles is the Arch Owl.

Charlie Conway has obtained a shaving mirror for his motor bike, and may be expected to smash through to a Club run anytime now. Tommy Royden will show him the way.

"The Irish Cyclist and Motor Cyclist" gives particulars of a new motor cycle called a "Super Eight," which develops 30 h.p. and can find an "extra three or four horses should the rider decide he is not travelling quite fast enough." We are told that "the steering is perfectly steady up to 80 m.p.h.," and reference is made to the way "it burbles along at a sedate 40 m.p.h." No wonder our roads are being converted into shambles when any youth of 14 can buy such an implement to run amok with.

Our good friend The O'Tatur has been elected President of the Irish Road Club and a better selection could not have been made. Both the Club and Murphy are to be heartily congratulated.

Chandler and Gibson have gone off on a tour to explore Hadrians Wall thoroughly, and en route will investigate the Roman Pavement on Blackstone Edge. The Master will have to co-opt them on to his Exploration Syndicate, which has recently discovered the real site of Rutinium on Harmer Hill. Basil Baruum is not in it with these iconoclasts!

Mark Haslam has been distinguishing himself again. This time it takes a histrionic form, and he has appeared in the part of the husband John with "moments of intense excitement in the shooting episode" in A. A. Milne's play "The Man in the Bowler Hat." From our point of view we would prefer to see Haslam as "the man in the black tights" in "plays" of "A.B. See."

The Manchester Wheelers are to be heartily congratulated on their decision to reduce the value of the First Fastest Time Prize in their Open "Fifty" to Five Guineas, and to employ an Official Timekeeper for this event which we can now whole heartedly support.

"Kreed" has changed his engine room over to oil fuel, so perhaps he will now get out of the rut he must have worn in the road between Heswall and Birkenhead and get further afield—say to a club fixture.

On Chandler's first real ride on his Red Racer he quickly discovered what is well known to trike riders—viz., that drivers of motor vehicles pay more attention to trikes and do not cut them so close, evidently thinking the broad gauge cycle requires more room.

W. E. Taylor has returned to Liverpool and will no doubt be seen oftentimes among us.

Anfielders athirst this coming Whit, going to and fro the Old Gullet, should spare a glance, however skew-whiff, at Shrewsbury's oldest stone mansion, the historic hall of the hills, now used as a store-house. The Anfield mind generously primed with suitable beverage speculates playfully on the problem of its inclusion in this old back street, and on the curious absence of any entrance porch. Did they tunnel through some subterranean passage? The windows remain yet mullioned and the ceilings carved to this day.

Sport and Play says "W. P. Cook is one of the greatest cyclists in the land and a good hearted one at that." Don't you believe it.

"Kuklos" (W. Fitzwater-Wray) will be a most welcome visitor at Shrewsbury for the "100" and will be with the club at the Lion—doubtless joining the touring party on the Sunday.

Going to Press.

Barney and his Twin, the Pim Hill Pilots, are not the only Romanized Anfielders, as after wintering in the Cheadle pastures, Lowcock and his Usher have been seen near Down and Ditch on a recent holiday. The stupendous work on which the former has been engaged so long is nearing completion, but almost as fast as the work proceeds in the direction of the letter press, his notebook swells with further flow from his descriptive stencil. No sooner does he descend from the hillside rampart than he is down on his knees scribbling in a devotional attitude of the wonderworks of his neolithic ancestor. The title of the work: "Campstorming with a peculiar pal" has for sub-title the terse: "Up on the Agger and down in the Ditch," with a lilt that beckons the half-hearted.

A second volume is expected from the latest manuscript. Near Andover: Bury Hill and Danebury were done in. It was from the latter that Alfred lured the foolish Danes to Uffington rampart, and overcame them by the White Horse as they were not used to the brand. Lowcock, wiser than they, made for Stockbridge-on-Test and tested there Chateau Strong of Romsey with better results, for reinforced he tried to get to grips with Basil whom he expected to find perched on the Ashley Down monument facing the Roman Camp. Basil's directions were pronounced inadequate, and the place took a lot of finding.

Once found he stuck to the Romans and started taking sides in the dispute between Colt Hoare, who would put Vindogladia at the disappointing Gussages, and Pitt Rivers who points to the lofty works on Pentridge and as William backs the General the caboodle was soon clattering along the rolling, reeling, old Blandford road now in grand condition, but first solace was sought and found at the Temple (Knowle) near Cranborne, a smaller edition of the Avebury idea with the ruin of a very old Christian church in the centre. A place to convert Pagans. Raising their heads aloft the converted

Anfielders climbed Hod Hill and Hambleton, those great landmarks to the west of Cranborne Chase. Lowcock's measured tread that may seem a little too decisive along Piccadilly becomes fully understood in his descent from the skyline. Rhoderick Dhu strode like that to fight the Lowland Chief and to meet his doom, but Billy's more peaceful mission met with no such end; on the contrary he held his own with that vintage till late that night in the Grosvenor at Shaftesbury as the Centre of the Smokeroom, discussing politics and potatoes.

The great scheme whereby his work is going to differ from that of rivals, is through classification of his Camps by stars, after the style of the ranging of the A.A. Hotels, with 6 stars as the maximum, reserved for Maiden Castle.

In this way readers can judge of the value of the discovery before tackling the struggle.

THE PUBLISHER.

RUNS.

First 50 Mile Handicap, May 3rd.

Little did those of us who supported this event know of the shadow of death to be cast over us immediately after the finish. On our return to the Black Dog at Waverton we learned with horror of the death of poor Dick Seed, killed by a motorist, while on his way to join us. Naturally the news, telephoned by Hawkes, Senior, to Waverton, transferred our thoughts from the just-concluded race to the victim and those he leaves behind, also to his brother who was with us. The details of the "accident" will doubtless appear elsewhere.

The entry for the race, which was over the new Cheshire Course, with the triangle reversed at the request of some of the racing men, was on the small side, only 15 names figuring on the "card" and of these all but one were starters, W. Orrell, recovering from flu, deciding to stand down. There were three men on the scratch mark, but only one of these was at all "in the picture" at the finish. The great majority of the other rides were decidedly disappointing; so much so that one cannot help but wonder what is the matter with our racing men. Their methods of training (or lack of them!) seem much at fault and practically all of them would do well to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the observations of Grimshaw, admittedly a past master at the game, which appeared in the May Circular. Strict adherence to the principles set out probably would not suit the physique of all, but modification to suit the individual, with Grimshaw's advice as a basis, would do good and improved times would result. There are many men, still active in the Club (star riders in their day) who would be only too pleased to give advice which would benefit the present day "speed man." Grimshaw laid it down as one of his maxims, "eschew cigarettes," and yet one of the competitors in this event was seen smoking a cigarette half an hour before starting! We cannot all be scratch markers or short mark men, but it should be the ambition of all to reduce the figure which the Handicapping Committee feel compelled to allow in some cases. The times returned in our "50's" compare very unfavourably with those of the "50's" up to the outbreak of the war. Then we could count upon "evens" in practically every event at the

distance—how often do we get such a performance now?—never! Then a ride of about 2.35 was considered only moderate—*now* it's good enough for fastest time. Why cannot the A.B.C. show better results? It cannot be post-war conditions—machines are somewhat better and knowledge of the game is greater (or should be) and other clubs can, and do, show far superior times. The fault or neglect is undoubtedly with our men, and I appeal to them to put more heart and soul into the old game to the end that one need not feel ashamed when seeing the times reported in the cycling press. In pre-war days our times compared favourably with those of other clubs; the latter's times have, on an average, appreciated by anything up to ten minutes while ours, if anything, have retrogressed. For the reason that I have been wanting the opportunity of placing my views before the racing men of to-day and of appealing to them to try hard for better results, I welcomed the Editor's demand for "copy" and trust that I have hurt no man's feelings—I have written as I have solely because I want to see the A.B.C. performances higher in the scale.

And now to proceed to the brief description of the event for which we went out. The morning was a warm one with a gentle westerly wind having a trace of north in it, but shortly before the start at 4.15 it turned much colder and a drizzle descended. This had cleared off before the first man was despatched by Harry Poole, but left the roads quite wet. I have no information regarding what happened to the various riders en route, but times taken at 25 miles, on a watch synchronised with the Timekeeper's, showed G. B. Orrell to be the fastest to that point, in 1 hr. 13 min. 38 sec., with F. L. Edwards (1hr. 15 min. 24 sec.) nearly 2 min. slower. Geoffrey Hawkes was next a little over a minute slower in 1hr. 16 min. 50 sec. The remainder of the times, one man not reaching this point, were as follows, the order being the order of times:—Schofield, 1 hr. 17 min. 7 sec.; Walker, 1 hr. 17 min. 29 sec.; H. Austin, 1 hr. 18 min.; S. Threlfall, 1 hr. 18 min. 32 sec.; Turvey, 1 hr. 20 min. 8 sec.; Randall, 1hr. 20 min. 54 sec.; Perkins, 1 hr. 21 min. 14 sec.; J. E. Rawlinson, 1 hr. 21 min. 33 sec.; Long, 1 hr. 24 min. 2 sec., and Moorby, 1 hr. 26 min. 52 sec. From this "check" it will be seen that only one man beat "evens" for the first 25 miles; a poor show! Practically every man in a "50" should beat evens, or be close to, for the first half on a course such as ours—that is if he has any stamina at all or is moderately fit, and particularly as on this day the first half was, so far as an onlooker could see, the easier; any excess over 2 hrs. 30 mins. for the full distance should be lost in the second half. Of those who struggled to half way, three fell out later, viz., Long (6 mins.), Austin (scratch), and Cooper (9 mins.), which left 11 riders to be timed-in. The first to arrive was F. L. Edwards, followed some 2½ minutes later by Geoffrey Hawkes, who was separated by approximately the same interval from G. B. Orrell, the next arrival. These three rides were the only ones to be at all creditable, that of Hawkes being unquestionably the best of the day; he improved upon his previous best by over 8 minutes and thoroughly deserved his place of first in the Handicap. I gathered he had been

seriously training and I, for one, am glad he reaped his reward. The placings and times ultimately worked out as follows:—

Placings.	Rider.	Actual Time.	Handicap Allowance.	Handicap Time.
1.—	G. Hawkes	2 40 7 ...	13 min. ...	2 27 7
2.—	F. L. Edwards	2 34 34 ...	3 min. ...	2 31 34
3.—	G. B. Orrell	2 34 21 ...	Scratch ...	2 34 21
4.—	C. Randall	2 47 9 ...	9 min. ...	2 38 9
5.—	J. E. Walker	2 41 47 ...	4 min. ...	2 40 47
6.—	S. Threlfall	2 43 5 ...	2 min. ...	2 41 5
7.—	J. E. Rawlinson	2 47 57 ...	6 min. ...	2 41 57
8.—	F. Perkins	2 50 34 ...	8 min. ...	2 42 34
9.—	N. Turvey	3 0 23 ...	10 min. ...	2 50 23
10.—	C. Moorby	3 12 27 ...	20 min. ...	2 52 27
11.—	T. V. Schofield	2 54 31 ...	Scratch ...	2 54 31

Fastest Time was returned by G. B. Orrell, whose time of 2 hr. 34 min. 21 sec. was only 13 seconds better than that of F. L. Edwards, the second fastest.

There was the usual large number of members round the Course, in particular a great many congregating at Ridley Green Corner; in fact I hear it was quite like a motor rally at that point!

[It would almost appear as if this report had been broadcast among our racing men with beneficial effect as the results of the second "50" amply show. May the good work continue!—Ed.]

Tattenhall, May 10th.

The arduous duty of chronicling an Anfield run, usually, I find, develops into something like the following:—Sat., Tea-time: "Will you write up the run?" "Certainly," or "All right," or "Suppose I must," according to the person addressed. On the way home, brilliant inspirations as to what to say come as frequently as our office typist sings the first line of "When the sun goes down." She was quite surprised and indignant when I ventured to point out that as the sun had gone down (according to her calculations) 9 times in 2 minutes, there was quite a prospect of disharmony in the solar system. These inspirations, however, vanish with the steam of your hot bath, never to return. Then Sunday is not a good day for a variety of reasons, but you faithfully promise yourself that Monday evening shall behold the deed accomplished. Alas, Monday evening you are detained at the office (or that's what you tell the family), while Tuesday evening is spent at a friend's "listening in" to the Prime Minister of cycling, and absorbing the atmosphere of the Open Road and chips while you listen. By Wednesday, you are desperate, and say "Now, this must be done to-night, for my recollection of this fixture is becoming very hazy." So, in the words of the French exercise book, you seek "pens, ink and paper," and commence with the weather, that much abused and convenient subject. The afternoon was threatening to keep fine, so after forgetting to oil my machine, I thoughtfully called for a fellow-member, and helped myself generously from his can. The arrival of a third person brought the membership of this section of the Club to full strength—minus one who, we regret to say, is spending his Saturday evenings in an attitude which cannot be considered "self-supporting," and is frank enough to admit it. A meeting with Captain Kettle made our trio into a quartet, and he proposed that "Diapason" be made acting

President of the Wayfarer C.C. The audience would not immediately agree, for they had seen Liverpool placarded in red during the previous week with "Dickman's amazing secret revealed" (*Thomson's Weekly News*). They suspected it was that the Bebington congregation had found out he couldn't really play anything but the bagpipes, or else it was his recipe for a luxurious growth of hair (in opposition to Chem). This nomination was, however, finally agreed to. The Whitechurch road proved rather bumpy, and as the last couple of miles to the "Ragged Bear" was accomplished in what our genial Editor (Adv.) calls the "gentle dew from heaven in bucketsful," the destination was a welcome sight. A total muster of 45 proved rather more than mine host had expected, and his better half remarked to one of our irrepressible members that they had not expected more than 30 on such a day. He was quite equal to the occasion and tactfully explained that we were all really (strictly on the Q.T.) quite mad, and that, whereas any ordinary organisation fluctuated with climatic conditions, the Anfield rarely did so. The tea was excellent, and inspired the Presider to provide a running commentary on things in general. We heard all about the plump people who make a difficulty in serving teas as legally bound, all about air mails, and how they are sent by train, but the inner history of the Society for the Prevention of Cold Feet among friendless piano Tuners was cut short by Mullah who poked a dripping head around the door and remarked "Glorious weather." Manchester members were numerically few, but were very welcome. Even petrol, it seems, is not strong enough to overcome bad habits, for we grieve to record that both Teddy Edwards and F. H. received late marks. F. H. had solved the problem "How to carry the spare wheel," by tying a wheelbarrow on the stern of his outfit. We have not heard that it was required, so presume it was a case of "Love's labour lost" as the hen said after trying to hatch the billiard ball. Talking of billiards, one always knows where to find Hans and Long John after tea. They are devotees of the green cloth, and of the sign of the three balls. I have long held the theory that the best way to acquire a trike is to shadow home a newcomer to the art of "triking," and when the machine nose-dives into a ditch, make a cash offer. Chandler was too quick for me, though, so I had to carry my 5/- home again. Eaton Park was a picture on the homeward journey, but Hinderton saw the rain descending once more, and we were distinctly moist at our residences. On descending on Sunday morning and looking at the carpet where the machine had been standing all night, I decided that I had made a mark in the world.

Warrington, May 17th.

Warrington is by no means ideal for those seeking placidity or ozone, but its convenient location for both Liverpool and Manchester members (not to mention Wigan, etc.) and the commodiousness of its Patten Arms (re-installed in our favour, through the representation of our Chief) usually, I believe, ensure a good muster.

As one who has very few opportunities of attending runs, I looked forward to meeting many old friends and although, of course, some were missing, I was in that respect much gratified.

Approaching Frodsham, I was hailed by Crowcroft driving, in the opposite direction, a car containing apparently a bevy of ladies; but it was at the level crossing by Warrington that I first made contact with the Manchester contingent.

Arriving at the Patten Arms, I observed in the collection of machines a few bright hues (such is the change in fashion from the traditional Anfield black) and I placed my own Royal Blue (or Reckitts) in proximity of a tasty Primrose (or Mustard—it looked "hot stuff") and opposite the three wheeled "Peony" (or Tierney red) for easy discovery after the festive board. Then to the smoke-room, where the "Mullah" greeted me with a cordial invitation to "have one" with Newsholme in Toronto, some of whose money he had to dispense. It sounded like the introduction to the confidence trick, but I risked it with a dry ginger to keep alert, and nothing serious happened when I drank his health. James was there scrutinising the blue of the new club tie, which was voted quite in order, while another businesslike member displayed a box of "the goods" to tempt the club beaux. Most of the hardy veterans had arrived in the approved way, but I found Johnny Band immaculate in spring raiment with trousers complete conveyed per Rattler; while earlier, with some slight shock, I had seen Teddy Edwards piloting a car under the sage advice of Mercer in "the observation post"! However, the former who was still garbed as "a real cyclist," was careful to explain that the lapse was only temporary!

I cannot name, in the crowd of over 40, all others whose cordial greetings I reciprocated, but amongst them were Buckley, Knipe, E. G. Morris, Venables, Zam Buck, Turvey (previously met in the wilds of Kinordshire last August) and, of course, the President. The last named had designs on Macclesfield for the week-end and mysteriously vanished after suggesting soothingly that I should supply the Editor with "copy" for his next publication.

The service in the coffee room, at separate tables, was quite in restaurant style, but restricted the conversation during "business" to one's little circle. It all appeared, however, to work smoothly and comfortably. Scotch touring with Chandler as chief exponent was the main theme in my quarter, and there was a somewhat rapid dispersal after the last course in order to take advantage of the remaining daylight. I departed with Turvey and Chandler (on tricycle) en route for New Brighton, where I was staying for a few days, via Chester, and as the former had somewhat rashly left his lamp at home, we had to get on with it quickly to reach his destination before "fining time."

G.E.C.

Second "50," May 24th.

This event was held over the same course as the first "50" with the triangle taken in the reverse way to that used in last year's events; the Committee had given the question of which direction was the better full consideration, and had reached the decision to give the newer way a further trial. The result at first glance appears to be conclusive that the reversed direction is superior, but on second thoughts it does not seem so definite. There was a high wind from the S.S.W. and that direction, in theory, would appear to be ideal for the course. Riders had to face the wind for the first ten miles and then had no long stretches against it. Undoubtedly the wind made for very fast finishes and that probably accounted, to some extent, for the excellent times, inside "evens," returned by three of the competitors. Two of these were those who put up the fastest rides in the earlier event, and the third was J. S. Blackburn who made a welcome return to competitive sport.

Norman Higham held the watch and despatched fifteen of the nineteen entrants. Three of these 15, for some reason, were late in starting, Banks being 7 seconds late, S. Threlfall 41 seconds late, and Welfare 29 seconds, and of course these three lose that time.

The times at the halfway point are very interesting; they, again, were taken by Cook and showed four riders inside 1 hr. 15 mins., a better showing than in the first "50"; had the wind not been so strongly against for the first ten miles, it is probable they would have been two or three minutes better, but in that case the final times might have been worse: that is my impression of the help the wind rendered.

Walker, who had somehow failed to enter, rode for Standard Medal only, taking the starting place of Shaw, one of the non-starters.

Faster second halves were ridden by G. B. Orrell (43 secs.), H. Austin (1 min. 24 secs.), and Randall (17 secs.), while Walker (not in the race) showed 48 secs. greater speed in his second 25 miles. Blackburn would undoubtedly have been much faster in his second half, and fastest in the race, had he not been so unfortunate as to drop his "ivories" between No Man's Heath and the Finish! This cost him Fastest Time, as there was but 23 seconds between his time and that of G. B. Orrell—distinctly hard luck! The greatest improvement over previous times was shown by Randall whose ride was better by 9 mins. 14 secs. than that of the first "50" this year. G. B. Orrell improved one second less than 8 mins.; F. L. Edwards 5 mins. 56 secs., and Hawkes 4 mins. 21 secs., while Cranshaw showed 7 secs. and Walker 48 secs. improvement upon their previous bests of last year. Those of the others who had previous figures to show were all slower by varying amounts, but in more than one case the loss was due to punctures.

The performances taken as a whole were distinctly more encouraging, everybody being well inside three hours; those of Orrell, Blackburn and Edwards were splendid, but we hope for improvements even in their times as well as in those of the slower men.

The following table shows the times taken at the half-way point (official), the finishing times and the handicap allowances, together with the Standards for which the riders have qualified:—

Name	Time at 25 Miles	Actual Time	Handicap Allowance	Handicap Time	Placings and Standards.
Blackburn, J. S.	1.13.22	2.26.58	3 min.	2.23.58	First & D.
Orrell, G. B.	1.13.29	2.26.35	Scratch	2.26.35	Second & Ftst. & D.
Edwards, F. L.	1.14.4	2.28.25	1 min.	2.27.25	3rd & D.
Randall, C.	1.19.6	2.37.55	10 min.	2.27.55	4th & B.
Hawkes, G. F.	1.17.34	2.35.46	7 min.	2.28.46	5th & B.
Cooper, W. E. L. ...	1.20.37	2.41.56	11 min.	2.30.56	6th & A.
Cranshaw, J. D.	1.14.9	2.36.56	6 min.	2.30.56	6th & B.
Austin, H.	1.17.51	2.34.18	2 min.	2.32.18	8th.
Welfare, G. H.	1.22.24	2.52.32	20 min.	2.32.32	9th.
Orrell, W.	?	2.45.33	10 min.	2.35.33	10th & A.
Gilmour, R. F.	1.22.16	2.50.0	12 min.	2.38.0	11th.
Long, J.	1.27.24	2.55.6	8 min.	2.47.6	12th.
Walker, J. E.	1.18.8	2.35.28			Ex Handicap B.

Knutford, May 31st.

In recent years, The Red Cow at "Cranford" has only been used for Manchester alternative runs in the winter and many members regarded it as a novelty for a joint summer run; but bless my life it is only a putting back of the clock 25 years when it was a regular fixture until the discovery of the Lord Eldon of happy memories. Personally, I had decided to give it a miss as the weather was somewhat moist. But then three things happened. First of all, I read in *Sport and Play* that "there is a good deal of philosophy in wet weather cycling looked at from the interior of a comfortable room, a damp day certainly has a dismal appearance, but its uninviting aspect is very largely due to one's mood. Go out into it and it is remarkable how quickly one's spirits revive," and I began to waver in my resolve. Then Carpenter phoned and asked where the run was; and how could I allow G.E.C. to be at a run at which I was not present? I was weakening. Finally, Welfare called for me and that settled it. I capitulated and started off, with the result that the sun came out and in a mile I was on done dry roads! A little encounter with a hob nail in the lanes between Willaston and Little Sutton provided a nice rest, and on the main road we were passed by the Pentre Voelas express buzz waggon, but Welfare was keen on the lanes and piloted me round Chester and afterwards across Delamere Forest to Acton Bridge for a cup of tea. Again in the lanes by an intricate route I found myself unexpectedly entering Knutford after a most enjoyable ride and in due course sat down to an excellent tea with a crowd of 38. Looking round the room I espied several strange but welcome faces such as Fell, Koenen, Bailey, Deacon, Aldridge, the brothers Smith, and "My Private Secretary (unpaid)," and last, but not least, dear old Grimmy who received very hearty greetings on his first appearance after his serious illness. Altogether it was a very jolly tea party and a most satisfactory muster, seeing that quite a number of our members were participating in a Cheadle Hulme "50" in which "G. Borrel" was reported to be doing very well "inside evens" at 32 miles, whatever that means. After tea we began to scatter and I fear that some of us got rather wet before we eventually docked, but what does it matter when you have had a good ride and are making for home? The man I was sorry for was the Presider. He had scheduled a nice easy 30 miles trip to Stone, but a party of lusty youths inveigled him into tackling a 45 miles hustle to Shawbury. The plea of "no lamp" was not accepted as Grimmy promptly furnished the deficiency and the O. G. *had* to go. No doubt it was quite fine and there would be no floods next day. All that remains to be recorded is the fact that my tempter, Carpenter, failed to materialise and that probably explains why even the skies wept.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 221.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1924.

	Light up at
July 5. All Night Ride—Aberystwyth	10-30 p.m.
12. Tarporley (Swan)	10-31 p.m.
.. 14. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 18/19. Invitation 24 Hours Road Ride	10-27 p.m.
.. 26. Pulford (Grosvenor)	10-17 p.m.
Aug. 2/4. Tour to Co. Wicklow, Ireland. East Liverpool W. "50." Speedwell "100." Bath Road "100."	

Full moon 16th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead

Change of Address: W. E. L. Cooper, 8, Devon Avenue, Manor Road, Liscard, Cheshire.

New Member: Mr. P. Brazendale has been elected to Honorary Membership.

Any member who attends either the East Liverpool Wheelers "50," the Speedwell "100," or the Bath Road "100" on August Bank Holiday will be entitled to count a Club Run.

The Tour to County Wicklow will provide members with a unique opportunity of exploring this famous touring district under exceptional auspices. Mr. T. W. Murphy will be the cicerone, and headquarters will be at Glendalough, which it is proposed to reach on the Saturday night by Glencree, Sally Gap, and Roundwood, with a return to Wooden Bridge and back. On the Sunday, Glenmalur is to be explored, and if the conditions are favourable an "over the top" trip may be taken by the energetics over Table Mountain, and the return to Glendalough made via Wicklow Gap. On the Monday, the detour to Dublin will include the Devil's Glen, Glen of the Downs, the Dargle and the Scalp. The mileage for the three days is only about 130 miles, including all detours, so there will be plenty of time to absorb the scenic beauties, and those so desirous can make the distance even less. The Dublin boat sails from Liverpool at 10 p.m. on the Friday night, and the return fare is 35/-, plus 2/6 for berths each way. Twelve berths have been provisionally booked, but members will make their own reservations and promptitude is important. As Mr. Murphy is responsible for all the arrangements in Ireland, it is essential we should let him know in good time exactly how many he has to provide accommodation for. I shall, therefore, be glad if those proposing to participate in this fine tour will advise me not later than Saturday, July 19th. If you have any doubts about the enjoyment and novelty to be obtained from a tour in Ireland under the aegis of the O'Tatur, just ask any one of those who went over in ante bellum days.

H. AUSTIN,
General Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

INVITATION 24 HOURS SCRATCH ROAD RIDE, 18/19TH JULY.

Invitations to compete in this event have been extended to the following Clubs:—M.C. and A.C., Speedwell, Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, East Liverpool Wheelers, Sharrow, Yorkshire Road Club, Walton C. and A.C., Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers, Hull Thursday, Leeds Road Club, Cheadle Hulme, Liverpool Century, Wood End, Leigh C.C., Birkenhead N.E., Gomersal O.R.C., Birkenhead C.C., Walsall R.C., Farsley and District, Crewe R.C., Huddersfield R.C., Sheffield Crescent C.C., Irish Road Club.

Entries from "Ours" for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, July 12th, and will only be accepted in writing and accompanied by an entry fee of 10/- towards feeding expenses.

A large number of helpers will be required for the duties of checking, feeding and following. I shall be glad to receive the names of those willing to help as early as possible.

ENTRIES FOR RACES.

I wish to draw the attention of the Racing Men generally to a certain slackness which has crept into the methods of giving in entries for the various events. In the 2nd "50" I received about four of the entries from friends of the riders themselves, while in the "100," I regret to state, I caused F. L. Edwards certain inconvenience and annoyance through accepting an entry from someone on his behalf, whereas he had no intention of riding. For the remaining events this year, it is my intention only to accept entries in writing. It should not be left for me to guess whether a man intends to enter or not.

INVITATION "100," WHIT MONDAY.

It was reported to the Committee that there were a large number of the younger members acting the part of spectators at Battlefield Corner and Shawbury, whereas they could have been more usefully employed assisting with the feeding at Ercall Corner. When the overlapping takes place at this spot, two feeding stations have to be kept going. For a time this could only be done with the assistance I obtained from some visiting cyclists. While very grateful to these helpers, I much regret that it should be necessary to obtain outside assistance to run our "100." Anfielders who come on the course should be delighted to work and not look on; a job can always be found for every one.

BATH ROAD "100," Speedwell "100," E.L.W. "50,"

MONDAY, AUGUST 4TH.

Members wishing to compete in any of the above events are advised to let me know as early as possible, in order that I may make arrangements for help, etc.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

The Owls' Dinner at the George Hotel, Whit Monday Night.

The Branding of Owlet Mullah.

It was an inspiration on the part of the Arch Owl (or Old Bird)—Percy Beardwood—to celebrate the initiation of the Mullah into the secret rites of this mysterious society, whose origin goes back centuries, by commanding Junior Owl Hubert Roskell (Official gourmet and wine-taster-in-chief) to prepare a banquet in all respects commensurate with the dignity of the occasion. It may at once be said that these commands were carried out not only to the letter but to the entire alphabet. The country round about had been scoured for the choicest meats of all descriptions, while the wily asparagus which had successfully eluded all efforts at capture up to practically the last minute was at last hounded to earth. Tender young ducklings, revelling in a joyous and care-free existence, recalcitrant at first, once the urgency of the matter had been properly explained to them gave themselves up as willing sacrifices, the result being a gastronomical triumph. It must not be inferred that the liquid part of the feast had been altogether ignored, because this would in a way give rather a misleading impression. At officially timed intervals, baby liqueurs of amber hue (thoughtfully provided by Major Worthington) would make a welcome appearance and serve to dispel any incipient inclination to gloom in the bosoms of the assembly through brooding over poor Mullah's coming ordeal. That hard-riding Anfielder, Lizzie Buck, with his usual foresight, had carefully abstained from food of any kind since early morn, and could be observed leisurely, measuredly, but with grim determination, grappling with a menu whose contents were formidable enough to make the stoutest stomach quail. He won. The Arch Owl who had been encountered at the finish of the "100" in a bewildered condition consequent on a protracted dress rehearsal of the ceremony the night before with Mr. Guiseppi—an Owl of high tradition and steady of purpose (who on the contrary was merry and bright, verb. sap.), had under the sympathetic administrations met with during the afternoon, gradually been wanned back to life, and converted to the idea

that all was not yet lost. At the conclusion of the feast he up and spake a speech of welcome, touching with a fine sensibility but lightly on the poor Mullah, who sat cowering in his chair awaiting his doom. At the end of his oration, the Anfield Chorus (with Owl-ish deviations) was rendered with terrific force and precision, after which various other Owls in being, Owls to be, and others disqualified from ever being, staggered to their feet in quick succession, masterly discourse trickling from their tongues, and on each one being dragged down the remainder again burst into sweet melody. These proceedings over, the stage was set for the sinister drama in which poor Mullah was to play the leading rôle. The chamber was swept of the non-owls, so that no prying un-owl-like eye could penetrate the black secrets of the cult, and these benighted beings slunk into the outer darkness A few minutes later the air was rent with the agony-laden shrieks of the poor Mullah, and a frenzied rush was made to his rescue, but by the time the heavily-tyled portals had been forced, it was found that he had at last come to, and was being nourished with the special restoratives kept for such emergencies out of the hands of the Arch Owl himself; gradually he regained complete consciousness—which state was duly celebrated in the usual manner. One of the junior owls then sang to us, unaccompanied, in a voice shaken by a manly emotion, the Owls' Lament entitled "No wherewithal," the pathos of which struck a sympathetic chord in several bosoms, the tears coursing unheeded down the Presider Cook's furrowed cheeks as he visualised the scenes so poignantly described. Other junior and full Owls then carried on the good work with recitation, story and song, and eventually the congregation dispersed after an evening which will live long in the memory. We were about 18 strong at the commencement, and the like number weak at the end. Gentlemen! THE OWLS, LONG MAY THEY HOOT.

Items.

Newspaper heading: "Beer not a medicine." We wonder what excuse Dickman will now put forward when he purchases Bass!

According to report, men of large build rarely commit any serious crime. This confirms our own opinion. You can hardly imagine Hubert, for instance, doing anything more criminal than slapping a side of beef outside a butcher's shop, and then running away, can you?

No doubt many of us had exciting times with the floods that ushered in leafy June, when motor cars were stranded and water logged. Walker rode 97 miles home from Bulth through innumerable rivers and takes the biscuit for his apt remark to a motorist by exclaiming: "Its' the Anfield spirit you want: Shell isn't much use."

1924 is proving a great year for the Cheshire B.B.'s for the "Merrie month of May" saw the return of Sir Thomas Lord Strat-hallon Royden to the fold; but the zenith was reached on June 4th and 18th, when Sir Edward Edwards, accompanied by George Mercer as Javelin man, paid state visits to Saughall Massie, and seemed very pleased to find the healthy state of this ancient organisation so well maintained.

Johnny Band' cheerful prophecy does not look like coming true, for the Presider recently passed a rigorous medical examination and was assured that his heart was splendid and in the right place!

H. Massac Buist, writing in the "Sporting and Dramatic" says, "There is a type of owner who is a Standard enthusiast . . . he is a

type of motorist which it is eminently desirable to see on the roads.¹² No doubt he had Teddie Edwards in mind.

Llanfihangel-nant-Melan has again been visited and written about in "Cycling," but Waters-break-its-neck still apparently remains undiscovered, not to mention Evenjob and Beggars Bush.

According to a newspaper report, Frederick Edward Ellis, of Streatham, London, committed suicide "because of the continued wet weather which prevented him from going for a daily spin on his bicycle." What a terrible warning to those who are frightened of a drop of rain!

Kuklos evidently enjoyed himself with us at Shrewsbury, and in the "Daily News" writes a most interesting account of his ride to Clun, in which he refers to "a curious competition between Mr. Tricycle Chandler and myself in a little matter of the consumption of marrowfat peas," but there is no reference to the way the Mullah talked him to death and, we are rather puzzled as to the hidden meaning that may lie in his reference to Cook, about whom he says—"nothing ever stops him except thirst."

We are told that Adversity makes strange bedfellows, and it strikes us as rather an irony of fate that the two chief supporters of Wayfarer's "open letter" to the Conservators of the Cyclists' War Memorial should be S. Ayres and G. J. Withington, of the N.C.U.—men who a few years ago were doing their damndest to bring about compulsory rear lights on cycles, and may, for all we know, to the contrary be still so engaged less obtrusively. Robbie is welcome to them!

Kuklos writes: "Blessings on the head of 'Grimmy,' a dark, dynamic veteran of the Anfield clan, who piloted me to The Grove, a nice large private house on the edge of Shawbury, with gardens and green lawns, and Mrs. Morgan *and two pretty daughters.*" The italics are ours, and explain a good deal. Kuklos concludes with:—

My two days' hob-nob with some of the older Anfielders leads me to suspect that I have been too harsh hitherto in my attitude towards the national British beverage. I am not a teetotaler. I believe in temperance in all things, including teetotalism. But I have never liked English beer much, and have not averaged a quart per annum for many years. Especially have I regarded it as a fatal drink for cycling. So some of my hard-riding Liverpool friends have provided me with a new problem. When a man who is nearly bald drinks several glasses of beer and then drives a racing tricycle at 12 m.p.h. without flagging to the top of a 1,200 ft. mountain pass and at 25 to 30 down the other side—well, I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, does not the Union Jack fly higher than ever?

And when they say we've always won,
And when they ask us how it's don,
We proudly point to our Pay-gun,
And call for a canteen!

And so farewell, till the next time, to all those bright spirits of the road, lads and lasses from all the ends of England, with whom I so joyfully foregathered in a Salopian Whitsuntide."

Who can he be referring to? We like the polite "nearly bald," but think the Stars and Stripes would have been a more appropriate suggestion.

Stop Press. Important!

Thanks to the good offices of McCann, we are able to announce that special terms have been granted for the Irish Tour. Coast Lines have decided to issue return tickets at single fare and one-third, to members travelling on the Friday night, and the same reduction will be given for bicycles. The fare therefore is £1 6/8 saloon return. Bicycle 5/4 return and berth fees 2/6 each way, making a total cost of £1 17/-, and not as per Committee Notes. You must therefore mention A.B.C. when booking, as well as letting Austin know you are going, not later than July 19th.

"UP" for the Jubilee!!!

It is 50 years since Henry Sturmeay bought his first bicycle and learnt to ride.

It is 50 years since "Koheenan the Rider" learnt to ride PILLION on the long flapdoodle spring of a Velocipeded Boneshaker.

It is 50 years since the Boneshaker "went out," in England. Their riders were something less than Acrobats and something more than Mountebanks. The velocipedist who writes these notes was once nearly an Acrobat and is still a Mountebank!

It was in discarding the Velocipede and replacing it by a new type, invented in England, that England became the Cradle of The Ordinary Bicycle (The G.O.O.)

The Velocipede was a French Machine introduced in 1869/70. It endured for 12 years on the Continent, but only about 3 in England.

Although the Velocipede is preserved to this day, the first English type is not. Very few cyclists of to-day have ever seen a single specimen. I have named it: The Missing Link.

It is 50 years since the First English Cycle Factory (as apart from enterprising blacksmiths) issued its first Complete Catalogue of "Gentlemen's Bicycles and of Coventry Racing Bicycles," with a complete list of Testimonials from its Riders and a list of the Races won on them. It was printed for season 1875.

This was the Coventry Machinists Co., Ltd., of Cheylesmore Works. It tells of the Races of D. Stanton, of Hornsey, on his 50 lbs. "Coventry," and of K. Falconer on his 60 lbs., against J. Keen, the small Surbiton maker on his 40 lbs. "Keen." Stanton called his: The Flying Horse. It tells of their MOST EXPERIENCED FOREMAN, and we wonder whether this was Thos. Humber, Daddy Rudge, or perhaps Mr. Singer, all of whom were C.M.C. foremen. All these machines belong to the Missing Link Class. Who can show the process of evolution whereby the Missing Link became the G.O.O.?

It is 50 years since The First Cycling Manual was published by Tinsley Bros., of 8, Catherine Street, Strand, London, and was printed by Brookes and Thompson, of Ludgate Circus. The Priceless Work that has come to me through the death of a friend, now lies before me. It contains:

A Preface by the Editor showing clearly that 1874 justly deserves to be regarded as the Year of Birth of Cycling as a Sport.

An Index to 60 Routes, indicating suitable tours in England, Scotland, Switzerland, The Upper Rhine, The Battlefields of 1879 (?). Belgium, Holland and France.

An Index to Towns in these routes totalling nearly 600 place-names.

The 60 Routes in Detail.

Illustrated Plate, showing The Hobby-Horse called then the Dandy's Hobby, described as The Bicycle of the Regency. An Article on the Birth of the Bicycle, showing plates of "The Bicycle of 1869" (a Boneshaker). "The Bicycle of 1874" (a Missing Link.)

Illustrations of the Component Parts of the Missing Link (everything solid with a special claim that even the Naves were solid). The word Nave has long since given way to Hub.

The "Records" of Cycling. (Thus the first Record of the existence of Records. Surely a proof that this was the first beginning of all things cyclistical.)

These records include London to John O'Groats in a fortnight, doing 60 Miles a day.

The Amateur Bicycle Championships from 1871 to 1874.

Pott's Records in 1872, doing 287 miles in 4 days.

Wheaton's Records, doing 264 miles in 3 days in 1873.

Wheaton's Record, doing 144 miles in 18½ hours in 1873.

Match between Surrey and Middlesex in 1873.

Ride of the Pickwick Club.

Potts and Jones ride 606 miles in 9 days.

Whiting wins 10 Miles Race from Scratch in 42 minutes.

Falconer wins 10 Miles Road Race in 38 minutes.

A list of all the Clubs in England. Eight in London and eleven in the Provinces.

Rules for the Club, The Road and The Race.

Rules for Professionals (the so-called Wolverhampton Rules).

Rules of a provincial Club.

Rules for Competitors in Club Races.

Entry Form for Membership.

This Manual adds up to 80 pages. What Homage do we intend to pay to this year of 1874? Who is aware of That Year, whose Trend of Events Fixed on 1924 as the Jubilee Year of the Cycle Sport? "Cycling" does not know. The C.T.C. does not know. Sturmev clearly does not know, for he only celebrates his own Jubilee. Way-farer does not know. Basil Barlamb does not know. The Old Timers do not know, but an ANFIELDER "knows."

Description of the Missing Link.

Roadster or Gentleman's Bicycle: Frontwheel 42in. (Leg 30in.), £11 10/-; up to 60in. (Leg 39in.), price £16. Backwheel 24in.

Step fixed to bracket forward from the back wheel.

Solid Backbone, Solid Forks, Rim V shape, rubber tyres.

Plain Bearings welded to the front fork ends, with oil holes in fork.

Long socket stem to take Long Socket Head from which backbone sprang.

The oil was caught by a sponge hidden in the front fork ends. Care to be taken that these sponges are not lost. They preserve the bearings from grit. The socket and treadles must also be oiled (but without sponges). The backwheel bearings were plain but adjustable cones. The cranks had slots for lengthening.

The handlebar was high and narrow like the boneshaker.

The brake worked on the backwheel with a rope over a pulley.

The spring was hinged well forward of the head and ended in a graceful coil behind and below the rider.

The footrests were a great feature. The short trouserguard were extended forward for quite 15ins., and there met by supports from the bottom of the front forks. The extension closely followed the front wheel. At its farthest point the footrests were fixed so that the rider's legs were fully extended.

The Coventry Racer had a much smaller and lower spring, no footrests, and a smaller backwheel.

The Manual showed how to mount gracefully, how to fall, how to hold on to a wall, how to cling to a friend, how to use the rests, and how practice makes perfect.

RUNS.

Whitsuntide—Whitchurch, June 7th.

It would almost appear that the fixing of a tea place is a mistake when so many deliberately have their meal within a few miles, and no one not "off for the holiday" puts in an appearance; indeed, there were more called at the Anchor than patronised the house, and it looked bad. With almost exactly 100 members supporting the fixture, a baker's dozen at Whitchurch is hardly worth considering. Some were bound for Loppington, Hodnet and Shawbury, and a very select few for Headquarters at Shrewsbury, where we numbered 20 at the Lion, and about 10 at the George and elsewhere. On the Sunday, the Shrewsbury crowd scattered as usual according to inclination and duties, the motorists going to Leominster and the strenuous cyclists to Clun along with "Koko," who was a most welcome visitor and got very angry when asked for his autograph! The Clun party, piloted by Mr. Mullins, returned via Craven Arms, where they encountered Stancer and the North Roaders while in the evening we were favoured with visits from a strong contingent of Speedwell "heads" and Wayfarer himself, which puts us in the right frame of mind for—

The Hundred.

Last year in our anxiety to keep within the R.R.C. limit of 100 entries, we struck a snag and landed ourselves into complaints of grievances from those who had been refused when we only had 91 names on the card. This year we again struck a snag in the opposite direction. Nominations of 88 had been made, but the result of our first "50" was so discouraging that few of our own men were keen to enter, and as there are usually several last minute withdrawals we felt safe in accepting several other nominations provisionally. Then came our second "50," with its wonderful change of aspect and 14 Anfield entries, followed by the amazing fact that there was only one nominee who failed to enter through an accident! The consequence was that the handicapping committee were on the horns of a dilemma, and faced with the thankless task of solving a problem most difficult, for after eliminating all the provisionally accepted entries there were still 101 left, and it became essential that one of "ours" should stand down. Of course if there had been time to communicate with the men the matter would have been easy, for not only should we have had several volunteers (Banks came specially to Liverpool to withdraw his entry when he heard what had happened—unfortunately too late, as

the cards were out) but we should have discovered that Edwards' entry had been made verbally by someone without his authority. What were the Committee to do? The last two entries were those of Lusty and Banks, and the Committee felt, rightly or wrongly, that Banks as a first-claim member had the better claim to ride. Of course this may have been a rotten decision, but you are appealed to not to shoot (as in the case of the piano player), and thank your stars you have not to be either a Paris or a Solomon. It was undoubtedly hard lines on Lusty to be thus the victim of most unfortunate circumstances, and steps must be taken to avoid a repetition of such a contretemps in future; but after all, the choice of a victim was a tribute to his sportsmanship, and if you hear any sinister suggestions that Lusty did not ride for any other reason you can officially deny the impeachment. Not only did we get only a single withdrawal, but record was broken with only one non-starter! The weather conditions were almost exactly a repetition of last year's, with the wind unfavourable for the finishing stretch, and again it was a case of "Andy" Wilson fastest right from the start. Wilson rode so finely that he was inside "evens" and records for the course at 91½ miles, and only the punishing finish prevented his securing the coveted honour. But Wilson was not the only short marker riding well, and perhaps as good a ride was that of E. C. Pilcher, a perfect stranger to the course, who by his performance cannot be overlooked by the Olympic and World's Championship Selection Committee. Rossiter, smiling as ever, finished strongly third fastest, and Greenwood was fourth fastest. For the handicap, A. Gunn (Liverpool Century), E. Sutton (Grosvenor Wheelers), and Blackburn of "ours," were making a close race of it, and the result was in this order, less than 2½ minutes covering the trio, and we were all highly delighted at Blackburn's really "class" performance. But Blackburn's fine ride was not the only thing for us to rejoice over, as G. B. Orrell was 8th in the handicap, with a performance 14 minutes faster than last year's. Both Blackburn and Orrell figure in the following table of fastest time, as they appeared in "Cycling":—

A. Wilson, Y.R.C.	Scr.	5. 3. 4
E. C. Pilcher, Poly.	4	5. 7.39
J. W. Rossiter, Century	2	5.10.41
F. Greenwood, M.C. and A.C.	2	5.19.56
C. Hindle, Leeds R.C.	14	5.17. 1
J. S. Blackburn, Anfield	20	5.19.16
N. A. Sollars, Wood End	12	5.21.38
W. T. Birkill, M.C. and A.C.	1	5.23. 8
C. A. Morris, Speedwell	10	5.23.36
G. B. Orrell, Anfield	18	5.23.37
A. Gunn, Liverpool Century ...	27	5.23.58
H. Rae, M.C. and A.C.	10	5.24.13
D. F. Nash, Poly.	5	5.24.25
W. A. Tuplin, Gomersal	15	5.24.45

"Cycling" comments "The organisation of the event was, as usual, of the flawless Anfield quality," for which many thanks.

The following table of the handicap results shows that the Puff and Dart system worked none too badly:—

Name.	Club.	Actual Time.	Handicap.	Prizes Time.
1—A. Gunn	Lpool Century.	5.23.58	27 min	4.56.58 (1st Hndp.)
2—E. Sutton	M/c. Grosvenor	5.26.44	28 ,,	4.58.44 (2nd Hndp.)
3—J. S. Blackburn...	Anfield	5.19.16	20 ,,	4.59.16 (3rd Hndp.)
4—C. Hindle	Leeds R.C. ...	5.17. 1	14 ,,	5. 3. 1 (Certificate)
5—A. Wilson	Yorkshire R.C.	5. 3. 4	Ser.	5. 3. 4 (1st Fstst. Time)
6—E. C. Pilcher	Polytechnic ...	5. 7.39	4min	5. 3.39 (2nd Fstst. Time)
7—A. Jones	E.L.W.	5.32.24	27 ,,	5. 5.24
8—G. B. Orrell	Anfield	5.23.37	18 ,,	5. 5.37 (Certificate)
9—C. W. Pepper ...	Leicester R.C.	5.41.45	34 ,,	5. 7.45
10—F. W. A. Greengrass	Leicester R.C.	5.38.31	30 ,,	5. 8.31
11—J. W. Rossiter ...	Century	5.10.41	2 ,,	5. 8.41 (Certificate)
12—N. A. Sollars	Wood End	5.21.38	12 ,,	5. 9.38 (Certificate)
13—W. A. Tuplin.....	Gomersal O.R.C.	5.24.45	15 ,,	5. 9.45 (Certificate)
14—C. A. Rhodes	Yorkshire R.C.	5.39.48	30 ,,	5. 9.48
15—G. Hammonds ...	Yorkshire R.C.	5.42. 3	31 ,,	5.11. 3
16—R. F. Gilmour ...	Anfield	5.47.35	36 ,,	5.11.35
17—F. Greenwood ...	M.C. & A.C. ...	5.13.56	2 ,,	5.11.56 (Certificate)
18—A. V. Griffin	Speedwell ...	5.30.12	18 ,,	5.12.12
19—N. E. Hamford	Cheadle Hulme	5.40.40	28 ,,	5.12.40
20—J. Gilbert	Yorkshire R.C.	5.40. 5	27 ,,	5.13. 5
21—E. Midgley	Bhead C.C. ...	5.53.17	40 ,,	5.13.17
22—C. A. Morris	Speedwell ...	5.23.36	10 ,,	5.13.36 (Certificate)
23—L. Moore	Leeds Kirkgate	5.36. 8	22 ,,	5.14. 8
24—H. Rae	M.C. & A.C. ...	5.24.13	10 ,,	5.14.13 (Certificate)
25—F. H. Harrison...	Manchester W.	5.34.30	20 ,,	5.14.30
26—P. Walton	Sharrow	5.50.33	36 ,,	5.14.33
27—A. R. Bomford ...	Manchester W.	5.52.45	38 ,,	5.14.45
28—J. G. Shaw	Anfield	5.44.56	30 ,,	5.14.56
29—A. W. Kent	Leicester R.C.	5.51.10	36 ,,	5.15.10
30—A. Pilling	Huddersfld RC	5.53.23	38 ,,	5.15.23
31—G. Watchorn	Century	5.34.26	18 ,,	5.16.26
32—H. Bracewell	Cheadle Hulme	5.50.36	34 ,,	5.16.36
33—C. Randall	Anfield	5.51.38	35 ,,	5.16.38
34—A. Hancock	M/c Grosvenor	5.49.14	32 ,,	5.17.14
35—W. R. Kendall ...	Hul T.	5.32.43	15 ,,	5.17.43
36—E. Dickenson ...	Sheffield C. ...	5.53.11	35 ,,	5.18.11
37—W. Cooper	Gomersal O.R.C.	5.50.19	32 ,,	5.18.19
38—T. D. Chapman...	Wood End ...	5.31.24	13 ,,	5.18.24
39—W. E. L. Cooper..	Anfield	5.55.50	37 ,,	5.18.50
40—D. F. Nash	Polytechnic ...	5.24.25	5 ,,	5.19.25 (Certificate)

Name.	Club.	Actual Time.	Handicap.	H'cap Time.	Prizes
41—W. Twiddle	Walton C & AC	5.41.54	22 "	5.19.54	
42—M. Draisey	Century	5.37.24	16 "	5.21.24	
43—F. Rogers	Crewe R.C. ...	5.49.30	28 "	5.21.30	
44—W. Quinn	Walton C & AC	5.45.48	24 "	5.21.48	
45—W. T. Burkill.....	M.C. & A.C. ...	5.23. 8	1 "	5.22. 8	(Certificate)
46—T. E. H. Richards	Whpton. Crit.	5.47.11	25 "	5.22.11	
47—H. Leat	Polytechnic ...	5.34.22	12 "	5.22.22	
48—F. Hancock	M/c Grosvenor	5.44.50	22 "	5.22.50	
49—C. Williamson ...	Bath Road ...	5.32.39	9 "	5.23.39	
50—J. E. Holdsworth	Kentish W. ...	5.30.53	6 "	5.24.53	
51—S. Smith	M'chester Wed.	6.10.17	45 "	5.25.17	
52—P. H. Beeson ...	Walsall R.C....	5.54.28	28 "	5.26.28	
53—A. Hughes	Stretford W.	6. 1.59	35 "	5.26.59	
54—J. A. Mew	Speedwell ...	5.52.51	25 "	5.27.51	
55—H. Ashley	Hull T.	6. 8.14	40 "	5.28.14	
56—C. E. Marston ...	Walsall R.C. ...	5.42.38	14 "	5.28.38	
57—J. Wear	Sharrow	6. 9.50	40 "	5.29.50	
58—L. J. Ireland	Wood End ...	5.46.15	16 "	5.30.15	
59—D. Johnson	Bhead N.E. ...	6. 0.50	30 "	5.30.50	
60—A. Mercer	Crewe R.C. ...	6. 9.22	37 "	5.32.22	
61—L. C. Cockerill ...	N.R.C.C.	5.59.38	25 "	5.34.38	
62—A. West	Bath Road ...	5.42. 4	7 "	5.35. 4	
63—W. Wright	Leigh C.C. ...	6.20.41	45 "	5.35.41	
64—H. Fowler	Polytechnic ...	5.47.38	3 "	5.44.38	

TEAM RACE.—1st: M.C. & A.C., aggregate time 16hrs. 1min. 17secs. (F. Greenwood, 5.13.56); W. T. Burkill, 5.23.8; H. Rae, 5.24.13). 2nd: Polytechnic, aggregate time 16hrs. 19min. 42secs. (E. C. Pilcher, 5.7.39; D. F. Nash, 5.24.25 H. Fowler, 5.47.38). The Team Race was again won by the M.C. and A.C. with almost monotonous persistency and accuracy, their aggregate time of 16.1.17 being just 3m. 33secs. faster than last year, while the second team medals were secured by the Poly. with 16.19.42, as compared with the Century R.C.'s 16.22.31.

There were 64½ finishers (the half representing a competitor who clocked 1.20 for the second 50 by failing to go round the inner triangle the second time!) and there were very few tyre or other troubles. Those of "ours" who packed up simply did so through getting tired. Gunn and E. Sutton showed improvements of 35 and 20 minutes respectively over their rides of last year, and, as already recorded, Blackburn (Standard D) and Orrell (Standard C) did fine performances for us, but we were also pleased with Shaw's 5.44.56, Gilmour's 5.47.35 (Standard A), Randall's 5.51.38 (Standard A), and Cooper's 5.55.50 (Standard A).

101 "100" Random Depressions.

1.—The present deponent's first reminder of the "100" was a chance encounter with our ex-member Harold Rae a few days before Whitsuntide. Rae was travelling at such a furious pace that the writer at once wired some Exclusive Information to the Handicapping Committee. Unfortunately, there was no time to act on this.

2.—Citizen John Urry once publicly named the "Big Four" of cycling journalism. Three members (or 75 per cent.) of that Enlarged Quadruplet graced the "100" with their presence, to wit:—

The illustrious "Robin Hood," the Big Noise of the Cyclists' Touring Club: "Kuklos," (alias "Koko") of the "Daily News," an eminent litterateur-lecturer; and our own "Wayfarer" (alias "Swearfairer"), an eminent lecturer-litterateur and wireless wallah.

3.—Owing to the lamentable failure of Boots to rouse the President, Cook had a thoroughly gaudy time getting to the start. Competent eye-witnesses state that he washed himself as he passed the bathroom door at speed, and that he postponed fastening his shoes until the race was over. By making these sacrifices the Old Gent had ample time for the Thing that Really Mattered—Breakfast.

4.—The Committee refused—and, in our opinion, rightly refused—to allow Robinson to erect a stall near the start for the purpose of disposing of surplus copies of "Your England and Mine" at crash prices.

5.—What an example Andy Wilson's statuesque figure was to those cyclists who do the wrong sort of "head work!" Andy sits his machine as though he were a rock.

6.—It is understood that, if the M.C. and A.C. win the team race next year (for the fifth time in succession), it will be theirs for keeps.

7.—Several people expressed a desire to know why the event is called the Anfield "100." The matter is being investigated.

8.—The writer encountered the frail Hubert (protected with tortoise-shell glasses and looking like the Plenipotentiary Extraordinary for Czechoslovakia), and made him his annual offer of a drink. Hubert, however, respectfully declined the proffered milk and soda.

9.—The Frail One (now without his glasses, and looking more like the Charge' d'Affaires from Jugo-Slavia) was again seen at Hodnet. The offer of an orange left him cold.

10.—The Mullah, armed to the teeth with enormous masses of figures, occupied his usual stand, but the field-glasses were absent. This circumstance doubtless reflects the bad condition of trade in the City of Perpetual Sunshine. We hope he will be able to "get them out again" before next Whitsuntide.

11.—The proposal that the roadsides near the start and finish of the course should be fitted up with cycle stands was received with great sympathy by Bob Knipe, who visualises a new source of revenue for the Club—carrying with it the possible abolition of our annual subscriptions.

12.—Our good friend, Mr. Joseph Andrews, improved the shining hour by painting a picture of Shawbury Church. We consider that Tomlin's advocacy of the camera, as being quicker and more accurate, was in shocking taste.

13.—Turnor, whose bicycle required some slight adjustment, was very disappointed at the failure of "Widelegs" to reach Poploe.

14.—The length of Shropshire miles was bitterly commented on by more than one of the competitors, whilst a rider who retired at the halfway point expressed the view that no "100" should be of greater length than 50 miles.

15.—Curious that the only non-starter of the hundred who entered for the "100" bore the lucky Anfield number "13."

16/101.—Whit Monday in Shropshire is a great day entirely.

"100" Brieflets.

"Sport and Play comments" "The number of finishers was really disappointing in a race of this importance, and we think it would be wise for the Anfield officials to take note of the men who are consistent

non-finishers." With the necessity of restricting the entries to 100, something will certainly have to be done in this direction, making the entry more one of selection to improve the "class."

"Sport and Play" also says "It is interesting to see the return of J. S. Blackburn of the Anfield, whose ride of 5.19.16 was the fastest Anfield performance for some years, and it is to be hoped that this (and Orrell's 5.23.37—Ed.) will encourage members of the promoting Club to go and do likewise, and give that ancient institution a real chance of winning their own team race." Hear! Hear! If only Hawkes had not punctured we might have run the M.C. and A.C. very close, or won the second team medals.

An Editorial in "Cycling" under the caption "Too Many Cyclists," deals with "the difficulty which besets the promoters of road events," and says inter alia "The sport has so many followers nowadays that it is a problem to know where to put them. Crowded finishes are as bad as crowded entry lists, and some means will have to be devised for keeping the roads clear at finishing points." Our view is that the real difficulty is the shockingly bad behaviour of the crowds, who simply refuse to "stay put," but wander all over the road, back and forth, like wet hens! And bad examples are shown by men who ought to know better, in riding up to within 100yds. of the finish, dismounting in the road and adding their quota to the blocking of the fairway. Those riding down to the finish while it is in progress should certainly ride slowly in single file and go right through, instead of coming along in droves all over the road and then hampering both competitors and officials. The photograph in "Cycling" shows how the crowd were applauding when Wilson and Blackburn were finishing, in a manner which prevented the timekeeper getting their numbers. Lots of competitors were seriously interfered with both at the start and finish by curiosity merchants. The same sort of thing occurred at the checking places, and Buckley had a particularly gaudy time of it at Crudgington. If "followers of the Sport" must ride about the course and ignore the request "to keep away from the immediate start and finish and not to hamper the officials in any way," the least thing they can do is to observe the amenities in a decent fashion.

Photo Run. Tattenhall, June 14th.

This is the one run in the year when we each and all put on our brand new cycle suits, clean collars, club ties, and look carefully to the parting of our remaining hairs. The comb was in use among the front rankers almost up to the moment when the little bird came out. Thus neat and trim all with clean faces, some 63 members faced the camera, so Charlie will be hoping for some decent weather if only to get through the printing.

By the way, as I made a lonely passage out and home and know nothing of the run, I was instructed to write anything except about it (perhaps Arthur has someone else up his sleeve, for this), so what about the weather? During this week if there was any bad weather I found it.

Monday not bad, as you know. Tuesday wet, wet, wet from Shrewsbury to Long Compton, a quaint old world spot in Oxfordshire. Wednesday, on to London, more wet. Thursday, London, home, wet from St. Albans. Surely enough for one week! The glorious weather of Saturday was fully appreciated by me at all events.

Prior to tea, several members watched the local cricket match and saw the hat trick done. From the execution done by the bowlers, it might have been England v. The South Africans.

Shortly before 6 o'clock some anxiety was felt at the non-arrival of Charlie, but all fears were blown away when it was known that he was with Teddy Edwards, and probably had made a call at Llandegla.

Tea was taken in the open after some little scrimmage (which might be expected in view of the large muster), then came the procession to the Cricket Pavilion, and the photo, after which some departed for week-ends, others home direct, whilst a few lingered, waiting to take on the local champion on the bowling green.

Little Budworth, June 21st.

The counter-attraction of the Wheelers' "50" down in Shropshire drew away many of our usuals, "those who," as a phrase which caused some misunderstanding of yore put it, "attend the run wherever the destination may be fixed"—but nevertheless the fixture was fairly well attended, the dining-room being filled, and the service not being so rapid as to cause indigestion. Johnny Band was absent. While sitting, as is his wont, in the hedge backing on the top road, devouring the last of the previous week's Sunday papers, and waiting for a motor smash, the wire and the fabric of one of his tyre's parted company with éclat. His opinion of these tyres, though expressed with great fluency and conviction, is not suitable for use as an advertisement, and so, unlike another, who shall be nameless, he will probably have to pay full price for a new tyre. Dickman's attempt to make a brighter Anfield by playing ragtime during tea was severely squashed by Chandler, who objected that he could champ his jaws without having to take his time from a march. Unprejudiced listeners corroborated this statement. Several members had extended the Shrewsbury week-end to go touring. One of them had set out to see a well-known and beautiful river, and had been near it for quite a long time. He had, however, been almost unbelievably successful in avoiding it, which leads one to think he must have learnt his map-reading at one of those classes which were conducted by another member during the war. The weather during the afternoon had been somewhat mixed, but in the evening we left in bright sunshine, some for Shropshire, some for home.

Manchester Wheelers "50." June 21st.

There were about 25 of us down in Shropshire to look after G. B. Orrell, F. L. Edwards, H. Austin, J. S. Blackburn, and G. F. Hawkes, who were competing in this event, which was timed by the Presider; and notwithstanding the torrential rain that fell just before the start and several showers during the early portion of the race, it was a most successful function. Of the 83 entrants, there were 13 non-starters, including Orrell, reported to be suffering from a cold, but this was not the worst of our ill-luck, for both Blackburn and Edwards struck trouble and quite put us out of the picture. Blackburn came to the start without a spare, and had to borrow one which, when he punctured at Ercall would not go on the rim! Why do men nullify all their training by a lack of ordinary prevision? After wasting 6 minutes trying to change with the help of Turnor, he took the latter's machine and showed his fitness by doing the 23½ mile triangle in 1.9 on a 69 gear (Query: Why did Mr. Mullins have such a low geared machine out on such a day?) and meanwhile the borrowed spare was utterly wrecked in an abortive attempt to force it on with motor car tyre levers, and

Mac. is the sufferer! Under these circumstances Blackburn did well to clock 2.37.20, which, curiously enough, was exactly Austin's time. What actually happened to Edwards we know not, but he passed Shawbury Corner calling out for a spare, and had apparently punctured, which would explain his 2.38.37, while Hawkes was somewhat disappointing with 2.43.30. Lusty, riding as M.C. and A.C., clocked 2.39.36, and is to be congratulated on a real good ride. Fastest time was accomplished by Scott (Walsall Roads) 2.24.20, as Greenwood punctured and was second fastest with 2.26.50. The Manchester Wheelers are to be congratulated on finding the winner in A. R. Bomford, and securing third place with J. Bentley, both of whom did good rides. After the event Buckley, Lowcock, McCann and Cook represented us at a Supper at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury—a most enjoyable affair at which they were all in turn called upon for speeches—and in the early hours they joined the week-end parties at Loppington and Wem, while there were other week-end parties at Shawbury and Shrewsbury.

Malpas and 50 Northern Tandem Road Record Attempt, June 28th.

The scheduling of the record attempt by G. B. Orrell and F. L. Edwards for this date fitted in very well with the run to Malpas, but we cannot help feeling that they would have been better advised to have tackled the job in the evening. At this time of the year a good day generally means heavy tarmac in the afternoon and any wind generally drops more or less in the evening. Certainly on this occasion they would have had better conditions with a 7 p.m. start, for at 4 o'clock a heavy wind was blowing and a persistent rain set in, while the evening was quite fine and less windy. However, as things eventuated, it made no difference, for they travelled wonderfully well until a puncture but paid to the account at about 20 miles, and they rode up to Ridley Green on the rim. Of course one did not expect those engaged at the Acton end of the course or at the finish to come to Malpas, but there were quite a number who could easily have done so if they had not let their helping services suffice and cleared off home. However, notwithstanding the fact that the Wayfarer C.C. were on a run of their own to Ypento, we sat down 27 to an excellent tea at the Red Lion, which is again a return to a house we used to patronise about 25 years ago and now, under new management, splendidly takes the place of The Crown, which will no longer cater for parties of our size. Over tea, George Mercer was heartily congratulated on his successful battle with Superintendent Ennion, who evidently does not know our George if he thought he could rattle him in cross examination! And there was a great demand for a perusal of "The Roll Call" to read the full account of "Swear-fairer at the Anfield," a tale of absorbing interest. Quite a large party week-ended at Wem and other places in Shropshire, while Chandler and Gibson on a tandem, piloted two others to Llanarmon O.L. and as Sunday was a glorious day (except for Hinde and Perkins who strenuously rode to Bettws-y-Coed and back and reached a wet zone) they no doubt enjoyed themselves. The rest of us trickled homewards without incident, and being young, active, *real* cyclists, are now looking forward to the All-night Ride.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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No. 222.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1924.

	Light up at
Aug. 1/4. Tour to Co. Wicklow, Ireland	10.5 p.m.
East Liverpool W. "50."	
Speedwell "100."	
Bath Road "100."	
Aug. 9. Malpas (Red Lion)	9.52 p.m.
.. 11. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 16. 12 Hours Handicap	9.38 p.m.
.. 23. Northop (Red Lion)	9.23 p.m.
.. 30. Little Budworth (Red Lion).....	9.7 p.m.
Sept. 6. Third 50 Miles Handicap	8.50 p.m.
ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:	
Aug. 23. Mobberley (Roe Buck).....	9.23 p.m.

Full moon 14th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Changes of Address: E. Bolton, c/o. Mrs. Mason, 105, Mill St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada; T. V. Schofield, Crown Cottage Pen-sarn, Abergele, North Wales.

H. AUSTIN,
General Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.**12 HOURS CLUB HANDICAP, 16th AUGUST.**

This event, open to singles and tandems, will be held over the same course as last year. Entries accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards cost of feeding expenses must reach me not later than Saturday, 9th August.

A large number of helpers will be required for checking, feeding and following purposes. I shall be glad, as early as possible, to have the names of those able to assist.

THIRD "50," SEPTEMBER 6th.

This event, also open to tandems, will be run over the usual Cheshire course, and in the same direction as the last two "50's." Entries must reach me not later than Saturday, 30th August.

W. H. KETTLER.

Captain & Hon. Racing Sec.

The Old Timers' Re-echo.

This description is in no sense far-fetched. That man with flowing beard had been George Lacy Hillier, the Champion of all (4) distances of 1881, bearing a striking resemblance to what Buffalo Bill once looked like. His whole appearance suggested a resurrection from that far off day when the Kingston Police in their anti-cycling campaign dragged him before the beak for doing twelve an hour, and an array of most respectable witnesses failed to save him from disgrace. From that hour cycling only knew him as a recluse. Much more lifelike looked Johnny Adams, who in the mid-eighties became famous on the little Facile, to rise to championship rank on a very tall Ordinary. He only lacked the "chambrière" to look the "Piqueur;" or ringmaster to the life. And then that smart Circus Queen, about to do the "Haute Ecole" (French was ever the language of the Circus), can that be Mrs. Smith, the champion lady rider of the mid-eighties? Why, there is her husband, J.S., her tandem partner, who has aged nearly ten years in the last forty, and still on the old topic we discussed in '87: the merits of the Invincible Tricycle Tandem versus the Humber Pattern. The former had it round the corners, but the latter on the straight. Granted, but Humber lengthened his backbone after '87. Alas, there were neither Humber nor Invincibles at the meet. Major Lisle, who ceased riding nearly 40 years ago, is supposed to be training for rowing or some such old man's sport. Oscar Taylor, who had ridden down from Manchester on a brand new Jackson, looked very youthful and no balder than when I first knew him. (It seemed that I alone had changed). Bidlake of course was there, qualifying, by making the most of his bunch of grey hair. The Anfield Cowboys team consisted of four riders: Birk-Edmunds, Bik-Edwin Bill Neason and Hef Vanderkoen, all names that conjure up the Wild and Woolly West.

Then we beheld the Fiery Steers for throwing the more venturesome of us cowboys. They had once been "Ordinaries." No! Two of them: A "Challenge" and a "Club," dated back farther than the term "Ordinary." They were just bicycles. Thank goodness: These mills still grind. An O.T. carried them about in triumph tied to the back of his chariot, like Claudius did our Caradoc. One Ordinary ridden to the scene of action was disguised by Cowhorn

Handlebars, an anachronism perpetrated to resemble closer the steers. The tamest beast was a Farringdon Rational with larger backwheel and on this highkicker a few of us wobbled about like wire-walkers, to amuse the new timers.

The principal personage at the Ripley feast was the retiring President, R. M. Wright, "of Lincoln." It was the greatest but also the saddest moment of his life when the medal of a Past President was pinned on his emotional breast. I knew him in the early nineties as a stalwart young man, but now he never refers to anything later than the early eighties. Those days to him are ever yesterday, later days are a blank. He even remembers teaching Dick Howell how to ride. He is most sentimental over this Old Time business, and though a big man, may now dwindle, having little more to live for. One of the first toasts was that of The President Taking Wine with The Anfield, soon repeated when The President Took Wine with those that had Travelled One Hundred and Two Hundred Miles, but I doubt if Old Man Wright knows anything about the A.B.C. And what would the late President have done without his Toastmaster Boots-Green (late of Manchester, my own sponsor) who supplied the volume of sound that Wright was short of? President Hickson relied on the Professional Toastmaster of the Holborn Restaurant, whose voice used to cut through every conversation, but Boots-Green took the job over as a pure Amateur. Was Green his own toastmaster when he was President? (The whole success of these dinners rests with this Officer). Boots-Green next roared out the Roll-Call to which each one present in turn shouted: "Here" as one jumped to one's feet. The Old Timers' functions have *made* Green, but how will he fare under the New President, Sydney Lee, who is said to have shone as a road tricyclist in the mid-eighties, and over whose salerooms the sun has never set since. His suave manner seems to me more suited to handling precious stones than cranks and handlebars, but we were told that he also handled some of the Queen's Charities, and his anecdotes sounded modelled on an august and illustrious presence.

The best toast was that of Dr. E. B. Turner, the old track-racing tricyclist, whom I saw racing in '88, when he already looked rather middle aged. It was in '87, for him and the great Kiderlen—a curious combination, that Humbers remodelled their tandem tricycle. The Doctor's anecdotal reminiscences were rapped out with the snap and rattle suggestive of the slickness in cutting up a body under chloroform. He had finished by the time we revived. The climax had been reached, we filed out on to the Portsmouth Road, and the New Time Traffic swallowed us up.

In connection with his interesting article last month on the Jubilee of the Bicycle, F.H. writes:—

I find from closer study that I have to make disclaimers and that a premature birth had taken place even before 1874, or shall we say that conception had been engendered ere that year of a protoplasm named Spider Wheel.

Though we have the photographs, the blocs, and all the details of 1874, we have no records whatever of the earlier ones, except the name Spider and the heights of the spiders' legs, but Spider Wheels were steel wheels, and on the road these must have had rubber tyres, as no steel wheel could run on the road without, though wooden spoked wheels could.

The false conclusion I drew was the result of the strange fact that the champions of that day performed on both Velocipedes and Spiders, i.e., on wooden wheels under 40 in. as well as on steel over 50 in., according to the event, thus anticipating the later varieties of Safeties and Ordinaries.

A few of the earlier performances may be mentioned all apparently on Spiders:—

1872: Liverpool to London on a 48 in. Spider in 2 days, by "Dauntless."

1873: 110 Miles in 16 hours, 134 Miles in 11 hours, 141 Miles in 18½ hours.

1873: London to Land's End in 58 hours, 1874; 43 Miles in 3 hours 50 min.

Can "Dauntless" be an early nom de guerre of dear old David Fell, who later did this ride in his own name and without disguise? If not, who was he, and is his issue among the Anfield?

To show how little we have advanced I quote the favourite cycle slang or jargon of 1874: Weary or Wary Wobblers, Timid Toddlers, and the Fancy Few. William Pagan would have ranked among the latter, but stay: The new Anfield fashion of Bert, Hans & Teddy all becoming tricyclists looks a little stale when we read in the Graphic of 1874 that a Tricycle Society is in course of formation and Ladies are specially invited, with the assurance that there is no indelicacy, and the information that a Lady and Gent did North Wales, he carrying the luggage and she the baby, at a pace of from 8 to 10 miles an hour. This proves either that they were prevaricators of the truth and perambulators of lies or else that wooden wheels, light open sided pneumatics, Starley axles, weldless steel, hollow tubes, leather saddles and other faldelais are so many hindrances compared with the Spider threewheelers of 1874, with only solid bars and girders, naves, fellos, sockets, treddles, axle-cups, handrails reaching to the chest and only 12 in. wide and stuffed seats. The thing can be explained on beholding them in 1874 elegantly perched on the leg-rest, where the rider holds his arms like handling a tea-tray, his knees like Mr. Balfour's on the treasury bench, and his insteps on bars carried by a triangular frame from socket head to the farthest point of the front tyre and then back to the frontforks. Why? the riders of that day had the good sense to do their cycling DOWNHILL.

F.H. adds: In the meantime I have heard from Swifts that they celebrated their jubilee in 1919 on the strength of an order they (then the European Sewing Co., later the Coventry Machinists Co., Ltd.) accepted in 1869 to build 400 velocipedes, on the basis of a French contraption.

The Pricelist I have got is four years older than their earliest record. This does not contradict, but, if anything, confirms the suggestion that the "Ordinary" was conceived in the bicycle of 1874.

The Queens of the Cotswolds.

Two of our Emissaries of the Old Timers called on two other Old Time Worthies, the rival Cotswold Queens: those at Long Compton and at Moreton in the Marsh.

Connoisseurs like Cook and Wayfarer have long sung the praises of Aunt Phoebe, but to the uninitiated her appearance is startling. She goes back to the Middle Ages, not so much in the year of her

birth, which is lost, but in her type, which represents that undefined power behind the scenes, which has always swayed fate. At first glance outwardly weak and worn, she stoops over a heavy thorn or bludgeon to conquer and rule those who surround her.

Her tongue is caustic, her mind cynical, her wit alert. Her power is mysterious, but suggests mesmerism, love potions and other deadly concoctions. Her mighty jaw might have breathed warmth over Romulus and Remus. Women like her have played a part in history and fiction, in melodrama and phantasy. Two famous rulers of empires have sat at her humble table. Her house is the nearest hostel to the spooky Rollwright Stones, and according to Bik, she is in league with them. The lonesome King Stone, towering in solitude over a cavity in the earth, resembles this Queen.

In the ages past her end might have been less peaceful than is hers in the beautiful fairylike surroundings where she dwells.

She is feared by two men: Phillips of Stowe, a powerful newcomer in the land, and Me.

Adjacent Moreton on the Fosse Way stands at the crossing of the London Worcester Highway, and is also the doorway to Ancient Chipping Campden. It boasts two hotels of note standing at opposite sides of the roadway, each outwardly ruled over by some pleasant young female. In reality these are the mouthpieces of an elderly personage who meanders to and fro across the square of the delightful market town. She speaks to none, and is not spoken to. Her mien is humble but her power is vast. It is "Mother," the famous Bearded Lady of The Marsh, whose Motto reads "That what has stood for so long in these well-favoured hotels . . . STILL STANDS!!!" Whence came She, who is She, and What is Her Descent? The Highway where she wanders to and fro is the Old Track of the Legions. A short distance to the south where the Modern Fosseyway mounts the hill near Stowe the whole bed of the Roman foundations has been laid bare in section above the natural rock. Who is there that dare doubt the Transmission of Souls?

Items.

F.H., more in sorrow than in anger, has written the poor misguided Editor upbraiding him for failing to avow his plans in connection with his little trip to Wembley the other day. He points out that owing to this unpardonable omission the wretched creature failed to visit the most ancient and wondrous "Fighting Cocks Inn," although passing within fifty yards of it at St. Albans. This has led him to suggest the imperative necessity for the benefit of Touring Anfielders of a Bureau (in Cheadle Hulme or elsewhere) for the supply of: Hints, Warnings and Suggestions. Fees according to results. Tel. ad. "Caboodlum." He continues:—

For your considered judgment I enclose a sample: Rye has been chosen as probably the farthest point in England from the Seat of Publication. Moreover, so great an authority as G. K. Chesterton told us recently about The Drunkard's Road to Rye, so that a further Anfield Warning to Touring Members may not be superfluous.

THE ROCKY ROMAN ROAD TO RYE.

(Within the Ancient Gates of Rye are Two, Hotels, great rivals and not on friendly terms: The Ancient Mermaid, and The Old George.)

Bik and The Master rode to Rye and rolled along the road
Where long ago some bally bumptious strutting Roman strode
A rocking road, a racking road that rouses all your ire,
That rolls and reels and rambles round and roams about the Shire.

The Roman built it on a rock among the Ocean brine,
 The Saxon nosed about a bit, his work we can't define,
 But then came Bill The Concuror, a gallant in his prime,
 Who built a Castle and a Gate, which stand up for all time.

Then came Two Modern Saxons, but they could not find the Gate
 They rode around the outer Rock (they thought they'd lost a slate).
 At last they found the mighty Arch, and up a rocky gorge
 They reached a Haven of Repose: They put up at The George!

Upon a quaint Caboodle did these Anfielders arrive;
 The pavement of a Thousand Years scarce left them to survive
 And after seeing many sights, enduring roughshod rocking,
 Went in The Mermaid and beheld: A Dame with Silver Stocking!!

Was She: The Famous Mermaid of which Sailor Men will tell?
 A Mermaid "has" a Silver Tail, She tempts and She's a swell,
 The Mermaid of the Roman Rye may be She's very Old,
 But she looks game (say Mariners), the Man She meets: He's Sold!

(The above smacks of a little bias in favour of the George, but this is merely poetic license).

G. B. Orrell and F. L. Edwards wish to thank all helpers in their 50 miles attempt on the Tandem record.

Charlie Conway has made a special visit to the Editorial sanctum to insist that a little note of apology be inserted in connection with the Club photo this year, the result having failed to attain his usual high standard. When the large number crammed into the picture is considered, we should say that no apology was needed.

Robinson writes: "I am not sure that it is necessary or relevant to introduce into a private publication like the CIRCULAR the question of the anniversary service at Meriden, nor that it is in the best of taste to associate the subject with a topic which has been so bitterly discussed as rear lights on cycles, but, since the matter of sides has been raised, will you please allow me to mention that I have behind me an overwhelming majority of cyclists who are in favour of an annual service of commemoration being held at the War Memorial. Opposed to us are the five conservators and a few other cyclists."

At the Old Timers' Rally we were well represented by F. H. Koehnen (as "Cycling" spells it!), Buckley, Neason and Edmunds. The last named cycled both ways and set an excellent example.

Apologies are due and are hereby tendered to G. F. Hawkes. After the account of the Manchester Wheelers' 50 had been sent to the printers we learned that his time was fully explained by a most unfortunate puncture at 38 miles, when he was travelling very well and quite in the picture. A correction was sent to the Editorial Sanctum, but unavoidable circumstances (We must have a holiday sometime—Ed.) prevented its being acted upon.

We were afraid the example of Horrocks in growing a moustache would have dire results. Have you seen the wonderful fungus on the upper lips of W. Threlfall and Tierney? No wonder they are keeping away from the Club runs! Does this also explain the absence of several others?

It appears that Parry (My Private Secretary Unpaid) anticipated our Aberystwyth fixture by a fortnight and, according to "Cycling," his "leap from the North West Corner of the Wirral Peninsular to

the middle of Cardigan Bay . . . shows that you never know what you can do until you try." Of course if Parry had come with the Club he would have had to make the "leap" to the middle of Cardigan Bay AND BACK, which would have been even more meritorious.

One of the most strenuous objectors to the term "push bike," etc., now writes: "It may be admitted straight away that there are cyclists to whom any device (within their reach) that *took the push out of cycling* would be a perfect godsend." The italics are ours, but no doubt John Kinder is right when he points out that if there is a push in cycling there must be push bikes and push cyclists!

Shaw writes:—I would much like, if possible in the Anfield CIRCULAR, to congratulate those responsible for the organisation of the "24," on the excellence of their work. Everything went like clockwork, revealing the vitality and strength of the Club.

Things We Want to Know.

What Cook will say to Robinson when they embark on 1st August for Dublin and Belfast respectively.

And what sort of a face Robbie will pull at Cook by way of reply.

Whether Grandad, on discovering that the Dublin steamer carries a red light, will go up to the bridge and kick the captain to death.

Who will stand a round of drinks when the steamer reaches the Bar.

How many miles Gregg travelled (by motor-coach) during his recent holiday at Barmouth.

Whether there is any truth in the report that Chandler hopes to borrow Dickman's railway pass for use in connection with a forthcoming cycle tour.

Whether Hubert, if he robbed a tenement house, would be described by the newspapers as "A Flat Burglar."

Whether the American Bar Association, visiting this country, has anything to do with Prohibition.

Whether the new post office which is shortly to be built at Wellington (Salop) will be classed by the R.R.A. as a "general" post office.

RUNS.

All-Night Ride—July 5th/6th.

Although there were 34 participants "in spots," there were only two who strictly stuck to the schedule route throughout, from New Ferry to New Ferry, and these were Hinde and the President. Still the all-night party numbered 17, and the event may be regarded as quite successful. Prompt to time, Austin, Hinde, Hawkes, Egar, Welfare, Turvey, and Cook barged off, and a little delay at Eastham, caused by Turvey croppering, allowed Greenwood to catch us up. At Chester Kettle, J. E. Rawlinson and the Green tandem chipped in, but the latter were only going as far as Wrexham. At Pulford

we ran into rain, but Wrexham was reached dead on time, and the party augmented by all-nighters Long and Gibson. In addition there was Cody, returning home, Oliver Cooper and Williams in a car following our route throughout but putting up for the night at Newtown, the brothers Kinder and Mandall in a car bound for Bettws-y-coed, and last but not least Mr. Mullins, who was very ill in bed (we gather that the wounds from the Owls' branding have not entirely healed and meals have to be taken off the mantelpiece) and who fastened his machine to the Kinders' Kar and spent the rest of the week-end as a member of the League of Liquid Languid Lounge Lizards. From Wrexham to Welshpool was decidedly moist, but the rain was warm and no one took any harm, while schedule was easily kept to. At Welshpool we found A. E. Walters and his friend Mr. Pugh (a prospective) awaiting us, and as we were joined by Billy Owen, Randall, Cooper and W. Orrell we were quite a merry supper party. Owen with his Morgan was constituted the night canteen with instructions to open for business at the Devil's Bridge, but he was with us off and on all the way to Llangurig. It was a lovely night when we came to leave Welshpool and we were just a shade ahead of schedule at Llangurig notwithstanding a delay caused by Egar puncturing. Unfortunately almost immediately after Owen had gone on Greenwood punctured and this delay rather scattered the party, for on resuming the ride we found the wind had got up to dispute with us the last few miles of the climb, and it was 15 mins. behind schedule when the O.G. and Hinde joined Owen at the Devil's Bridge and enjoyed a feed while watching the sunrise from the Hotel verandah. Walters and Mr. Pugh came along with the news that they thought the others had refused to turn at Pont Erwyd and this not only proved to be the case, but some of the wily ones followed the skipper by a short cut to Bow Street and never touched Aberystwyth at all! However, we all pretty well got together again on the fast run with the wind behind to Machynlleth where we were reinforced by Chandler and Bailey who had had their 'all-night' the night before—but as we had lost Egar (delayed with a wangled tyre) and Gibson (whom we never saw again, as we afterwards learned they had lost their way and found themselves in Dolgelly!) our numbers remained unchanged. Thenceforward it was all plain sailing and we had ample time to loaf en route, a very delightful stop being made in the beautiful box-hedged garden at Cann Office and on the bridge over the Banwy at Meifod Corner where Owen was again doing good business for Messrs. Bass & Guinness. Here Walters and Mr. Pugh left us, but at Oswestry we found Royden (complete in sewer suit) and Teddie Edwards who had been at Cann Office overnight, but was careful not to wait for us!; and as we were rejoined by the Kinder car party we sat down 21 for an excellent lunch. Resuming prompt to time a delightfully easy ride to Chester ensued, although up the Cefn hill Hawkes came in front to do a bit of pacing and showed how *not* to do it! At Chester we found Royden had banged straight through home, and Orrell and Randall had made for Manchester direction, but as Johnny Band ("the face at the window"), George Newall, S. Threlfall, and Horrocks had come out to welcome us we were quite a large tea party. After tea the Kinder ambulance took Turnor and Rawlinson (who had done in one of his tyres) to the Rattler at Warrington, and Kettle, Band, Newall and Horrocks ignored the schedule, but the rest of us paddled along to New Ferry and completed the ride a few minutes before time, everyone feeling that had had a glorious trip. It only remains to repeat

what we wrote last year to the effect that the all-night ride is a sort of qualifying standard of ability justifying the badge, and we have far too many members who are lacking in this hall-mark of a real cyclist, which is rather surprising when one thinks of the number of unattached cyclists who thus stamp themselves under the aegis of the C.T.C.

Tarporley, July 12th.

Evidently there is not much to be said about this fixture as we engaged one of the most expensive and reliable members of our staff to write it up, and now with the printers' devil standing at our elbow we find he has utterly failed us! Thus we are in the position of having to make bricks without straw, for with so much water having passed under the bridges meanwhile, we have but a hazy recollection of what really happened. We seem to remember a hot stewing day which induced such thirst that the President resorted to the tap in the yard at the Bull & Stirrup, Chester, tackled a lime juice and soda at Farndon, and bathed in tea at Beeston Brook. Most of those out were very lazy and at 6 o'clock there were only about 15 or 20 to sit down for tea, and we were quite lost in the fine historic Hunt Room of the Swan—undoubtedly the finest *salle à manger* we ever have had placed at our disposal. Fortunately a fair number more eventually rolled up—some exceedingly late with tales of stopped watches and punctures—and we finally mustered about 30. The fixture had been specially made to facilitate the Skipper's completion of his arrangements for checking the 24, but apparently the rat had been smelt, for those he hoped to see and hook were all missing scholars and poor Harold had to go home and get busy with postcards! However, those who were out thoroughly enjoyed themselves and were rewarded by a cooler and altogether delightful evening for the return journey. Knipe went off for an extended week-end with our friend Mr. Lambourne at Bolton, W. Orrell, Cooner, Randall and Cook departed for Shawbury, and the rest of us, having homes to go to, duly sought them.

24 Hours Invitation Ride, July 18th/19th.

There can be no doubt that the return to July for running this event was a wise move and much simplified the work at the finish, through its being in daylight. Only five clubs accepted our invitation, but the Liverpool Century showed great keenness by nominating six riders, and are to be heartily congratulated on getting all their men through, even though some of them struck sufficient trouble to justify retirement—in this respect showing a will to conquer worth emulation. With eight men representing four other clubs and eleven of "ours" there were 25 names on the card, with every promise of a fine race. With Blackburn "out" for 400 (a tall order, but there is nothing like being ambitious if you don't allow the overleaping to result in discouragement) Shaw and Tuplin, last year's "heroes," to be relied upon for a fight, Austin, Randall, Hawkes, Walker, Molyneux, and W. E. L. Cooper with past experience, S. Threlfall, W. Orrell, and Turvey with determination and some more or less unknown quantities among the rest, the event was full of possibilities. All the competitors came to the mark and were despatched by Poole, but unfortunately the night was punctuated with frequent rain-storms, which kept the roads wet and resulted in several falls on the greasy asphalt in Chester. Molyneux and Blackburn were the first

to retire, owing to repeated punctures, but Shaw had taken the lead right from the start, although closely pressed by Tuplin, only 4 mins. slower at the Whalebone (122½ miles,) with Threlfall, Prescott, Randall, Orrell, Hancock, Walker, W. E. L. Cooper and Austin covered by a further 23 minutes. All the others were doing good standard rides, but Hawkes was troubled with a faulty bearing, and his retreat at 132 miles was not to be wondered at. Throp (Gomersal) also retired at this point, and before Newport (188½ miles) was reached. Austin (who has been working late for a long time and was evidently not fit), Walker and W. E. L. Cooper desisted. At Newport, Shaw had a lead of 12 mins. on Tuplin, and by cutting his stop ran out 196 miles in the 12 hours as compared with Tuplin's 190, while Hancock had really done the same distance, although only 185 could be counted, as five miles had been done off the course by mistake. Randall and Prescott had both done 187 miles, Orrell 186, Threlfall 183, Graham 180, Bomford 179, A. G. Cooper 176, Roberts and Turvey 175, McGregor 171, Clegg 170, W. G. Cooper 168, Stephenson 165 and Hignett 164. At this point Threlfall retired, as his knee, injured by a fall in Chester, was giving trouble, but we think that if he could have seen the blood-stained Cooper he might have been encouraged to persist. At Newport the second time (231 miles) Shaw had increased his lead on Tuplin, and was as fit as a fiddle, while all the others, except Bomford, who shortly afterwards retired, were riding well, particularly Hancock and the veteran Roberts—indeed it seemed evident that Hancock would be third with Randall, Orrell and Prescott fighting for fourth place, and this is exactly what happened. Unfortunately when Shaw found himself with the safe lead of 40 minutes he undoubtedly relaxed his efforts the last few hours, and a puncture on the East Cheshire extensions allowed Tuplin, who rode much better towards the end, to creep up and might easily have repeated last year's experience. However, Shaw was fresher and stronger than we have ever seen him at the finish of a 24, and ran out a popular and well merited winner, with a total of 363½ miles, as against Tuplin's 359½ miles, while Hancock was comfortably third with 352½ miles, although he had actually ridden 357½ miles. Randall, who spent too much time at the feeding stations, rather slacked off when he found he could not top 350, but just managed to secure fourth place with 343½ miles, as against Prescott's 341½. Orrell 338½ was sixth and just failed to qualify for the gold centre medal (through a desire to finish near Knutsford!), while perhaps the most meritorious performance of the lot was that of Roberts, a man of 50, who only took up cycling comparatively recently, quite a novice at the game, and who yet totted up 331 miles and finished as fresh as a daisy—indeed we could not get him to go to bed at the Angel! The rest all did good rides of over 300, particularly Turvey (321½), notwithstanding the trouble his old wangly knee was giving him, blood-stained Cooper (A. G.) and youths McGregor and Clegg (who ran several miles off the course between Holmes Chapel and Toft, thereby missing a silver—distinctly hard lines). The following table shows the results at a glance:—

J. G. Shaw, Anfield B.C.	363½	First
W. A. Tuplin, Gomersal O.R.C.	359½	Second
A. Hancock, Grosvenor Wheelers	352½	Third
C. Randall, Anfield B.C.	343½	
T. A. Prescott, Liverpool Century	341½	Silver
W. Orrell, Anfield B.C.	338½	

J. S. Roberts, Liverpool Century	331	Silver
N. Turvey, Anfield B.C.	321½	
A. G. Cooper, Liverpool Century	321	Silver
F. M. Grahame, Grosvenor Wheelers	319½	Silver
W. S. Cooper, Liverpool Century	318½	Silver
D. S. McGregor, Manchester Wheelers	316	Silver
J. Clegg, Liverpool Century	310½	Bronze
A. Hignett, Liverpool Century	307½	Bronze
G. Stephenson, Walton C. & A.C.	302	Bronze

Of our own members, Shaw qualified for gold centre 12 hours, Threlfall silver 12 hours, Randall silver 12 hours, gold centre 24 hours, Orrell and Turvey silver for both 12 and 24 hours. Our thanks are greatly due to the feeding assistance rendered by Mrs. Tuplin, Mrs. Blackburn and Miss Beeston, as well as to Simpson and Oliver Cooper for transporting clothes and lamps to Knutsford. Of our Midland members, Pritchard gave a hand at Hill Column and Bill at Newport. Austin showed a fine example of what a retired competitor can do by making for Knutsford and helping there instead of clearing off home when he packed up. We just had about enough helpers everywhere, but why do men who have no specific job hang about where there are plenty, instead of looking for a place where there is only one man? Both E. Green at Crudgington and Venables at Whitechurch Fountain could well have done with relief. We have now added three to our list of men who have ridden over 300 in the day, making the number 61, which, if we had the "journalistic touch," would engender hectic language! Shaw is to be heartily congratulated on his splendid win and Tuplin on his plucky fight through a bad time, but only four Anfield finishers as compared with seven last year is not quite what we hoped. It only remains to be added that Kettle sacrificed a week of his holidays in connection with the organisation, the result being a perfection of arrangements which our visitors loudly praised, and as usual, Mac and Cotter worked like galley slaves (literally in Mac's case) at Chester.

Pulford, July 26.

With 17 down in Shropshire for the G. B. Orrell-Edwards attack on the Northern 50 Tandem Record, a large muster at Pulford was not to be expected, but we must confess that on such a glorious day a total of 17 was more than disappointing. We know the holiday season has commenced (Knipe, Lucas, Cody, Chandler and doubtless other members being away), but we fear many others to whom this short run should appeal, were slacking it after their virtuous efforts in connection with the 24. Most of us had got into the neighbourhood in good time and lounged about in Eaton Park, but we did hear of one strenuous individual who had been round by Flint and Halkyn, while Teddie Edwards had been to Ypento and even the help of Petrol did not prevent him from arriving late! The Wayfarer C.C. were there in full force and in the absence of the Skipper and both Subs. (Rumour reported Horrocks as busy with the Wireless Man Hunt), we appointed Dickman to attend to the doings with perfectly satisfactory results. The tea was of the usual Grosvenor Hotel high quality, and Lord Mayor Cotter presided with his well known grace, although doubtless chagrined at the smallness of the Council meeting. After tea Austin and the O.G. set off for Shawbury to learn the result of the record attempt and to join the week-end parties there and at

Wem while the rest of us got home early. Meanwhile Orrell and Edwards were the heroes of one of the most brilliant failures on record. Timed by Poole, they rode magnificently, and although they had a good deal of freshly laid tar to negotiate and were baulked by a flock of sheep, they finished like a whirlwind in 2.6.33 and only missed the record by 49 seconds! We are certain that if they had started an hour later complete success would have crowned their efforts as the wind dropped during the second hour, but they have shown that with a good course and a decent day the record is theirs any time, and we are proud of them.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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Top Row: G. H. Winstanley, C. H. Turnor, H. Austin, G. F. Hawkes, R. T. Davies, R. C. Gregg,
 E. Green, J. F.
 2nd Row: C. Randall, J. E. Walker, J. Egar, W. Orrell, H. M. Horrocks, N. Turvey, S. J. Buck,
 S. Threlfall, Friend, E. Parry, E. Edwards, W. E. Taylor, J. C. Band, W. Band, A. Lucas,
 H. G. Buckley, J. D. Cranshaw
 3rd Row: J. Long, D. Smith, J. Kinder, J. Gibson, A. E. Walters, E. Buckley, A. T. Simpson,
 W. E. L. Cooper, W. P. Cook, R. L. Knipe, H. Green, D. R. Fell, O. Cooper, W. T. Venables,
 E. J. Cudly, F. Chandler, J. Cranshaw, T. Royden, G. B. Mercer, A. Davies, W. H. Kettle,
 4th Row: A. E. Morton, G. B. Orrell, C. Blackburn, R. F. Gilmour, F. L. Edwards, F. H. Evans, G. H.
 Welfare, G. Stephenson, F. Perkins, F. A. Smith, A. Dickman, T. E. Mandall, W. A. Lowcock,
 J. E. Rawlinson, E. J. Reade, H. Kinder.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIX.

No. 223.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1924.

		Light up at
Sept.	6. Third 50 Miles Handicap	8-50 p.m.
"	8. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	13. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-33 p.m.
"	20. Tarporley (Swan)	6-17 p.m.
"	27. Fourth 50 Miles Handicap (See Committee Notes)	6-59 p.m.
Oct.	4. Halewood (Derby Arms).....	6-42 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Oct.	4. Knutsford (Red Cow).....	6-42 p.m.
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Full moon 13th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, The Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

The Autumnal Tints Tour to Llangollen will be held during the week-end of October 18/19th.

Application for Membership.—Mr. George Edward Pugh, 88, Frankwell, Shrewsbury, proposed by A. E. Walters, seconded by F. E. Parton.

Changes of Address.—J. S. Blackburn, c/o. Muir, Bley & Fawcett, 71, South John Street, Liverpool; L. W. Walters, c/o. P. Morris, Montford Bridge, Salop.

If there is not sufficient support for the 50 Miles Handicap, on September 27th, this fixture will be abandoned and a run to Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) substituted.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. General Secretary.

Racing Notes.

If sufficient support be forthcoming, the Committee have decided to run a fourth "50" on 27th September. Entries for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, 20th September. The course will be as usual.

W. H. KETTLE,
Capt. & Hon. Racing Secretary.

Items.

At the recent medical congress the question was raised as to "what to do with Grandfathers." Cook says they ought all to be made to ride bicycles.

The National Hunt Committee have passed a rule making Skull Caps compulsory and Robbie has lodged a forceful objection.

"The C.T.C. is again on the warpath against motorists, this time in the Wirral Peninsular where an *obscure local cycling club* has recently complained of high speed and so called improper driving on the part of motor cyclists and car owners."—"Motor Cycling." The italics are ours. We seem to have heard the adjective "obscure" before, but we think even the writer of the paragraph would not characterise the driving of Messrs. Coope, Clapp & Coy. as "so called improper" if he had been the victim, and it is evidently high praise for us to be called "obscure" like The Vagabond.

[The Editor of "Motor Cycling" has since explained that the paragraph in question was sent to him by a contributor, and that he personally had no idea that the club alluded to was the Anfield, otherwise he would probably not have inserted it.—Ed.]

We regret that no mention was made of the fact that "Mawr" Conway attended the club run at Tarporley last month on his way to holidays in the Lakes. Tom's visit reminded us of the story Allen Tooth used to tell about the racehorse presented as a Christmas gift by the late Barney Barnato, for like the racehorse, Tom could not stay to see us and could only leave a message.

The obscure contributor of the item which Robinson criticised in the last CIRCULAR replies "I fear that Robbie as an arbiter of what 'is in the best taste' is somewhat akin to Satan reproving sin. The question of the anniversary service at Meriden was not in any way mentioned—merely the support his open letter to the Conservators had received."

W. J. Finn is to be heartily congratulated on his performance in the Tailteann Games' 100 kilometres road race, in which he was third in 3.29.50. But for a puncture, which cost him 13 minutes, owing to finding his pump did not fit the valve of his spare, he would certainly have been second and probably the winner.

We were not altogether without distinguished company on the "Lady Louth," for Augustus John, the celebrated painter and decorator, was a fellow passenger and nearly joined the Anfield (in the smoke room). We saw him eyeing F.H. and Hubert, and no doubt thinking what a fine picture they would make.

It must be just splendid to be able to ride fast enough to require a gas lamp during the summer months when it is never really dark, but unfortunately we have only one member of the Club capable of doing so.

We are asked to explain that the series of articles in the "Liverpool Echo" entitled "The Trial of the Creeds" has nothing to do with W.P.C. of that ilk. Our Creed was tried sometime ago and condemned to ride a stinkpot.

Newspaper headline: "£2,000 for a husband." Arthur, who was born single, and has remained so ever since, considers the price ridiculous. Husbands, he says, are very much over-rated.

Robinson managed to get his "forthcoming visit to Ireland" announced in the columns of "The Times" towards the end of July. It beats us how some of these chaps wangle all this publicity.

Considerable feeling has been engendered between G. B. Orrell and Edwards as to the division of the substantial cinematograph fees received in connection with their picturesque stunt in the later stages of the 12 hours handicap. General opinion inclines to the view that Edwards as the star turn and the one who after all was responsible for the thrilling and spectacular effects is entitled to the lion's share instead of the "bare" 50-50 arrangement insisted on by Orrell.

G. B. Orrell and F. L. Edwards wish to thank all their helpers on the occasion of their 12 hours tandem record attempt on Saturday last.

Cordial congratulations to J. E. Tomlin on his forthcoming entry into the holy bonds of matrimonial bliss. He takes this plunge off the deep end on the 11th September. "And so we go on and on and on."

HAS COOK FORFEITED HIS AMATEUR STATUS.

In an advertisement of a Super Poncho appears the following:—"Worn by W. P. Cook and other leading cyclists." This is transparently connivance at an advertising dodge, for it is well known that it never rains where W. P. Cook is, and consequently he never wears a cape. Obviously after this, the R.R.A. cannot pass his (rumoured) claim to record from New Ferry to Aberystwyth and back, even if he *did* complete the course, and nobody else got within 100 yards of him.

Conundrums, by "Query."

The Conundrum "Why Bright was cooked" asked in Ireland, was answered that same week in the "Manchester Evening News," by their eminent Literateur, Mr. Percy Phlage, in his stirring article "On Being Cooked." To cut a long argument short, "To be cooked," says Phlage, "is to be had on toast," according to which reasoning: Bright was cooked because Cook had him on toast.—Few of us that saw them at work in Ireland will deny this.

P.P. is a searcher after truth, a deep prober of life's mysteries, like so many of us. To my mind he has an Anfield flavour. Can Percy Phlage be a pseudo-name or nyme adopted perhaps by some member in fear of being worried by the Editor to write up runs? Like the Cheadle of old Percy P. stipulates that he shall not be taken too seriously. It all seems to click, and scanning through the list of likely names I halt opposite that of Mullah. Mullah and Phlage have

much in common, and their idio-crazies synchronise. Poor Percy's gaucheries recall the Mullah under duress. Moreover, Mullah has been cooked ere now.

The Daily Press boasts yet another sprightly Percy whom I suspect of being an Anfielder, another P.P. to boot. I refer to the fellow responsible for the ever-increasing Daily Output of the "Daily Dispatch," the originator of the Canvas on the Beach, the Man with the Cards, the Joker who holds the Ace: Mr. Percy Pickles. Mention of his pranks and of his Sartorial Success at once recall our own Trumpeard. The Editor, who only recently quoted Sartor Resartus.

I love the Percies, historic and otherwise. We have Percy the Arch Owl and would gladly think that all those other priceless Percies stripped of their motley, are really Black and Blue.

RUNS.

Irish Tour, August 1st—5th.

After the preliminary announcement in "The Times," followed by an article entitled "The Glorious First," in "Cycling," and "Things we want to know," in the last CIRCULAR, it was not surprising that the "Daily Herald" placard should read "Ireland Again," and we felt some trepidation as we made our way to the "Lady Louth," fully expecting to find the landing stage crowded with "the overwhelming majority of cyclists" the Prime Minister of cycling claims to have behind him. Fortunately or unfortunately, as you wish, the Belfast steamer sailing was put back an hour, and from the dock, so that we did not have to fight our way through the crowd and special constables Sergeants Fell and McCann found their duties light. Indeed there was only Tierney to see us off, although Wayfarer sent us part of his suite (F. Jones and A. N. Rawlinson) to wish us God's speed. Chandler, Lucas and Finn (of course) were already in Ireland, but there were 16 of us to embark, and McCann was simply splendid in the way he managed everything. All we had to do was to "leave things to Mac" and walk straight to our state rooms, the party consisting of Fawcett, Bright, Horrocks (with trunk), Simpson, H. Roskell, Cook, Cooper, Fell, Greenwood, Royden, A. Davies, Koenen, Knipe, D. Smith, Walker and Mac. On our arrival in Dublin after a smooth passage we were met by Murphy and Miss Dorothy, who piloted us to the Hibernian Hotel for an excellent breakfast and then "the tour proper" commenced. Murphy's report of the Featherbed Mountain road to Loch Tay was of such a nature that we decided to detour through Glencullen, the Devil's Elbow and Enniskerry under the expert guidance of Finn, and then at the top of the old Long Hill we enjoyed a veritable Barmecide Feast in more senses than one, for we had a glorious expanse of country (with the Sugar Loaf facing us) to feast our eyes on, while feasting another part of our anatomy on the good things that seemed inexhaustibly to emerge from Murphy's car—it was really picnic touring *de-luxe* with plenty of fun and frolic. After lunch we again detoured to Loch Tay, but could not approach as closely as on a former visit, owing to the present occupant of Luggala Demesne marking his grounds private—although the vantage point we gained gave views of both Loch Dan and Loch Tay simultaneously and provided a never-to-be-forgotten scene. Thence proceeding to Roundwood we picked up Chandler and Lucas and had a delightful drop down through Annamoe to Laragh, where, reinforced by Galway

and two other I.R.C. men, most of us again detoured through the Vale of Clara to Rathdrum and returned by the old road on the other side of the river before docking at the Royal Hotel, Glendalough. The evening was spent, as was the Sunday evening, in a thorough exploration of this glorious district, so full of archaeological interest, which doubtless Knipe can be induced to lecture upon as we sit round the fire at Halewood this winter. Sunday morning brought a misty rain through which the sun shone fitfully, and Horrocks booked a seat in Mr. Doyle's car, but the rest of us were not dismayed and joyfully set off over the military road to Drumgoff of delightful memories of our first visit years ago, being amply rewarded by many extraordinary light effects on the hills. At Drumgoff we proceeded up Glenmalur to where the road ends at a ford which was to have been our jumping off place for "over the top" of Table Mountain, but as it was no day for an alfresco meal and Finn declared that the path would be impossible to follow in such a mist, we regretfully turned back (after Chandler had shown his contempt for water by strolling through the swollen river), and enjoyed our lunch in greater comfort at Drumgoff Hotel, now alas, having given up its license and fallen into the common type of temperance hotel with all the significance that term usually betokens. After lunch we proceeded down the vale to Greenan Ballinaclesh and Anghrim, and were soon in brilliant sunshine, so that the ride onwards to Woodenbridge and Avoca where we had tea at the Glen View Hotel, was beyond description in its loveliness. Of course a pause was made at the meeting of the waters to see Moore's Oak and in due course we reached Glendalough again, some by the old road from Rathdrum and others by the new. Monday morning brought our regretful departure along the banks of the Avonmore, which we crossed at Clara Bridge and over the shoulder of Trooperstown Hill by a road which, though narrow, had an excellent surface, and was so well graded that we reached the summit of over 1,000 feet with very little walking and had a remarkably fine panoramic view of the country for miles around. Thence dropping down to Annamoe cross road we were soon at the upper entrance of the Devil's Glen, where we found Murphy and Coy. awaiting us with our rations. The Devil's Glen reminded us very much of Lady Bagot's Drive on a larger and wilder scale, and was certainly the *pièce de résistance* of the tour, probably because it is so much off the beaten track of tourists. Near the bottom of the glen we formed a picnic party by the river side, and then joining the main road at Ashford proceeded by the Glen of the Downs to Enniskerry for an excellent tea. Here Murphy left us and took the Presider off to Clontarf, while the rest of us more leisurely followed in due course, some via Bray and others via the Scalp, which provided a characteristic scene of a Bank Holiday crowd enjoying themselves in quaint fashions. Finally Murphy, Finn, Galway and others saw us off on the "Killarney" with hearts full of regret at the parting, and joy over the tremendously fine time we had had, experiencing bounteous Irish hospitality to the full, and which no pen can adequately do justice to. Horrocks and Bright stayed over two days longer, the former going to Belfast, where the Press tried to interview him on the subject of cycling clubs, as Wayfarer had escaped them through the negligence of his Private Secretary (underpaid), and the latter prowling about County Wicklow, where he had an exciting adventure in the bog at Lough Dan. Another passage as smooth as glass, and we were back again in Liverpool to find the skies weeping at our return, and if you want to know whether you

missed anything by going elsewhere just ask any of the party, while for a really witty account of our doings you are referred to the O'Tatur's brilliant article in the "Irish Cyclist and Motor Cyclist." The only sad note was struck by the Master's discovery that the Romans did not go to Ireland and that what he thought must be Roman earthworks were necessarily of other origin. It was too bad of the O'Tatur to prick this bubble, but no doubt when F.H. receives the consolation prize in the Raffle (Murphy's tie which Lucas won) all will be forgiven. Meanwhile he will no doubt consult his friend and Oracle Bay Sil Baa Lamb.

Finn's Impressions.

There was quite a lot of discussion as to whose tour it was, and I, as one who endeavoured to keep pace with the tandem, always had a "Bright" outlook, so I have no hesitation in saying that it was a "Cook's Tour," for we went everywhere and saw everything in the three days at our disposal.

Sunday was "misty," but the President's cap was dry and unfortunately our exploration of Glenmalur was not as thorough as we would have liked, so F.H. insisted on most of us taking part of it home for a closer inspection.

Sunday evening at "The Royal" afforded a mild repetition of the previous night's merriment, during which The O'Tatur sprang upon us a "stunt" in the nature of a raffle for a Dublin-made necktie in genuine Anfield colours. This may prove a serious blow to Horrocks' effort to provide the Club with the correct style in neckwear and at the same time probably tend to increase the export of Irish Poplin goods.

The tie won and the cash pocketed the O'Tatur sought to ease his conscience with wine and song. The former was duly forthcoming, after which we had F.H.'s rendering of "From Sandbach on to Crewe"—with action. Very interesting our "24" course is to be sure, but I have painful memories though pleasant withal of a few trips over this section, nor cared I a d— then whether "I knew she knew I knew."

Monday was glorious and the day's programme was a fitting conclusion to one of the merriest cycling week-ends I have ever spent.

The parting at the Quayside in Dublin was both typical and touching. After the final au revours were exchanged, Arthur and F.H. were observed impatiently pacing the deck, while a porthole in the background gave a cameo effect to the President and Hubert quaffing a fond goodbye to the O'Tatur.

Incoherent Recital of the Sequence of Events at the Anfield at Sea.

The "Lady Louth" at the Stage.

Vain search for the good ship "Wayfarer" en route for Belfast, carrying the Author-Cyclist. Thousands of Liverpool See-Te-See-ers throng the harbour.

The Anfield "Riders-All" appear. Five in trousers. Horrocks in hat. Dave as Commodore. The Commodore holds the Gangway against all comers. Mac overawes the Pursers. Gold braided super-stewards grovel at his feet.

Hubert as Supercargo lists the ship to port. Arthur to starboard fails to balance. Cook and Bright. Why Cook was bright? Why Bright was cooked! Ever B. intrigues F.H. with his panier-Pack-Saddle. Rumours that Tierney is being carried as stowaway.

The Anfield at Sea. Last sight of Liverpool as Fairyland. Thousands of rearlights. Cook disgusted takes to the tank.

Land in sight. The Commodore yells through the loud speaker: "Is that Ireland?" Faint response: "Is that the Anfield?" seemed to come from one of the mooring posts. Mooring post bedecked with straw hat and covered with hairgrowth is marked T.W.M. It is Murphy. That smooth party alongside is Miss Murphy. Arthur becomes alert. We have fallen into safe hands.

The Murphies pace the real riders along the docks. The elongated pants (5 pairs) crowd into the Rover. Dublin is beleagged on our arrival by arrangement with our host, but the colours seem changed. We halt at the Royal Hibernian Hotel (which is not a coffee house). Consternation of staff at sight of Cook "faultlessly attired" [vide "Irish Cyclist"—strewth!] and his plus fours. Murphy's At Home and his bestowal of a Regular Royal Reception. The Anfield are his guests at the royal breakfast. We eat his health which needs no bush.

THE TOUR.

Horrocks goes in Dock. The Real Riders depart. The Motorists rally. Dave and Oliver are cut adrift, being too cumbersome. They are promised possible rescue by one Mr. Doyle (who is unknown to us), at some time and place undefined. The Real Motorists have Murphy at Dragoman, Arthur as Critic, F.H. as Loud Speaker and Hubert at Tiger-Tim. Also a laconic Driver. Arthur learns with delight that Ireland was ever free from Romans. At last he has escaped the ever-lasting Roman Remains.

THE REAL RIDERS.

These are now reinforced by lucky Lucas (the Dursley Demon) and Chandler, barely freed yet from the Blarney Stone-judging by his plans. The Anfield seldom forgets and never learns: On this, their fifth tour in Wicklow there are no free wheels, no roadster tyres, no park positions and no twiddly gears. No combustion even (poor Tommy). Royden is the only one who really looks rollicking this nonce. Knipe gloomily waggles along on tattered tyres. He blames Aunt-Phoebe. Cook is seen to walk the hills. Bright is seen shoving the darned tandem. General efforts to make Bright brighter.

THE SCENERY.

Simply described a succession of delightful Sugar Loaves. They appear at every turn. Several of them turn out to be the same Sugar Loaf seen at different angles. They are separated by glorious Devil's Dens, Glens and Dykes. (Dam it—nothing so Anglo Saxon as a Dyke! This is Ireland.—Ed.).

MURPHY'S PICNIC.

Bright holds Cook spellbound as he rhapsodises—mostly on the steepest gradients.

Murphy chooses his ground and places his baskets in Lager fashion. His bottles he plants as Burgundy Bastions. He then asks for Doyle Good Heavens! Where is Doyle. Search for Doyle. Rumours of Doyle. Doubts of Doyle. The missing Doyle becomes the

Phantom Doyle. We despair of Doyle. No Doyle—No Picnic. Arthur's lips are parched and he is heard emitting strange sounds.

Just then explosions are heard; motors are seen; bodies emerge. These are Doyle. The Mystic materializes. Doyle, Dave and Oliver as Shamrock Leaf. Baskets burst, bottles uncork, Beaune is drunk, Murphy isn't.

OUR DESTINATION.

The Vale of Glendalough. The Royal Hotel. The Seven Churches. Luxury and Devotion. The Slovak and the Scotsman; Sleeper and his Satellite. Murphy selects the chosen Seven to slumber in the sacred tent in sight of Heaven. Hubert is barred and becomes a changed man. He goes to bed in disgust. Others say that he spent his nights in the seven churches. Notwithstanding his absence the Tent of Rest is debauched by snores. The Scotsman appears as chambermaid but refuses to supply spittoons.

SUNDAY.

According to Cook: It never rained (but it poured). All the Finns then arrived and Horrocks absconds. Chandler is denied access to Table Mountain and is turned at the last ford. F.H. offers Souvenirs of priceless antiquity but free from Roman taint. Arthur is not convinced. Glenmalure turns the rain, Avoca is bathed in shine. We return in brilliant sun or moon to our Home of Rest. Murphy has triumphed also the second day. As a thanksoffering he raffles the best his bosom can offer: The Anfield Colours in Irish Poplin by Dublin's Atkinson. Lucky Lucas wins the raffle. The charges for drought drenchers become elastic. Lemonades soar, Teetotalers become temperate, and lastly total abstainers. Hubert, now reformed, returns to his bed of straw. He emulates Saint Kevin and His Bed of Stones.

MONDAY.

We take leave of The Scotsman and The Czech. The descent to the Devil's Glen from the Valley of the Saint proves steep and rapid. The Editor and his melon head a monstre procession of small flies. The luncheon in the wood. Arthur loses his melon. Again he blames F.H. (his keeper). Later he is refused admission at the Hibernian and is sent home by the Dail. Bright escapes from Cook on Horrocks' iron and Horrocks escapes across the disputed border to Belfast. The rest somehow reach the harbour and board the "Killarney." At sight of Mac the Anfielders are placed in Staterooms, Chandler in No. 1, but no one knows why. Murphy reappears for the last time and receives the Anfield blessings. Cook now thoroughly Murphyised babbles in strange tongues. We cut the painter and drift beneath the stars. The next thing we hear is that the early worm catches the bird. Oliver becomes gallant. And David . . . Why! David Fell.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50," August 4th.

So many events scheduled for this week-end caused the A.B.C. to be scattered over a very wide space, but it was certainly a surprise to find only one other member at the Anchor to tea on the Saturday. However, we two were soon joined by Turvey, out for the afternoon only, his programme for the Sunday being a ride to Tewkesbury with a return on Monday after the finish of the Speedwell "100." Hodnet was our resting place, and on arriving there we found the Professor

already in possession, with the usual inexhaustible fund of stories and apt illustrations for every circumstance. Sunday's weather rendered the ordinary exchange of visits inadvisable, but we were joined in the afternoon by Turvey, whose stock of tyres had given out, forcing him to abandon his strenuous programme. The dining room was turned into a repair-shop and there followed an exposition of tyre lore most interesting to those not immediately involved. Later we were joined by Toft and a friend.

Monday dawned fine and no rain marred the race. At the corner the road surface was treacherous and most of the competitors took it very cautiously, the exceptions being Orrell and Edwards, whose familiarity with it made it possible for them to save some time there. It was evident that both these Anfielders would do good rides, so that the result of the race did not surprise us—Orrell fastest in 2.26.17, Edwards just outside evens in 2.30.33. The other three Anfielders—Hawkes 2.35.28, Threlfall 2.46.2 and Welfare 2.53.7—did not disgrace us. We lost the team prize by a few seconds, Edwards by some mischance not being included in our team. Money, of Wem, won the handicap in 2.36.35, off the 24 minutes mark.

Bath Road "100." August Bank Holiday.

The week-end, so far as the above event is concerned, started with the departure of Harry Austin from Pontesbury, where he was spending a holiday, to seek accommodation for J. S. Blackburn in the vicinity of Aldermaston. The Mullah left home on the Friday evening, and riding his Tandem single-handed to Nantwich for the night, continued to Stafford on the Saturday, where he picked up J. E. Rawlinson. The brothers Kinder left home about noon on Saturday in their "Corris-Mowley" with Mandall and Blackburn on board, and proceeded to the Horse and Jockey, Inkford Brook, where they met the Tandem crew. The house in question is presided over by our good friend Charlie Moss, who seemed delighted to meet members of the A.B.C., whom he entertained right royally. On the Sunday the car party hurried off in order to get Blackburn to his destination, whilst the Tandem, proceeding in more leisurely fashion, went direct through Stratford to Long Compton for lunch. Just through Stratford, Harley was discovered cycling in the opposite direction, so a halt was necessary for a chat. Aunt Phoebe at the Red Lion, Long Compton, provided a most excellent lunch and before the Tandemons departed they had to listen to the history of her life from the good lady herself and all about the sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the King of Siam at her establishment. About three miles south of Long Compton C. F. Hawkes was sighted on his journey back from Brighton to Birkenhead, which meant another dismount and chin-wag. ('Ubique' is undoubtedly the correct motto for the A.B.C.).

During the evening a large party of Bath Road members and Owls, including Percy the Archowl, called at the Lamb, Wallingford, to fraternize, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Numerous enquiries were made for the "Lesser Mortal" (A.T.S.), but alas, he was on the Irish trip.

As an account of the "100" is printed in "Cycling," it is only necessary here to refer mainly to Blackburn's splendid ride. He rode the 100 miles in 5 hrs. 11 min. 37 sec., including the change of a punctured tyre—a performance on which the whole club will extend to him their congratulations. This puncture undoubtedly robbed

Blackburn of first handicap prize. F. Greenwood (M.C. & A.C. did the fastest time in 4 hrs. 49 mins. 9 secs., just beating F. Kaltenbrun (South Africa) who did 4 hrs. 51 mins. 29 secs., though the result might have been reversed if Kaltenbrun had not had a fall. J. A. Mew (Speedwell) off 18 min. did 5 hrs. 5 mins. 57 secs., and secured the handicap.

The Bath Road organisation was, as usual, splendid. The Kinders, Mandall, Blackburn, and Austin went on with Beardwood to Pewsey after the race and had an Owls' session Monday night, getting home Tuesday, but the Tandemons, being due at business on Tuesday morning, hurried off after breakfast via Oxford and Meriden (past Memorial) to Lichfield, where they bought home rails.

Speedwell Invitation "100," August 4th.

In this event we were represented by W. E. L. Cooper and C. Randall, but the latter decided to stand down a week before the race, while Cooper took it more as a training spin for the Club "12." The promoting club provided the Fastest Timer in the person of C. A. Morris, who put up the fine ride of 5 hrs. 14 min. 52 secs.; S. Clark (27 mins.) Century, was First in 5 hrs. 26 min. 59 sec.; R. Davies (25 min.), Leicester, Second in 5 hrs. 31 mins. 26 secs., and N. R. King (20 mins.), Speedwell, Third in 5 hrs. 27 min. 4 secs. The Speedwell also won the Team Race with an aggregate of 16 hrs. 7 mins. 33 secs., the Century running them very closely with 16 hrs. 12 min. 33 sec., which placed them Second. Cooper's time was 5 hrs. 51 min. 56 sec., which placed him 21st. in the Handicap.

Malpas, August 9th.

Two things about the run stand out in our memory, the excessive heat with southerly breeze in the early part of the day graduating to a calm at night, and the excellent repast provided at the Red Lion. This is undoubtedly one of our best feeding places, there apparently being no limit to the gastronomic arrangements, and the house deserves even more support than it has so far received. Cook and Chandler had been off all day, and after having lunch at Nantwich had been round by Ashmagna, Tilstock, and Fenns Bank. Cook then led a party (which was to be augmented by Harley, who was up from London on holidays) to Llanarmon. 'Arry 'Orrocks, after his strenuous touring in Co. Wicklow, was on the way to Loppington, and as J. E. left the yard at the same time we presume he was bound there too. J. S. Blackburn was heartily congratulated by everybody on his splendid performance at the Bath Road '100.' The Crowcroft car, presumably containing Beckitt, flashed passed two members on the road, whilst Deacon also had a narrow escape of putting in a club run, and Gibson, who had intended being present for a special purpose, had missed fire altogether.

Twelve Hours Handicap, August 16th.

This event attracted very little attention, although it gave us three excellent rides of over 100 miles on a day that could not by any stretch of imagination be called good, as there were several hours' rain and a thunderstorm. There were 21 entries, including two tandems and only nine finishers, which, as it happened, proved the salvation of Johnny Band at Vicar's Cross, as the general body of our young members had entirely ignored the request on the card stating "Members not assisting in feeding or checking are requested to be at Vicar's Cross by 6 p.m. for following purposes." It would

be interesting to learn where certain folk were—and why? A few, we understand, were not far off, but kept away apparently to avoid jobs, while those who did materialise were mostly shockingly late and Band had a very anxious time. It certainly ought not to be that a man who has ridden over 100 miles in the race has to be called upon for following purposes, and it is to be hoped that this true bill will be taken to heart and heeded by those to whom it applies. Having got this off our chest, we can proceed to give some account of what happened. Poole started all the men off as per card, and naturally the Orrell-Edwards tandem took the lead right away and passed through Newport (53½ miles) in 2.44, as compared with the Jones-Rawlinson tandem's 3.3. Of the singles, Blackburn led with 3.5, closely followed by Hawkes 3.7, Shaw 3.10, Morton 3.12, Austin 3.14, and Randall 3.17, with the rest taking from 3.20 to 3.50, and most of them reporting punctures. Here W. Orrell and Banks retired, and the Jones-Rawlinson decided there was such a thing as "pushing a joke too far" when the rain set in. At Newport the second time (96 miles) the Orrell-Edwards tandem clocked exactly 5 hours and were moving finely, and Hawkes, by some splendid riding, had assumed the lead with 5.41, Morton riding equally well had taken second place with 5.43, as compared with Blackburn and Shaw 5.45, Austin 5.54, Randall 5.55 and Turvey 6 hours. Cooper had punctured again, but Cranshaw, Walker, Smith and Rawlinson were all close up and Welfare was riding very steadily for standard purposes, while Walters, pursued by tyre trouble, was forced to pack up when the thunderstorm broke. The tandem of course took the Whitechurch-Nantwich extension, and riding great guns, completed 175 miles in 9½ hours. They then had to desist, as Edwards' tights proved unequal to the strain of wet and mud—they had been "repaired" at Newport and were now in doll rags—and decency forbade them going any further! Still, they had shown that the record is theirs with anything like a decent day and reasonable luck. Meanwhile, Hawkes had begun to assert himself and steadily drew away from the other competitors, finally running out time with the splendid total for the day of 199½ miles, which placed him second in the handicap and gave him the prize for greatest distance. Geoff had hard lines in missing the magic 200 and a gold by three-quarters of a mile, and we fear he was a wee bit slow in feeding at Stamford Bridge, but it was a fine ride all the same. Morton proved the real surprise packet and won the handicap easily with 193½ miles, evidently the result of training the handicappers knew nothing about, while Austin, by very persistent riding, did third greatest distance, and was also third in the handicap with 190½ miles. Blackburn unfortunately went to pieces with stomach trouble and "packed up," while Shaw began to feel the cumulative effect of his corkscrew bicycle, which had been damaged in the train and was inches out of track, but his ride of 189½ miles was a splendid effort under the circumstances. Randall, who suffered with a saddle that had gone out of shape with the wet, very pluckily piled up 186½ miles, and Cooper, notwithstanding his tyre troubles, managed to accomplish 182½ miles. Walker rode disappointingly in the second half, but ran out with a total of 176½ miles, while D. Smith did a very meritorious 173½, unluckily missing B Standard by only 1½ miles, and Welfare, as a complete novice at the game, set an example to those who think they are "real" cyclists by qualifying for the Bronze Standard with 163½ miles. Cranshaw and Rawlinson were pursued by tyre trouble, and "gave it best" on the return from Shropshire, but we should like to suggest that competitors returning

direct to Chester should report themselves at Vicar's Cross to relieve the timekeeper's anxiety.

The following table shows the result in full:—

1.—A. E. Morton	193 $\frac{3}{4}$	20m.	213 $\frac{3}{4}$	1st Prize Stand. C.
2.—G. F. Hawkes	199 $\frac{1}{4}$	10m.	209 $\frac{1}{4}$	2nd Prize (Greatest Distance) Stand. C.
3.—H. Austin	190 $\frac{1}{2}$	14m.	204 $\frac{1}{4}$	Standard C.
4.—W. E. L. Cooper ...	182 $\frac{1}{2}$	17m.	199 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard B.
5.—C. Randall	186 $\frac{3}{4}$	10m.	196 $\frac{3}{4}$	
6.—J. G. Shaw	189 $\frac{1}{4}$	3m.	192 $\frac{1}{4}$	
7.—D. Smith	173 $\frac{3}{4}$	18m.	191 $\frac{3}{4}$	Standard A.
8.—G. H. Welfare	163 $\frac{1}{2}$	28m.	191 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard A.
9.—J. E. Walker	176 $\frac{1}{2}$	7m.	183 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard B.

SNIPPETS.

The checking and feeding were both well done, and our thanks are particularly due to Dave Fell and Buckley, who took on the "exciting" Cock Inn and Crudington checks respectively. David got into such a mental state that he swears it rained fishes during the thunderstorm, and is willing to take an affidavit (Oh!—Ed.) that a Dace fell from the sky! while Bickley is now an authority on the architecture of cowsheds.

Who was the member who wrote a Postcard to Diapason notifying that he would certainly be at V.C. for following purposes and was never seen anywhere?

Northop, August 23rd.

This enjoyable run attracted about 24 members, the alternative run to Moberley probably accounting for the small number. G. F. Hawkes was present and received the congratulations of his fellow members on his splendid performance in the 12 hours handicap, all expressing the hope that this affords a promise of better things to come. Some of our old friends were with us—Oliver Cooper, George Mercer, Charlie Conway (and my friend Mr. Thompson). I am not sure whether one ought not to add Teddie Edwards' name to this distinguished company of motorists. A notable absentee was our President who was officiating at a contest between the East Liverpool and Manchester Wheelers. I understand that the Manchester Wheelers gained a creditable victory.

The run was honoured by the presence of detachments of the Rough and Ready C.C. and Wayfarer C.C. It was interesting to see the bicycle on which our respected Hon. Treasurer rode his 406 miles in 24 hours some 20 odd years ago. I wonder what Bob would have done that day if he had had the present-day light and speedy tyres! Returning to the object of these notes, the run home was very pleasant, a small party testing the "strength" at the "Shrewsbury Arms," and reporting all correct.

Moberley, August 23rd.

Although coming earlier in the year than is usual for an alternative run, this fixture was appreciated by many and we had a good muster of 19 to do justice to a meal of the usual high standard provided by this house.

The conditions certainly left something to be desired on the outward trip, the rain at times being distinctly wet, but some measure of compensation was afforded by the absence of the press of traffic generally met with on fine week-ends. After a solitary but pleasant

ride through the lanes I arrived at the inn yard to find a good number already assembled and in passing through the portal was confronted by a heartrending spectacle. Seated in an armchair, bearing a spick and span appearance, suggestive of means of locomotion other than the bicycle, was the Mullah sipping a glass of ginger beer! This is evidently the beginning of the end. We were a merry party and soon made havoc of the abundance of good things placed before us, and even the General was eventually satisfied.

After tea an attempt was made to enliven the proceedings with a little musical entertainment, and J. E. Austin and J. Smith obliged with a few songs. At this point the human contents of several buzz-wagons descended on the house, and we sought the fresher atmosphere outside and finished up with a run home on practically dry roads.

Little Budworth, August 30th.

A big attendance at this fixture was scarcely to be expected, in view of the holiday season being in full swing, and the counter attraction of the G. B. Orrell and Edwards attempt on the 12 hours tandem record. At the same time, it was very disheartening to find a muster of only a dozen, especially on such a beautiful afternoon. Austin had taken all the factors into consideration, and was quite justified in arranging for at least 20, and this sort of thing increases the difficulties of catering considerably. Of course most of those assisting in the record attempt could not attend, but others might have done so, and in any case, there were several members out on the course without any jobs of work who if they had liked could have supported the Club fixture. However, this is a free (?) country, and I only mention the matter in the hope that it may assist our already harassed Secretary and the Club generally. The sermon over, I suppose I ought to say just a little about the run, but therein lies my difficulty. What did we talk about? Of the record? yes, and of something very far removed from cycling. The latter took the form of a discussion on corn and cotton and the respective ways in which various exchanges are run, valued comments being made by those in the know.

The usual collection taken and a few parting words to the lady of the house (Austin had need of all his diplomacy!) we broke up very early and scattered, north, south, east, and west, but after we had left, Chandler and Bailey, who had been at Broxton for the record aspirants, turned up and showed an example of how men can render real service on such occasions and yet not miss the essence of the Club run.

We were all sorry to learn afterwards that Orrell and Edwards failed, owing to the wet morning and two punctures proving too much for them. They rode splendidly, and were well up to their ambitious schedule up to 125 miles, but the two punctures made them half an hour behind at 185½ miles, and with 38 miles to do in 2 hours 3 mins., they decided to pack, as they were feeling the stiffness engendered by the persistent rain in the first six hours. Better luck next time!

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 224.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1924.

		Light up at
Oct.	4. Halewood (Derby Arms).....	6-42 p.m.
,	11. Warrington (Patten Arms).....	6-25 p.m.
..	13. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	18. Autumnal Tints Tour—Llangollen (Royal)	6-8 p.m.
	Sat., Tea., Pulford (Grosvenor).	
	Sun., Lunch, Ruthin (Wynnstay Arms).	
,	25. Northop (Red Lion)	5-53 p.m.
Nov.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening.	5-39 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Oct.	4. Knutsford (Red Cow).....	6-42 p.m.
..	25. Plumbley (Railway)	5-53 p.m.
Nov.	1. Bollington (Swan with Two Necks)	5-39 p.m.

Full moon 12th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Member.—Mr. G. E. Pugh has been elected to Active Membership.

Change of Address.—H. M. Horrocks, Engineers' Dept., Dock Office, Liverpool.

Autumnal Tints Tour.—Accommodation has been reserved at the Royal Hotel, Llangollen, at a tariff of 11/6 for supper, bed and breakfast, and 10/6 for those who "double-up." On Sunday, lunch has been arranged for at the Wynnstay Arms Hotel, Ruthin, at 1-30 p.m. Kindly let me know early, at least not later than October 13th, if you wish to join the party, and state if you require single or double bed.

A Musical Evening is to be held at Halewood on November 1st, and Mr. A. T. Simpson will welcome any offer of assistance towards making the event a success.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. General Secretary.

Items.

As the account of the first 50 this year caused some heartburnings and misapprehensions (although it undoubtedly did a lot of good), it is perhaps interesting to record the comments of "Elsie" from far away Nyasaland, who writes us: "Whoever wrote the account of the first 50 must be very pleased with the improvement in the racing men's performances since."

The Conservators of the Cyclists' War Memorial have had a special photograph taken for the Imperial War Museum, and copies of this photo (mounted sepia prints 8 x 6 on a 12 x 10 card) can be obtained from Mr. F. T. Bidlake, 84, North End Road, Golders Green, London, N.W.11., price 5/-, from which a small profit will accrue to the fund the Conservators hold for the maintenance of the Memorial and the preservation of its amenities. An opportunity is now offered to show our regard for the Memorial in a real way, and if anyone desires to see how well the photograph looks they can inspect one at 15, Brunswick Street.

Both Everbright and Lusty have been having flutters at 12 hrs. rides in the events of their first claim clubs, and the former managed 168½ miles, although not fully recovered from the strenuousness of pushing the Presider about in Ireland, while the latter still suffering with his strained arm, piled up 186½ miles. Congrats to both.

It is really astonishing the way our motor cycling members get about and scour the country. The other Wednesday evening the Cheshire B.B. met Charlie Conway who had almost reached Gayton, and quite recently Clifford Dews was seen by one of our scouts approaching Irbly! They may be expected at a Club run any time now.

Owing to the absence of the office boy on holidays (what are these holidays?—Ed.) we failed to mention in the last Circular that all those who participated in the Irish Tour would find a map of the route taken enclosed. We hope none of the maps went astray, as they were official in every way, being supplied by the Free State Government at no expense to the Club.

When sailing in a race at Hoylake on September 8th, Cecil Black-

burn's "yot" capsized at the start and Kekil had to be rescued from a watery grave. We suggest that C.B. should revert to cycling again as being much safer and drier even in a "summer" like the present.

The advocate of gas lamps for summer time cycling has recently confessed to being delayed on the road with a water valve that refused to function when lighting up time arrived. This is, of course, one of the idiosyncrasies of gas lamps, and provides one of the several reasons why real cyclists don't bother with them during the summer time or when the moon is serving, as being unnecessary and not "worth while."

"The days of the Sunday Racing controversy seem very far away now, and as a consequence some of the opinions advanced by the 'antis' may have been forgotten or overlooked. At all events, there would appear to be a distinct possibility that their view of the danger arising from a hostile public opinion leading to police interference will even now turn out correct, and this possibility is rendered more imminent by the conduct of certain competitors in events of to-day." This editorial extract from a gazette run by clubs responsible for the deletion of the R.R.A. rule against Sunday records is strikingly significant in its admissions. Perhaps some day the Sunday crowd will wake up and find that the "antis" were not such fools as they thought, and really were purely inspired by a true regard for the best interests of the sport.

We have often wondered who measured the courses in certain road events in which fast times are returned, and quite recently a "100" was afterwards admitted to be only $96\frac{1}{2}$ miles, but we think we have solved the mystery, for a well-known journalist writing in "Cycling," September 12th, says "33 miles in the morning, 33 in the afternoon, and 33 in the evening making a century." Now we have tested this arithmetic by logarithms and the differential calculus (not the one on a trike axle) and cannot make the total more than 99 miles, unless there is a catch somewhere that eludes us, but it is evidently a fine way of securing a fast 100 course, and we must get this gentleman to help us.

Wayfarer (himself) threatens "to indulge in tubular tyres and wood rims" in about three years' time. The sight of Robbie handling rags and timber and trying to repair a Constrictor tyre will be one for sore eyes. May we live long enough to see it, and with Hefty, Diapason and My Private Secretary (unpaid) as an advisory committee!

Geehosoplat! It seems incredible and we would not have believed it but for a direct personal confession. A member of the Club since 1911 recently went to Bettws-y-Coed in a car, and, when extolling the wonderful scenery, stated that it was his first visit to Bettws and Snowdonia! And yet some folk think the Club goes there too often!

"Cycling" editorially comments as follows:— Those 24 riders who persevered through the North Road 24 hours race last Friday and Saturday gave a wonderful exhibition of pluck and doggedness under distressing conditions. The wind was the worst known on a race day for many years, even in the Fens, and the rain was of a peculiarly penetrating and stinging variety and we submit that to

ride for 24 hours through such weather on a bicycle at an average speed of 16 m.p.h. or slightly less is a feat worthy to take its place alongside anything done by humans in the field of sport all of them, whether at the top or bottom of the list, deserve the greatest credit." Randall and Shaw: we are proud of you!

TOMLIN—WALLEY.—Sept. 11, at Mount Tabor U.M. Church, by Rev. George Graves, J. Ewart Tomlin, nephew of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Farrington, of 53 Higher Hillgate, Stockport, to Phyllis, daughter of the late Mr. J. Walley and Mrs. M. A. Walley, of 60, Vienna Road, Edgeley, Stockport (late of Crewe).

An Anfielder says: "I Will." It takes a sporting Anfielder to say: "I Will." Every Anfielder who starts in a race and means to go through says it gleefully, determinedly he repeats it when passing through a bad time, and he shouts it in triumph when crossing the tape.

Judging by his expression, Ewart Tomlin at the moment of being snapped for his wedding picture **HEARS THE PISTOL CRACK, HE SMELLS POWDER.** He grasps the bars, he grips the toeclips. Surrounded by his pushers off and his laurel bearers—**HE'S OFF.** If we may offer him any advice, it is: Keep your powder dry!

D. M. Kaye would be glad to hear whether any member has a tandem for sale.

"Wide logs" was seen by another member between Llanncoston and Bodmin travelling at a furious rate towards Lane's End on Monday evening, August 4th. Has he designs on the End to End record?

It is a regrettable fact but no less than 80 Circulars have to be kept back for the adhesion of red slips. This state of things is slowly but with devastating certainty causing poor Bob to seek an early death. Sluggards, would you have this on your conscience? Very well then, **DO IT NOW!**

STOP PRESS: We have it on the most reliable authority that Messrs King and his sparring partner Lunt complete with hymnbooks-will (D.V.) positively appear at Halewood on November 1st, and we shall expect a record congregation.

North Road "24," September 12th-13th.

When my son Hubert and I rode out of Oakham, in the company of friend Nichols of the N.R. Club, at about 5 o'clock on the evening of the N.R. "24," the weather conditions promised most unfavourably for this event. More than a stiff breeze was blowing up from the South West, and rain was threatening. We journeyed out via Stamford, and the flat fen roads of Barnack, Peakirk and the famous Wilderness, making Wisbech about 9 o'clock.

We soon ran into a party of North Roaders at the White Hart, and after exchanging courtesies with them, adjourned over the river to the White Horse, which was the night headquarters. A few minutes after our arrival the first man, who proved to be Pilcher, of the Poly., came in, being closely followed by Houldsworth, of the Kentish

Whealers, both well inside "evens," at 61½ miles. There being over 60 starters, the riders soon began to come, thick and fast, keeping Frank Wright (one time Hon. Secretary of the R.R.A.), who was acting as checker, quite busy. The first of our men to appear was Cooper, riding comfortably and up to time. Shortly afterwards, Shaw came in, reporting one puncture, and leaving us a tyre to repair before his next visit. Randall, who was the last of our men to start, came along well inside his schedule, and quite happy but wet. We were greatly assisted by being allowed to share in the feeding arrangements made by the N.R. Club for their own men, and we also included and looked after Walton, of the Sharrow, and Butterworth, of Oldham, a young rider making his first "24" attempt. The North Roaders were centring their interest on Thomas (trike) and Tunmer. Rossiter, the ultimate winner, was the last man to start, and at Wisbech was considerably behind the leaders, having had punctures, and a fall on the wet and slippery setts, leaving Wisbech for Spalding.

During the night, which was showery in places, the wind gained much intensity, and the journeys out to Peterboro' and the return from Sutton Bridge and Lynn, were terribly hard. Our men began to lose some ground on these stretches. Bright never showed up after going out to Tallington, and Cooper decided to turn it up at Lynn. Randall and Shaw both continued to fight most pluckily against the wind, which by then was nearly a gale. Randall left Wisbech the last time (214 miles) at 9-10 a.m., having then been riding exactly 14 hours, and as followers were then allowed. Hubert and I followed him down through March to Chatteris. ♦ On this length the wind was perhaps the worst of all, and it was almost impossible to do more than 8 to 10 miles an hour. We ourselves had a great struggle to get through to the Cambridge-St. Neots road in time to give Randall a drink and to let him know our whereabouts.

Later, while the riders were going up the North Road to Wansford and back, we joined Billy Neason and Mrs. Neason, who had their car pulled into the side of the road, and fitted up as a restaurant-de-luxe, handing out food and drinks of all sorts, to all and sundry, helpers as well as riders, and well they did it. Shaw slowed off considerably in the later stages, and Randall still riding steadily and strongly, overtook and passed him on the Wansford stretch. When Randall returned I picked him up near Eaton Socon with roughly 10 minutes to go, and ran him out near the 55th milestone, with a total distance of 332½ miles.

The distance claims as put in by all the finishers by no means adequately represent the true merits of the rides. There may have been wetter "24's," but in the whole of my experience I have never known a windier one, and taking a line through Rossiter's winning mileage, I am convinced that all the rides were fully equal to 25 or 30 miles more than the figures show, had the day been reasonably decent. Rossiter would no doubt have covered well over 400 miles, and I am satisfied that all the riders finishing, our own men included, would have put in correspondingly increased mileage.

Our thanks are due to the North Road Club and to Billy and Mrs. Neason for their assistance in feeding and supplying food for us to give our men; and Van Hooydonk, of the N.R. Club, very

kindly took the lamps and baggage of our riders and selves from Wisbech down to St. Neots for the finish.

It was very gratifying to meet many old friends of long years ago, and none more so than dear old Bob Illsley, only recently returned from New Zealand, looking a little greyer, and a little more wrinkled round the eyes, but none the less the same cheery old Bob. He made many kind enquiries after old Anfielders, particularly Toft and Mercer, and wished me to extend his kindest wishes and remembrances to all who knew him.

Altogether it was a great and memorable day.

Brek.

RUNS.

Third "50," September 6th.

This, the penultimate fixture in our racing programme, was a queer mixture; in some respects most pleasing, and in other respects most disappointing and puzzling. In the first place it attracted only 13 entrants, and, although the only 50 open to tandems, not a single tandem entry! Then again, the membership generally displayed very little interest, and finally there were only nine starters! How are these things to be explained? The tandem record attempt the previous Saturday explains the absence of Orrell and Edwards as competitors and robbed the race of some of its interest, but this does not suffice, as there is plenty of good material in the Club, and we can easily think of at least a dozen who might have been scrapping. We can only express the hope that the wind up of our road fixtures will be better supported all round.

Although the race was, like the servant girl's baby, only a small one, it was most interesting and encouraging. While Blackburn was evidently off colour and the puncture he experienced did not affect the result, Austin and Hawkes made a fine race of it for Fastest, with Perkins running them close, and Welfare disclosed the benefit he had gained from experience and careful training, and would have undoubtedly easily won the handicap but for a puncture in the first few miles. As the Presider had to deputise for Poole, there were no times taken at 25 miles, but Knipe's check at 25½ miles on an unsynchronised watch, showed Austin clocking 1.21, Hawkes 1.21½, and Perkins 1.23, as compared with Threlfall 1.24, Randall and Cranshaw 1.25, Rawlinson 1.25½, Blackburn (punctured) 1.27 and Welfare 1.29½. After this, Austin punctured and lost all chance of Fastest, the check at 38 miles showing Hawkes leading with 2 hours, as compared with Austin and Threlfall 2.3, Perkins and Randall 2.4, Cranshaw 2.5, Rawlinson 2.5½, Blackburn 2.6, and Welfare 2.10½. From here to the finish Hawkes rode very strongly and ran out First and Fastest with 2.31.1, an improvement of nearly 5 minutes on his previous best, which qualifies him for the Gold Centre Standard, and was as pleasing to us as it doubtless was to his father, brother, and brother-in-law. Welfare was most unlucky to lose the race by only 28 seconds, notwithstanding his puncture, but we were all delighted he was placed second and qualified for Bronze Standard with 2.44.29, while Perkins, showing an improvement of nearly 3 minutes, was third with 2.39.2, and qualifies for the silver standard. Threlfall about a minute slower than his previous best, yet showed a welcome improvement on his

recent performances, and with 2.35.53, was fourth within 51 seconds. J. E. Rawlinson broke his own record by 12 seconds, and was 5th, with 2.37.49, and Randall was unlucky not to be placed, after showing an improvement of 7 minutes and qualifying for silver standard with 2.37.4. H. Austin was second fastest with 2.34.58, and but for his puncture would at least have been fighting with Hawkes for fastest. Cranshaw seemed to fade away somewhat in the second half, and his 2.39.27 is about 3 minutes slower than his previous best, while Blackburn has evidently gone stale since his splendid B.R. 100, as even allowing for his puncture, 2.40.39 would not have brought him into the picture. Of the non-starters, ill-health caused Smith and Cooper to stand down, and Schofield wired that his tricycle was out of order, but no one seemed to know why R. J. Austin failed to materialise. The day was quite a good one, and the aggregate time of our first six men was only 5 mins. 54 secs. slower than sufficed for the Manchester Wheelers to beat the East Liverpool Wheelers over the same course on August 23rd, which, in the absence of Orrell and Edwards is highly satisfying.

The following table shows that the handicapping was reasonably good:—

G. F. Hawkes	2.31.1	7mins.	2.24.1	First & Fastest Standard C.
G. H. Welfare	2.44.29	20mins.	2.24.29	Second, Std. A.
F. Perkins	2.39.2	13mins.	2.26.2	Third, Std. B.
S. T. Threlfall ...	2.35.53	9mins.	2.26.53	
J. E. Rawlinson ...	2.37.49	10mins.	2.27.49	
C. Randall	2.37.4	9mins.	2.28.4	Standard B.
H. Austin	2.31.58	5mins.	2.29.58	
J. D. Cranshaw ...	2.39.27	8mins.	2.31.27	
J. S. Blackburn ...	2.40.39	Scr.	2.40.39	

Acton Bridge, September 13th.

There had been a rather wet morning (whatever Cook may say), but it cleared up by midday, and the conditions were quite good when a start was made shortly after 3. Due to a detour to call at a cycle shop for some Prices' "B" (Is this a breach of the Anti-Advertising Clause?) Chester was reached rather late, and the main road had to be taken to Acton Bridge. However, with what wind there was behind us, good time was made and the Leigh Arms was reached a few minutes before the appointed hour, Egar and Fawcett being overtaken in fine style on the way.

The attendance at first looked disappointing, but with the addition of a few who were already inside making offerings to Bacchus and one or two late-comers, our numbers were brought up to 22. I understand that several members were out helping in a Cheadle Hulme "50," so that possibly accounts for it.

The fare was of the usual Acton Bridge standard and quantity. In fact one of the younger members was heard to remark (after encompassing with difficulty his sixth serving of fruit and tart and custard) that he did so wish he could come back in another 3 or 4 hours, when he might possibly have worked up another appetite! Kettle was busy booking riders and helpers for the "50" on the

following Saturday, and seemed to be doing quite well. Not accepting my excuse that I was unable to get out for the "first time round," he promptly booked me for a job later on.

Cook and Fawcett seemed to be the only week-enders and were off to enjoy themselves among the "sea of boiled shirts" at Hawkstone.

Moving off amongst the last departures, I was struck with the amazing beauty of the sunset sky, which was one of the most magnificent I had ever seen and quite beggared description.

The greatly improved road through the Forest was taken, and Shrewsbury Arms reached in due course, where coffee was partaken of with the advance party, which was already installed, home being reached shortly afterwards.

Fourth 50 Miles Handicap, September 20th.

The executive must have felt gratified that they gave the racing men the benefit of the doubt by holding this final fixture, for in many respects it was a pleasing success. Not only were there 20 entries and 17 starters, but there were far more members displaying interest in the event, all round the course, who were amply rewarded by the wonderful ride of G. B. Orrell, who seemed to revel in the heavy going and quite excelled himself, not to mention the most interesting triangular fight between Hawkes, Austin and Lusty. The non-starters were: Edwards (delayed at business), D. Smith, reported in Chester but not seen, and R. J. Austin, whose absence was unexplained. Almost immediately after Cook, deputising for Poole, had started the men against a stiff South-Wester the rain commenced to fall, and, as it was particularly heavy on the triangle (ask those who were labouring at Ridley!) the men were soon soaked and mucked up. They had to fight the wind almost without respite until the last 8½ miles, and all declared it was a very hard race. Moorby, Walters and Cooper soon gave it best, the first named puncturing very early on; but at Cholmondeley, 25¾ miles, Knipe's checks showed that no one was in it with Orrell for fastest time with 1.17, but Gilmour, Austin and Cranshaw all clocked 1.21, as compared with Hawkes and Lusty 1.22, Threlfall 1.23, Randall 1.24, Perkins 1.25, Rawlinson 1.26, Walker 1.26½, Pugh 1.29, Welfare 1.30, and Banks 1.31. This made Gilmour look a snip for the handicap with Cranshaw and Lusty certain to be placed but the second half slightly altered the complexion of things. With both Gilmour and Cranshaw fading away somewhat, the former did not make a mess of the handicap and Cranshaw fell out of the picture, much to our disappointment. At 38 miles Orrell had increased his lead 1 minute with 1.56, as compared with Hawkes 2.1, and Austin and Lusty 2.2, but Gilmour and Threlfall took 2.4, while Randall had gained ground with 2.5 and Cranshaw had lost ground with 2.6. Perkins and Rawlinson were both 2.8, Walker 2.10, Pugh 2.15, and Banks 2.17, Welfare having retired with a second puncture and having to make his way back on the rim through riding 28's and being unable to borrow a spare. Gilmour just managed to conserve his handicap advantage, and by finishing in 2.40.20, secured first place by 39 seconds, Lusty, riding finely and finishing very strongly in 2.37.59, being second, while Orrell crossed the line like a whirlwind, without turning a hair, in what everyone agreed was the most remarkable time for the day of 2.28.12, which placed him a close third

(only 13 seconds behind) and Fastest; undoubtedly the best ride of his career. The following table tells its own story:—

1. R. F. Gilmour ...	2.40.20	13min.	2.27.20	First, Std. A.
2. A. Lusty	2.37.59	10min.	2.27.59	Second
3. G. B. Orrell	2.28.12	Scr.	2.28.12	Third & Fastest
4. S. Threlfall	2.38.27	9min.	2.29.27	
5. C. Randall	2.40.5	10min.	2.30.5	
6. H. Austin	2.35.54	5min.	2.30.54	
7. G. F. Hawkes ...	2.34.41	3min.	2.31.41	
8. J. D. Cranshaw...	2.41.42	10min.	2.31.42	
9. F. Perkins	2.43.52	12min.	2.31.52	
10. J. E. Rawlinson..	2.45.22	11min.	2.34.22	
11. G. E. Pugh	2.53.12	14min.	2.39.12	
12. J. E. Walker ...	2.47.34	7min.	2.40.34	
13. A. G. Banks	3. 6.17	23min.	2.43.17	

Gilmour had hard lines in missing B standard by a bare 20 seconds! Randall was undoubtedly feeling the effects of his excellent N.R. 24, and really rode remarkably well under the circumstances while Hawkes and Austin both finished strongly, the duel ending in the former's favour by a shade over a minute. Pugh made a very promising first appearance, and with more experience should prove a good man, while Banks' time would have been about 2.55 but for a puncture enforcing a touring finish. Walker has evidently not had time to train lately and had previously advised us that he was only out to enjoy himself. Lusty came up in a car (kindly placed at the time-keeper's disposal) and it was good to see his fine sporting spirit topped by one of his best performances, his being placed giving universal pleasure. His reappearance in our races was most welcome, and we all wish him the best of luck in his proposed attack on the Birmingham to Manchester and back Record. It was certainly a day that called for heftiness and not at all suited to lightweights like Rawlinson, Perkins and Threlfall.

Tarporley, September 27th.

It was a perfectly gorgeous day—the first real Summer's day we have experienced in this year of (dis)grace 1924—the kind of not “too” anything that you would have thought would have compelled even our butterflies to change their chrysalis state and caused the storming of the portals of the Swan; but you would have been quite wrong. There was no crowding or discomfort of any kind and the total muster was only 26 members and two friends (prospectives). We know there was a 50 in East Cheshire, and probably the Wayfarer C.C. were keeping their advertised promise to “Please the pigs” at Dinas Mawddy, but these do not entirely explain the long list of notable absentees. Manchester only gave us W. Orrell, H. Green, J. E. Rawlinson, Turnor, Davies, H. G. Buckley, and the brothers Smith. Pugh came to represent our Salopian contingent, and the rest of us were the good old regulars plus Harold Band and Messrs. Powell and Hammer (our contributor must be thinking of the famous lamb makers—he means Messrs. Powell and Hotine.—Ed.) whom we understand have matriculated at Saughall Massie and promise to be a very welcome acquisition to our ranks. Expecting a crowd Mrs.

Hayes had placed us in two rooms, one of which was an old club room quite new to us, but we could in fact have managed without this division. However, the meal was quite up to standard and the Labour party downstairs were made quite welcome when they visited the Upper Chamber and the usual chaff and gaiety prevailed; after which in due course the homeward trek started, Taylor going off with the Mancunians to week-end in the Second City of the Empire (notwithstanding the claim of Liverpool's Lord Mayor), and a party of seven making for "Fluffyville" piloted as far as Prees Heath by Mr. Puff. All we can learn of the homeward journey is that Johnny Band and Horrocks were trying to find out how little each of them knew about Wireless, and we advise them to go and consult "our expert" at Bunney's.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIX.

No. 225.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1924.

		Light up at
Nov.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening.	5-39 p.m.
..	8. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-26 p.m.
..	10. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	15. Rufford (Fermor Arms).	5-15 p.m.
..	22. Warrington (Patten Arms).....	5- 5 p.m.
..	29. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-57 p.m.
Dec.	6. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-53 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	1. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	5-29 p.m.
..	15. Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-15 p.m.
..	29. Knutsford (Red Cow).....	4-57 p.m.
Dec.	6. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	4-53 p.m.

Full moon 11th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Frank Hotine, 5, Uppingham Road, Wallasey, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by H. Austin; Mr. Harold William Powell, 5, Glencoe Road, Wallasey, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by H. Austin.

Change of Address.—R. Hawker, "Highfield," Greave, Romiley, Nr. Stockport.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. General Secretary.

Items.

A horrible rumour (which is vouched for by unimpeachable witnesses, but which we sternly refuse to believe meantime pending a satisfactory explanation) has percolated through to the Editorial Sanction. It is to the effect that Buckley père, the erstwhile, implacable enemy of 'paraffin pushers' abandoned his bicycle in the South and was conveyed home in comfort by F. H. Oh! Biek, tell us this thing cannot be true or was it the result of too much 'Ostrich'?

Our Metropolitan scouts have also reported that Cook—COOK mind you!—was observed lounging in lordly languor in a huge limousine car while on his visit to London for the Shorland Dinner, and on being challenged has had to make the humiliating and damning confession that this was so, since which he has been seen gazing longingly at the latest Ford saloon models. Anything might now happen to him, and special observers have been placed on the road to Llanarmon (O.L.) and other favoured places. Fresh developments will be immediately reported as they arise.

In this connection we have sustained another blow, as we hear that 'Sammy' Barton, the immortal 'egg head' of precious memory, has succumbed to the fascination of the Morris-Oxford stable. Can such things be or is visions about? How long O! Lord how long.

The Mullah desires us to make it clear that he is not the Professor C. H. Turnor (Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford) who took part in the recent Church Congress at Oxford.

Somebody has complained in a newspaper called "The Times" of the difficulty experienced in filling up forms in connection with super tax. Gregg considers the complaint frivolous and unfounded, and adds that he has never experienced any such difficulty.

With characteristic obstinacy (or steadfastness of purpose, as he prefers to call it), Robbie announces his intention to use a gas lamp all through next summer, if there is one. But he refuses to accept the CIRCULAR gospel that a temporarily defective water valve is "one of several reasons why real cyclists" don't use gas lamps in the summer. The same "reason" would surely apply in the winter too!

"Widelegs" recently contributed an excellent article to "Cycling" on the subject of "Getting fit gradually," and we hope he has scrapped his ideas about "intensive training."

At the Shorland Dinner we were represented by Beardwood, Buckley, Neason, Cook, J. M. James, and Everbright, not to mention the O'Tatur, who was with the Anfield party and wore a real Anfield tie! This reminds us that Murphy's article on the Dinner in the columns of the "Irish Cyclist" was of absorbing interest, and one of the finest we have ever read. Jimmy James was just the same old jovial Jimmy as ever, and we would give a good deal to have him among us again. What an asset he was to the week-enders years ago! Time is being very kind to Jim Jams, and he is still not a day older. Long may he wave.

Frank Chandler is now Chief Consul of the C.T.C. for Cheshire and the Club is to be heartily congratulated on his acquisition. The work will now be properly done and we can all help by co-operation.

The road to Halewood is now in excellent condition and no ploughed fields have to be negotiated, so no one has any excuse for

employing the rattler to avoid its perils—not even the possession of a “contract” will serve.

We are all sorry to learn that Geoff. Hawkes was run down and his machine wrecked near Tarvin when returning from the Knutsford run on October 4th, but the incident provides another text book example of the folly of anyone who rides a cycle not being a member of the C.T.C. Whatever settlement Hawkes succeeds in effecting unaided will be less than he would have got with the backing of the C.T.C. by an amount that would have purchased Life Membership.

The die is cast and there is no escape. Have you ordered your “shorts” yet? If the state of your finances will not permit the purchase of a brand new pair you can easily “convert” your knicks with a pair of scissors. What fun we shall have at Club Runs, particularly when the roads are muddy. It is bad enough now with those who insist on washing before tea, but with the vogue of “shorts” the lavatory accommodation would be taxed to bursting point and the queue will form on the right for knee washing.

“Everyone who does not at present own a motor car looks forward to the happy day when this will be possible,” says an enthusiastic motor journalist. It is extraordinary how this silly idea that everyone is bursting to sell his birthright for a mess of petrol should persist. It never was true and least of all in these days when anyone above the poverty line can easily acquire a car. There are millions of people to whom motoring makes no appeal, just as there are millions who have no taste for tennis, cricket, football, golf, or even cycling. Some people actually prefer walking and bowls!

At long last Del Strother has been heard from again, and in a most interesting letter to the Presider he describes how he has now resumed active cycling on a saucy French road racer and is gradually getting so fit that he suggests he will be ready next year to act as cicerone if any of “ours” would like a tour in Normandy and Brittany.

Still they come:—

AUSTIN—MELLOR.—On the 4th inst., at Christ Church, Moss Side, by the Rev. Paul Green, M.A., Reginald, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Austin, of Victoria Park, to Edna Lettice, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mellor, of Moss Side.

Cordial congrattlers!

Anfield Delegation to the EMPIRE FAIR and to the OWL'S FARE.

Coeval with the rampage of the Tenth Crusade in Ardwick, Manchester, of which the papers have been full, an Eleventh Crusade took place on October 1st, at Colnbrook, on the Bath Road. At this point the great road passes through a narrow bottleneck which was clogged with Owlsh Crusaders, who surged through the crazy coachway of the Ancient Ostrich Inn and merged into the main body of the Owl. We counted four Anfield Trekkers, two in covered wagons and two in saddle sate. In the yard the old Mother Owl in its cage received homage and blinked approval of the quaint ritual.

It is only when Crusades are held at Ostrich Headquarters that one beholds that remarkable member of the cult: The Worthy Hospitaller who bedecked with regalia, bears the sacrificial birds; who is chief

drawer of corks and who alone is entrusted with the custody, training and feeding of Mother Owl. His many activities soon lay him low and after the Communal repast he lapses into Coma, and joins the Mascot Owl.

Surrounded by 16 worshippers the Greatest Owl of All presided in Celestial Pomp and Presence, plentiful of person yet pleasant in perspective. The fare was luscious and sumptuous, the draughts copious, the wit loquacious. To the left of the Arch sat the Anfield Novice trembling with fear of the coming initiation to end his noviciate. To the right two vast men from the north not so much trembling as rocking with mirth and merriment: Celestials Hub, and Bik.

The test consisted of combining the modesty of the Ostrich with the wisdom of the Owl. Proof was given in saluting the Potentate's most powerplus Toe.

The painful initiation was surmounted and the young Owl arose refreshed, offering up distilled mountain brew. The meeting then settled down to confessions and narratives so singular yet so manifold that when the Noble Arch-Owl closed the Conclave the Bath Road had resumed its daily roar. The Celestials laid to rest on trestles, the Mortals on the floor.

In addressing the Grand Abbot as Great Arch we appropriately convey his simple beauty and great dignity and also his great strength for he bestrides Owldom as a Colossus.

I ought to draw attention to the Grand Senechal to the Abbot about whom a great deal has been written in the last Bath Road news, and of whom a rare portrait has been published under the Title of "WOT! IM?" His portrait and life's story bring back impressions from our youth. Who has not been brought up in constant awe of a picture showing a wild, untamed, unbridled horse leaping through space across the boundless wastes of a desolate land? And on its back a beautiful male naked figure, tied with ropes, gasping for liquor. And at foot the one word: "MAZEPPA."

How we shuddered. It is this same Mazeppa, his thirst yet unquenched, who is now second in command to our own Peeceebec, the Archest Owl of All. (The Cyclopedia adds: Mazeppa—Ivan, punished for intrigue with noble's wife, Liberated by Cossacks (Owls), afterwards attained honourable position (thanks to P.C.B.).—Editor).

The Delegation to the Empire Fair was an even more serious, more perilous affair and had for its object the paying of the Club's respects to the Inmates of the Palace of Beauty. The Delegates each chose a favourite whom they belauded in the name of the A.B.C. They were met at first by stolid glances from the haughty dames as they approached the glass cages hat in hand with courtly bows, but when the Ladies beheld the 18½ stone figure of the Chief Delegate, a tremor arose on their lips. They relented and the other delegates basked in reflected glory. The Chief's Choice was "Miss 1924." (He is ever up to date).

On hearing that her fair fame and repute—such as it was—had been quoted in Anfield stanzas "Helen of Troy" became violently agitated, but was soothed when the humble contributor again placed his favour at her feet. Her neighbour, Cleopatra, rivetted Bikley, but kept him waiting full five minutes while she wrote billets-doux to rival admirers. This was too much, and he switched over on to Elizabeth Woodville, only to learn that she too was in other hands (those of the official receiver).

Chokeful with emotion, the Delegates then drew lots for seats on the Red Racer, and the sight of Hubert and Master being hurled through space desperately clutching each other, the while taking copious draughts from the latter's flask is a tale of horror. The situation grew tense when the protecting bar across Hubert's stomach burst its socket and the Chief Delegate was nearly—in the favourite phrase of Dr. M. Stopes—"LEFT IN MID-AIR" (to say that Hubert was hovering "on the edge" is to put it mildly).

RUNS.

Halewood, October 4th.

An idea which we fear strange and novel will appear and also perchance somewhat queer has struck us unawares. To give some slight variety to our run-writing dietary, we propose in all sobriety to recite in verse—or worse. With this desperate intention, we may as well just mention, quite regardless of convention, our endeavours are the best. But this originality must be free from all banality and a sure mark of finality or 'twill be copied by the rest. During time's erratic courses we have tapped so many sources, drawn so largely from our forces, that the "stunts" have all been done; thus so strange an innovation—outcome of imagination—should help to stem stagnation in the writing of the run. As an occupation fitful for contributors skitful there is scope for those with wit full of the literary kind. One might try some out in Euclid and undoubtedly a few "kid"—this would sure be worth a few quid—to a writer so inclined. Or if this is not his forte or a matter of the sort he's acquainted with then ought he work on others less confined. For without a doubt or tremor should he be in a dilemmor, he could safely go to Chem or to F.H. he could repair. Let his plank be anecdotage—"chesnuts" culled from a remote age—but not too trite nor yet trop sage should he find he's got the flair. Or should this seem pernicious or a trifle meretricious leading to a circle vicious there are other fields I frow. In this political vigour personalities are de riguer—why not draw a lit'rary trigger on some members, there's enow. P'r'aps this suggestion striking may not be quite to his liking—after all the "rag" 's for biking—so once more we storm the breach. A fluent pen's rhetoric in flashes meteoric could enlarge on things historic in Club annals, make a niche of fame for those whose prowess did long ago endow us with the prestige that ours now is in the wheeling world to-day; thus giving immortality and not a mere formality but in measure of totality to those who held their sway when their exploits had no éclat—none had then heard of Llandéglá. 'Twas the time *fin de siècle* and the "rag" was unconceived. Surely records episodic even should they be spasmodic or have no lilt melodic would with interest be received. Interspersed as with injections there could be no great objections to a few sedate reflections bearing on the run's results. But this gentle little treatise (and if some uncommon feat is, and addressed to the élite is) ought to stir ambition's pulse. We're indebted to O'Murphy who's a man we'd hardly dare fee (otherwise he'd sure get œuf-y) for this line of thought portrayed. For a study e'en with wee sense of his writings full of pre-science shews they crowd with reminiscence yet still are far from staid.

[We are credibly informed there was a goodly munster at this run.—Ed.]

Knutsford, October 4th.

Owing to a slight miscalculation of time and distance, which forced me to hurry unduly, I arrived at the Red Cow to find the place almost deserted. After some time spent in viewing the interior, however, others began to stroll in, and by the appointed hour we were quite a respectable party, at least, as far as numbers go.

It must have been a perfect day for cycling, for in addition to Hawkes and J. E. Walker, the Siddington Wheelers, as represented by Gilmour, Moorby and the Rawlinson-Jones tandem combination, honoured us with a visit, and as was only fitting, were allotted a separate table for the meal. Evidently there was no alternative run, but stay! perhaps they were unaware of our fixture!

Hawker, after being an absentee for several months, was again sampling a Club run, and now he has emerged from his hibernation, and with his reputation (ask the Mullah) for punctuality, he should become a regular attender.

The tea was cold, and as I thought, rather unsatisfactory, but I heard no complaints until Grimmy, after his usual generous helping, was heard to ask if there was anything to eat.

V. P. Green, in enlarging on the evils of the tobacco habit, declared that it had a tendency to stunt the growth, and I noticed that young fellows like Gilmour, Hawker and Hubert Buckley, in particular, grew quite concerned at this information.

After the meal and the usual desultory chatting, a general move was made for home, and I attached myself with one or two others to the rear of a tandem which took us through in good time for refreshments before finishing an enjoyable run.

Warrington, 11th October.

Oh, Warrington! Where are thy charms?

If the township lays claim to attractions, none of the boys appears to have any inclination to wander far in search thereof—before tea strolls and promenades are not indulged in! The Patten Arms swallows up each arrival and his re-appearance in the outside world is only when with a happier expression on his face and a more comfortable feeling under his waistcoat he sets out for home, or the week-end inn, as the case may be.

A pleasant afternoon was spent along good, hard roads, until reaching the outskirts of Warrington, the shortest route to the hotel was taken. The gates were unlocked, we entered the yard, stabled our machines, and made a bee-line—the Beau Brummels to the Wash Tap for beautification by external application—the Stalwarts to another sort of Tap for internal refreshment.

Tea at the Patten Arms consisted of a large gathering of small parties discoursing on sundry matters and what not! But all took a most excellent interest in the eatables so quickly served by the waitress, who must have been dosed with monkey gland, so swiftly and expeditiously did she look after the requirements of one and all.

Quite a good turn-out was recorded. Cook, Buckley, Kettle, Turnor and Teddy Edwards were seen at different tables up and down the room, while Grimmy arrived, half way through tea, looking more like his own self, than when last I saw him.

A short portion of the homeward journey was under the escort of Cranshaw and Son; thereafter Knipe and I were looked after by the bright, shining moon, in an all but cloudless sky.

Pulford—Llangollen, October 18th—19th.

This now historic fixture was as successful as ever and attracted a muster of 28, which meant that three had to sleep out, but there seems to be some danger of its degenerating into a week-end party of our motoring members, who support it almost to full strength, we are glad to say, while the younger generation of cyclists seem shy of giving it a trial, which should not be the case. At Pulford there was the satisfactory muster of 30—cyclists all—but Lord Mayor Cotter was not there to do the honours, and the Presider, as usual, had started in the morning to reach Llangollen via Denbigh and Pentre Voeclas on his pram, while all the motorists and Horrocks, Zambuck and Arthur Newall, went straight through. Knipe and Lucas, who had been at “Llan-deeg-La” the day before, brought us the news that the village was in a great state of excitement, owing to the announcement that Wayfarer himself had promised to be in residence at the Crown over the week-end and had summoned the Faithful, which no doubt explained the absence of Diapason and Hefty, but rumour had it that the unpaid Private Secretary and others failed to materialise. But we were not down-hearted, and gaiety reigned as we enjoyed the excellent fare always provided at the Grosvenor Arms. After tea the home birds (including Selkirk and Telford, prospectives but no Mancunians) returned, while the week-enders, Turner, J. E. Rawlinson, Perkins, Austin, Taylor, H. Green, A. Davies, Hotine, and Kettle, proceeded through the drizzle to Llangollen, where they found 19 already assembled—H. Roskell, Skinner, Mercer, Rowatt, Ven, Kinders, Mandall, Koenen, Royden, Fell, Newalls, all the Simpsons, and those previously mentioned. The usual pleasant evening ensued with the party divided between Billiard Room Chapel and Tank until the Die Hards were the last to retire at a most respectable hour. Sunday brought us quite a good day; Perkins set off for Newtown to commence a fortnight’s tour; F.H. went to view the Alt-y-bady, which had nearly proved his undoing the day before; Turner, Rawlinson and Davies departed for Tattenhall; Green and Taylor went off to World’s End and a track over Cynn-y-Brain; and Zambuck and A. Newall “smashed through” home, while the rest of us ambled along to Ruthin for lunch. Kettle, Austin and Horrocks took the old road to Corwen, while the motorists divided themselves between the Horseshoe Pass-Nant-y-Garth route and via Corwen and the Vale of Clwyd, which was bathed in sunshine, but the Presider and Hotine, after meeting Wayfarer (himself) blazing along the Holyhead Road, continued to Maerdy, where they turned up the Alwen Valley to Bettws Gwerfil Goch and Melin-y-Weg, out of which they climbed over to Clawdd Newydd. At Ruthin we were joined by D. M. Kaye and party, and the Crowcroft-Beckitt car was reported having been encountered (almost literally by Fell!). Lunch at the Wynnstay was very good, and indeed the amenities of the house were so satisfactory that all the Simpsons decided to scrap their programme and stay where they were till next day, while the rest of us returned to England, the motorists doing so direct, all the cyclists, except Horrocks, going via the Nant-y-Garth. Kettle making for Chester, Austin and Hinde for the farm at Rhydtalog and the rest for Willaston. Thus ended a most enjoyable week-end with the only fly in the ointment the few cyclists to “dive into the heart of Wales” further than Llangollen, which is merely the threshold, and the absence of many who profess to call themselves “real riders,” whatever that means.

Northop, October 25th.

For the second week in succession our fixture was to the Welsh borderland, and, being favoured by a typical Autumn day of cold air and dry roads, there was a satisfactory muster of 26 at the Red Lion. The Wayfarer C.C. were almost in full strength, seeing that Baster appears to have deserted them (and us) these days, and none of them was in the approved "shorts," but the Rough and Ready C.C. were entirely without representation. Notable absentees were Edwards, away on some much needed holidays, and Chandler, Bailey and Parkins, on a carefully planned tour in Zammerset and Dorset, over which they consulted their fellow members before starting out, so that they should miss nothing—a thing which is simply not done nowadays, the modern plan being to muddle through! Horrocks lent distinction to the gathering with his blocker-pants outfit, and we were more than glad to welcome Schofield on his trike from his lair in Abergelge, but why did he not seduce Professor Rockand Tappit from Prestatyn? Welcome strangers were Carpenter, who was over in New Brighton for the week-end, and Evans, Mercer, Ven and Charlie Conway represented our motoring interests and acquired Horrocks for the return journey. The rest consisted of Band, Taylor, Knipe, Lucas, Kettle, Egar, Threlfall, Hawkes, Austin, Cook, Cooper and Pugh (who had "smashed through" from Shrewsbury and was making the leap back again) together with the four "prospectives," Powell, Hotine, Selkirk and Telford, the last named being sure to be a roadman! The meal was rather slowly served, and the room not overheated, but what matters it when cycling is the primary objective and you possess "the will to conquer"? Anyway, there was plenty of hadinage across the tables, and if you were patient you got quite enough to eat. Taylor had his tea early, so as to dodge the Presider and Cooper, with whom he was week-ending at Llangollen, and pushed on over Ypento and the Horseshoe, while the other two escorted Pugh as far as Wrexham. The Llangollen party was for the purpose of meeting 10 Birmingham C.T.C. men and piloting them to World's End and over Ruabon Mountain next day. Those of us who had homes to go to, returned to them and were surprised to find that the night had gone much warmer, no doubt presaging the moisture that ensued the next day, and the run back was most delightful.

Plumbly, October 25th.

We regret up to time of going to press no account of this run has been received.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIX.

No. 226.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1924.

		Light up at
Dec.	6. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-53 p.m.
"	8. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water St., Liverpool	
"	13. Rufford (Fermor Arms)	4-51 p.m.
"	20. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-52 p.m.
"	26. (Boxing Day) Tarporley (Swan) Lunch 1-30 p.m.	4-56 p.m.
"	27. Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-56 p.m.
Jan.	3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-4 p.m.
"	8. Annual General Meeting, 7 p.m. Washington Hotel, Lime Street, Liverpool	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS IN CONJUNCTION WITH CHRISTMAS TOUR.

Dec.	26. Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	4-56 p.m.
"	Carnarvon (Prince of Wales) Lunch 1-30 p.m.	4-56 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea 5-30 p.m.

Dec.	6. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	4-53 p.m.
"	13. Allostock (Oak Cottage)	4-51 ..
"	20. Knutsford (Red Cow) Musical Evening	4-52 p.m.
"	27. Moberley (Roebuck)	4-56 p.m.
Jan.	3. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	5-4 p.m.

Full moon 11th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

91, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Members.—Messrs. F. Hotine and H. W. Powell have been elected to active membership.

Change of Address.—R. J. Austin, 35, Burleigh Street, Gorse Hill, Stretford, Manchester.

Christmas Tours.—In view of four days general holiday this Christmas, it has been decided to have a tour in North Wales, which will be alternative to the Cheshire fixtures, with headquarters at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed. The day fixtures will be Friday, Bettws-y-Coed, and Saturday, Carnarvon, and members attending these places on the days specified will be entitled to count two club runs. If you desire to join the party, will you please let me have your name not later than Saturday, December 20th.

The Annual General Meeting will again be held at the Washington Hotel, Lime Street, Liverpool, on Thursday, 8th January, 1925, at 7 p.m. Tea will be ready from 6 p.m., and it will facilitate matters if you will let me know if you will require a meal. Subjects for inclusion in the Agenda must be in my hands not later than Tuesday, December 30th.

Mr. W. J. Neason has been nominated to represent us at the Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club on December 5th.

Applications for Membership.—C. Selkirk, 6, Oakdene Road, Prenton, Birkenhead; proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by W. E. Taylor. T. A. Telford, 55, Carlton Road, Birkenhead; proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by W. E. Taylor (both junior).

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. General Secretary.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of two old friends of the Club. Ben Hincheliffe, "of Derby," passed away at Boston, Mass., on November 6th and Albert Wayte, of Dublin, died on November 17th. Both were old cyclists with a profound affection for us which was sincerely reciprocated. Hincheliffe was well known to us from the days of the primitive out and home 24's of the 80's, when he used to act as the checker who turned the competitors back and has always kept in touch with the Club through his intimate friendship with the President. To Hincheliffe the cycling world owes the old ordinary cup (which inspired the Tricycle Trophy) and the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists which ensued therefrom. Albert Wayte was more particularly known to those who have participated in our visits to Dublin, and none of those present at the Camp Fire at Drumgoff will ever forget his delightful singing. On all our visits he was prominent in extending hospitality, and we all feared his illness must be serious when we learned that he was unable to join us this year at Glendalough, as he was so keen to do. We whole-heartedly concur with the comments of the Irish Cyclist that Wayte was "one of Nature's gentlemen" and that "his passing leaves the world poorer." To the bereaved of both families we extend our deepest sympathy.

A Challenge to J.V.M. by the Tallboys Brotherhood.

To John Marchmont—giving him his historic title—or Jack Marchantou—giving him his suburban one—we owe many debts, but the greatest of these is for creating the name of "Southport Handlebars." Who was the first Anfielder to intertwine his upcurled bars between the early drops? It was Foster pacing the Anfield-North Road cluster up Wyle Cop into the Lion Yard, and it was he whom Marchmont honoured. But for a freak of Starley Bros. we would never have known their kin. Starley Bros. went down, but the Tallboys family arose from their dust and ashes.

The title of Southport Bars is now being challenged, and it all arose in this way: Cycling writers of experience who have recommended "dropping" the Park position to something more natural and powerful, have aroused correspondence from the pen nibs of sundry Bike Enthusiasts, who resent this advice, challenge these mentors and defend their handlebars, but being unfamiliar with the nom de plume of "Southport Bars," they have adopted the gibe of "Paws-up, Pompey" as a nom de guerre or war-whoop.

They tell us that riding 26 in. frames, 28 in. wheels and bent-up steering rails is the ideal position. Among these Hands-Uppers the following stand out: One signing himself "Light Upturned" throws down the Gage with the remark that the real tourist is only found among the Paws-Up, Pompeyers and that the Bardroppers can hardly get beyond the Roebuck and the Robin Hood (houses of good fame that I to my shame am unacquainted with). To my mind this turner up of lights is seeing distorted shadows. Another defends the Hands-Up principle as being easier for mounting and dismounting, but if that is his chief object, then the Roebuck will be far enough and the Robin Hood beyond his reach.

"Videlex" on Gears.

Videlex, one of the Wake-men of the North, writing a leader in "Cycling" of late, has a word of warning for us all, and most of all for hard riders like our Presider and his Peers. He asserts that they demand more from themselves than do the Racing Men by setting themselves the task of Supermen. (They are Supers.—Ed.) His advice is gear lower ever lower, to meet both wind and hill. Even at "50" we are not undergeared.

It all arose out of the gear used by that Last of the Franks: Leon van der Stuyft (whose very name means: Raising the Dust) in his hour record. He used the ridiculously low gear of 150 to do 66 in the hour, which works out at about a 45 gear to do 20.

As Blue Beard leaned to Fatima so have I long inclined to V'd'lex, who is in my opinion a writer of imagination and ideas. Not for him the Parrot Cry, but the application of The Test.

William Lowcock used to do his best rides on a 60 gear, and I had a 3-speed gear with 50 for bottom, which at times enabled me to wobble slowly along when knackered. Better men have told me that when it comes to a 50 gear you might as well walk, but then I have remembered that my racing ordinary was only 53.

If ever I order a new bicycle (my present was bought in 1905), it will be geared in the lower fifties, but I will combine it with 6 or 6½ cranks; and I shall sit on it far back, back in fact to the days of childhood. And the handlebar (mark you, Tallboys) will be normal at the grips and high in the centre for freewheeling, and not like yours (Tallboys) low in the centre and high in the grips. For that way lunacy lies.

THE MASTER.

Rotor Cycles.

Anfielders must never be caught napping, and once more I urge them to be well in the van in keeping abreast of the latest thing in locomotion.

I refer, of course, to the new power applied in the wind-power ship, the Buckau (or Buck-oh!), a suitable name when we dwell on the need for our Bucks to buck up. As every one knows the Buck-oh method consists of catching the breeze on rotating funnels and it is the grip of the wind on the rotating fanes of the funnels that amounts to a new force. There need be no fear that we shall fall into the error of the motor cyclists by losing the use of our lower limbs, for we shall still be pedalling to rotate the funnels and still clicking the gears our feet shall drive.

One man power is only asked of us to rotate the cylinders, but the breeze will convert it into ten men power. With the cylinders erected behind the saddle they will be out of sight and almost out of mind. Instead of the ship's 9 feet cylinder 50 feet high, we shall only need 9 inches by 5 feet. Discussions as to the best way of tacking against the wind on our crowded thoroughfares are a little premature. Suffice it that we enter the new movement wholeheartedly, and are ripe for it.

Our Editor has recently called attention to the danger that some popular weekends might degenerate into petrol picnics, but in harnessing the breeze to aid our own efforts we shall be regenerating ourselves. The pedal cyclist will accept a lift from his rotating funnel with the same grace that a ferryman will hoist a sail.

How it recalls to mind our foolish sneers at the inventors who in the past wanted to set up fans on our handlebars to propel our cycles against the wind. We thought ourselves so clever in pointing out their "fallacies," but it is they who are laughing now, wherever they may have got to. It is true that the application of the fan did not succeed, though in France it is still being experimented with.

I must also grant you that some of the other new methods, which on occasion I was permitted to boost in these columns, have not yet caught on as well as they might (the scooter on its way to Halewood and the roadboat on its way to Bettws). For all that, I do not mean to slacken in my watchfulness to mark the footprints of evolution.

THE CRANK.

P.S.—Whether skull caps will go well with the new sport does not matter in the least. There is always Capt. Sloss's hat to fall back on.

Thunderbolt or Shooting Star.

A new light has arisen in the C.T.C. sky, to whom a whole page has been devoted in the November Gazette (Ad's Dept.). It concerns a fresh authority on the pastime who is introduced to us by the aid of a striking picture of a typically accoutred cyclist on foot, and although minus cycle, we know him to be a cyclist by the untidiness of his clothes. He is distinguished by a face lit up by glaring eyes and a mouth that appears to be spouting if not shouting. His pose is commanding such as hitherto we have dared to associate with only one C.T.C. leader, and on his head is a mass of long hair held up by his left hand, while with his right he threatens to take us by the throat.

"Ah, bah!" I can hear some of you say, "that is Wayfarer." But is it? It seems a bit like him, but if it be he, then he appears under a new feather, for the newcomer calls himself: KEEN, Jeff. Keen, KNIGHT OF THE OPEN ROAD (there's a clash here), Tourist, Speedman, Tracker, Spinner, Trainer, Dieter, and Helper (a lame ending to a great start). W.M.R. in his boldest moments hardly pretended to be all that, all at once. No, I take him to be another C.T.C. excess, may be a rival to the former, perhaps merely an imitator.

I have not yet been able to discover by what method he means to enter into our lives, but as I have vowed to keep my finger on the pulse of each new convulsion, I warn our members in time. Watch this Keen-Jiffer. Don't be taken unawares.

We must ask ourselves: Can there be room in the C.T.C. for two such notorious men? The Anfield has done so much for the C.T.C.; many of us have paid subscriptions into their coffers, time was when we urged "Mr. Cook to take the C.T.C. in hand," we encouraged Mr. Turnor to join their monster meets; we gave up to her the once mild Mr. Robinson, and now we are lauding her our keenest tourist, Mr. Chandler, as Pro-Consul. Therefore, it behoves us to keep our eyes open and ask for more light. What does this Keen-Jeff intend doing for us? What are we threatened with this time? Look out for more upheavals.

WAKEMAN.

Free from Shackles.

A member of the staff of "Cycling" has been interviewing both Davey and Meredith on the subject of their preference for free wheels in record attempts, and both these great riders are unequivocal in their choice of the free wheel for any distance over 25 miles on any road other than a track. For hilly roads like those in Cornwall, Davey says that the downhill speeds on freewheels could not be nearly approached on fixed.

The "Cycling" man appears to have had leanings the other way and accepts their views like swallowing pills. Probably he has been one of those who believe in the reviving of tired muscles by enforced violent pedalling which belief these champions smile at. It sounds like a theory for half-baked performers.

Meredith further dwells on the gain of being able to change one's sitting position on a downhill stretch, and this is very true for the seat in pedalling is based on a position in which one throws weight on the pedals, but the moment there is no weight on the stroke a speed saddle no longer affords ease. When free wheeling the rider gets further back on the saddle, gripping it with the thighs.

Among Anfield riders the older and conservative view has largely prevailed. Not many have shed their shackles.

Items.

Poor Robert! We met him the other day and could scarcely recognise him so careworn and haggard had he become. He seemed like a man bowed down with a weight of worry heavier than he could bear. His eyes and cheeks were sunken and he spoke in faltering accents. Our sympathies went out to him in a gust of emotion as we nervously enquired what the matter was. Pulling himself together with a mighty effort, he gasped out painfully while the hot salt tears coursed unheeded down his bewragged beard that he had tried everything, prayers, entreaties, cajolleries, and

finally threats; but all to no avail as there were still some members who would not send in their subscriptions! O! Sluggards, if you could have seen this once bright and blue-eyed boy now a broken old man as we did—the strong virile athlete now transformed into a weakling fit only for bowls or ping-pong—you would have mercy, and **DO IT NOW**. As we silently shook him by the hand (we were too full for words at the time)—a hand clammy with pent-up despair—we resolved to do what we could to save his life. Hence this appeal.

The Cycle and Motor Cycle Show recently held at Olympia has given the general press reporter full scope for his silly references to "The humble push cycle," but one gentleman quite excelled himself by pointing out that the £25 motor cycle provided "another allure-ment for the cyclist to be become a member of the more exalted fraternity." Surely snobbery could not go much further.

"Tourist" who wrote to Cycling asking if the Horsehoe Pass had ever been ridden does not seem to have been replied to, but although many Anfielders have ridden it several times we have no doubt it will be classed with the Cartway at "Bridgenorth" as "unrideable."

Among the candidates for election to the Council of the C.T.C. we are particularly interested in those of Brazendale, Everbright, Miss Kate Green, of York, and the persistent Milne. Robbie has been returned unopposed and if Miss Green succeeds, as we hope, we can foresee quite some fun after the council meetings if Robbie tries to ride with her. We would advise him to consult Hubert Roskell and to give Miss Kate a wide berth if he desires to avoid the acid when it is good and plenty.

Lusty tackled the Birmingham to Manchester and back record on October 7th, but the very conditions that favoured the wonderful straight-away records on the Great North Road last month were quite fatal to an "and back" attempt, and he had to be content with a brilliant failure owing to the adverse wind on the homeward journey steadily increasing in velocity. Better luck next time Alberto.

In the Manchester D.A. Supplement for November appears a very amusing burlesque of an interview with a crystal gazer on the subject of Rear Lights in which the "obscure contributor" asks "Madame Seephar" "who is at the bottom of the rear light question and when will the controversy end?" The answer to the first part is "Messrs. Muller, Trowell and Hammer and Look Ass" who are visualised as gloating over the prospects of the fortune to be reaped, and the reply to the second part is "when Videlex wins the Anfield 100, when Wayfarer has a charabanc, when the Rebels all wear shorts."

Robbie's announcement in the last Circular contains some queer logic. The same line of reasoning would lead him to use a gas lamp in daylight or to wear a cape in fine weather because it was "value" in wet.

It is officially announced in Cycling that there is to be a gathering at Merry Din on May 24th next, so the date should be booked.

TICKETS PLEASE.

A Comedy in Three Acts.

Act I.—Scene:—Booking office, Central Station, Liverpool, 5-10 p.m. November 1st, 1924.

Enter Zambuck, a cyclist in mufti.

Zambuck: "Halewood Return"

B.C.: "Two and Two please"

Z.: "That's a lot for such a short journey"

B.C.: "When are you returning?"

Z.: "To-night"

B.C.: "Oh in that case we have excursions at half price; One and One pence."

Z.: "Splendid! Say young fellah, if any other lads come to book for the 5-23 please ask them if they belong to the party and give them excursions."

Act II. Same place. 5-15 p.m.

Enter Ven and Arthur, (straight from the editorial "sanction")

Arthur: "Halewood Return."

B.C.: "Do you belong to the party?"

A. (quite mystified): "Oh yes."

B.C.: "Half Day excursion one and one."

Act III. Same place. 5-20 p.m.

Enter T. Ernie with large cigar.

T. Ernie: "Halewood Return."

B.C. (not recognising him as a lad): "Two and Two please."

T. Ernie: "Thanks awfully."

(Curtain).

The moral of this little play is that it does not always pay to smoke cigars and that those who cycle to Halewood don't save as much as they thought they did.

The Mullah is as well as can be expected and rapidly recovering from the shock he received at Halewood on being told by a member of three years standing "Is that your tandem? I did not know you rode a tandem." And this to a tandem record breaker, both R.R.A. and N.R.R.A.!

The Xmas tour for those able to take advantage of the unique opportunity provided this year by the four days' holiday for a "dive into the heart of Wales," is already an assured success, so those who still have it "under consideration" need hesitate no longer.

An exceedingly clever and witty article entitled "The Tricycle—A Charlie Chaplin Vehicle," appeared recently in the "Manchester Guardian," and we make no apologies for giving the following extracts:—

"The tricycle is the Charlie Chaplin of the vehicular world. It has only to appear to set the populace all nudging each other and giggling. Shouts of laughter, gales of unrestrained merriment greet the rider . . . persons who view the tandem bicycle with a dull phlegmatic eye find the tricycle what they vividly term 'a perfect scream.' As I move slowly and steadily down the road passers by who do not give even a glance to yonder aeroplane or racing car . . . stand entranced with a silly grin watching me until I am out of sight . . . It is the exquisite humour of the tricycle and the tricycle alone that does it. I could comprehend the motorists finding me funny, as they do, hanging over the side after they have whizzed by and laughing heartily . . . but even rheumatically Ancient Inhabitants and Dowagers in bath chairs find me a huge joke. Perhaps it is the safety of my trusty old tricycle that comes down with a Paderewskian thump on the keys of the human sense of incongruity. Its sedate, dignified passage is such a contrast to the battle-murder-and-sudden-death background of modern travel. Sublime, aloof, genteel . . . but always sober, honest and industrious, it never skids or blows up, or dives into the ditch . . . No newspaper contents bill ever shouted from every street corner in London such tidings as 'Terrible Tricycle Accident' . . . Are there more than seven of us left in Britain? It is a subject that we tricyclists often discuss . . . strange rumours reach our ears once in a while of long, meandering columns of what appear in the misty twilight to be tricyclists, threading their way through the mountain paths of Wales . . . No sworn evidence ever reaches us that they really are tricyclists. They merely appeared so in the distance to a man who heard it from his sister-in-law, who heard it from the fishmonger, whose gossip, in rural Britain, is invariably better than his lemon soles. Who Knows?"

We think it was Coleridge who was noted for his habit of borrowing books, and then writing his comments all along the margins; the said comments being more highly prized by his friends than the books themselves. W.P.C. displays a very laudable ambition to follow in the great man's steps (to judge by the state of the visitors' book at Llandeegla) but we would not like to say with the same results.

A man near Corwen was recently found with his beard ablaze. We plead with Knife, Daves Fell and Rowatt to let this be a warning to them, and to allay the ever-increasing anguish of their fellow members by the acquisition of a safety razor or other deadly implement capable of dealing with their face fungus in a satisfactory manner.

One of our erudite subscribers has taken us severely to task in that in one of the "Items" published last month we allowed the glaring grammatical inaccuracy contained in the phrase "or is visions about" to pass through the editorial mesh. Alas and woe is us, for that we did purposely and of malice aforethought commit this vile thing, as we thought it would read better, being a phrase culled from that master of fiction, Dickens. However, it will be a lesson to us.

The worst has happened. We knew it would. Fired with a spirit of emulation which is very flattering, some member or friend (we

cannot say which as he veils his identity with the smoke screen of anonymity either through shame or modesty) has sent us the following deathless lines. All we ask is that we shall not be blamed for them:—

NOVEMBER THE FIRST.

Wouldst have some goodly fun?
Then turn up at the Halewood run.

Buzz of talk and rattle of plates,
Each on where he's been dilates,
Till beef and duck—succulent fare—
Soon make the conversation rare.
For each becomes quite full engrossed
Demolishing both duck and roast
With appetites surpassing fair
Gathered in the good fresh air.
The feast consumed and chairs pushed back
Some with Comus change the attack,
While music then ascends the chair
And all in chorus rend the air.
The old Roast Beef Poacher and Peru
Then talk of Babes and Love so true,
Razors, and in language quite uncouth
Bar t' 'at and her nainsel came forsooth.
Midst such a scene of fun and song
Right merrily ran old Time along,
So quickly did the hours pass by
That parting ere one knew was nigh,
So Auld Lang Syne and clasping hand
Exeunt omnes the Anfield band.

Did'st go to Halewood run?
I trow thou had'st a night of fun.

RUNS.

Plumbley, 25th October.

This was a new house, both for us, and in fact. On arriving in the gathering darkness, the present scribe, who had not been in that neighbourhood for some time, had some difficulty in convincing himself that he had reached the correct spot, so different is the present building from the plain brick edifice it has replaced. However, after stumbling from the raised platform on which the house stands on to pretty moist ground, he circumnavigated the building, falling into an open drain or two on the way and crossing numerous oceans of mud, managed to discover the proper door and entered the large hall to find, much to his relief, that he had really got to the Anfield rendezvous. We were all very pleased to see, in addition to the Chester contingent, who favour us often, our good friends Stevey and Cody, and hope that they will repeat the experiment this winter. Tea was served in the hall-cum-bar, giving the opportunity to a somewhat libulous motorist of commiserating the General on being squeezed out of the general party and forced to feed on his lonesome. The chicken was quite the right sort for healthy young fellows with strong teeth, but there were several complaints on the paucity of mats. Tea

over, we were entertained by Grimmy's reminiscences and an exhibition by various novices at a new kind of billiards. After a due interval for digestion and the consumption of something for the good of the house, we went our several ways in the darkness.

Halewood, November 1st.

"Don't go in there," cried a voice as I prepared to stow my bicycle in the ante-room. "Cook is washing his legs!" "Good heavens! has he been reading 'Cycling' and taken to shorts?" was the question that flew to my lips. Impossible! And yet there he sat, in flagrante delicto, looking like an animated advertisement of Tiz for Tired Feet—but not in shorts. I sighed with relief, but found the explanation of his ablutions even more astounding. The Presider had been caught in the rain!!

When seen shortly afterwards his plump and shapely calves were encased in light fawn silk hose. Where he got them, and from whom dependent knoweth not, but I heard from a reliable source that they were warm when he put them on. Somchow Bill seemed rather bashful of exhibiting their beauty to the common gaze, for while we know that "Mary took her calves to the dairy-show," he put his under the table and kept them there all night.

Despite the bad weather, about fifty (including several from Manchester) crowded the outside dining saloon, and the meal was of the usual Barmecide variety, served only by the Halewood hostess. We soon shifted the victuals and then tables, and got on with the musical programme. Messrs. Lunt and King, kindly conveyed by the Kinder karavan, opened the proceedings with the Old English ballad "The Poacher." Mr. King arranged the whole company as a choir, appropriately giving Hubert the congenial part of No. 1 Bass; and we all chanted our love of poaching. "O! 'tis my delight on a shiny night," and the "O" was a real sostenuto—O. So well did it go, that Tommy Royden could hardly be heard above the other 49. That's not like you, Tommy lad. You must really get in form for next time.

After more choruses, George Newall delighted us with several of his well-chosen and tastefully rendered songs. Then the Mullah was called on. He doesn't believe in sitting like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief" where love is concerned. No. He got down on his knees and with burning words and impassioned gestures confessed his love for his "own darling self." Later he declared his wish to give to us younger members some good advice on the subject of "Babies." Great consternation, until we found that he was not setting up as a rival of Dr. M.S. Then more songs by Mr. King, "The Roast Beef of Old England," "With Percy to Peru," and "Oh What a Difference the Navy's Made to Me," and the Presider called on the Treasurer for an item, but banned any reference to unpaid subscriptions. Poor Knipe was in a hole. It was easy to see that he had spent hours in preparing a really "touching" address, that would have made a Jew part with his eye-teeth. And this was "verboten." In despairing revenge he told for the 27th successive year the story of "The Wee Cottar Hoose."

Perhaps the fit-bit of the evening was the duet by Messrs. Lunt and King "On Ilkley Moor bar t'at," narrating the dreadful consequences which may ensue from a neglect of wearing proper headgear. Some of us who had been cycling all the afternoon in the rain "bar

l' 'ats," looked very self-conscious, and Taylor, whose hair has suffered in colour through exposure to damp, has since been seen looking anxiously into Dunn's shop window.

Then Grimmy was found and persuaded to sing some love ballads. Dave Fell to give us "Razors," and after the "Tarpaulin Jacket" and "Auld Lang Syne," not forgetting votes of thanks to Messrs. Lant and King, the meeting broke up and we wended our several ways homeward.

Bollington, November 1st.

Going out, the writer, along with several other handsome youths, encountered the Cranshaws (Pa and the boy), and on arrival at the Swan, a thrilling exhibition was witnessed as to how the Royal and Ancient game of Bagatelle should—and should not—be played, until keen-scented individuals packed the trail to the table, where we sat down 14 strong, augmented later by Albert Davies, earlier rumoured to be assisting at certain obsequies.

It is patent to everyone that the larger Buckley is being slowly but surely seduced from his first love, an unmistakable tang of petrol floating into the room as he entered in company with F.H. Alas, what frail mortals we be.

My delicate palate not being equal to eat pie and custard, Bert Green caught my eye (figuratively) with a leg, a wing, and a bit of the old pig's breast, which he continued to carve dexterously for the omnivorous horde, until even the General was appeased.

Contented faces soon encircled the cheery fire, and whilst Bik. and F.H. spoke of records old and new, a very select trio of Kruschenites discussed racing with all the fervour of youth.

The collection was then taken, Tiny and his benchman deciding, in view of the cut prices prevailing, that no divi. could be declared.

The week-enders, Randall and Wilf., departed early for Chester, G.B. and Davies following later for the Hydro, leaving the faithful to consume their Phosferine to the unearthly—or rather heavenly—strains of a piano, eventually leaving for home under a star-filled sky.

Rufford, November 15th.

Apart from the circumstance that any place chosen for our weekly runs is thereby invested with at least a passing interest, neither Rufford itself nor the country round it possesses any great attractions. There are, however, two redeeming features, and one is most important: the feeding at the Fermor Arms is invariably good and plentiful; the other is that the main road leading to Rufford is usually in good condition. These considerations make the place suitable for a winter run, and the visit on the present occasion confirms this view. The day was bright and fine with a frosty nip in the air, which was much accentuated after dark. The attendance was unusually good for this run, about 27 being present, mostly the "well kem'd" faces, and after an ample meal, conversation, now general, and now confined to two or three, was, as is invariably the case, full of interest and humour. The President was in capital form, telling us of his experiences on a recent foggy evening when, so it is understood, he rode round the same church three times, and he saw the passengers of a motor bus after paying their fare, walking in front of the vehicle

piloting it to its destination miles away. It also appeared that Johnny Band's lamp had been repaired with the result that it would not keep alight, ride he ever so slowly. Suggestions for a cure came from all quarters, and Johnny's amused air of bored tolerance, as of one wise with a vast experience of lamps, who had tried all the remedies suggested and many more which the novices talking to him had not even thought of, was highly entertaining. The party broke up early, the great majority making for the stage, but the President and three companions pulled out for the north and the Trough of Bowland on the morrow.

Mobberley (Roebuck Hotel), November 15th.

Jupiter Pluvius was kind. I think he resented Frank Patterson's sarcasm, for he favoured us with his absence.

Pushing my high gear of 65, I joined more of the stalwarts, and headed for the "Roebuck."

The Rawjoneson combination took the head of affairs and essayed to show us the right way. After being lost and found, we crossed the borders of Mobberley (so we were told), assured that the "Roebuck" was within the next 10 miles.

Disporting himself with a golf club (found on the way), "Jee" golfed his way along. He forgot to shout "Fore" on the last green, and "Yank," son of "Karl the Klockmaker," cannoned him and "hit the dust."

"Bilslees" enamel stood the test better than "Yank's" knees, which had to receive the attention of the medical corps.

A good muster sat down for the repast which proved to be of the usual splendid quality.

One noticed his "Highness, Vice-President" of the "B.B.B.C." and a few worthy satellites plotting deeply at a separate table.

We welcomed the reappearance of R. J. Austin (who had escaped the bonds of matrimony for a brief afternoon) and our friend from "Lendon."

A scent of sea breezes heralded a Liverpoolian invasion who quickly waded into our preserves.

The feast was followed by a general rush for the fireside, where refreshments were partaken, and stories and reminiscences were related.

"Tuy" accompanied "Grimso" to the rendering of "Until," amidst the clatter of breaking crockery, whilst "Bick Junior" illustrated the art of pipe smoking.

The Company gradually dispersed, leaving the "B.B.B.C." and a few interested "settlers" in possession, awaiting the signal "Time gentlemen please."

An enjoyable ride home terminated another excellent club run.

Warrington, November 22nd.

After the excitement and bustle of Liverpool's At Home Week it was a great relief to retire to that quiet, secluded little village Warrington.

Soon after I started it commenced to rain, but the discomfort of having to wear a cape was somewhat ameliorated by the fact that the wind was dead astern for most of the way and almost before I realised

it I was amongst the exquisite perfumes of Erasmic, Rinsos, Carbohc, etc., etc. How sweet and pure the air felt to my smoked begrimcd lings as I rode into the yard of that old and secluded Inn, the "Patten Arms," there to be met by the village bobby trying to sell tickets for a Poultry Show or something of that sort. Successfully eluding the limb of the law I wended my way into the interior, to encounter a crowd of dirty cyclists who consisted of the usuals, so there is no need to mention names.

Tea was served a trifle late, but the wait only helped to give Orstein an appetite, as he was seen, later, asking for a second helping of pudding (or was it only the sauce he wanted?) Clearly this run is not very popular as only thirty-five were present, of which number about twenty-five came from Liverpool.

After a very exciting argument, in which Wilfred in strong resonant tones advocated the universal use of a 26in. gear, we broke up and eventually left Warrington to resume its quiet and peaceful existence until the Anfield descends on it once more.

Pulford, November 29th.

A beautifully sunny and balmy afternoon which smiled but to deceive, lured 31 of us out to Pulford including the convalescent Chandler on a trike, only to find that there was "Rain in Places" as mentioned in the previous day's *Cycling*—but we are anticipating. Seated round the two tables groaning with food we first of all noticed the absence of the Lord Mayor, which was partially offset by the presence of Bailey apparently quite recovered from his October Tour; while other most welcome resurrections were Brother-in-law and Seed. The abode of Love, Shawbury, was represented by Hawkes and S. Threlfall, and the Rhydtalog C.C. by Perkins and Austin. President Taylor being unfortunately week-ending at York. A. E. Walters and Pugh represented Salop, and the newly-formed Aston-sub-edge Wheelers sent us a delegation consisting of Parry and Dickman, who are also members of the Wayfarer C.C. which appears to be rather under a cloud just now with the defection of Hefty and Buster. Then our latest recruits were well represented by Powell, Hotine, Telford and Selkirk (no relation to Alexander alias Robinson Crew-so) while the "also rans" were Knipe, Mercer, Horrocks, Ven, Cook, Cody, Turvey, Lucas, Kettle, Edwards, Long, Alphabet Cooper (a name for every day in the week) Egar and Johnny Band, who was duly sympathised with over the misfortune of Cousin Walter. So you see it was quite a distinguished company at the festive board and conversation ranged over a wide area. One table was discussing Loud Squeakers, Safety Razors, The Eastern question, etc., while the other table confined itself strictly to cycling topics, such as "Why Widelegs joined the End to End course at Hodnet instead of Whitchurch"; "Why the new cover purchased at Limerick was fitted to the front tandem wheel instead of the back," "Who was the ex-member of the Anfield B.C. capable of overtaking Wayfarer en route from Shropshire to the Big City," and "the common right of the individual to venture in safety upon the public thoroughfare," and just as these enthralling questions were being settled a loud shout proclaimed the advent of Tommy Royden, who had been reported off the port an hour earlier. Tommy was on his stinkpot and broke all records by doing a mile in one hour, after an altercation with a Tin-ribs, who threatened to prosecute him for furious loafing! Then all was joy and felicity until George Mercer reported that it was "rain-

ing nicely" and started a stampede to put the hoods up. The week-end party Kooper and Kook, piloted by Walters and Puff, went to Wem to meet Randall and W. Orrell, just to show that a week-end in Shropshire is not incompatible with attendance at the Club run, and we understand they got away from "Places" at Overton and found the new management of the Castle Hotel all that could be desired.

Knutsford, November 29th.

We were not favoured with a particularly fine day for this fixture, for in addition to maddy roads, there was a considerable head wind to be accounted for, but from reports this did not deter our more strenuous members from putting up a good mileage before tea. For myself, a run more or less direct sufficed, and on arrival I found the bathroom full to overflowing and the usual crowd gathered round the fire.

The total muster eventually reached nineteen, including the Master, who put in one of his all too rare appearances. The meal, although not of the Halewood variety, was better than usual, and as there is a scarcity of good catering houses in the Manchester district, I suppose we must not grumble. There was only one week-end party bound for Wem, and it was not long before they sought the road, leaving us to divide our attention between the tank and the various discussions which took place round the fire.

It is rumoured that several members are in strict training for the musical evening to be held here three weeks hence, and it is to be hoped that all who can will help to make the event as successful as the last.

A. T. SIMPSON.

Editor.