

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 227.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1925.

		Light up at
Jan.	3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-4 p.m.
..	10. Annual General Meeting 6-30 p.m. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-11 p.m.
..	12. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water St., Liverpool	
..	17. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	5-23 p.m.
..	24. Warrington (Patten Arms)	5-36 p.m.
..	31. Tarvin (Red Lion)	5-49 p.m.
Feb.	7. Halewood (Derby Arms), Lantern Evening	6-3 p.m.
..	9. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water St., Liverpool.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea 5-30 p.m.

Jan.	3. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	5-4 p.m.
..	17. Allostock (Drovers Arms)	5-23 p.m.
..	31. Alderly Edge (Trafford Arms)	5-49 p.m.
Feb.	7. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	6-3 p.m.

Full moon 10th 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. C. Selkirk and T. A. Telford have been elected to Active Membership.

The Resignations of F. E. Baster, H. Crossley, and F. H. Evans have been accepted.

Will Manchester Members please note the change of rendezvous at Allostock.

Annual General Meeting—The date and place have been changed to January 10th, and the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood. A special notice has already been circularised. It is desirable to remind members that the tours and the destination of the All Night Ride have to be decided at the Annual General Meeting, so please come along with fresh ideas.

Mr. J. Van Hooydonk, North Road C.C., who will be accompanied by Mr. F. T. Bidlake, has kindly offered to give us a lantern show at Halewood, on February 7th. To show our appreciation of the novel entertainment to be provided by our visitors, a good muster is expected.

Please note that tea will be ready at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on the 10th January, at 5-30 p.m., and arrangements are being made for a large number.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. General Secretary.

The Better Way O'er Stepping—Hill.

Years behind my betters: Cook, Hodges, Wayfarer and The What-Nots, I, the Old Man of the Hills, have at long last tottered over the Roman Steps in the tracks of these pathfinders, but I did not drag a cycle after me, and I traversed the greater part of the 5 miles from Llanbedr to Cwm Bychan leisurely en caboodle. On the other hand, this necessitated doing the time honoured march in both directions, and in order to be able to look at it both ways, I came down as far as Blaen y Cae on the east side before turning back.

For petrol consumers it is best to do the Steps from Llanbedr in order not to miss the 5 miles through the Valley which otherwise might be left undone, but for those doing the trip in a single direction, I must certainly recommend starting from Trawsfynydd to take advantage of the down grade, and above all, to be able on arrival in Cwm Bychan to cry: Halt, and stay for a spell, for a night, nay for a moon, in that wonderful valley into which the Steps descend. The Cyclist, real rider though he be, riding up from Llanbedr with 5 miles collar work ere he faces the Steps, with a mind occupied if not harassed by the task ahead, is not ripe for the beauties of this vale of silence, while he who descends acclaims Paradise on reaching the Resthouse Dol Wreiddiog, situated in ample grounds in a wooded glade. On his approach the Words: Apartments, Luncheons, Wagonette for Hire, do more than reassure the footsore traveller,

who stretching himself on the mossy banks, realises that wood-nymphs are due at any moment. I hear him say: "J'y suis, J'y reste," as some one else remarked before him. And even the prosaic one after a respite, will feel inclined at the valley's end to attempt the return journey by the alternate way by Maes y Garnedd, and the Bwlch Drws Ardudwy and so by the south of Rhinog back to the upper Mawddach. Cook told us of this other way, and tourists from Llanbedr usually make this circular tour.

Cook's fear that the way is harder to find from the Trawsfynydd side is ungrounded. The road over Pont Gribble ends at Blaen y Cae farm and from this point the Gap of the Steps is clearly indicated in the hillside. Moreover, the Stone Gateway of the Path seen from the farm is unmistakable. Once there the frequent stones in the track show us that we are on the right road. The signpost for Maes y Garnedd shows the parting of the ways, and we keep straight on for the Gap. Once there we are on the Steps. At once the descent commences.

Going over the ground from the Llanbedr side, Dol Wreiddiog is reached in four miles, and here chariots are usually abandoned, though the road continues for another mile and a half along Llyn Bychan to Cwm Bychan farm, where it ends in a stable yard, and where refreshments are quoted. A sign directs us over a modern raised track, which ends in the bare walls of a derelict building that looks like a farm that was intended but abandoned. Here a still smaller finger points into a wood with the words Roman Steps, but of these there is as yet no trace nor is there a sign of a path.

It was here that Hodges stood at bay as well he might, and as does everyone who has not been forewarned. The Steps are still $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away on the shoulder of the hill. It is by keeping left through the wood along the lower wall that a path is reached by which one scrambles up the hillside. The absence of any steps through the wood is difficult to account for. On my return I searched for any continuation of the steps along the top side of the wood, but was not successful. In descending, however, the valley lies at one's feet, so there is no uncertainty, and we can pick our own way.

The two Miles of Steps have been fully described and photographed, but let me add that on at least two steep stretches the Steps have been duplicated by a second path, laid of slanting stones, clearly intended for the use of cattle. These steeply slanting tracks are apparently of later date, and are more out of the way of the water torrents. One of these tracks appears among Hodges' photographs. I also noticed in the watercourse itself what looks like a still older form of steps. Approaching the crest a side track of steps leads to a rocky outpost that may have been a shelter for man or beast, and at the absolute top above the footpath there is a small quarry, where some fresh hewn stones lie ready to be carted away to places needing repair. How long it is since the workmen went home is hard to say, but these things point to regular use during recent centuries. The sudden ending of the Steps at the edge of the wood is in contrast with this.

Whether the Steps were made by the Romans to connect Sarn Helen with Traeth Bach or to afford a sheltered holiday from the rigours of Pen y Street, it would seem that they have served the

Valley folk through the middle ages as a way to take their sheep to market in Trawsfynydd and other places in that direction. The idea of the Steps was Nature's, for the gorge is strewn with torrent borne boulders.

THE HIGH-STEPPER.

Astride the Footlights.

Our old member Louis Oppenheimer, if he neglects the hazard of the Road, is far from inactive and continues to face other hazards.

Besides being a producer (and writer) of plays he has become an actor of distinction in his Society and has given great delight to those of his old pals who have been so fortunate as to obtain tickets of admission. Naturally, we are more interested in what he does on the stage than behind it. The characters chosen are unusually stern personages, for which he is cut out by nature, as well as by the excellent make-up he selects. We have revelled in seeing him as a Scotch Professor in a farce where he instructs a young student. Louis makes us realise the true meaning of Pawky Humour. On the last occasion he appeared in an Eastern Phantasy as a Wise, Wealthy, Elderly Parent, choosing a suitor for his daughter. Both in feature and in the roll of his sentences he suggested Mr. Asquith. His headgear had borrowed features from the Fez, the Turban, and the feathered plumage of the Red Indian, for the Society, mark you, has views unique on the subject of decorations.

In addition to Louis filling the stage while he is on it (and no actor can do more), the pleasure of a visit to these performances is enhanced by the fact that it is Mrs. Louis who sees to the comforts of the audience, and what Louis does for the stage she does for the auditorium.

"A Phantasy"

How it happened I know not, but here I was, shivering a little in my stockingette and trying to picture the start. The crowd of cyclists a few miles off at Baffle, thronging around the riders and getting in the way—what chances I had—how badly I had been riding—when by one of those curious tricks of the mind, there burst into my brain a revelation. It seemed the scales dropped from my eyes and I saw it all clear as crystal. In one giddy whirl of thought there swept through my mind all I had read and thought of gears. Oh, the blindness of my folly! Why, why had I never seen it before. And so simple. Impulse waits upon nothing. I glanced at my watch, was in the saddle in a twinkling, was talking to a cycleman behind a counter. So excited was I at the great triumph before me I could scarcely stammer out my instructions. Change this 85 to 49! He stared at me in speechless amazement, but I was flushed and mad with the thought of the 100 to be so easily won that I dashed into his workshop to help myself. Of what followed I have but a vague recollection, for the bike seemed no sooner up-ended, when cog and chain were on and I found myself at the start just as my number was called, mechanically setting my watch. The next second I was flying along the road to victory, VICTORY. Timing. Keep your timing now lad. Three revs. to the second. One, two, three, four, five, six. Not enough. One-two-three-four-five-six Better. One-two-three-One-two-three. On I raced eagerly looking for a blackcoated figure ahead. I passed him—and others. I made the first triangle and

heard the buzz of amazement. I knew it. I knew it. I almost forgot to sing out my number, I was almost shouting with exultation. Revs in time, revs in time, one-two-three, one-two-three, sang my wheels to the circling feet. Hobnail, Preceef, Hornet. Singles and bunches—all passed. Hornet again. Round the corner, the last few miles. Quarter to one. Done it. Done it. A record! One-two-three. One-two-three. Brrr! A sound at the back sent a thrill of fear and dismay through me. The back tyre! Rap-rap-rap . . . Rap-rap-rap . . . Eh! "Eight o'clock sir, hot water sir."

Items.

Several of our brilliant contributors this month, evidently with a view to making the Editor suffer for his Xmas vacation, have spread themselves over both sides of the paper, thus necessitating the reverse side being copied out for the printing devils swarming at the Editorial feet. Will they be good enough in future to note that only one side should be used?—Verb sap.

At long last a tandem combination abounding with PEP and other far-reaching powers, has been unearthed from the almost destitute talent in our ranks, for we are officially informed that recently KOOK & KOOPER, after beating all previous records from Birkenhead to Halewood despite a puncture and other troubles, went on afterwards to Acton Bridge, and to Whitechurch on the Sunday, to make arrangements for the End to End trip which they have scheduled among others, for the early part of next year. Danger is therefore imminent to numerous records, and there is every indication of several of them going by the board in the near future.

Laurence Cade the motor journalist who writes for the "Athletic News" says: "Nobody but an idiot would think of driving faster than visibility, which is to say, no faster than that speed at which he can pull up to a dead stop within the optic range." Why then the silly cry for rear lights? This is the golden rule cyclists have always preached and which rear lights abrogate. Surely we don't want to legislate for idiots to facilitate their idiocy!

In the column of Radio questions answered in the "Sunday Chronicle," there recently appeared the following:—"Mullah (Sale): There are various methods of fitting the wave trap; some are in series and others are in parallel. If yours cuts out Manchester, as you state, I should leave it at that." We understand that this has led to an exchange of pleasantries between Jim Reade and Mr. Mullins, in which the latter scored heavily (Glad to know Jim is alive.—Ed.) but what we cannot understand is why the Mullah of all people should desire to "cut out Manchester," and why he wrote to the "Sunday Chronicle" when the club is simply overflowing with Radio experts. What was the matter with "my boy Tim," Horrocks or Jay Bee? The next thing will be for the Mullah to write to Swearfairer for a specification for a tricycle!

We hope shortly to publish a most interesting article entitled "I take my knees in mine inn," by Sir George (Bathing-Towel). It is a spirited appeal to cyclists to adopt boy scout's uniform.

Marcus Aurelius was right—the world is a very small place after all. Quite recently a friend of the Presider's purchased a second-

hand book and inside found the very first All-Night Ride circular of June 14th, 1892, addressed in Laurence Fletcher's handwriting to C. J. A. Decker, who still figures in the N.R.R.A. books as joint holder of the 50 Miles Tandem Tricycle Record and who we believe is now living in Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A. What memories this circular revives: Just ask Toft! It was a run to meet the North Road, Speedwell and Waverley Roads Clubs, and there was "rain in places." The route beyond Skipton was over Blubberhouses to Knaresborough and the circular contains the classic phrase "The Ride is in no sense a "Speed Ride," and no man will be left behind unless his machine or tyre collapses," which with the omission of "or tyre" always figured in all-night ride circulars. Of course tyres in 1892 were tyres, and we were not so experienced or expert with them.

Regular attenders at Bettws-y-Coed will remember Mr. J. D. Wright, the artist who frequently joined us in the Chapel, and will learn with regret that he recently passed away at a ripe old age. Mr. Wright was uncle of Harry Wright ("Henneck") and a very appreciative article dealing with his qualities as a man and an artist appeared in the "Birkenhead News," signed "J.A." which we take to cover the identity of our old friend Joseph Andrews.

There were 41 circulars held back last month for Red Slips, but we hope the heartrending appeal made therein did not fall on deaf ears, and that Bob has not had too many personal appeals to write. How would these men like the job?

At the Old Timers' Dinner on December 9th we were only represented by Beardwood and Cook. The dramatic entrance of the Lord Mayor and two sheriffs announced by Col. Fox, the chief of the London Fire Brigade, requires the pen of the Master to describe in any way adequately, and we particularly regret that F.H. was not present. All we can record is that it was a great night and that the two sheriffs each told a funny story about the office they held.

Since Turnor was C.T.C. Chief Consul for Cheshire, the organisation of the hotel arrangements has been sadly neglected through men holding the office and thinking there was "nothing to do." Now that Chandler is on the job he is giving it a rare old combing and dressing to bring the list quite up to date after ten years lack of revision, and the local consuls are being awakened out of their sleep and being found lots of jobs to do. Some of them are receiving their first letters and are finding that they have no sinecure.

The week-enders from Rufford to Clitheroe made "The Road to York" their motto, but we hope they won't run it to death. At the same time, it is rather surprising that more advantage is not taken of these northerly fixtures for a delightful change from North Wales, Shropshire and East Cheshire. The district round Clitheroe is full of possibilities, and yet how few have visited Sawley Abbey, Waddington (where the mudguards come from!), High Hodder Bridge and Stoneyhurst!

The social evening at Halewood on February 7th is certain to be unique in the annals of the Club, and we confidently expect a bumper house. Not only is Van Hooydonk of the N.R. coming all the way from Letchworth to show us his lantern slides of N.R. incidents, but he is bringing Mr. F. T. Bidlake along with him. Verb. sap.

RUNS.

Chester, 8th November, 1924.

[Owing to a state of mental aberration which we trust is only temporary (albeit we have grave doubts), the following account of the Chester run, although received by us in ample time, was in some inscrutable way omitted last month. We have thrown ourself at the feet of the unfortunate contributor, who has graciously extended his forgiveness, and we hereby tender our apologies to our influential clientèle. This lapse on our part is the more unfortunate, seeing that it coincides with the end of our year of office, and may be used with devastating effect by clamorous aspirants to our position at the next Committee meeting, where no doubt the slogan will be A.M.G. However, we can only hope for the best.—Ed.]

Though a goodly number attended this fixture (probably about 40), it was disappointing to find that the representation from "the city of perpetual sunshine" was so meagre. To use a phrase that caused consternation several years ago only "those who attend wherever the destination may be" had put in an appearance. Surely if five members, mostly oldsters, can get to Chester, then the youngsters ought to be able to manage it.

President Cook dashed out on his squirrel cage to Kelsall to escort any Mancunians he could find there, and to pilot the way to the old walled city. This was extremely fortunate, as otherwise there might have been several cases of premature burial in the excavations that had taken place in Chester with the object of preventing riders from the east attending the run.

During tea the conversation was mostly on Wireless, and the writer was very surprised to find so much knowledge on the subject was possessed by other members. He discovered that at the recent Halewood Concert one smart young fellow left the Derby Arms at an early hour in order to go and "listen-in."

Glorious weather prevailed all the afternoon and evening, and though a strong wind made the homeward journey somewhat strenuous for the two old gentlemen who returned to Manchester, it was undoubtedly a blessing, because otherwise a repetition of the fog which had prevailed during the previous week might have interfered with their progress.

Halewood, December 6th.

There was undoubtedly a "father-bob-your-whiskers" atmosphere about the Derby Arms, where, as usual, a company including many well-known stalwarts gathered in force. And it was because of this fact that the gentleman with the whiskers was particularly keen in his desire to waylay the gentlemen (?) whose Circulars of late have been embellished with red slips. The writer can boast of having actually seen him attempt to put his hand into the pocket of one of the lethargic backsliders ostensibly with the mercenary object of extracting his note case, but, alas, it was all to no purpose—the missus had been there hours before. Oh, what a nasty swipe for — Ah! you thought I was going to say Knipe!—for the hon. and long-suffering treasurer. However, under the soothing influence of roast chicken, roast beef, apple tart and tea (!)—I know it was

tea, because I sat next to him. Then *you* must have been the said "backslider."—Ed.)—Bob managed to retain his geniality, though rumour hath it that an unidentified conspirator suggested that Knipe, like father, should bob his whiskers to enable him to steal stealthily upon malefactors without being readily recognised. However, I will pass on to the main issue. Halewood, of course, isn't really a run *per se*, i.e., within the meaning of the act. It's a sort of glorified pic-nic. The station is so handy and the excursion fare so reasonable! What would a Halewood meeting be without a big train party of would-be fanatics who try very hard to asphyxiate themselves on the way home (a voice: "Pity they don't") by crowding 17, including Hubert, into one hermetically sealed compartment to the great amazement of the railway officials? The Presider, who never fails to maintain the true Anfield spirit, arrived per tandem with W. E. L. Cooper. Teddy Edwards was another who did the correct thing by pedalling all the way, though he had a bit of a mishap with his chain and had to stop for repairs at Ashton, near Kelsall. Chandler also distinguished himself by turning up on his fast racing trike. Arthur was also visible and so was I. He saw me first; hence this piffle. Altogether a merry crowd, from which Billy Toft was missing owing to illness. N.B.—At the time of going to press Bob had not "bobbed." He must have been fairly lucky.

Bollington. December 6th.

Having a message to deliver to the stalwarts whose custom it is to gather at a pre-arranged hour, I slid into Stretford prompt to time, and knowing their passion for punctuality, I proceeded to while away the next half hour, lost in admiration for the scenic beauties of the surrounding landscape. My patience was eventually rewarded, as I discerned three portly forms approaching from afar in sharp silhouette against a background of vivid red and white, colours not usually associated with these drab December days, except when provided, as in this instance, by the appearance of a corporation tram-car.

We had not proceeded far when to our surprise we were accosted by a stranger dressed in the height of fashion—unmistakeably a gentleman, as evidenced by his bearing and the tall silk hat which reposed on his manly brow. Alas! we were to be quickly disillusioned, for on penetrating the disguise we recognised none other than Bert Green himself. On having his assurance that his present attire was in no way intended as a departure from the customary cycling garb, we continued on our way, much relieved in mind.

One of the party lured us from the hard highroad down an inviting side-track, with which he was quite familiar, and as he was devoid of maps, we placed in him our utmost confidence. After struggling manfully on and on, across countless ploughed fields, through numerous farmyards, hen runs, and piggeries, we at last came to a cross road bearing a welcome signpost.

Full of confidence each cried "this way," and forthwith pointed in a different direction. An enquiry from a local directed our wheels towards civilisation once more and we were soon rolling towards the rendezvous.

On arrival we found the Master and Bick (per caboodle), the Mullah and several other notables seated well within speaking dis-

tance of the bary and it was not long before the bagatelle experts were scoring (on) the table.

The meal, I need hardly say, was of the usual good quality and disappeared with amazing rapidity and certainly seemed to give "General" satisfaction.

The real riders soon retired to the tank, and as the choir was in full voice, the well-known anthems were sung in masterly fashion, even "Gerald" so far forgetting himself as to join in.

All good things come to an end, and we had perforce reluctantly to drag ourselves away and mount our beasts to pursue the pedals to our several destinations.

Rufford, December 13th.

One might have seen the wonderful sunrise on this Saturday morning all crimson and gold (We refrain from the obvious comment.—Ed.), and remembered vaguely something about a rhyme of shepherds and sailors and warning, but perhaps this had nothing to do with it at all. It may simply have been that I was maintaining its reputation. In any case the day turned out one on which one could wish for a Leigh Arms en route, where might be borrowed the necessary dry lower casings. However, although it came down in "buckets," "lumps," "stair-rods," or whatever is the approved word in cycling nomenclature, there was a good muster at the Fernor Arms. The room brilliantly lighted by an acetylene that might be the envy of the journalistic exponent of "gas" on all occasions, was quite a cheery welcome from the dark and rainy roadside. Across the passage in a room opposite burned a great roaring fire, and as moths to the flame, so went the caps to be dried. One got its wings scorched. This is, of course, figuratively speaking, as we would not like to suggest that the owner had descended to earflaps. Still it was scorched—in fact was looking very black about it—and we are just waiting until next Saturday to see if a little "woolly" will lend an added charm to our old friend. The meal was of the usual excellent quality and the party numbering about 25, in the hackneyed phrase, did ample justice to the repast. At the end of one of the tables there was quite a lot of banter and talk of "challenges," but we did not observe any member swallowing one and exceeding the bounds of appetite for the glory of it. Hello! Cheers! Enter Sonorvox, half an hour late, held up by the labyrinth of West Derby or the maze of lights of Queen's Drive, we forget which. The Presider is never the last to make oblation to My Lady Nicotine, and after all had duly worshipped at that shrine, the gathering proceeded to break up. Among the first to go were the week-enders, the alliterative duo with S.V. aforesaid to thread the mazy road of lights leading to Lancashire's only escape out North, and thence to Clitheroe. We followed later, leaving the usual loiterers still busy, and found the rain had stopped. In contrast to the ride out, we had a delightful run and wended our homeward way under a moon riding in a cloud-swept sky.

Allstock, December 13th.

On digging out my machine from the coal heap on which it resides from week to week, and viewing its disgraceful condition, I was stricken with shame and remorse. How could I appear at a

Club run on such a disreputable looking object? I conjured up a mental picture of the Anfield stable. Here a Rapid Rustless Rudge rubbed saddles with a Sparkling Sleigh. In yonder corner a Glittering Grubb with pedal lovingly entwined in the spokes of a Brilliant Barton, the two seeking support from a Blue Headed Victim. Could I place mine against them? No, the least I could do was to make it a little more presentable.

Determined to do nothing rash, I first made a careful perusal of the weather forecasts for the morrow, and finding that conditions were to be "settled," I commenced my laborious task. You can imagine with what joy I welcomed the steady downpour of rain which evidently timed its start to clash with mine, and quickly turned the lanes into rivers of mud. After struggling along for an hour or two, enveloped in the folds of a clammy cape, with water trickling down my neck, I realised that the forecasts were only too true, and worse still, my labours of the previous evening had been all in vain.

It was a merry party of 18 that partook of the good things provided and the unfavourable elements outside were quickly forgotten. I was particularly impressed by the account of how one member (not present) after a merry evening, successfully steered the last train into Manchester by means of the heat regulation wheel in the compartment, his control on the bankings being nothing short of masterly. After a few tall tandem tales and reminiscences by Buckley, of the Old Cheadle Club, the departures began, the first being those of Hawkes and Turvey for distant Birkenhead. They were soon followed by Randall, and when we emerged it was to find that the rain had ceased.

Pulford, December 20th.

At this time, which is the season of Yule beer and Christmas ales, a fancy came upon me to visit the cyclists in their private and confidential secret Saturday lair. As Miss Marie Lloyd in one of her roundelays used to sing: "A little of what you fancy does you good," and my trip did me a lot of good in reviving my memories of the Club.

It so happened that the weather was anything but cloudy, foul and rainy (according to the forecasts of the wise), but altogether bright, clear and sparkling. With Mercer, a man of prudence and sound judgment in matters of the road, I left Birkenhead Park in sunshine, the skipper turning on all the taps and steering due South to Pulford.

Arriving without incident in the gloaming, I found a room full of Anfield men just as of old, a cheerful hostess, delicious beef (fed I was told in Dee meadows), mince pies with cries of "What will you have?"

The latest news ran round the board. Mawr Conway will positively appear at Tarporley on Friday. Geese were selling at 5d. per lb. and turkeys at 8½d. per lb. near Church Stretton. (This may be a canard set up by W.P.C. as a lure to get the week-end party there).

All too soon tea was over, the car at the door, and we were heading homewards, only to be stranded just beyond the Canal

Bridge after leaving Chester. Alas, we had turned on one tap too many and lost all our juice. Capt. Kettle came to the rescue, gallantly returning to Chester for a tinfull. Many grateful thanks. At Glegg Arms we changed cars for Wallasey, and reached home in good time to dream I had been to Cronton to see the Duchess and Lavinia. The attendance was 30:—Toft, Butler, Kuipe, Edwards, Marchanton, Paquin, Venables, Mawr Conway, Theakstone, Fairhurst, Peers, Prichard, Park, Bland, Cheminais, Smith, Higham, Roskell, White, Poole, Keizer, Worth, Koenen, C. Conway, Cook, Lowenthal, Fraser, Fox, Osborne and Slack. (If this dream could come true!—Ed.).

Knutsford. December 20th.

There had been quite a number of skids on the greasy roads, Randall and W. Orrell both coming to grief, whilst Gilmour, who came "over the top" earlier in the day, was forced to journey out per rattler, being attended by a body guard who soothed the invalid and carried his music.

The Master brought a pair of spats in the sidecar, closer inspection revealing Tomlin inside them.

Tea was served somewhat slowly, but Grimmy, by rattling alternately his teeth and his boots, managed to attract attention at last, and that sinking feeling disappeared. The debris having been cleared away, and the cash balanced correctly, the real business of the evening commenced.

After the medicine chest had been opened and a jug and bottle merchant appointed, Tomlin sought our advice in song, as to whether he should bob or shingle. This theme also appealed to the Master. Revealing a soul torn twixt the bob and two-bobbers, he drew a passionate picture of his one remaining hair (aged 80), eventually deciding to have it stuffed and placed under glass. Frank Jones was in good voice, but owing to a limited repertoire, only gave us a couple of songs, while dear old "Appy warbled as sweetly as of yore.

Hair appeared to be on the minds of several, for even the Mullah succumbed, and presented us with the "tail of a horse."

After a goodly slice of Dickens' Christmas Carol from Tomlin—quite seasonable this—Johnny's versatility was further revealed in an exceptionally fine little cameo, entitled "The Difference." "Poet and Peasant," from Tiny Gilmour, showed us what he really can do with a piano when he likes, but we suspect he derived a measure of inspiration from the vase of gooseberry cordial placed on the top.

There was great consternation at this juncture on the entrance of a weird Celestial figure in pigtail and long flowing robe. A secret drug-taker obviously, possibly a hawker of "snow." He blandly smokes his opium. Is it Wu Chang from the laundry, with the collars? Great Scott, is it—yes, it is TOMLIN AGAIN in yet another role!

A late arrival in the person of J. E. Austin soon entered into the fray with right good will, his "My word you do look queer," bringing down the house, and as the bashful vicar he was an absolute scream. Jack is an undoubted acquisition with a style all his own.

All too soon came the time of dispersal with "Auld Lang Syne," and amid cries of seasonal good wishes, the party broke up. One or two braved the greasy roads again on the homeward trek, but dealings in rail stock predominated.

Xmas Tour, December 25th - 28th.

As an Editorial in "Cycling" had it: "Many of our readers, without doubt, will spend the whole holiday on tour, or with a merry party at a touring headquarters, for such a long vacation is too precious a chance to be missed." It was in this spirit that the Club challenged itself to a dive into the heart of Wales, and although some went elsewhere and a few only puddled instead of diving, this new departure of a Christmas Tour was a glorious success and proved indeed "too precious to miss." Turnor was the first starter, as he came over to Sunnyside Hydro on Xmas Eve, to push the Presider about on a tandem, showing much more pluck than discretion, which even the usual Wednesday night circuit of Wirral did not evaporate. With Frank Chandler trailing behind, a start was made prompt to schedule on Xmas morn, and near the Welsh road W. Orrell, Randall and Cooper were found in ambush and "the tour proper" commenced with a nice easy ride to Ruabon, where Hubert Roskell joined the party and a real, old-fashioned Xmas dinner was done full justice to. At Llangollen the "Road to Ireland" was joined, and for the next few days we lived on and off it. At Cerrig-y-dudion a visit was paid to Tegid Owen for "bags of bread and butter and lashings of tea," and we learnt quite a lot about driving cars round hairpin bends at 45 m.p.h. with hands off and other funny tricks from a gentleman whose knowledge of roadmanship was quaint to say the least. Then with lamps full blast we blazed along Telford's highway, and in due course docked at the Glan Aber, where a warm welcome and another Xmas feast awaited us.

Boxing day was to be a day of rest, so the party only went to Beddgelert to lunch at Plas Colwyn, and made many stops to enjoy the wonderful scenery. Neither the Swallow Falls nor Pont Aberglaslyn could have been seen to better advantage, and although Snowdon hid her head, Nant Gwynant was more delectable than ever. At Plas Colwyn we learned that a Speedwell party were in residence (we had met C. A. Morris piloting some of them) and that Diapason and My Private Secretary (unpaid) were expected. On the return journey we called in to see Mr. Cobden, and when we got back to the Glan Aber we found Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Skinner, the brothers Newall and the brothers Kinder had arrived in cars, with L. W. Walters to augment the cyclists, and a very enjoyable musical evening was spent after dinner thanks to the services of a lady pianist who was a wonderful sight reader and a most accomplished accompanist, while later in the evening a Phillharmonic Choir was formed and under the baton of the Presider performed "Old Man Adam" with telling effect. (We understand this choir is now open for engagements.—Ed.)

Saturday was somewhat stormy, but the whole party set off for Carnarvon and the wind direction dictated Bangor for the outward journey. Except for a storm of rain at Llyn Ogwen, which Chandler despised contemptuously, the weather was glorious, and after calling to see Roskell's friends (both male and female) at The British, we were all at Carnarvon in good time except Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, whose day's experience provided a record. After an excellent lunch

the return, via Llanberis was commenced, and near Cwm-y-glo the first Edwards' mystery was solved, for we came across a series of floods in one of which a motor bus was being hauled out with ropes and near another was the Edwards' car surrounded by all the villagers. Hubert got the car going, but Teddy refused to turn back through the floods again and we proceeded on our way. The wind being so useful the cyclists issued challenges to themselves to climb the pass in *real* fashion, and it says much for the Mullah's Herculean strength that he succeeded in pushing the O.G. "over the top." Another call at Tyn-y-coed for afternoon tea and a chat with R. A. Fulton's old friend Roy Dean, who was staying there, and again we were safely back within the portals to find that Mandall had arrived to swell our numbers and that Dickman and Parry had called in for lunch. In due course dinner time arrived, but no Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, and all evening we were considerably perturbed, so our music did not go with full gusto, although the Presider and George Newall started proceedings with a "duet" on the piano and John Kinder excelled himself with the "to and from." However, "no news is good news" and the Edwards' car arrived near midnight after having had to spend 5 hours in Bangor extracting water from the magneto, and Teddy was given a very hearty Halewood chorus in the Tank. Sunday came all too soon, and to keep the jolly party together as long as possible Ruabon was decided upon for lunch. We left Bettws in thunder and lightning, ran on to snow before Pentre Voclas and at the same time into brilliant sunshine. Of course the going was sloppy until we got out of the snow zone near the Devil's Punch Bowl, and a fast run to Ruabon ensued. After lunch Walters departed for Salop and Orrell hastened off to Manchester, while the Skinner and Roskell cars pushed on to get home early, but the rest of us piloted the Kinder car to Willaston for tea, after a stop at Chester to say good-bye to Randall, and in due course we all got back in light-hearted vein feeling that we had had as grand a Xmas tour as possible—far exceeding all anticipations.

Tarporley. Boxing Day, 26th December.

Waking up to find that the weather clerk was about early with the tap full on I was sorely tempted to go to sleep again. However, he already seemed to be relenting, so I turned out and was well rewarded, for as you know the morning turned out to be a beautiful one.

On the outward journey two cars with a party for Bettws were sighted, the Kinders' car with the springs sagging to one side doubtless with the weight of liquid refreshment carried.

I could not attempt to give the names of all present, but I understand the number was 30, composed of the usual regulars with a fair percentage of our Petrol users.

Our Manchester members were conspicuous by their absence, with the exception of Rawlinson, H. Green, Davies, and another, whose name I cannot at the moment recall.

Promptly to time we were on our marks, ready to do justice to what proved to be an excellent meal, and looking round the room I noticed that everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. Lunch over Kettle read a telegram from the Bettws party sending their Greetings, after which the customary chatting took place until a

move was made, some for home, some for Halewood, and the writer with a small and select party for a rather stiff ride to Rlydtalog.

Hooton, December 27th.

The last run of the year was to that well-known Cheshire city, Hooton, on a day windy enough to blow us all to the other side of the earth. In all, about twenty-three of us gathered in the lounge of the Hooton Hotel, prior to tea. The house itself was very suggestive of the festive season, holly and mistletoe being in abundance in every room.

One could not help but notice that someone was missing from this gathering of the clans. The "someone" was our worthy President, who was attending the club tour at Bettws. After a late start we gave our repast a right royal send off, as only cyclists are able to do, and so to the fireside where Captain Kettle instructed the non-smokers in the intricacies of lighting a Xmas cigar. Not to be done, Taylor handed round some cigarettes, but these being his own special brand nobody appeared anxious to risk them as he explained they were timed to blow up after being smoked half way through. He did not get that far with his, for nothing short of an electric vacuum cleaner could induce anything of a gaseous nature out of it.

The night wore on, and, in ones, and two's and three's we slowly departed, some to go home, others to fill in the evening awheel, expecting to find the wind as boisterous as it was in the afternoon—but no, it was as calm as a June evening (sic.)

Mobberley, December 27th.

Oh! these holiday times! Six only at Mobberley—the home from home — the favourite rendezvous of the rising generation! True, some were in Wales, some working, and we must allow for some social engagements outside cycling at this festive season. But making all possible allowances, there ought to have been a better muster. True, also the wind was distinctly trying, and the Manchester men had had a good dose of the same wind on the day before, but the distance is short, and in any case the glory of a young man is, or should be, his strength. Again, when battling with the wind on the outward journey, one can console oneself with the anticipation of the help to be had from it on the homeward. No—that small muster can't be accounted for.

The good lady of the house had provided the usual excellent fare, and after dealing with it we gathered round the fire and discussed all sorts of things, from the educational ladder to the little ways of Sergeant-Majors, the members giving some very interesting reminiscences of their war-time experiences. The journey home was a sleigh-ride under practically perfect conditions.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 228.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1925.

		Light up at
Feb.	7. Halewood (Derby Arms) Lantern & Musical Evening.....	6-3 p.m.
..	9. Committee Meeting 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	14. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	6-16 p.m.
..	21. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	6-30 p.m.
..	28. Rufford (Fermor Arms).....	6-44 p.m.
Mar.	7. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-57 p.m.

NOTE—Tea at Halewood on Feb. 7 will be at 5-30 p.m. sharp.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea 5-30 p.m.

Feb.	7. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	6- 3 p.m.
..	14. Mobberley (Roebuck).....	6-16 p.m.
..	28. Allostock (Drovers Arms).....	6-44 p.m.
Mar.	7. Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms) Musical Evening	6-57 p.m.

Full moon 8th inst.

Does this represent the amount of your
Subscription for the current year ?

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

The resignations of Messrs. V. M. G. Cox, E. and V. Fantozzi, and W. C. Tierney have been accepted with regret.

Mr. J. Lowell has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Messrs. R. T. Davies and S. T. Threlfall have been transferred from Junior Active Membership to the Full List.

Changes of Address:—H. M. Horrocks, Birkenhead Dockyard, Egerton Dock, Birkenhead; R. Rothwell, 396, Milnrow Road, Shaw, nr. Oldham; W. E. Taylor, c/o Mr. W. P. Cook, 15, Brunswick Street, Liverpool.

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. H. M. Horrocks, W. H. Kettle, J. E. Rawlinson, S. T. Threlfall and C. H. Turnor.

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

The date of the All-night Ride has been provisionally fixed for Saturday, June 13th.

Mr. F. C. Bibby has been struck off the list of members for non-payment of subscription.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Gen. Secretary.

Turnor writes us as follows:—

I have been compelled to resign my position on the Committee as I am not free to attend on the second Monday in the month which is the day on which the Committee will still continue to meet.

When I was last elected the date of meeting was put forward a week and as the second Monday is the only night in the month on which I am unable to attend I had not anticipated any difficulty. I explained the position before election to my proposer, and the President and Captain, but did not consider it necessary to explain to the meeting.

I ask the members of the Club to accept my most humble apologies for not explaining the position before allowing my name to go forward.

Racing Programme.

The dates for the Club races have been arranged by the Committee as follows:—1st "50" May 2nd; 2nd "50" May 16th; Invitation "100" June 1st; Club "100" June 27th; Invitation "24" July 10/11th; 12 hours August 15th; 3rd "50" Sept. 26th. An innovation this year will be a Club "100" and it is hoped it will be well supported as we shall this year be compelled severely to restrict our own entries in the Invitation "100." It is proposed to run it over a Cheshire-Shropshire course and to make the Start and Finish near Chester. It is hoped that all will book the above dates either to compete or to assist in checking, etc. as the case may be.

Open Events.

At a meeting of the Road Racing Council held recently, the following dates were agreed upon for the principal Open Events. Etna "50" April 13th; North London "50" and Trike Trophy May 16th; Anfield "100" June 1st; Manchester Wheelers "50" June 20th; North Road Memorial Scratch "50" July 11th; East Liverpool Wheelers "50"; Bath Road and Speedwell "100's" August 3rd; North Road "24" September 4/5th; Poly, Gayler "12" September 19th.

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

Treasury Notes.

The NEW TREASURER wishes to point out that February is the very best month in the year for paying subs., for while in many months the contents of your pay envelope have to last you over 31 days, in February the same amount is available for only 28. Therefore send what you will save on to the Treasurer, now! To those fortunate individuals who draw their emoluments weekly, this month is even more favourable. You see the first week is already provided for by the last payment in January. Thus you get 4 February payments, and only 3 weeks expenses, so that at the end of the month you are a week's dibs in hand. See? Well send it along now, or you may lose sight of it.

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.

Annual General Meeting, January 10th, 1925.

"Anfield traditions are strong, but flexible." This the President remarked several times during the A.G.M., and the first proof of it was that we were at Halewood, for the meeting: the first A.G.M. to be held in conjunction with a Saturday run in the history of the Club. The change was justified from the attendance point of view, for about 70 members gathered from far and near.

A brand new slogan was announced by W. P. C. as the hour of 6-30 p.m. drew near. "Gentlemen, bring your own chairs." We have heard of "do it now," "Arthur must go," and "bring your own sugar," but the new one was at once accepted. The company duly solved the transport problem, and had a moving time getting from the dining-room to the drawing-room. The narrow entrance to this one was framed with dark curtains, and the room being in semi-darkness a sort of "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here" feeling took hold of me. This was not dispelled till all the company had gathered, and the fire had been blotted out by the cold hands brigade. The minutes were taken as read. They always are. Secretary Austin then gave the Annual Report.

at "over evens," and without stopping to take breath. All the details I caught were that we have 203 members, and the average attendance at 1924 fixtures was 46, and some figures behind the decimal point that I didn't bother with. I've no time for trifles (not that sort of trifles, anyway). The tours (?) were reviewed and the four events carried out. Bettws, "100," Ireland and Bettws were reported very successful. (Please, Mr. Editor, I've put the note of interrogation after "tours" because, though the Anfield traditions are strong, they are also flexible, and I live in hopes that some day Anfield "tours" may be "tours," and not hard-riding exhibitions—30/40 miles per day, plenty of stops to lean on gates and think, and unlimited drinks are more my idea of touring.) Mullab proposed the adoption of the report with the thanks of the club to the Secretary for his very efficient services, and the Lord Mayor of Pufford having seconded, same was heartily carried. Captain Kettle's racing report was, as usual, carefully drawn up, and may be summarised as follows:—1st "50" rather slow, 2nd "50" 3 men inside evens, and all good times, "100" good rides by Blackburn and G. Orrell, "24" won by Shaw with 363½ miles, "12" only moderately supported, but 3 excellent rides put up, notably the 199 odd of G. F. Hawkes, E.L.W. "50" at last pulled off (by G. Orrell) for the Club, N. Road "24" in very bad weather noted for good rides by Shaw and Randall, 3rd "50" poorly supported, and 4th "50" well supported. He concluded by requesting better assistance in the matter of checking and following, and as one who has during the last two years twice stood for four hours on a corner in the "wee sma' oors" I hope his appeal will receive the support it deserves. Report was accepted, and best thanks, etc. Next item was the Treasurer's report. I'm rather handicapped in commenting on this, for after securing one of the printed profit and loss accounts, I just put it down for a moment while I moved my chair, and turned back to find Bob Knipe had taken it for a stray copy, and was presenting it with a bland smile to someone who was a total stranger to myself. If it had been anyone but Knipe, I'd have called it BAREFACED robbery. As things were, I said nothing, but did what I do on train-cars when I want to see the Test Match score and can't afford a paper—looked over someone else's shoulder. R.L.K. commenced by stating that his report was very similar to last year's, *continued* by pointing out that donations had been very generous, and had totalled £39 odd and that as prizes not yet selected were £71, some members took the Club for a bank ("hear, hear" from Dave Fell), and *concluded* by saying that the Club Funds now seemed to have got over that "sinking feeling." Well, that's satisfactory, but Bob's reference is not!! Is a Club like the Anfield, with its traditions (flexible, maybe, but strong withal), reduced to such a plight that its Treasurer must advertise a "Pussyfoot" drink, and "cowheel" at that? Perish the thought. Is "Johnnie Walker" played out? Let Knipe beware, and commit no more *faux pas* of this sort, or his salary shall be reduced, and he shall be made to ride "bullet-proof" tyres for the rest of his term of office. Anyway, the report was accepted, because the auditors had been so efficient (and distrustful) that they had even ransacked the President's office in inspecting the property he holds for the Club (cat burglars, please note). The Treasurer proposed that the subscriptions should be the same as last year. I'd been hoping for a guinea sub., as well as

one shilling off the income tax, but as Bob's proposal was passed, I'll have to reduce my consumption of cat's-whiskers, and pay up. Election of officers next claimed our attention. Our worthy President modestly vacated the chair and retired to the dress circle in order that the meeting might say what it wanted about him, but it was hardly worth the moving, for Mullah, in a short and felicitous speech, said that it would not be possible to find a more devoted President, and George Mercer seconded, so W.P.C. was "acclaimed" into office again, and long may he wave. Vice-presidents were found in W. T. Venables and E. Buckley, and a good choice, too. Buckley acknowledged the office in a few well-chosen words, while his partner—well, Ven. is an institution. Kettle was, of course, re-elected as Captain, and the meeting did not leave it in doubt that they knew he was the right man in the right place. A ballot was necessary to deal with the nominations for Liverpool sub-Captain, and resulted in S. Threlfall being elected. Will he become a cycling advertisement for Austin Reid's as a result of his ill-gotten gains? J. Rawlinson was made sub-Captain for Manchester, and it seemed, by the remarks made, a popular appointment. KNIFE (this name keeps recurring) was, on the proposal of the President, made Treasurer once more. Charlie Conway seconded, but take warning, R.L.K.; no more Oxril references! You've heard of the Austin "7"? Well, that's our Austin (seven words a second) when reading his report. He was "put in" again, and he deserves his "acclamation." (Not, of course, that all the others don't who receive it: it's not an empty honour.) To revert to Bob Knipe (that name again): Bob requested that subscriptions should be paid early (a voice: "and often"). F. H. gave a little peroration on red slips, though how he got through without referring to British barrows (such as he ties on the caboodle) tumuli, and fosseways, I don't know. He suggested that red slips should be sent out earlier: say immediately after the A.G.M. The official red-slip attachers were agreeable if the cost of tongue-moistening might be charged to Club Funds, but Knipe (!!!) with one eye on F. H. and the other on a probable debit balance, over-ruled the proposal. Mercer suggested that the red slips might be put outside the envelopes, but the Treasurer at once informed him that it was illegal. Wonderful what a knowledge of the law these schoolmasters have. Re-Committee. The irrepressible F. H., having got his fifteen names written down, found that he could not identify all the individuals and, through the President, demanded to see the unknown ones. Talk about a mannequin parade! Inspection by F. H. of the comparative and actual merits of W. E. Taylor and T. N. T. (Terrible Norman Turvey) as revealed by their dials!! G. F. Hawkes was also called on to exhibit himself, but fortunately did not stand up, or he would have taken the roof with him, like Samson of old. The ten members elected for Committee were:—E. Edwards, McCann, J. Kinder, Turnor, G. F. Hawkes, W. E. L. Cooper, Horrocks, R. J. Austin, Turvey, and De Wet. The election of auditors produced a most entertaining rush between Teddy Edwards and Toft to be the first to speak. I don't remember who won, but the same auditors were re-appointed. The Captain's usual proposal re-races for the ensuing season led to an animated discussion on the question of a Club "100," and it was agreed that such a race was desirable, and that though it would have to be held after the Invitation "100," the resulting data

could be used for the following year's "100." That little matter settled, the President called on Charlie Conway to propose the Easter Tour (as he has done for 199 years), and C. C. did this in a highly original way, *i.e.*, by not naming the destination. He was at once pulled up, and made to do it properly, and so we shall go to Bettws-y-Coed.

The destination of the All-night Ride produced several suggestions. Chandler had considered the matter from the breakfast point of view and suggested Kirkby Stephen. Turvey had looked for the hilliest route to Wensleydale, while Mullah, or some Manchester man, murmured "Wye Valley." Committee to decide.

August Tour:—Of the various places named, E. Buckley's suggestion of the Cotswold country, in conjunction with the B.R. "100" was quite the best, and was carried. A. T. S. was specially thanked for his editorial services, and if you knew, as I do, of some of the terrible "copy" he receives (as per specimen enclosed and attached), and how he polishes it up, you would agree it was well deserved. R. A. Fulton's offer of special prizes (and backed up by a cheque), was reported still open. That concludes my report for this year. I'm just going to the dentist. Good-night, everybody, good-night.

[From time to time in the last few months mysterious communications have reached the Editorial sanctum, clothed in an impenetrable anonymity which all the efforts of our sleuths have failed to expose. The following has now been received, cleverly disguised as a type-written document and bearing the elusive post-mark "Liverpool." We have already placed the matter in the hands of Scotland Yard who, after deep investigations, have come to the conclusion that it is a new form of cross-word puzzle. Any clues will be gratefully received, but we are sorry owing to the state of Club funds no prizes can be offered.—Ed.]

At the A.C.M., A.M.G., so we hoped. Of course to the uninitiated we can explain that these cryptic letters simply mean Annual General Meeting and Anfield Makes Good. To the initiated, that is we who have this long time writhed under the quips and sneers of the editorial "sanction," they have a deeper and sinister meaning. We had hoped to have our great grievance properly ventilated, the erring culprit taken to task, and under pains and penalties made to crave pardon for the misdemeanours of his editorial past and promise to be a good boy once more.

Why, why, then does the meeting go on and on with these minor affairs of offices and reports and figures, while this burning question demands attention? Ah, at last the Presider has mentioned the Circular, when up spake brave Horatius—we do not think we have the name *quite* correctly—and standing there in all the might of a giant, he demanded—ay, demanded that the Editor come forth, this juggler of words, this inventor of fables, and there and then take up the gage of battle. Tense silence, broken by suggestions that he had gone somewhere, that in legal phraseology "he had been called—" but we hasten to add in the language beloved of the modern orator that there was not a scintilla of truth in the suggestion. The phraseology should have been parliamentary, to wit, that he had been called to another place. Oh, Mr.

Editor what calamitous happening was it that called you away? Oh, Anfielders, what have we missed? Shades of David and Goliath! What slings would have been slung. What a battle fought! And now, alas, our hopes are dashed and our Champion disarmed. And then in response to the Presider's call a great "Ay" goes forth and our grievance is drowned. We find we are carried along on the enthusiastic wave of acclamation which immediately succeeds.

Thus did the meeting pay its tribute. . . . Perhaps we were wrong after all.

We Vote.

At least we try to, at the A.G.M. I mean, but it proved no easy matter to some of us who, like Chem and F. H., found themselves confronted by a sea of stalwart sons of Anfield, some of whom were to be our officers, delegates and councillors.

We had come to realize that though we still have our Cooks and Kettles as Presiders and Captains, the might of the Star Chamber is no longer vested in Tofts and Fells but in a phalanx of younger men whose illustrious names that are to become historic in cycling circles are difficult to fit correctly to their fleshly substance. In simpler words: we know their fair faces, and we have heard their good names, but who the heavens is which?

Hence F. H.'s appeal to each man nominated for office to arise and face us. Some did it with hesitation, others grudgingly, but it might well become a custom in this Greater Anfield of to-day for a member who accepts nomination to "Stand and deliver."

Mercer the Game.

In his speech at the A.G.M., George showed greater virility than ever and he is but little changed—and that not for the worse—since the first time I met him, when he was just retiring from active speed work.

That was at Knotty Ash 35 years ago, on the occasion of the Sefton and Dingle dinner after their match with the Manchester Wheelers.

The Sefton and Dingle, then young, are now dead. George was not quite dead then, and is now young.

Cycles of Pre-Anfield Days.

Two Anfielders "sloshing through" the Christmas floods in their quest "Farthest South," drew brake in the grounds of the wonderful private museum of antiquities collected by the late General Pitt Rivers with whose finds some of us have been comparing notes of recent years.

Like a true sport Pitt has opened his museum for all time on every day in the year. Imagine our delight when we spotted among the genuine antiques three specimens of which we ourselves could speak with the highest authority, namely a "Bone-shaker" of the late sixties, a "Missing Link" of the early seventies and an "Ordinary" of the early eighties. The second named,

one of the few specimens now in existence, is unfortunately not placed to advantage so that we think that a written request should be sent to the Curator. Of its class it must have been one of the first built, as its front wheel is only about 40 inches high or little higher than that of the "Boneshaker."

Another exhibit is a programme of a cycle race of the early nineties held in and around the General's estate, and in which Shorland, S. P. Edge and other then prominent cyclists took part. The estate lies in Cranborne Chase and includes Tollard Royal, Farnham, Rushmore and the Joy Grounds around the Larmer Tree, which are also open every day.

Among the chief exhibits are models of Romano British villages excavated by Pitt Rivers and these sites we visited. They include the long-lost and much disputed Vindogladium at Woodyates. The General's disputant, Colt Hoare, who would place it at Gussages has been disposed of by Campstormer Bill Lowcock with the Dickensian quotation: "Rivers is the Friend, not Hoare."

Bik, the Hunter.

I thought I knew my old friend Bik, in season and out of it (if a rider like he has a season), but I was wrong as usual. In the midst of the afore-mentioned slosh through the waters of the Dorset Stour, we Anfielders were saved from a likely watery grave by a hunting party who, having lost the pungent scent of the vermin, scented a fellow huntsman through Bikley's disguise as motorist. Wishing to preserve him they guided him to the dry soil of a Stalbridge pub; then making for another and safer ford Bik encountered a poor, bedraggled red-haired creature resembling a small dog. The beastie looked at Bik and Bik stared at beastie. Long have I known the new Vice, in good fare and favour, in joy or joke, in luck or lack, but I was not prepared for the metamorphosis that took place. The spirit seized him, and rising on his footplate, his eye and nostrils dilated, his features distorted by ecstasy, his form crouched ready to leap into space, he uttered terrible cries the sound of which were foreign to me. It seemed some inhuman tongue. He appeared as one possessed—he was possessed, but by whom? Oft have I read of one who was said to be a great hunter in the eyes of the Lord, but not till then did I know its meaning. I know it now.

Bik and fox face to face, one spellbound, the other in the toils, No hounds, no horses, no whips, no scarlet coats (yes, one; the beast's), just Bik and reynard. No other soul in sight (yes, one; the awestruck onlooker).

Long might burly Bik have remained thus suspended in mid-air by the force of his frenzy had not the caboodle in crossing the river been compelled to wade through another flood which cooled the hunter's feet, and we all know what cold feet will do for even the bravest of men. But the memory of the encounter the fox took to his lair.

Items.

Don't forget that Messrs. Bidlake, Van Hooydonk, and suite will positively appear at Halewood on Saturday, February 7th, and in addition to the lantern lecture there will be a musical programme. Tea will be served at 5-30 p.m. prompt, and Austin has arranged for a large crowd.

In a valiant effort to make Liverpool even brighter than it is "Wayfarer" has been induced to pay it a visit in the near future, and what is more, he, himself, and no other Will Positively (D.V.) appear and deliver to an expectant and tense audience which will assuredly pack the building, his NEW LECTURE entitled "The English Wonderland," at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, on Friday, February 13th, 1925, at 7-30 p.m. of the clock. The wise man will waste no time in getting his ticket.

By an oversight no mention was made of the Christmas greetings received by the touring party at Bettws-y-Coed. Frank Roskell sent a charming letter, Carpenter wired his good wishes, and Boyes sent a most interesting collection of "antiques" consisting of cuttings from ancient cycling papers which included pictures of Dr. Carlisle and F. H. Koenen in the days of their youth—such pretty boys—and Horrocks sent a Christmas Card.

Those who were participants in the first Irish tour to Drumgoff, when a camp fire was held in the grounds of the barracks and a musical evening in the barn of the Glennalure Hotel, will learn with great regret that Dr. Norman, who accompanied Sir James Percy, recently passed away. Dr. Norman's original rendition of "Cockles and Mussels" was quite a feature of the fun and frolic and he was the life and soul of the party.

Now that the C.T.C. is presenting its members with Third-Party risk insurance free gratis and for nothing it is simply silly for anyone who rides a cycle to remain outside the organisation. *Verb. Sup.*

We must have a lot of hidden talent in the Club if we only knew. Who would have suspected Harley for instance as an after-dinner orator? And yet he was in the limelight recently proposing the toast of the visitors at the Essex Roads Club dinner!

In "Punch," December 31st, appeared the following pertinent par:—"Several herrings at the Zoo have recently been injured by running into each other in the dark. In our opinion all herrings ought to be fitted with red rearlights."

The Manchester supplement of the C.T.C. Gazette continues its amusing series of "Unofficial Interviews," by *Homme d'Esprit*, and the latest "victim" is "Widelex" who enjoyed it as much as anyone. The article purports to describe a visit to Widelex's workshop, and being shown the latest invention "the Invisible Rearlight—you strike a match, light the invisible wick, which in turn is fed from invisible oil and then you have an invisible light: Cyclists won't worry because they can't see it is there and motorists won't worry because they'll know it is there." Then Widelex displays his ingenuity with "brazing on a gas stove" and the use of the gas oven, or how to treat a machine that is "about four inches out of line as the crow flies," and the interview concludes as follows:—"Before I left I had the pleasure of reading his latest books:—'Tandem Riding for Invalids,' (in two parts), and 'Road Racing for the Infirm.' He also asked me to deny the rumour that he is after the London-York record. He has decided to give Selbach a chance."

The Medical Officer of Health for Shropshire characterises the present generation as "physically a miserable lot." It is not known where he met Hubert.

Yet another tragedy through the deplorable habit of wearing whiskers, an old man in London having been burned to death owing to his beard catching fire. We again plead with our members who deal in face fungus to reconsider their attitude with a view to buying safety razors and thus allay the gnawing anxiety of their fellows. This applies particularly to Bob Knipe, having regard to his exalted position as the Club's Chancellor of the Exchequer. R. J. Austin writes:—

A rumour is circulating in the Club that I am at present a member of the Cheshire Roads Club Committee. This is totally untrue. I have never served on the Committee of this Club and, as a matter of fact, tendered my resignation of membership several weeks ago.

Now that the papers are full of disclosures of gambling orgies in the wheatpit, faithful Anfielders are scanning these reports in fear and trembling to set at rest misgivings that a highly placed and prominent member might somehow be mixed up with them, one who in his hours of lesser leisure is known to frequent the Liverpool Corn Exchange.

A simpleton from Manchester asks whether the orgies of this wheatpit are anything like the pandemoniums of Chem's fruit-pit, to which he was lately introduced by the latter. Chem on that occasion dominated the pit from the vantage of the gallery, while facing the amphitheatre. What a chance for his immortal: "Pardonnez-Moi!"

RUNS.

Halewood, January 3rd.

Alas! and alack, and woe is us! The gifted contributor whom we secured to record this run has retired into oblivion, and we are left to fill the gap (I beg your pardon: all really good accounts of Halewood runs start like that, and then we know that our brave Arthur has stepped into the breach, and will produce many a sparkling gem of wit for our edification and gratification. See the effect of a week's cross-word puzzles. Once again I beg your pardon: it was just force of habit that caused the false start, and the gifted contributor has not failed, and shall be allowed a second start, in spite of the recommendations of the Road Racing Council). Now for the run proper. Doubtless the Presider and some poor victim came all the way round Warrington, calling at Daresbury for a glass or two of lemonade on the way. Diapason was only prevented from making a clean sweep of Bibby's tea-shop by the appearance of Teddy Edwards. Teddy was given 5 minutes start for the Transporter, and used it to such effect that he caught it, while the hungry one had to stand shivering on the brink. The number of people who come the shortest way is heartrending. Secretary Austin and Skipper Kettle overtook me by Hunts Cross. Anyone who can ride fast enough to do that ought to go round by Frodsham. The muster was good. I understand there were

twenty-four on the upper deck, sixteen on the main deck, and five in the galley. To make sure of a seat, I slipped upstairs, and finding the room almost empty, took the armchair by the fire. Drowsiness must have overtaken me, for when I regained consciousness every seat was taken, and I had perforce to join the sixteen party, which proves that "honesty is the best policy to help the bird in hand over the style." However, my (and our) luck was in, for the table was soon graced by a turkey that reminded me of the turkey in "Christmas Carol." "He never stood on his legs, that bird: he'd have snapped them off short if he'd tried." We had to be very spry, though, for Sarah had designs on the bird in order to satisfy the clamorous galley party, and it did disappear for a time, but was restored minus three or four wings and several legs, and looking the worse for wear. The usual trimmings completed the meal, but it was noticeable that the upstairs party were much longer than usual in descending. The Presider was persuaded to give us some thrilling details of the Christmas Tour experiences "by flood and field," and very touchingly remarked that the only objection he and Mullah had to the floods was that they were water, and not beer. As our climate seems to be going to pieces, and there is every prospect of more severe floods each winter, surely something might be done in this direction: the motorists might convey concentrated sherbet, or health salts (Khovah), or weed-killer, and, having dosed the floods and stirred well up, Kook and Krew would don diving dresses and disappear from view. The only drawback would be that the noise of the gurgling would greatly interfere with radio reception in the British Isles. Seriously, Chandler fell off in the middle of a watersplash up to the chin, but would not admit it, and still contends that he merely groped his way to the side of the road to examine a causeway, or some Roman steps that he was very anxious not to miss. Talk about anglers' stories!

The only other thing worth noting is the change in our Editor. Hitherto, he has been an advocate of peaceful persuasion, but he selected his victim on this first Saturday of the New Year, and commanded him (even as a bombshell) to write the run. The victim gently hinted that it was worth a dry ginger, and A.T.S. rose to the occasion, and provided the necessary inspiration. It is always dangerous to create a precedent, and contributors will now require paying for their "copy" at trade union rates. We can foresee keen competition to write up the A.G.M. Based on a sliding scale, I would suggest a case of Worthington as fitting recompense.

Bollington, January 3rd.

Although enjoyable there is never much to record about a Bollington run, which generally resolves itself, for quite a number of members, into an out-and-home affair with, of course, a period devoted to the consumption of refreshments both solid and liquid and a discussion on a variety of topics.

On this occasion I arrived in good time to find several others already installed, and a rending and tearing sound emerging from an anti-room indicated the presence of experts at work on the bagatelle board. Another board, however, soon claimed our atten-

tion, and the 17 of us made short work of the good things provided. By ones and twos the party gradually dispersed, the weak to their homes and the homeless to the week-end sanctuary.

Pulford, January 17th.

"Pulford? Where's Pulford? Oh yes! I generally go through Warrington"—I start for Warrington. Meditate on New Year's Resolution—to attend all Club Runs. A bit late starting—this is the year's third—Ah well! Better late than never.

Then calculations. Four-and-a-half hours. Can I do 55 miles against a January wind and road in 4½ hours? Well—hardly. It will have to be that beastly Liverpool.

I diverge toward Liverpool. Happy thought—pick up Horrocks at Formby. I find Horrocks just about to start. We start. We—er—find ourselves—and our bicycles—in Liverpool—and then in Birkenhead. Thank Heaven, this ride really *is* going to start now. It does. We go up hundreds of miles of a slope which finally ends in a real open road—but a not too good one. However, the day is perfect—for January. I am on a brand new pair of No. 3's. I am feeling very well—feeling that I might even be "fit" in about six months—and all is well in this best-of-all possible worlds. We ride pleasantly through a delectable world of our own. No motors, no flies, no dust, no rain even. The shades of night fall as we near Chester—and we develop a simultaneous hunger-knock. Raid on a biscuit and chocolate shop, then on with all-the-year-round lamps alight round the walls. We sight a stationary cyclist. Is it?—it is—Secretary Austin. Whacked? Oh no—merely meditating on grave matters of State. We wake him up roughly and urge him to renewed exertion in the direction of—ah, here it is—Pulford!

Anybody here? Any bicycles? Why—stacks! Huge load off the Secretary's shoulders. The census taker ultimately reported 20 heads. Not so bad.

Greetings. Tea. Punctual to the minute, and the kind of tea I like. For there *is* tea—real good tea—and served right away as it should be.

Who's here? We see Cook, of course—and Kettle, of course. Mercer and Edwards, Knipe and Lucas and two new friends in Selfridge and Harrod—or is it Selbach and Halford? No, Selkirk and Telford! There is sub-Captain Threlfall and vice-President Ven.; and Chandler in earnest confab with Cook. There is Pugh and Walters from Salop, Cody looking fitter than ever and the irrepressible Taylor bound for Llanarmon on his own. There were many other Anfielders good and true; but being engaged in animated conversation with my immediate neighbours, my Pelmanistic faculties hardly had an opportunity to record all their names. Our conversation was strictly on approved lines. Did we discuss cabbages and wireless? Perish the aspersion! Our discussions had reference to training methods and—what? Oh, no! Not the time-table kind—training methods, all-night riding, feeding systems, and the course for the New Club Hundred

seemed to be pretty general topics, various suggestions being heard. One thing is certain; that for the credit of the A.B.C., no breaking of the rule that no road shall be covered more than twice can be entertained. But I gather that our general staff "have the matter well in hand"; and they may be trusted to settle it satisfactorily to all concerned.

I endeavoured to gather some experiences of Endrick rims. I was told by — that their great disadvantage was that by the time you had put in a round rim tape to prevent the dashed tube ripping you couldn't get the dam tyre off at all. An enquiry elicited the reply from — that they were the best rims for easy detachment he'd ever seen or used. This kind of information is most valuable and shows how splendid it is to belong to a Club.

Cook & Co., having departed for Nantwich, and others for elsewhere and other places (see previous reports), my companion and I piloted Kettle to Chester in spite of his assertion that he had been reading "Cycling," and now wanted to ride alone. Leaving him then to recite "A Flask of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou," we proceeded to ascertain that the Lower Road is not half so bad as it was. A perfect star-lit evening helped to disguise the fact that it has certainly been rolled out longer than it used to be; or it may be that wireless gets into the legs. At any rate it was found agreeable to stop for a smoke and a short discussion on "Riding Positions," which led to an interchange of bicycles, compliments and criticisms.

The Rock Ferry then provided us with a smooth and most enjoyable voyage over that portion of the earth's surface which cannot be cycled, followed by other means of—er—transport over that other portion which—er—is not cycled by the best people. Thus ignobly terminated a most enjoyable, if miserably inadequate ride of some 50 miles. If one *must* cross the briny ocean, I like Pufford; but next time I'll have a real ride and go by Warrington, anyhow. If Telford has the qualities of his great namesake, perhaps he will kindly oblige with a road bridge over the Mersey, and another one from the Landing Stage to Formby. Anfield runs in Cheshire might then be bearable to western Lancastrians, at present marooned like Selkirk's famous ancestor, behind the fork-smashing rocks and seas of Liverpudlia.

Allstock, January 17th.

Another dry and pleasant afternoon, and after a nice enjoyable easy ride through the country lanes, I reached the "Drovers Arms" the same time as six others, about half-an-hour before tea-time.

To oblige our hostess, who was expecting a large football crowd we started tea a little before our usual time. We sat down fourteen strong, two more arriving later, making a total attendance of sixteen.

After doing full justice to a good and well-served meal, we adjourned for our usual dessert. Whilst partaking of this we were entertained by a party of the aforesaid football crowd, the B.B.B.s.

Best Blooming Bass (singers) and Best ("b—") Bowlers in Cheshire; anyway they were prepared to back themselves for untold wealth against all comers. After they had sung for us we all wondered what the worst bass singers would be like (this is not sarcasm, either, ask B.M.) Our entertainers being reluctantly compelled to leave us, when we had dried our eyes, we settled down and enjoyed ourselves in our own manner, afterwards making our way homewards, well satisfied and happy.

Warrington, January 24th.

It was a beautiful afternoon and when Warrington was reached the shades of night had fallen, so that even its ugliness had given way to the sparkle of lighted shops and thronged streets—all very pleasant except for one hair-raising back wheel skid which gave me "furiously to think" for a moment or two.

Not having belonged to the "good old days," long past, when the "Patten Arms" used to be regularly patronised, and never having actually been inside it, I found a little difficulty in making my way there, but eventually won through to find the spacious dining-room filled with a large crowd busy demolishing the good fare. The arrival of Captain Kettle even later brought up our number to 44. The hotel people must have counted him as two for they made us 45, and it was only after a recount that they were able to agree that we were really only 44.

Dickman and Parry had arrived on a brand new tandem from Hale and there was, of course, the usual detailed inspection, which the machine passed with flying colours.

Most of the troops left direct either for Liverpool or Manchester, but Cook was, with one or two others, bound for Arclid, while a small but very select party made for "the north-west corner of the Wirral Peninsula," via Chester. Between Warrington and Chester thick banks of fog were encountered, in one of which we sighted Teddy Edwards with a white handkerchief slung over his shoulder, walking in front of his own car, the lights of which were blazing away at full power.

But it was after Chester that the real fun began. Men walking in front of cars (*i.e.*, the few that were on the road) was now the rule, and the slogan "Aufielders never collide" was rendered momentarily untrue by the fact that we did collide—once with the ditch. However this did some good for it put out our oil lamps which we had long since been using instead of acetylene, and showed that we were much better lampless. We were then greatly helped by a lady who seemed to have eyes like a cat (no offence to her!) and took us along for about 4 miles—almost to the Welsh Corner, in the middle of which a motorist was encountered who wanted to know where the Parkgate road was! After putting him on his way we continued, nearly losing our own way in Thornton Hough, and eventually lighting up on the outskirts of Birkenhead, and reaching home about midnight.

Tarvin, January 31st.

It was rather surprising that this first run to Tarvin in the annals of the Club did not attract a larger crowd: one would

have thought that natural curiosity to see what the new place discovered by the Presider was like, especially among those who grouse about the sameness and lack of variety of our venues, would have ensured a goodly crowd; but 'twas ever thus—the rank and file distinctly discourage enterprise in this direction and won't try any experiments themselves. Where were the gentlemen who talked of "turning over a new leaf"? The page must have turned back again through not being stuck down and we suggest trying (Gloy! and, although it was a perfect day for practising the philosophy of riding in the wet, there was no sign of the Wayfarer C.C.: last heard of peacefully penetrating a ditch on their way home from Warrington in the total eclipse the week before. Hawkes had started off in the morning and found the day so jolly that he could hardly restrain himself from dismounting every few miles to throw his cap in the air and shout "Hurrah!" But, seriously, it was not a bad day, as is shown by the fact that our friend Bradley of the Todmorden C.C. had ridden over from Hebden Bridge to make a dive into the heart of Wales with Taylor, and quite a number had ridden out by very circuitous routes, rumour having it that Chandler and Cook had cornered the black pudding market at Huxley, while several assured us that "it ain't gonna rain no mo'." The Red Lion proved a distinct find, and the 21 with the will to conquer were rewarded by an excellent meal served by as fair a Hebe as you ever clapped eyes on. This display of female beauty was rather exciting for the young bloods, especially as there were two doors to the room and Hebe would no sooner go out of one door than she reappeared through the other, with the result that a good many of them got cross-eyed and even the old veterans experienced a certain amount of eye strain. We were a very jolly party, and there was plenty of lively converse and badinage before the homeward trek was started. There were three week-end parties, one of which (Taylor-Bradley) has already been mentioned—Hawkes sought sanctuary at Shawbury, while Randall, Cooper and Cook peacefully penetrated Wem—and as it cleared up into a beautiful moonlight night there was no excitement beyond that provided by Band's bottom bracket "seizing" in Chester, and we got home in plenty of time to "listen-in" to Professor Puff Stuffs' absorbing address on the joys of the open road.

Alderley Edge, January 31st.

Although this is a popular place of call for homeward bound Cheadle and Stockport members, it is some years since we, as a Club, patronised the house, and it is mainly through the good offices of Buckley (who is a friend of the landlord) that this run was revived.

All those who braved the elements on this occasion were amply rewarded by an excellent and well-served meal and the pleasant evening which followed, and it is particularly gratifying to find a landlord so anxious to please and so attentive to our comforts as is Mr. Mead. It was not the kind of day calculated to induce even the hardened enthusiast to indulge in extensive detours, and the severity of the weather conditions may (or may not) be gauged by the fact that two passionate lovers of the wheel actually made a start by bicycle and turned it down in favour of the rattler.

The meal, in the shape of a hotpot, was thoroughly enjoyed by the 17 participants (15 members and 2 friends), but on retiring to

the sanctum the absence of a pianist undoubtedly detracted from the evening's entertainment, especially as one of the visitors had brought along some music. However, a gramophone, manipulated by our experts, amply filled the bill, and it was suggested that one or two members might be approached with a view to making records for use at our musicals. How would "From Sandbach unto Crewe," by "The Master's Voice," go down?

The time for departure soon arrived, all agreeing that this run should be repeated at the earliest opportunity.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 229.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1925.

		Light up at
Mar.	7. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-57 p.m.
..	9. Committee Meeting 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	14. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	7-10 p.m.
..	21. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	7-23 p.m.
..	28. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7-36 p.m.
April	4. Delamere (Abbey Arms)	7-48 p.m.

.. 6. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea 5-30 p.m.

Mar.	7. Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms).....	6-57 p.m.
..	14. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks).....	7-10 p.m.
..	28. Allostock (Drovers Arms).....	7-36 p.m.

Full moon 13th 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.

The Resignations of Messrs. T. J. Alsop W. P. Creed, and W. Cameron have been accepted.

Messrs. E. Bolton and R. H. Carlisle have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Mr. C. H. Turnor's resignations from Committee and as a Club Delegate to the N.R.R.A. have been accepted, and Mr. R. F. Gilmour, who came next in the voting at the A.G.M., has been appointed to fill the vacancies.

Easter Tour.—Accommodation has been reserved at the Glar Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, at a charge of 12/- per day (dinner, single bed, and breakfast), and 10/6 for those who "double-up." If you wish to join in the tour, please let me have your name and the day on which you intend to arrive at Bettws, as soon as possible.

Change of Address.—R. Hawker, 13, Hereford Grove, Urmston near Manchester.

Application for Membership.—Mr. Harry Lucas Pritchard, 5a, Gilda Brook Road, Eccles, Lancashire, proposed by E. Buckley, seconded by W. P. Cook.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Gen. Secretary.

[Our anonymous friend again favours us.—Ed.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I read in last month's Circular your note on anonymous writings and that you had eventually discovered that the communication that had called forth your comment was a new form of cross word puzzle. Having myself solved so many of these cross affairs, doubtless you and your readers will pardon my presumption in setting this puzzle:—

O, it's my delight,
On a moonlit night
To spin upon my way
With the road all bright
In a wondrous light
Reflex of the day.

The day!—ah many's the time and oft
With the bright Sun overhead
With the birds in the hedge and the lark aloft
I have ridden where the road has led.
And the song of the birds
As they pipe to the Spring
Seems to say in our language of words
O, Sol, to thee do we sing.

At least such was my feeling until a short time ago, when, after much perambulation of the roads and converse with my own thoughts I felt I was "ploughing a lonely furrow." I was as one in the wilderness—my own, though it was a delectable one if a wilderness can be such, and I decided I must get out of this state of stagnation, and gather in the thoughts of other cyclists. So I bought the Cycling paper and decided to tarry awhile at the Altar and listen to the words of the High Priest who weekly gives forth the oracle. I have listened—or rather I have read—and in sorrow I now confess I had wandered from the path. Not in the sun and glorious days or moonlit nights must the cyclist revel. These must not excite his joy. No! let him exult in the rain. The glorious rain. That is the joy supreme and delight unsurpassed of our pastime. So chastened I changed my muse and taking the lyre I sing—

Out on the open country side,
 Out on the great extensive plain,
 The sky a canopy wondrous wide,
 And the road one endless dreary chain,
 To the cyclists as they ride
 How welcome is the rain.

Items.

Chandler writes:—"I wish to thank all members of the Club who have assisted me, either in an official capacity or otherwise, in connection with C.T.C. work for the current year. I am desirous of still further adding suitable appointments, especially in the case of repairers, and should feel much indebted to any members who let me know of any house or repairer they recommend for appointment."

Grandad gives an emphatic denial to the rumour that he is having fixed to the rear mudguard of his tandem a red triangle bearing the inscription "Two wheel brakes."

Newspaper headline. "Motorists mistaken for burglars." Jay-Bee asserts that some motorists bear a closer resemblance to another type of criminal.

The end of the world, announced (with a certain show of authority) for a recent Saturday, has been unavoidably postponed. Knipe's relief at this news is beyond description, and he is now redoubling his efforts to secure payment of all current subscriptions before the unique event in question occurs.

Meanwhile, Bob is considering what steps he will take with regard to obtaining a share of the 8,500 Roman coins which have recently been discovered during the excavation of the ruins of Richborough Castle, near Deal. In this matter he is acting in conjunction with F. H., the world-famous antiquarian, and also with "Swear-fairer," who admitted privately that he doesn't know the difference between a Roman wall and a Roman nose.

One of the road "experts," who recently classed cyclists as "slow" traffic, is to be invited to spend a few hours in Shropshire next Whit Monday. As Kettle says, "We'll larn him."

We have two invalids to report upon and we are glad to say both are on the high road to recovery. Dave Fell caught a severe chill internally and was confined to the house for nearly a fortnight, while Tommy Royden has had to undergo a severe operation and was three weeks in a nursing home. Won't they get a reception when they are fit enough to re-appear among us! Lord Strathallon is already planning to do more cycling and pay less attention to the stinkpot.

Another disclosure of unsuspected talent in the Club has been made by the announcement that E. M. Haslam delivered a lecture at Bolton on February 4th on "The Highways and Byeways of England from the Roman Invasion"; rather a tall order; but it suggests the idea that he might favour us with it at some Halewood fixture if he has the courage to face the possibility of devastating criticism by the Master who has made this subject peculiarly his own and would doubtless out-basil Barnum!

To all it may concern—please note that Charlie Boyes is on view nightly (Sundays barred) after 8 p.m. at the Plough Hotel, Old Colwyn, and as the house belongs to *our* company, the liquid nourishment is all that could be desired, and C.F.G.B. would certainly be pleased to be inspected and do the right thing. Hammer throwing is his (piano)forte.

“It has been decided to disband the Wayfarer Wheelers.”—*Cycling*, Feb. 13th. Alas and alack! we hope Robbie was suitably superannuated.

The latest stunt is to advocate “Green Roads for Motorists,” but, of course, there are plenty of them. R. Hippenley Cox has written a book on them, and we cyclists would not object if the genus Road Hog took to them and stayed there, leaving roads of all other colours to those who know how to use them properly.

Wayfarer's new lecture “The English Wonderland,” attracted crowded houses at both Liverpool and Manchester and proved most interesting. At Liverpool we noticed in the audience some of our members who have not been seen on bicycles for months, and we hoped the enthusiasm aroused in their souls would drag them out to Pulford next day, but such was not the case. The Dee valley was in flood, and the view from the top of Marford Hill was quite as fine as the entrancing pictures of the Mawddach Estuary they had so vociferously applauded the night before. The reality is always better than the counterfeit presentment, however fine the photograph may be, so why not try it? That is the aim and object of Robbie's lectures: to “go thou and do likewise.”

How does the Tyrant manage it? Desiring to ride to London for the R.R.A. meeting, he induced Everbright to come to Acton Bridge to pilot him, and Randall to go as far as Towcester. The triumvirate reached Newcastle-under-Lyme on the Saturday night in “not so very wet” weather. Sunday was a glorious day and the 90 miles to Towcester were a sheer joy. Monday morning saw a return to wintry conditions, but Randall would have the wind favourable for his long ride back to Chester, while the two old men plugged against the wind and sleet and got somewhat moist. The R.R.A. meeting was quite a happy affair. The motion to delete paced records was defeated, but in future ferries are barred on the End-to-End Record; the net result of which will probably be that very little will be added to Green's record for the new standard, and the other standards left alone, so that aspirants will find that the objection to the use of the ferries simply stiffens the proposition. Beardwood was, of course, at the meeting, looking very fit after his sea voyage to Algiers and Italy, while Harley looked in to have a chat with the O.G.

RUNS.

Halewood, February 7th.

This was a night of exceptional interest, for owing to the good offices of our Presider we had the extreme pleasure of a visit from Messrs. Bidlake, Hooydonk, Mott, and Owen, all of the North Road Club who had motored from South. There was a huge attendance all told of 67 members and friends, a goodly sprinkling of Manchester members being present. After a full discussion of the excellent

nourishment we have now become accustomed to at this house, the room was cleared, and re-arranged to admit of everybody enjoying the lantern show which Mr. Hooydonk had kindly provided. Mr. Hooydonk in a breezy little speech, warned us that he was a rotten photographer, and, if possible, a worse showman, but as he proceeded with the slides both these libellous assertions were found to have no foundation in fact. On the contrary, his running commentaries, racy anecdotes, and general knowledge proved most interesting, while the scenes shewn (of North Road men and places) came out very clearly on the screen. Unluckily, after about three-quarters of an hour the gas cylinder, which had been specially charged to last seven hours, gave out, and the show was brought to an abrupt end. This was the more unfortunate in that Mr. Hooydonk had left what he termed the "titbits" to the last, these comprising photographs taken at our own "100," etc., which would, of course, have greatly appealed to us. The lecturer calmly but with deep feeling cursed the poor pill founder who had thus let him down, and I tremble for that gentleman when they meet. However, it was a most enjoyable entertainment, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Hooydonk for it. Gilmour opened the musical proceedings with an item on the piano, and we had the rare pleasure of listening to Mr. Mentor Mott who sang a number of well chosen songs in a voice of exceptional sweetness and with finished artistry. Mr. Hooydonk, not content with the good work he had already done, also gave us several rousing chorus songs popular among the North Roaders, which he made go with a fine swing, and in retaliation Dave Fell (who is now word-perfect in this scene) gave us the immortal "Razors" which was lustily taken up by the congregation. The Presider also set Knipe at our visitors, with his "Wee Cotter Hoose"—a cruel return for all the kindness they had shewn us. In addition, we had Chandier and Powell in songs and a duet, Turnor in recitation, and last, but not least, CHEM, and when I say that Chem was right at the apex of his form and that he was an absolute revelation to some of our young members who had never heard him before, well, there is nothing further to be said. The Presider then in a happy little speech voiced the pleasure of all present in having our guests with us, and the Anfield chorus bawled out with great gusto left no room for doubt in their mind as to how welcome they were; we certainly hope they will favour us with another visit next season. Mr. Bidlake, on behalf of himself and friends, assured us that they had all enjoyed themselves immensely, and Mr. Hooydonk said that if we would have him he would only be too pleased to come again to repeat the dose. Needless to say, this proposition was accepted with acclamation. Thus ended a most delightful evening and we broke up after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Bollington, February 7th.

We regret no account of this run has yet reached us.—[Ed.]

Pulford, February 14th.

After a remarkable week of rain and floods, the Clerk of the Weather was very kind and for the above run treated us to a really springlike day.

The Church Bells rang out a merry peal as Cody and I arrived at the Grosvenor Arms.

Only the President and Hawkes had arrived before us and as the hands of the clock drew near the appointed hour it looked as though

the attendance was going to be rather lean; then came Johnny Band, Knipe and Lucas, the Captain and Hotine, also Chandler who had been spending the afternoon at Bwlehgwyn, Teddy Edwards, and all the regulars, Pugh and Walker representing the Salopian contingent and Dickman and Gregg on a tandem, the Wayfarer C.C.

When the meal was well advanced, a great shout arose. Had the Lord Mayor arrived? No, it is John Kinder and Mandall *and on bicycles too*.

We were sorry to hear of Tommy Royden's illness, but trust it will not be long before he is with us again.

The President introduced the proposed new route for the "100," and, judging by Secretary Austin's grave countenance as he endeavoured to trace it out on the map, it evidently gave him something to think about.

Cook, Cooper, and Randall were bound for Shawbury for the week-end. I understand they escorted Pugh and Walters as far as Wem.

Only a very few adjourned to the billiard room for the usual pow-wow, when we were treated to a delightful lecture by Chandler entitled "British Grand Opera."

And so home with a beautiful starlight night for the homeward ride

Mobberley, February 14th.

After some days of indifferent weather a change was welcome, and a beautiful afternoon with sunshine and dry roads saw me early awheel en route for Mobberley.

I joined a small party at Stretford, and from there the main road was taken, and the suburbs soon set behind.

Bucklow Hill was climbed in the approved fashion, and this gave us opportunity to admire the excellent view of distant snow-covered hills bathed in sunlight, standing out against a background of clear blue sky.

A deflation of no serious nature provided a further diversion, but as the air was chilly and there was no inducement to loiter, Knutsford was safely negotiated, and so to the "Roebuck" for refreshment.

Seventeen in all partook of a cold tea and afterwards gathered round the fire to pass the evening in song and jest, with Gilmour in charge of the orchestra.

With no candidates for Wigan, Wem or surrounding districts, at 9.0 all rose to go, some through Altrincham, leaving the rest, who later became somewhat scattered, to proceed via Wilmslow.

Acton Bridge, February 21st.

It was my original intention to go "round the earth" before tea, but a rather late start, due to a tyre which simply refused to hold air, forced me to seek a somewhat shorter route to the rendez.

vous. I decided to sample the lanes, which even at this time of the year are a delight to the eye and much to be preferred to a main road which has recently undergone some "improvements."

The 40-odd members present, including a dozen or more Mancunians, taxed the indoor seating accommodation to the full, but by spreading ourselves over the house, all were able to dine in comfort.

Not being in the first flight, or fight, I found myself unseated and a peep into another chamber revealed the Wayfarer C.C. in possession, but I was eventually installed among such good company as Mercer, Edwards, Lizzie Buck, Turnor, Davies, Taylor and others. Bright surprised us by attending the run—his second appearance this month—and I understand it was with difficulty that he dissuaded Cook, who insists that he is a fair weather cyclist only, from taking train to London, their ultimate destination for the Annual Meeting of the R.R.A.

Taylor announced his intention of going to church for the week end, at least it sounded like church, but he hardly looks that sort of fellow. Anyway, it must be a jolly attractive place, for he induced Cooper to join him, and they soon dashed off into the night.

Someone discovered that the rain had ceased, and with this as a signal for departure, the Manchester men moved off, piloted by Buckley and Mullah at a sober pace through the lanes.

I followed at a discreet distance behind Cranshaw (on tricycle), who, with characteristic generosity, was distributing mud to all and sundry, and after a call for refreshments, the journey was resumed. All, no doubt, reaching home without mishap.

Rufford, February 28th.

We are told that wisdom is justified of her children, and our persistence in scheduling fixtures north of Liverpool occasionally has at last been partially justified, for the crowd of 29 at the Fernor Arms included Jack Marchanton, as smiling witty and welcome as ever, our cricket experts Hubert and Skinner, "Widelegs," Rowatt and, of course, Horrocks, for whom this run is on the doorstep so to speak—but where were Jim Park, Poole and Kaye for instance? Then, too, there is another objective and that is to give our members an opportunity of week-ending in a comparatively unknown district—a desirable change from the plains of Cheshire and Shropshire and the Eternal Hills of Wales—and yet Kettle and Kook were the only ones to follow the road to Scotland and the road to York, making Clitheroe their sanctuary and exploring the Fells (not Dave and Tim) round Slaidburn and the outposts of the wonderful Trough of Bowland. Certainly after Koko's wonderful article in the *Daily News* about the glories of the Trough the O.G. fully expected several bites for piloting, but apparently journalistic hero worshippers draw no practical inspiration from what they read. February having more than lived up to its reputation as a dyke filler gave us a real good last day, and some good long rides up the Preston Road had been put in by Edwards, Cody and Chandler who was on his re-bushed three wheeler, now of an appropriate emerald green colour which greatly pleased the denizens of Scotland Road who accepted it as a delicate compliment. We thought that the Presider looked a bit tired, but this was explained by the fact that he had met Stevie near Rainford and no doubt suffered the consequences. Others to roll up were Egar, Turvey, Taylor, Cooper, Long, Telford, Selkirk, Austin, Mandall,

Kinder Brothers, Lucas, Knipe, Hotine, Powell, Ven, and last, but not least, Johnny Band, who is slowly recovering from his attack on Valergi. Tea was of the usual Fernor Arms super quality and abundance, and amid the babel of chatter we gathered that Hotine and Powell had been off all day and exploring Rivington Pike, while Turvey was going to Southport to give the ground hogs a treat. In the absence of Threlfall, Kettle collected the cigars and is now doing as well as can be expected—and in due course we broke up into our component parts and mizzled in the moonlight to our various destinations after as jolly a gathering as one could wish.

Allostock, Drovers Arms, February 28th.

There was certainly, on starting out, a milder feel about the atmosphere which, combined with the bright sunshine, and the drying roads, made one think of the better conditions which should shortly be here.

The shortest and direct route out was taken with the object of arriving at the "Drovers" before midday, and spending the afternoon by the side of Peover Brook in an endeavour to persuade one or two of its wary and obscure trout to come "out of the wet."

Shortly before five o'clock various members were observed passing over the bridge on their way up to the inn, so the tackle was soon unshipped and a move made to join them. Eighteen members and one candidate for membership sat down to a feed quite in keeping in its excellence with the tradition of the house. Charlie Randall was with us as he often is, and we were glad also to have the company of Geoff. Hawkes and Threlfall. It was a matter of extreme pleasure to welcome one of our oldest and dearest friends in a new character.

"Pritchard of Eccles" has been known and appreciated by many of our older members for over twenty years. Always a regular supporter and attender at our "Classic" events and always a willing checker and helper on Record attempts, he has invariably throughout a long period shown keen interest in the club and its doings. "Better late than never," and we are pleased and proud to feel that at last he is one of us, and hope that his attendance on Saturday at tea was only the first of many.

After tea a very jolly and lively evening was spent in the "tank" with the addition of a few locals and Mr. Rusden, the landlord's son-in-law. The latter's card tricks and conjuring were clever and mystifying, and Aldridge at the piano, both as an accompanist and a singer, had vocal assistance from Wilf and Bren Orrell, Albert Davies and one or two of the others. Bert Green took his departure early as did Jim Cranshaw and Hubert Buckley, and by doing so missed what proved to be quite a good evening.

The last to leave were the Siddington Hydro pair, Albert and Bren, along with the writer. The parting of the ways came at Chelford Corner, and from there the writer made his homeward journey sedately and soberly.

The rain had come again, despite the songs, but proving the watery nature of the morning sunshine. The roads were wet and sloppy once more, but what did it matter; it had been a good day, and a first-rate evening.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 230.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1925.

	Light up at
April 4. Delamere (Abbey Arms)	7-48 p.m.
.. 6. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool	
.. 10-13 Easter Tour—Ettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber).	8-3 p.m.
.. 18. Malpas (Red Lion)	8-16 p.m.
.. 25. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	9-20 p.m.
May 2. First 50 miles Handicap.	9-11 p.m.

Full moon 9th 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.

New Member.—Mr. H. L. Pritchard has been elected to Active Membership.

Easter Tour.—Day runs have been arranged as follows:—

Friday.—Llanfairtalhaiarn (Black Lion).

Saturday.—Tan-y-Bwlch (Oakeley Arms).

Sunday.—Llanfairfechan (Queen's).

Monday.—Denbigh (Bull).

Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed timekeeper for the Club Races during 1925.

Changes of Address.—F. Roskell, 25, Fernbank Road, Redland, Bristol; D. C. Rowatt, The Coppice, Abbey Road, Rhos-on-Sea, Colwyn Bay; T. V. Schofield, 33, Moorfield Road, Pendleton, Manchester; H. Pritchard, 9, Broad Lane, Bradmore, Wolverhampton.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Gen. Secretary.

Any members who would like to strike out a new line when at Bettws this Easter and explore on foot some of the country off the beaten track, including, if possible, an ascent of Carnedd Llewellyn, will be sure of company. It will be necessary for them to be equipped with suitable walking boots. Bicycles will be used as a means of transport only.

CHANDLER.

Racing Notes. 50 Miles Unpaced Handicap.

This, the opening event of our Racing Programme for 1925, will be run off on May 2nd. Entries, which must be in writing, must reach me by April 25th.

It has been suggested by some of the racing men that times might show an improvement if the Start and Finish were slightly altered. As an experiment, for this race the Committee have decided to move the Start to near the 7th M.S. and to move the Finish a corresponding distance nearer to Waverton.

Invitation 100 Miles Handicap, June 1st.

In the past it has been the custom to select certain clubs, who were invited to nominate a definite number of their members for this event, this number varying according to the standing, etc., of the various clubs.

Up to recently this arrangement has worked very well, but owing to the increase in the number of Road Racing clubs and in the popularity of the Sport, the talent is now more widely spread. Further, with the limitation of entries under the recommendations of the Road Racing Council, there is a growing feeling that Open Events should be restricted to the better class rider.

In view of these changed conditions, the Committee consider it is a favourable opportunity to make a change in the method of selection. This year clubs in general will be invited to submit the names of members desirous of competing. Selection will be based entirely upon merit and the Committee will select from all the names submitted 100 riders whom they consider will provide the most representative entry and to such will extend invitations to compete.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

N.R.R.A.

The Annual General Meeting of this Association, held on March 18th, was attended by 32 delegates and officials and about a dozen visitors, with the result that the room was packed to suffocation, and as some of the visitors, with a charming disregard for manners, occupied seats, a number of delegates had to stand. The remedy is either to delete part of Rule 10 which finished serving its purpose years ago or to make the visitors contribute towards the extra expense of a larger room; and as we again had an exhibition of a visitor unable to control himself and having to be reprimanded by the President, we think the former method would be wiser. We were represented by Edwards, Koenen, and Toft as Vice-Presidents; Buckley, Hon. Secretary; Cook and Poole, Timekeepers; Kettle, Horrocks, Rawlinson (J.E.), Gilmour and Threlfall, our own delegates; H. Green and L. Oppenheimer, delegates of private members, and among the private members and visitors were Hubert Buckley, A. N. Rawlinson, Schofield and J. D. Cranshaw, while representing

the Cheadle Hulme were Grimshaw and R. J. Austin. The meeting itself was quite satisfactory to us as the motion to delete Rule 20 was defeated and the speech of its proposer was afterwards described as "bolshhevik" by members of the clubs who race on a Sunday but don't agree with an association officially recognising that day for record attempts. The new rule permitting the use of motor vehicles in charge of approved observers for following purposes was passed and all the old officials re-elected. It was when the private members and visitors departed and the meeting resolved itself into a committee that the real business was done, in more senses than one; and it would appear that men who are doing their best to wreck their own club are ignorantly trying to do the same with the N.R.R.A. by placing it in a ludicrous position. After five new clubs had been affiliated we came to the election of 8 private members, and the ballot disclosed the fact that only the three members of this club had been elected. Those blackballed were Grimshaw, R. J. Austin, Cranshaw, Horrocks, and Prescott of the Liverpool Century! thus reducing matters to a farce; for even supposing a policy of "no more Anfield private members" what on earth had Prescott done to deserve the honour of blackballing at such hands? We left the meeting breaking up in confusion, and how the matter will end we neither know nor care, all we need record is that Prescott regards his blackballing as a huge joke and that the Walton C. and A. C. and Liverpool Century have had their eyes opened with amazement at the behaviour of certain folk.

The Absent Councillor.

Oh! Listen to the Wise Man! He's a Prize Man! sang W. S. Gilbert, and for as long as we've known him this has always seemed a befitting description for Louis Oppenheimer. Much of his best work as a Sage Councillor he has given to the N.R.R.A., and when last week he just popped in to apologise for his absence from the Conclave we would have held him back had we known all that the Wild and Woolly West had in store for us. We let escape the one man who might have solved the knotty and nowty problems that our Cheshire Bolshies sprang on us.

Louis, on the other hand, went to the Unnamed Society for their dress rehearsal of the play that has since opened the eyes of Manchester to the truth about the real Solomon and all his works (matrimonial and otherwise) including his "daily morning wise" entitled Solomon and Sheba, in which our member plays with rare excellence the character of the Dour Zabud, the Privy Councillor and Font of Wisdom of the King, from whom Solly, as his wives call him, draws all his inspiration. The author, of course, created this part for Oppie, but it would be more correct to say that nature long ago created Oppie for this part.

It must have been this Wise Man who inspired the Great Hebrew with all those wonderful decrees by which we lesser mortals know him to this day. It would be he, who specialised in cleaving babes in twain, and his interpreter, who looked as if he could do so without turning a hair, would to-day be the man to solve the Sabbatarian Racing Problems, if by no other or simpler plan than by extracting the venom from the split tongues of the Serpents that have slipped into the peaceful Garden of Eden that once constituted the Plaisance of the N.R.R.A.

Councillors Present.

Another Poet: the poet Lucio, sang a different tune:
 Greeks, Romans, Countrymen and ALL
 They exercised at Ball

and at the N.R.R.A. Meeting the theme was varied into:

The Cheshire Men—since the Fall—Now exercise at Ball.

The Annual General Meeting had gone off amicably, the hardened controversialists appeared accommodating, and all went merry as a marriage Belle, notwithstanding the physical discomforts suffered, as some fifty people odd, some odder than others, were crammed into a room built to breathe twelve and seat twenty at most. The doors had been thrown open early to let in those who had queued up since dawn, and these lucky ones, saddlesore yet satisfied, bore their pain with a mien of triumph. Horrocks, of Anfield, with remarkable gallantry handed or shifted his dearly won plank-seat to an old and rather decrepit member of a bygone period (Noblesse Oblige). Cook's attitude hung in the balance on the edge of a rickety table while Toft sat on a typewriter (of neutral sex). It was only after the Annual General Meeting had re-formed itself into Committee by the Exodus of the Cycling Public at large that we all got seating though not breathing room. The first and only sensible thing this Committee did was to decide on having a larger and better ventilated room for future occasions, for preference a Boardroom at the Y.M.C.A., where a spirit is said to prevail exuding peace and goodwill such as will blend and harmonise with the guiding principles of Sunday Riders, Sabbath Racers and Church Time Recorders.

And so we sat jaw by jaw smoking the pipe of peace and polluting the atmosphere and were just about to elect by acclamation a few harmless enthusiasts excessively eager to disburse half crowns into Mr. Bikle's lap when a bombshell fell scattering the smoke amidst cries of Ballot i.e., the Lot or Hazard of Election by the Exercise of Ball. Before we knew what was happening there was a broadcasting of Black Balls followed by a confused Babel of discussion as to the Merits and Demerits of Black and White Balls.

Do two Black Balls make a White? was one stunner. How many White Balls go to make a Black? was another. That we had a surfeit of Balls proved an incontrovertible statement. Lastly, we were told that these were not ordinary dirty Black Balls, but Ebony Balls full of sound Principle. This was the last word. It broke the Camel's back. Beware, I say, of Ballotteers with dark Principles.

Free-Lances on Wheels have long since come to distrust Cycling politicians oozing with principle, other than that of universal good cheer in Tank or Tonneau, on Tandem Rear or Dicky seat.

Items.

We understand Austin has ordered some R.R.A. Handbooks which he will, in due course, have on sale. The number of shields as a permanent trophy to pass to the new holder when a record is broken is now 17, the latest to be given being one for London to Liverpool tricycle most generously donated by J. D. Siddeley and which will be held by us for Baron Fulton. We hope the newer R.R.A. Clubs will rise to the occasion and find the remaining nine

shields required, for when the Liverpool to Edinburgh tricycle record is thus marked it ought to serve to attract an Anheider to get busy after it. The present record of 15.33.0 is quite easy meat, and it would also carry with it a frilled button and the special prize in lieu of the usual gold medal.

The new method of running the invitation 100 has met with universal approval, it being generally recognised that it is no longer wise to distribute invitation by clubs, but that merit must be the deciding factor in such a classic event, as the only way to avoid dud entries which have been too prevalent in recent years to the exclusion of better men.

Heartly congratulations are tendered to the North Warwickshire Bicycle Club on securing J. D. Siddeley as their new president-elect. They have added "and Automobile" to their title, but they are none the less a cycling club, and it is as a cyclist at heart that J.D. assumes the presidency.

The daily rides arranged for Easter are full of scope for the off the beaten track folk. Llanfairtalhaiarn can be worked in with Rhaidr Fawr, Liansannan, Gwytherin, or the maze of roads round Gofar; while Llanfairfechan is ideal for the Bwlch-y-Ddeufaen, and we hear Horrocks has something special on tap, which only he knows anything about, for the Tan-y-Bwlch trip—while Chandler has some walking stunts that call for nailed boots; so there will be plenty of variety.

Have you carefully studied "Perfect Pedalling and how to attain it," by Widelegs? Personally we prefer to slop along and get there rather than acquire Perfect Pedalling and turn back whacked to the Wideoh!

A discussion in *Cycling* on the question of "collecting club subscriptions" has not so far yielded any practical suggestion that will help Bob Knipe or the Committee. Notwithstanding several official letters written by Anstin on behalf of the Committee after Knipe had exhausted his resources, we still have seven members who have not yet paid their subs. for last year. This is, of course, all wrong and a sad reflection on those concerned, but who can tell us the real remedy?

The latest issue of the *B. R. News* contains a very burlesque character sketch of P.C.B. under the caption "Wot 'im." The alleged history of the Arch Owl from his birth in Bootle, ambition to become a tripe dresser and training for the church until he was disinherited on taking to cycle racing, and went south to become in turn undertaker's mute, broker's man and cat burglar's meatman and finally reached "the exalted position of treasurer to a famous club, entrusted with vast sums of money and therefore a man of considerable private means" is all very clever; while the picture of P.C.B. is a splendid caricature.

Of course, you all know Knipe's friend, Mr. King, who has twice entertained us at Halewood with his hymn books and almost paralysed us with the energy of his "conducting;" but can you imagine Mr. King in a serious vein? On March 25th, at the third annual Musical Festival of the Liverpool Association of Schoolmasters in

St. George's Hall, Mr. King conducted a choir of 600 boys with the City Organist accompanying, and this is what the musical critic of the *Liverpool Echo* says: "A long programme was carried through under the able conductorship of Mr. W. King. If he has not yet the technique of a Wood or a Weingartner, he has a nice sense of choral effect and is to be congratulated upon the beautiful singing he produced." The italics are ours, but it confirms our Halewood experience and we wonder how the audience kept straight faces—especially Knipe and Lucas, who were doubtless inwardly convulsed!

We regret to say that Toft is seriously ill and will be away from us for some little time. It was only by an effort that he attended the A.G.M. of the N.R.R.A. at Manchester, and he was almost immediately afterwards forced to take to his bed. We all sincerely hope he will have a speedy recovery.

The Baron has been enjoying a no doubt well-earned holiday at Asheville, N.C., and a copy of the *Asheville Citizen* just to hand contains a splendid photograph of the Baronial one in a characteristic attitude, complete with horn-rimmed spectacles and pipe! The photograph is headed "Joins the Hole-in-one Club at the County Club," and the letterpress underneath says "R. Arthur Fulton, of New York City, who sunk his drive for an eagle one on the 13th hole at Asheville County Club. This is Mr. Fulton's first hole in one and he beamed expansively when asked for his impressions of Asheville Spring Days shortly after the occurrence." The Baron as a golfer must be great and we all know that expansive smile of his. It will be noticed that it was at the Anfield lucky number of 13 that R.A.F. appropriately enough broke his record—another 13—13 Liverpool to London.

We are sorry to say that George Lake is not too well again and has been at Bettws. for some time for rest and change. Harry Buck is also there keeping him company. We sincerely hope George will quickly pull round and regain his normal health.

Just on going to press we hear that Johnnie Band has had the misfortune to fall downstairs, and has damaged his leg severely. He is progressing as well as can be expected, and still hopes to be with us at Bettws, although it is improbable he will be able to ride a bicycle.

The Annual Banquet of the Owls under the distinguished presidency of Arch Owl Percy Beardwood was, we understand, a huge success. The following is the unique menu composed by one of the Lesser Owls:—

CCCII.

Last Autumn did our Leader, at this board,
With blasphemy, at goslings tough and veiny hack
"My God!" he muttered, and, again, "My God!"
Distressed was each assembled dipsomaniac.

And so the current menu, 'twas resolved,
By this august and worthy Northern burgher's son,
Should hold no fowl. We start with soup, evolved
From fresh tomatoes by our old friend Ferguson.

A steak and kidney pudding is the dish,
 The soup consumed, to which, with due expedience,
 We turn. Like Caesar's wife, above suspish.
 Is every factor of its chaste ingredience.

Those who possess a sweet or cheesy tooth
 Are also catered for, so do not curse if I
 Omit these final details, which, in sooth,
 I've neither time nor space nor wit to versify.

The Last of the Season, or As Ella MIGHT have extolled it.

An Anfielder out all day in the rain
 What folly! there's many would simply exclaim
 But the thought in HIS mind is pleasantly big—
 To-night we dine on Roast Pig!
 Were it blowing a gale with showers of sleet
 'Twere nought to this fiend on cycle so fleet
 Right merrily down on his pedals he'd dig—
 To-night we dine on Roast Pig!
 E'en the petro platoon of the Anfielders Club
 Brave all in the prospect of jolly good grub
 For distance and effort they care not a fig—
 To-night we dine on Roast Pig.
 Why, Halewood's the scene of the evening meal
 And Arthur presides a-carving with zeal
 And says in his way solemn judgeline sans wig
 Are there ANY MORE for Roast Pig?

RUNS.

Halewood, March 7th.

The popularity of this run was clearly demonstrated by the crowd of 37 that gathered within the portals of the Derby Arms, but the question arises as to whether mere numbers are everything. The discovery of Halewood to replace Hunt's Cross and Cronton was notable in the annals of the Club and although the amenities of the Derby Arms did not permit of our gathering in one room for the sumptuous repast, this was no detriment as long as the custom prevailed of clearing away the tables in the lower room and all uniting in real clubable fashion. Apparently the use of the tin chapel for the musical evenings has led to the sociability of the ordinary Halewood runs suffering intensely. Like all changes it has come about insidiously, but the climax seems to have been reached on this occasion when to all intents and purposes there were two absolutely separate gatherings and most of those in the upper room never even saw those in the lower room and *vice versa*, there having been a general exodus by the rattler party for the 7-35 train! Of course there were the usual strenuous ones who had been round by Gallilee and the Red Sea, while others had cycled more or less direct, but the rattler party was fairly large for so fine a day. We were all pleased to see Dave Fell out again looking as fit as ever, but Tommy Royden evidently thought it wiser to postpone his return to club life for a while. The tea was excellent and in the absence of several notorious trenchermen (see visitors' book at Llandegla—Ed.) there was a surfeit of good things, and then the skedadle for the 7-35 set

in. Some of those left in the upper chamber stayed there to discuss racing problems, while the others descended only to find a very small rearguard party holding the fort, so that although there were several "jolly good fellows," it must be confessed that it was a quiet evening, and soon after 9 o'clock the dugout was evacuated. Who was there and who fled? We know not, as we only saw half the crowd and refuse to pay attention to Dame Rumour—but it did not seem a bit like a good o'd-fashioned Hialewood run.

[Alas and alack, and woe is us, inasmuch as we, our wretched self, were of the delinquents pilloried in the above impassioned outburst, and our joy in life for the nonce is no more—or less. We can only pray that it will be a lesson to us!—Ed.]

Alderley, March 7th.

A party of about thirty, including several friends, sat down to hot-pot in good time. The tables were decorated with dessert spoons and forks, but although we waited very patiently no sweet appeared.

Tea over, we wended our way to the upper chamber, curiously like a chapel in appearance. The party seemed a long time assembling and investigation showed this to be due to the claims of Balthus and Bacchus. Four members spent one hour playing ol points up; I understand four disciples of Bacchus offered to put ol p(oint)s down in less time than that.

However, in due course the concert began, the sub-captain opening the proceedings by making a collection, which was used to ensure a supply of lemonade. My played a pianoforte solo, following which a clerical gentleman (J. E. Austin) told us of his delightful parish. Aldridge then gave us a song, and Mr. Foy, a visitor, sang an Irish ditty. Russ now sent the company into transports of merriment with a dialect recital of which I did not understand a single word. W. Orrell and F. Jones gave songs, the company joining in the choruses, and Grimmy, who we were all glad to see out again after another attack of bronchial trouble, obliged with "When You Come Home."

The Mullah now delivered some extremely sage remarks upon a subject on which most of us would not have expected him to be expert. This was "Babies." Should there be any young fathers in the club I can confidently recommend the Mullah as a consulting expert. Mr. Foy gave "Nirvana," and then Tomlin, who seemed to have aged considerably since I last saw him, told us of his troubles, in song, with trumpet obligato by an unknown performer. On the wig being removed, however, I saw, much to my relief that old age was not creeping on. Aldridge sang two further songs, including the evergreen "Lend Me Your Aid," and J. E. Austin followed. He most inconsistently exhorted his hearers to "Eat More Fruit," and then proceeded to extol the virtues of "Tripe."

W. Orrell and Mr. Foy gave further items; the Master told us of the plight of a friend of his with but one hair, F. Jones discoursed on drink, and Tomlin gave us some tips on holding hands. Morton informed us that it was never going to rain again, and the Vice-President for the first time in living memory, sang a song, "John Peel," and sang it very well. Grimmy rendered "A Perfect Day," and the evening closed with a hearty vote of censure on the train party. It was a most successful and enjoyable evening.

Pulford, March 14th.

The general practice in regard to the accounts of club runs is to veil the author behind an impenetrable shroud of anonymity (and perhaps sometimes it is just as well); but let it be recorded on this occasion, in order that the exception may prove the rule, that this chronicle is produced by a member of the Wayfarer C.C., that terrible trio of journalistic hero-worshippers who have been known to prefer beautiful scenery to a good feed, and have actually missed Club runs to meet their President when he has sought "sanctuary" at the journey's end. A few remarks about the new tandem may not be out of place. Dickman likes to be on the machine as it belongs to him, and the back seat during the last few Saturdays has been filled by the speedy member and the intellectual member (unpaid) alternately. Tell it not in Gath! the two speedy members were ambling along the top road t'other afternoon and, without trying, did a mile in 3 minutes, so they decided to see what they could do when trying. They selected a fast mile and went all out, and did the mile in 3.10. (They've given up trying now, and are pursuing a policy of drift.) Then on another afternoon when the speedy pair were again in possession, they ran through a shower (the moist stair rod sort) and Diapason having donned his cape, his partner in the rear discovered the said cape was repaired with *newsprint*. There, on the broad black expanse, advertisements for "Germoline" and recommendations of "California Syrup of Figs" jostled one another, while "Venn's Undies" and "Higson's Ales" fought for pride of place. To carry the thing to its logical conclusion, why not have cross-word puzzles on the back, and thus the front man when at his last gasp going up Kelsall Hill can lean forward and whisper "What's a word of four letters meaning 'an alleged food'?" (What's that, Arthur? You want to know when I'm going to start writing up the run? All right, I'll do it now. *Allegro*. *Prestissimo*. *Con fuoco*. *S'il vous plait*.) This is an account of the Pulford run. It was the new tandem once again. We decided we should make better progress by coupling swell to great, and both to pedals. (I don't like calling myself Great, but there's no doubt Dickman was a swell, a heavy swell.) There were 28 members for the usual excellent tea, and of these 3 deserve special mention, i.e., Bert Green, S. Bailey, and T. Royden. Bert Green evidently considers "new brooms sweep clean," and being desirous of week-ending at Llanarmon and crossing the Berwyns on Sunday, he "dropped the Pilot" in the person of W.P.C. and adopted W. E. Taylor (also known to the police as De Wet). Youth will be served, of course, but we hope "Taylor's Talking Tours" will not entirely replace "Cook's Conducted Caravans, Ltd." S. Bailey was a welcome return to the fold, and it is no use his pleading that the destinations are too far (as I do) for I remember the time when he did a 200 miles jaunt in the day just for a ride. Then, of course, there was T. Royden who has been suffering, like one of the characters in J. J. Bell's stories, from "interior organs of inferior quality." Tommy received a great welcome, and we hope he is going to take his doctor's advice and continue cycling rather than burn petrol. Threlfall collected my 2/8 like a flash of lightning, which proves the truth of the proverb "The quickness of the hand deceives the optic." The usual adjournment to the billiard room followed, and Chandler continued his monthly lectures on "Grand Opera" (see March circular). I was very glad, for though it was too highbrow for me to understand, I learnt the correct pronunciation of various titles that had puzzled me. The

"Mastersingers" became Moister Singers, and as for "Aida": well, you take a deep breath, put your tongue in your hollow tooth, and get it out sideways thus:—leedah. In conclusion, may I express a mild surprise that hardly any Anfielders seem to be able to start a gas lamp properly? The imposing array of black and silver lamps at Pulford nearly all behaved like "Brook's Benefits," and their owners did not seem to trouble much. Of course, it did not really matter, for the crowd of locals who invaded the billiard room as we left would get the full benefit of the carbide!

Bollington, March 14th.

I like the old inn with its pleasant situation, its air of comfort and hospitality, and its excellent catering. Within convenient reach by bus, rail, tram and even water, it provides unrivalled facility for all to attend, but where were the Reades and the Smiths—such stalwarts of old? Nay, even the figureheads were absent. Bert Green had deserted us for Pulford and the hills of Wales—a foul day for such a feat. Cranshaw senior was detained at some local function, and Moorby and Sheppard were also missing. Nevertheless the total muster reached 16 and with Grimshaw and Buckley as men of capacity the balance was partly restored and an air of respectability added by the appearance of Austin and Cranshaw completely disguised, and conveyed by omnibus.

Pritchard was again with us, but was unfortunately forced to make an early departure as also were Gilman and Deacon.

At 5-30 prompt, a rush was made upstairs for seats at the banquet, and those who used their heads captured places near Buckley, who undertook the thankless task of carving for the ravenous horde, but by the exercise of a little patience all were eventually served.

The subsequent proceedings rather lacked interest, and the gentlemen hurried off for the bus, leaving the few remaining cyclists to make the homeward trek in doubtful weather conditions.

Acton Bridge, March 21st.

Rather contrary to expectation, the afternoon was fine with little wind, and the present scribe hied him joyfully to his steed with the intention of doing a good long ride. But alas! the sight of a portion of inner tube coyly peeping through the cover, the result of a cut from the broken bottles the proletariat when out on pleasure bent scatter on the roads, made a visit to the tyre dealer necessary with the consequent delay. However, a little speeding up soon compensated for that and Northwich was passed in good time. Here another member was sighted, looking out for friends who came not, so we two pressed on towards Cuddington, teeing on the way. The Leigh Arms was reached in good time. A large party had assembled, making it necessary to serve the meal in a number of rooms, so that, although I heard of many friends being there I saw few. Bob Knipe endeavoured to describe his way to Bolton, which seemed somewhat complicated, but as it had only some 10 miles of setts and trauelines he thought it wasn't half bad. The meal seemed even more ample than usual—was it coals of fire for the unfortunate occurrence at our

last call? During tea, there was a slight fall of snow—not sufficient to affect the roads, but enough to make the hedgerows and fields look picturesque. I left early with a very fierce old gentleman who insisted on riding as though the dignitary whom Barham calls delicately “a certain old gentleman” was after him, and I count it unto myself for some evidence of fitness that when I parted from my old gentleman I had sufficient energy and wind left to reach home safely.

Chester, March 28th.

“Spring has come” as the poets sing, and this was a typical spring day in many respects. Undoubtedly the sap is rising for we had some resurrections in the persons of Jack Seed, George Newall, Mandall and the Kinders getting themselves fit for Easter and we even saw Mercer and Rowatt being paced by a motor hearse on the Whitechurch road. But where were Band and Horrocks? Band, we fear, is paying up for riding too hard recently and Horrocks was last seen departing from the Grand National with the last word in cameras (is the wireless being put in the museum?—Ed.) to photograph the start and finish, and may have been trampled to death or won too much money to bother with a push bike! Gregg and Welfare were seen out training but apparently could not find the B. & S! The outstanding feature of this run was the dramatic arrival of Swearfaier with his blushing honours thick upon him and fresh from his triumph in the Metropolis! Rumours had drifted in to us that Diapason and Robbie had been seen in Eaton Park on a tandem, but although we fervently sang the Doxology we were unbelievers until they actually arrived. It certainly was a “suspicious” occasion and we were all delighted to see W.M.R. looking so fit and well. We don’t blame Parry for *walking* all the way from New Ferry after reading the current issue of *Cycling* with its reference to “the end of the tether” and the confession that Robbie and he had been “unable to blend two styles of riding.” The usual gang of regulars who need not be mentioned were out and we sat down 29 to one of the best teas we have ever had at the B. & S. during which Easter and racing courses were fruitful of inexhaustible conversation, and we gathered that last Sunday Bob Knipe infringed Prize Rule 10 by breaking the Bolton to Morecambe and back record. After tea De Wet departed for Llanarmon O.L. while Kook and Kettle accompanied Pugh to the Rock Cutting on their way to Shawbury and the rest made their way homewards in little batches, Chandler and Austin being energetic enough to take in West Kirby en route.

Allstock, March 28th.

Allstock is the most distant of our alternative fixtures, and those so inclined are thus enabled to make a thrust further afield than usual before the meal. From what I gathered, nobody seemed to have come direct, all preferring to make the most of the really spring-like conditions. Bert Green & Son, on tandem, had taken Sandbach in their stride; the general had almost reached Delamere before discovering that he was a week in advance and Randall, scorning a run on his doorstep, had dashed out to join us.

The stream of cars on the main road, with the inevitable clouds of dust, made riding extremely unpleasant, and after a few miles I decided to resort to the comparative peace and seclusion of the lanes for the remainder of the journey.

On arrival I find several others are before me, and I stable my machine and join them inside the house where we await the signal to replenish the inner man. By ones and twos the members drop in, the Cranshaws, Wilf, Morton, Edwards, Mullah, Deacon and Grimmy, the latter boasting of a voracious appetite, so that our smiles are turned into looks of alarm. The commissariat department stands the strain, however, and as I devour my portion, scraps of conversation reach me across the table—talk of Bettws, training, and prospects for the coming season. Departures begin early, Randall heading the exodus. A party of racing men, with an eye on the remaining daylight, hurry off home to—er, listen in, and the faithful few alone remain to wend their homeward ways by the light of the moon and stars.

A. T. STIMPSON,

Editor.



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 231.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1925.

	Light up at
May 2. First 50 Miles Handicap	9-41 p.m.
„ 9. Tattenhall (Bear)	9-55 p.m.
„ 11. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., Wellington Building, The Strand, Liverpool.	
„ 16. Second 50 Miles Handicap	10-8 p.m.
„ 23. Delamere (Abbey Arms).....	10-19 p.m.
„ 30-June 1. Whitsuntide-Invitation "100".....	10-28 p.m.
Saturday. Whitchurch (Anchor).	
Week-end. Shrewsbury (Lion).	
June 6. Tarpорley (Swan)	10-36 p.m.
Full moon 8th 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.

Whitsuntide.—Will those members who wish to be accommodated at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, over Whit week-end kindly let me have their names not later than Saturday, May 23rd.

Efforts are being made to have the result of the "100" broadcast from London (2LO) on the evening of June 1st.

It has been definitely decided to have the All Night Ride into Derbyshire, following a club-run to Knutsford on Saturday, June 13th. Details of the route, etc., will appear in the next CIRCULAR.

Will members of the Committee please note that meetings will in future be held in Mr. McCann's office, Wellington Building (3rd floor), The Strand, Liverpool.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Ernest Green, Fern Lea, Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by H. Green (Junior Active); Mr. Arthur F. Money, Faulo, Prees, Salop, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by H. Austin; Mr. Thomas Webster, 65, The Albany, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, proposed by H. Roskell, seconded by W. P. Cook.

Changes of Address.—L. G. Fletcher, 41, Swinderby Road, Wembley, London; T. Hilton-Hesketh, "Reydon Hall," George Lane, Waustead, London, E.11.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

SECOND "50," 16th May.—This event will be run over a Mid-Cheshire course similar to the first "50." Entries, in writing, must reach me not later than Saturday, 9th May.

INVITATION "100," 1st June.—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. The first volunteers get the easiest jobs. Owing to the alteration in the course, it will be necessary to run three feeding stations, namely, The Raven, Chetwynd, and Ercall. At Chetwynd there will be drinks the first time (28½ miles), food and drink the second time (82½ miles); at Ercall Corner food and drinks (43 miles), and at The Raven drinks at 66 miles. Members are requested to let me know as early as possible at which of these feeding stations they are prepared to assist.

In view of the new method of selecting competitors adopted this year, the entries allotted to "Ours" are strictly limited and will be selected on merit. Members desirous of competing are requested to let me have their entries not later than Saturday, 23rd May.

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

Items.

Owing to a printer's error, the name of Norman Higham was omitted from the account of the N.R.R.A. meeting. Norman was very much present and ably represented us by his well-known ability to express himself clearly and soundly.

We regret to have to announce the sad death of Arthur Peers, after a long illness, in his 47th year. A member of the Club since 1901, in the early days he was an inveterate week-ender, and in 1902 won a bronze with 3.3.55 in a 50 on the old Warrington course, which was then very rough. In later years golf claimed him until his health entirely broke down and his passing must have been a happy release from years of a living death; but during all this prolonged period he never lost interest in the Club, and we have every reason to know that he read the Circular most religiously. To his father and brother (who was also a member at one time) our deepest sympathy is extended and has been suitably expressed by the President.

Beware of "My Private Secretary (Unpaid)" when next you encounter him: his blue nosed Victor has been re-fitted with new pedals and speed tyres!

The Baronial one is so delighted over the record shield that he is anxious to have a replica made for his own keeping, and permission from the R.R.A. is being sought.

Years ago Ellis Dawson of the North Road was temporarily exiled here in Liverpool and became an honorary member of the Cheshire B.B.'s. Finding himself in these parts on April 22nd, he desired to attend at Saughall Massie, and with more pluck than discretion, engaged to push the O.G. round Wirral to the destination. There was a large attendance to welcome him, and he expressed his delight with everything.

Dave Fell has now taken to Golf and is just emerging from mug's alley; but we are asked to deny the rumour that he has to employ a cash register to keep the score. He "plays for pleasure" and what is the good of going round in 70 when you can multiply your pleasure by taking umpteen hundred?

RUNS.

Del. mere, April 4th.

Omnes: What's the matter? The Circular is very late this month.

Arthur: Well, you know that fellow Bot?

Omnes: Do you mean the chap that writes us funny letters every December and expects us to reply to them by return?

Arthur: Yes. I booked him to write up this run feeling sure he could manage it with three weeks to do it in, but I think he must have died on his allotment as I have not received any "copy" nor any replies to my S.O.S. postcards and I don't know what the devil to do.

Overhearing this heartrending conversation and desirous that the Circular should be published before Xmas we decided to help Arthur out of his predicament by recording the following brief facts. It was a glorious day to celebrate our return to the Abbey Arms and a crowd of about 40 enjoyed an excellent tea—at least Cook and Bickley so assured the new landlady who was most anxious to please and was making her first attempt to cope with our peculiarities, although we understand others found things to criticise unfavourably such as the drying up of the tea pot before all had obtained their full ration of the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. But allowances must be made when a quarter of our muster were distinctly late in putting in an appearance; and it says a good deal for the service that *all* had finished troughing by 6.45 including those who had not materialised until 6.20. At this late date we cannot recall who comprised the run outside the usual died hards, but we remember that Wright of the C.T.C. came to show his son the A.B.C. and that Money, a "prospective" from Prees, was on view; while we had a sort of idea we saw a vision of Diapason entering the room with a plate of "doings" he had commandeered on its way from the kitchen—nothing like a practical demonstration of the fact that God helps those who help themselves. Of course, the converse was largely about

the forthcoming Eastertide and the making of arrangements for Bettws and the Etna 50. The week-end party went to Wem accompanied by our Salopian contingent and the rest of us departed in groups to all points of the compass, feeling that it was good to be alive and a cyclist on such a day.

Easter Tour, April 9th/13th.

Good Friday, April 10th. Llanfairtalhaiarn.

The day dawned gloriously fine, despite the dismal weather forecasts, and certainly augured well for a real good holiday. The idea of having a luncheon place within comfortable riding distance of Liverpool met with good response, for Hinde, Long, Egar, Turvey and H. Austin cycled from Birkenhead. W. Orrell came through from the Abbey Arms, Delamere, where he had spent the previous night, and Charlie Conway and Simpson (per car) arrived when lunch was well under way. There were, in addition, the usual motoring party and a fair sprinkling of cyclists, 19 altogether, who sat down to a good meal, provided by the people of the "Black Lion," Llanfairtalhaiarn. Thereafter the majority sought devious and easy ways back to Bettws, but the more strenuously inclined took the hilly lane route to Gwytherin, that prettily situated village on the Denbighshire moors. Here we had afternoon tea, and a walk around the fine old churchyard, where Horrocks with camera, complete with tripod, took photographs. Then some more walking up hill and down, and we arrived at the "Glan Aber" nicely in time for dinner, to find our numbers considerably augmented. There were Kettle, H. R. Band, Buckleys, Cranshaws, Crowcroft, Beckitt, H. Green, Mandall and H. Kinder (who had ridden down on a tandem and found themselves not quite so fit as they thought they were), Mercer, G. Newall, Rothwell, Royden and our good friend Mr. Walter Simpson, quite 40 for dinner, followed by a jolly evening in the chapel, which gave a fine send-off to the tour.

Easter Saturday, April 11th.

On the Easter Monday morning, we had very reluctantly to start homewards, especially so as we knew several favoured ones were staying on at Bettws. Among these was A.T.S., and as we sought our bicycles in the outer precincts, there he was. Had he come to commiserate? Nay, not so. He had come for "copy." Straightaway the fiat went forth. "You Friday, you Saturday, you Sunday, and let's have something good." Unfortunately we were the "You Saturday;" and it happens that we are unexpectedly called upon to supply "copy" for a day that just transpired to be one upon which not only did we "take no thought for the morrow," but none either for the next moment, and forgot all incidents but the immediate enjoyment. What a wonderful day! If the start called forth that exclamation mere words would fail later, for, as we journeyed on past the Swallow Falls, and on towards old Siabod, with his humpbacked form bathed in sunlight, the sky, blue and serene, flecked here and there with small, fleecy, white clouds, and a gentle breeze blowing down the pass, the scene formed but a prelude to the magnificent vista that opened out when once Capel Curig was passed. The view on that glorious morning was one not easily forgotten. One's gaze took in the placid reflections of Lake Mymbyr, and the eye travelling along the water, looked up from reflections to the real, Siabod, once again. His might reflected in

the lake, but too massive for so small a mirror the reflection unfinished at the water's edge left the eye to travel along the undulating road, where in the near distance stood out the massive peaks of Snowdonia. As if belonging to some higher order than their surrounding neighbours, they are crowned in white. Clear cut against a sky of wondrous blue, the majesty of their snow-capped peaks stirs the imagination; and we, lost for words, can only murmur, "wonderful!"

But to return to our mittens. On the way up the pass we picked up another member of the cycling fraternity, who, being known, decided to "tuck in" behind Knipe and Cook, and hold converse. We learnt later at Beddgelert that the conversation was somewhat scant after Pen-y-gwryd, his breath being taken away at the speed at which the exponents of the "fixed" and the "free" took the descent. My word! it was warm, so warm, that when P.C.B., Buckley and party arrived at Beddgelert, they had discarded waistcoats and collars, and their cycles would probably have been further adorned with clothing, had it not been for the proprieties. On to Pont Aberglaslyn and a stay to admire this delightful spot once again. Leisurely we proceeded to Penthlynddendraeth and from there on to lunch at the Oakley Arms.

What happened at the lunch we confess we were too busy with the comestibles to notice, except that everyone seemed very happy and very hungry, but getting up from the table we found the steps of the hotel thronged with the club *en masse*, all meekly submitting to the camera fiends. First Cook must have a go, after having a passing car over his toes, or nearly so, then Horrocks, very particular as to focus arrangements, and then Johnny Band. Was there anyone else? We forget. The spot was so delightful and the day so sunny, that with that "after lunch feeling" we cared for nought but to bask in the warmth and forget everything except the pleasure of it all. However, some more energetic individual saw to it that we moved off once more, and our party augmented by Orrell, went on to Tan-y-grisiau, toiled up from Blaenau—phew the heat—thinking that a bicycle was all right except when being taken for a walk, but blest it once more as we whirled down in the self-made breeze to Dolwyddelan, where we had promised to wait for Rothwell. It seems he had broken the peak casting of his saddle before starting, and had borrowed another. He was very reticent when anyone wanted to know where he got the LADY'S saddle from. Anyway, whatever he thought of the owner, he didn't think much of the saddle, and left after lunch to see what the emporiums of Festiniog could do for him. He did get summat tha' knows. The thirsty party regaled themselves with tea while waiting, keeping the good lady at the castle busy brewing several pots, one of a special strength for a gentleman from London, but P.C.B. voted it just about 30 n.p. so far as tea goes. Completing the run down the more gentle slope of the Lledr Valley in very leisurely fashion, we arrived again at Bettws, prepared to do full justice to the evening repast, to enjoy the "service in the chapel," take our ease in the "tank," and retire to an "earned night's repose."

Easter Sunday, 12th April.

The Old Gent led one party over the Sychmani Pass in brilliant weather, the Mullah taking another party in an opposite direction.

For a change the motor section arrived late so had to wait, and I hope got enough to last until tea time. Forty-odd gathered at the Queen's, Llantairfechan, and by some mysterious juggling on the part of the Old Gent liquid was forthcoming which reminded one of a famous North Staffordshire town. After lunch the usual photos were taken, also farewell said to Dave Felh.

A super optimist might be described as one wearing shoes with blotting paper soles, anxious to show harmless individuals alleged Roman roads. I do not know whether to put it down to real good nature or whether it was a foul plot to take the Arch Owl and six other fools over some slough of despond, the like of which John Bunyon never conceived. The fact that the Mullah elected to accompany the fools ought to have been sufficient warning that it was a plot. The name Bwlch-y-Ddeufaen ought to have been enough to save cyclists, not to mention such a wily old bird as the Arch.

The trap was superbly baited. Proceeding along the main coast road to a place called Aber, a turn to the left led into a romantic sylvan glade, pretty enough to disarm the most suspicious. At a rustic bridge the road ends and discloses a grass grown track, and close observation by one of the fools discovers motor cycle tracks. Ah! ah! chuckles the Arch, where they can go can I, poor fool, when too late it was discovered the motor cycle had evidently turned back and gradually it was borne upon him that there was "no road at all."

Relentlessly the Presider rubbed it in, crashing through bull rushes, dub and mire. Huge boulders bar the way, but with a contempt for such the Old Gent leaps from rock to rock with a triumphant yell. The Arch smiles grimly, for has he not noticed the Presidential shoes are unlikely to stay the course whilst his own stout crepe rubbers are brand new? Cursing inwardly, he now finds the Roman road is an alleged one and only exists in the imagination of the O.G. The question is to push on or retreat. The Presider howling with glee presses on, followed by the fools in straggling formation reminiscent of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. All things must come to an end and after several hours agonising toil a road was struck at some place with an unpronounceable name where the Presider, struck with sorrow at the plight to which he had reduced his victims, made honourable amends by procuring soothing cordial for the Arch (not to mention something for himself). After tea, a dejected party arrived late for dinner, their speed ruined for life.

Dinner at the Glan Aber allayed the sufferings somewhat and the Concert was one of the best in the Club annals.

Easter Eggs.

After the announcement that the "terrible trio of journalistic hero worshippers" prefer beautiful scenery to a good feed, so long as they can meet their President, it comes rather as a shock to find them conspicuous by their absence when their President sought sanctuary at Bettws-y-Coed on Easter Sunday! What a golden opportunity they missed of combining beautiful scenery, a good feed, a club run and a Presidential meeting. We fear the Wayfarer C.C. will have to be wound up as a going (or gone) concern—relegated to the limbo of the past, along with the Rough and Readies, James C.C. and the W.W.W.'s. Our only affiliated organisation with any

real vitality is the C.B.B.'s, which has now flourished for a quarter of a century and successfully survived the transfer of its headquarters from Moreton to Saughall Massie: but look at the men of determination and the "Will to conquer" who comprise this dreadnought association!

Two notable absentees were Mac and Toft, both of whom had a long unbroken series of Easters at Bettws. Mac's family were not out of quarantine after measles, and he did not feel he could get away, while Toft spent half the holiday in a nursing home. A round robin signed by all at Bettws was sent to Toft to express our best wishes for his restoration to health. [Since the above was written we are glad to say Toft is progressing nicely.—Ed.]

Mr. C. W. Cooke was at Bettws, but this time threw in his lot with the C.T.C. crowd. Perhaps he has not forgotten the experience he had with the Cook-McCann tandem on the previous occasion and wanted something easier!

Wayfarer, instead of exercising his prerogatives as an Anfielder, and booking his bed through Austin, "put his fortune to the touch," and at one time looked like having to doss in a railway truck, but eventually secured the lavender scented sheets of Taniau.

The Arch Owl was in great form, and although the Bwlch-y-Ddeufaen brought curses to his lips, there was really joy in his heart and the exploit will be boasted about to posterity. Two new Owls were created—to wit, A.T.S. and Rothwell, who will be initiated into the ancient order at Whitsuntide.

Everbright provided a welcome comic relief with his telegrams and telephone messages. On Saturday morning we received word he would "roll in Friday evening;" Saturday night brought a message that he would arrive late, and he actually arrived Sunday, so we are still puzzled as to why he telegraphed to Delamere April 4th ordering a bed, presumably for three nights.

Chandler was much missed on the daily runs, but his mountaineering seems to have been quite successful, and the weather was perfect for the job. Albert Davies and W. Orrell were his victims.

It was real good to see Tom Conway and Billy Owen looking so well; but why these young lads have taken to flying gas engines beats us—they both looked fit enough to have been on bicycles. Percy Charles is a shining example of what is possible when "aunty domino" is defied.

There were no tandems or tricycles with us this year—a thing which has not happened for many moons.

Del Strother sent his greetings, which were most welcome and duly reciprocated by a card which Dave Fell got signed.

The Master, accompanied by Bill Lowcock and Chem, went south searching for antiquities; but we are great believers in the doctrine so strenuously voiced by Walter Simpson in his latest song: "Let's keep the money in the country," and the triumvirate could just as well have turned their attention to Caerhun (Conovium), on the Roman road from Chester to Carnarvon, which is now being extensively excavated by a committee of archaeologists, and, as the Bwlch-y-Ddeufaen is part of this Roman road, their researches could well have been combined with our tour.

Johnny Band was positively cheerful all the time—in fact on occasions actually merry. His dependence on motor transport, owing to his accident, and the consequent relief from cycling would account for much. Had he any other reason up his sleeve or concealed on his person? Ar!

The Billiards Tournament on the Monday evening (during which the two protagonists Hubert Roskell and his friend Mr. Webster steadily continued their grim combat in the tank) was a huge success, and showed that Chilcott must have gone through a highly mis-spent youth. The surprise packet was Jimmy Williams (such a nice, quiet lad he used to be) who put it across the Editor with untiring venom.

Pots of money changed hands, considerable wagers being made on the results. The writer himself must have dropped a cool eighteen pence.

Elaborate preparations had been made to hold an auction in the tank of the Hans Kinder and Mandall's tandem—on which they had done themselves to death on the way down—on the Sunday night. No trace, however, of this wrecker of men could be found at the crucial moment, and it was freely assumed they had hurled the dam thing over some precipice.

On returning to Bettws one evening the Anfield Button displayed outside the Glan Aber was found to have been reversed, the reverse side bearing the inscription written in chalk: "Manchester Wheelers." We do not think we are entirely devoid of a sense of humour, but there was no merriment evinced over the incident. We will leave it at that.

Easter Tour.

THE SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

There is no doubt but that the evenings of Good Friday, Saturday and Sunday can take their place among the most enjoyable in the annals of the Club. Not only were they all well attended in the place of worship itself, but large numbers thronged the lounge, and the musical turns permeated even some denizens of the tank. Again we had our old friend Joe Andrews (in his case we omit the "Mr." for fears of reprisals) who battled manfully with the effects of the preceding banquet on each occasion, and despite his protestations that good feeding and artistic vocalism do not amalgamate successfully proved the triumph of thorax over matter, and we do not think we have ever heard his fine voice to better advantage. In his selections of songs, both new and well ironed, ranging between the robust and the inexpressibly tender, he gave interpretations of musicianly insight and charm, and we can only hope the appreciation he received compensated him for the unsparring way in which he met all demands. Our old messmate Mr. Chilcott (or more familiarly "Jimmie" or "Chilly"—albeit the latter is a misnomer) was again with us with his delightful entertainment going as strongly as ever. "Chilly" is a true humorist, as not content with selecting a programme of songs particularly suitable to his own vivid personality (although he does only stand about 5,001 feet) and the facial expressions he has made peculiarly his own, he never attempts to "put them over" unless he has polished and re-polished them until they stand

out as perfect little cameos. (This ought to fetch a large W. & S. next time we meet.) Then we had Walter Simpson (we simply dare not prefix "Mr." here or he *would* be annoyed—not 'art) in old and recent favourites which he knows so well how to make go with a swing. He gets ripier and mellow as the years go rolling on, and some of his "turns" have now become Anfield classics which will survive for all time. Permanently may be wive! As to our other musical visitor, Mr. Workman, how *can* we find words to thank him in appreciation of his services at the piano? In addition to beginning the service each evening with a bright voluntary which immediately put the congregation in a receptive humour for the coming psalms, recitations, etc., the brunt of most of the accompanying fell on his broad shoulders (metaphorically speaking) and he excelled himself. Turning to our own members, one of the star turns was Rothwell, in what were said to be Lancashire dialect sketches. We are a Lancashire man ourself so can speak with authority when we say that if that was Lancashire dialect we must have been born in Timbuctoo as not a single word could we understand, and he had his audience dumb-stricken until he finished, when they clamoured for more. Poor old Chilly, who was in a state of mental paralysis, swore he would take a few lessons in this verbal ju-jitsu so as to knock his Cockney audiences silly. Knipe, frantic with jealousy, cudgelled his brains for something even more unintelligible and chose a pathetic little homily having the expressive title "Hmph, Hmph." on hearing which Chilly dropped down dead. As the recitation proceeded, however, stray words here and there were recognised and the attempt at emulation (doomed at its inception to failure) finished in ignominy. Not to be outdone, however, he went off on another stunt and gave us the "Wee Cotter Hoose" which, of course, is now as clear as mud to everybody. We understand he is now getting up something sticky in Arabic which he intends putting right across Rothwell by gum! George Newall was in good form throughout and sang his songs in his own delightful way, while Chandler, in very good voice, assisted the evenings' entertainments in the lower vocal range. John Kinder had brought his to-and-from and played several solos in a way we have never heard him do before, and those instrumental interludes were most enjoyable. The Mullah was at the top of his form (as he usually is) in recitations, and altogether the series of concerts went with élan. At the conclusion of the Sunday evening's show the Presider voiced our sincere thanks to our musical visitors, the Anfield whisper being heard in the land, and "Auld Lang Syne" closed the proceedings.

‘Etna 50,’ Monday, April 13th 1925.

On Saturday afternoon, the 11th inst., leaving behind the extreme N.W. corner of the Wirral Peninsular, to negotiate the treacherous Birkenhead docks, I arrived at Woodside Station to behold Geoff Hawkes, towering and formidable, awaiting me, like the "Rock of Gibraltar"—thou shalt not pass. Threlfall's (Blue Label) arrival enabled us to catch the 2.40 through train to Reading, and with Randall joining us at Chester, the departure to the above event had commenced. Reading reached at 8.30 p.m., we rode to Theale, 4 miles distant on the Newbury Road, and situated near the start of the race. After a really delightful Sunday, we anticipated Monday morning would result in a typical Anfield race day, consisting chiefly of rain, but unhappily for *that* prospect it was fine, though cold on account of the early start, timed for 6.30 a.m.

Commencing at Pangbourne Lane, the course proceeds over the Bath Road via Newbury, to Froxfield, and retraces to Pangbourne Lane, where it finishes. As I made my way to Thatcham, 10 miles from the start, to give our men a drink, I found that the wind on the outward journey was gathering force and would prove troublesome to the later starting men. The event was noteworthy for the ride of Southall. Hawkes of ours did 2 hrs. 22 mins. 36 secs., Threlfall 2 hrs. 33 mins. 14 secs., and Randall 2 hrs. 34 mins. 42 secs., all improved rides. Hawkes' highly meritorious ride substantiates the evidence that the A.B.C. does possess men who can make their presence felt in any important open event. Randall and Threlfall, I am of the opinion, would have done better if they had used gears similar to the Southerners on this undulating Bath Road course, instead of retaining those accustomed to on Northern roads.

Malpas, April 18th.

Could we believe our eyes? There was Johnny Band proceeding leisurely along in the direction of Chester, apparently with a wooden leg which was suffering from rheumatism, as he appeared to be applying great pressure with the other one, which had survived the racking ordeal of Johnny's latest way of descending from on high. Evidently the delights of motoring have not appealed to him, after his ride to Bettws, and he is now in strict training for the first "50."

At the Iron Bridge, Eaton Park, there was a gathering of the clans, and a party of about eight headed by the club's mascot (Taylor) prepared for a rough passage through the lanes and by-paths of Cheshire. Many groans and curses were heaped upon the head of Taylor, but he seemed to think it was a great joke. Arriving again on the main road, R.L.K. tried to form a secret society for his assassination. We could not, however, allow this to happen to our mascot, besides when we came to look for him he was miles up the road, fleeing in abject terror of K.K.K. (no, I mean R.L.K.).

In due course all that was left of us arrived at the Red Lion, Malpas, where we proceeded to devour an excellent tea. As usual, table talk turned to current events, namely, the Bettws tour, and Southall's marvellous ride of 2 hrs. 8 mins. in the "Etna 50." I assure you Hawkes and Threlfall were congratulated from all corners of the table, for the amount of pluck they showed in entering for a southern race so early in the season.

Very soon after tea the week-enders departed, and were followed shortly by the homeward bound individuals.

Acton Bridge, April 25th.

After a rather doubtful morning we were favoured with excellent weather during the afternoon and evening for this run, though the Manchester contingent had to take a little "acid," owing to the strong breeze blowing from the N.W. Some half-a-dozen members reached the venue round about five o'clock, and all had excuses for arriving so soon after breakfast. Kettle was one of the culprits who took up a position at the entrance to the "grounds," so that he could capture the members as they entered, and book them for his

nefarious work the following Saturday. On looking over the company as they stood about before tea, they seemed for all the world like a fashion plate, for quite a number were sporting brand new suits, others had indulged in new bicycles, and altogether they looked a frightfully fast lot. There was a very good muster, which included the usual old-stagers. Frank Edwards came dressed up like a hospital case, suffering from abscess on the eye. He said there was one advantage about it, however, and that was that he had only one eye for people to throw dust in. There was some delay with the catering at one table, but eventually all replenished the inner man, and tracks were made for the open road once more. I cannot say who were week-ending, except that the Young Feller, with satellites, went off to Buxton.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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1883

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 232.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1925.

		Light up at
June 6.	Tarporley (Swan) Photo Run	10-36 p.m.
.. 8.	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., Wellington Building, The Strand, Liverpool.	
.. 13.	All Night Ride, Derbyshire. Tea, Knutsford (Red Cow) 6-30 p.m. (See Committee Notes).	10-41 p.m.
.. 20	Manchester Wheelers "50"..... Little Budworth, (Red Lion).	10-44 p.m.
.. 27.	Club "100"	10-45 p.m.
July 4.	Tattenhall (Bear)	10-43 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE WEEK-END RIDE.

F.O.T.C. Rally, Hatfield.

Full moon 6th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 103, 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. E. Green and T. Webster have been elected to Active Membership, the first-named being a Junior.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club photograph, and Tarporley and June 6th have been chosen as the place and date. A large attendance is confidently expected as some small return to Mr. Conway.

A vote of deepest sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr. A. R. Peers in their sad loss was passed in silence, and the Hon. Secretary was instructed to convey to his father and brother expressions of condolence.

As announced in the previous "Circular," Derbyshire has been chosen for the All-Night Ride, and the following route has been drawn up by the Committee. In order that proper feeding arrangements may be made, if you intend to take part in the ride will you please notify me not later than Saturday, June 6th.

	Distance Miles.		Time.
Liverpool	—	—	4-0 p.m.
Warrington	18	18	5-30 "
Knutsford	11½	29½	6-30 "
Tea—Red Cow.			Dept. 7-15 "
Macclesfield	11	40½	8-15 "
Leek	12	52½	9-30 "
Supper—Red Lion.			Dept. 11-0 "
Ashbourne	15	67½	12-45 a.m.
Cramford	13¾	81½	2-15 "
Rowsley	7½	88½	3-0 "
Baslow	5½	94	3-30 "
Hathersage	7	101	4-15 "
Ashopton	5½	106½	5-0 "
Glossop	11½	117½	7-0 "
Breakfast—Norfolk Arms.			Dept. 9-0 "
Chapel-en-le-Frith	9	126½	10-30 "
Buxton	6½	132½	11-30 "
Macclesfield	12	144½	1-0 p.m.
Dinner—Macclesfield Arms.			Dept. 2-30 "
Knutsford	11	155½	3-30 "
Warrington	11½	167½	4-30 "
Tea—Patten Arms.			Dept. 5-30 "
Liverpool	18	185½	7-0 "

Arising out of enquiries as to the correct meaning of the first part of Rule 19, the following resolution was passed *nem. con.*:—

"This Meeting of the Committee, by virtue of the power conferred upon it by Rule No. 33, decides that the proper interpretation of Rule No. 19 (first part) is that those who were members of the Anfield Bicycle Club at 31st December, 1923, and were also members of another club or other clubs might retain all such memberships and that they and all other then members of the A.B.C. might not after that date join any other clubs."

If, during the period in which Rule 19 has been in operation, any member has placed a misconstruction upon the wording and has inadvertently joined another cycling club he is advised to regularise himself by resigning from that club.

[Since the foregoing interpretation of the first part of Rule 19 was framed an appeal against the Committee's decision has been lodged (as provided for in Rule 33), and will duly be entered on the agenda of the next General Meeting.]

Changes of Address.—A. Pollard, Childwall Golf Club, Childwall, Liverpool; H. W. Powell, 4, The Laund, Broadway Avenue, Wallasey; F. E. Parton, The New House, Rodington, nr. Shrewsbury; J. E. Tomlin, 60, Vienna Road, Edgeley Park, Stockport.

H. AUSTIN, Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Club 100 Miles Unpaced Handicap, June 27th.

The course for this event is as follows:—Start about four miles from Chester, Whitechurch, Chetwynd, turn and back the same way to Nomans Heath. From here the present "50" course will be used, returning to Nomans Heath and to finish at Starting Point.

In order to meet the convenience of riders and helpers, the Start will be in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. As a Club "100" is an innovation, it is to be hoped the race will be well supported, especially by those not qualified to ride in the Invitation event. Entries must reach me not later than June 20th.

Invitation 24 Hours Scratch Road Ride, 10-14th July.

For this event a large number of helpers will be required for checking, feeding and following, etc. I shall be glad, if those able to assist, will hand in their names as early as possible.

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

Any members wishing to avail themselves of Del Strother's offer to act as pilot over a fortnight's tour in France this year are requested to communicate with Chandler. The tour is fixed for Sunday, July 19th, to Sunday, August 2nd, and the party will travel via Folkestone and Boulogne on Saturday, July 18th, and return on Monday, August 3rd, arriving Liverpool same evening. The total cost will probably work out at about £16. The ground chosen will be the Loire, which contains many objects of historical interest and much pretty scenery. Those intending to join the party will require to decide forthwith, as they will have to make their own arrangements *re* passports (or C.T.C. substitute), and their names will have to be sent forward for membership of the Touring Club de France.

Items.

For the alternative run to the Old Timers' Rally at Hatfield, on July 5th, the Presider purposes going by road. The distance is approximately 190 miles, and he is prepared to make an all-night ride on the Friday or start earlier and reach Newcastle, Stone or Uttoxeter that evening, and Bedford (160 miles) on the Saturday night—will those interested please communicate with the O.G. The Committee of the F.O.T.C. is most anxious to have the A.B.C. well represented now the gathering has been moved north of London.

"Lecturing at Exeter, Mr. Gregg said: 'Every cyclist is familiar with the sense of pressure within the eyes resulting from an attempt to ride up a steep hill. This is one of the most serious strains to which the eyes can be submitted, and the moment such pressure is felt the cyclist should dismount: many cyclists through ignorance of this fact have done serious harm to their eyesight.'"
—*Irish Cyclist*. This is a fine wheeze and rather better than Albert Davies's "fine trees" excuse for dismounting. Personally, we prefer to acknowledge we are whacked, but the eyestrain theory may explain the curious definition of "climbing" that obtains in certain quarters.

Hearty congratulations to Robbie on his wonderful feat of riding Harley Bank on a tandem as announced in *Cycling*. No wonder the chain broke afterwards. We have seen many good men *walking* it with singles, and to succeed on a tandem deserves a frilled button.

The *Daily Mail* informs us that "A man or woman who has once owned a car or motor cycle and for some reason is deprived of ownership feels the loss very keenly. This means of travel *makes life so much easier*. You can see illustrations of this any day." The Italian

are ours; and we quite agree. We have a vivid recollection of the "illustration" of "life so much easier" when Teddy Edwards was stranded at Cwm-y-Glo, and eventually reached Bettws-y-Coed in a famished condition near midnight!

Why does the Great Authority on North Wales persist in spelling Aberystwyth with an "i"?

The cloak of anonymity which covered us with a shroud the identity of our erstwhile mysterious contributor has now, owing to the increasing diligence of our sleuths been ruthlessly torn aside, and we have him marked. He can rest assured, however, that we will not give him away in these pages—his awful secret is safe with us. He writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Editor,

The pages of the "Circular" deal with the present, i.e., the runs and affairs of the current month, but reading with much gusto your contributor's account of a trip over the Bwlch-y-ddeuvaen, and being one of the "fools" mentioned, a thought of the next Easter Tour of 1928 comes up before me. The thought—with apologies to that writer who amused our more tender years—forms itself as:—

"Will you come and join the party"? said the Old Gent to the Arch.
"Over the road quite close behind us where the Romans once did march,

Where the road is green and grassy, where no cars can madly skip!
See our bicycles are waiting—will you come and join the trip?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the trip?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the trip?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be, where I take you up and show you all the bogs and rocks and scree!"
But the Arch replied, "Toowhit, Toowhoo and likewise, No, Pip Pip."

Said he thanked the Old Gent kindly, but he would not join the trip.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the trip.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the trip.

Universal regret will be felt at the news that Teddy Edwards is in a nursing home undergoing an operation at the hands of Mr. Thelwall Thomas. Of course, there is not the slightest doubt as to his speedy and complete recovery as the operation is not a major one from a surgical point of view, but we all sympathise with Teddy in his enforced confinement and know quite well how he is eating his heart out at being unable to play his part in the 100—the first of the long series of nearly 40 years he has missed—in a manner which provides a wonderful example to many of our younger members

Chesterton Forstalled.

Last Autumn an Anfield Party visited Beaconsfield, made the chief hotel its head-quarters, and used it as a stepping-stone for raids on Wembley. One of the trio—a man of prodigious form and vast capacity was chairman and chief ale-tester, and emerged with triumph from a weight contest with a local giant fatman in turning the scales at nearly 19 stone.

This year a third champion heavyweight enters the field of Beacons, for we read that no less a person than G. K. Chesterton has been appointed Ale-Tester of the Parish of Beaconsfield in connection with the Baronial Court Lect set up by Viscount Burnham as last Court Baron.

Should Hubert decide to be present and throw down the gage, great possibilities present themselves. He would be attended by Grand Sergeant or Hay-Ward Bikley and Petty Sergeant or Bellman Beardmore. They would formally challenge G. K. C., occupying as usual not only THE Chair but Two Chairs (What Cheek(s)). The reputation of these Anfielders would at once become world-wide, their fame would be sung in verse, and the A.B.C. would be ensured the patronage it deserves.

Borrowing from Chesterton's own verse:

Since Hubert came to Beaconsfield and on to Wembley strode,
Big Rollwright Roland Chesterton came rolling the same road;
A Rocking Road, a Reeling Road that Rambled round the Shires
And brought there face to face this monstrous pair of merry Friars.

N.B.—G.K.C. has since denied the rumour that he is writing a Drinking Song for the Beaconsfield Boozers. Hubert, on the contrary, is only too proud to admit that he is collaborating with Beardmore in verse in praise of Malt and Hops, which is due for broadcasting at the Owls re-union at Salop on Whit Monday.

On the Road to Bettws.

To those brave hearts who have battled for over a generation with the treacherous limestone mud between Corwen and Cerig, and have slithered there to and fro or fallen by the way, or else faced the terrors of the Sportsman as an alternative, the present speed track around the Punchbowl comes as a cooling zephyr. But even more is promised: a footpath all the way.

At first thought this does not greatly concern us: Riders All. But we are also Tramps All and must rejoice on behalf of our fellow Tourists: The Vagrants, those who differ from us in little else than that their footwear is rather more torn than ours and their pockets emptier still. Ah! the beloved Tramp, what truer sportsman, what more romantic traveller than he who puts up at a workhouse (perhaps on an inconvenient detour from his direction) and breaks stones, to be able to continue his ramble next day.

The *Manchester Guardian* gives an interesting article on the above Highway between Chirk and Cerig, harking back to the road ere Telford's days, when the mails from St. Martins le Grand to Holyhead sometimes managed to do the journey in 41 hours by sheer good luck. Presider Cook once gave us an extract of travellers' tales in which the trip was described as one of High Adventure. The M.G., in dwelling on the nature of that road, points to the absence of any side fence on the 18 in. of soil which was the only barrier between the narrow track and a 300 feet drop into the Dee below, and tells us that the stage coaches frequently overturned.

To-day some of those old stretches lie bare to the eye, but as we hurry by we refuse to believe that horses and coaches ever meandered up there. The best and level portions between Chirk and Corwen serve as backways to old cottages, and some of the more perilous bits lie overgrown in the woods above our heads. The one continuous remaining section is that between Chirk Castle Gates and Llangollen high up on the rocks above Fron Cysyll, where Chem first won his spurs as a dauntless cabodler.

OFF the Road to Bettws.

WATTS DYKE (without apostrophe), that feeble rival or more likely supporter of Offa's Dyke, is more familiar to us by name than by sight and many doubt if to-day it exists anywhere. Curiously enough Ruabon while already famous for having "added its quota"

to the alluring ups and downs of Offa's Dyke, offering a tempting playground to infants and courtiers alike—though at different hours in turn—also boasts Watts Dyke's best and last remaining fragment.

Since the A.B.C. lost its World's Worst Wheelers—members who were wont to sleep in ditches when taking the road after lunch—we have no longer the men to take advantage of these pleasant groves, but our real riders can cast a glance o'er Watts Dyke from the peak of the saddle on the Ruabon-Overton road on top of the rise facing the Wynnstay Wall.

In Quest of Rarer Soil.

Some remarks in the May Gazette suggest that the Easter Exploit of the three Anfield-Quarians was a little ill-timed and that these men might have been better employed in taking tea with Mrs. Gough at Caer Rhun making up the tail-end of a string of deeply whiskered wisacres. Admitted that these absentees could not hope to rival the movements of the Beardmore Cohort whose tramp re-echoed the earlier march of the Roman Legions, it may surprise you to know that we absent ones were doing Anfield work, and what is more: Cook's Work.

Cook lying at Bettws with his Grande Armée was as usual thinking ahead, his August mind was plotting the August Tour. With this in view he had spread his emissaries far and wide and thus inspired them: "FIND ME" said Cook, in his best Napoleonic manner, "FIND ME VIRGIN SOIL." The thought had no sooner passed his mind than the machinery was in motion. No ordinary tourists were chosen for this work; they included Billy Lowcock, the only living author on Earthworks, together with Chem, the man who has subjected all the Saxon and Norman Castles to the closest study of their Easements and Ginnels. This question, so long avoided by antiquarians, is the only one by which true advancement in the bygone ages can be measured.

In this quest the first place to be ransacked was King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel. So much doubt has been thrown by the professors on this King of Kings that investigation by men of imagination was long overdue. We were not long left in doubt whether we had struck it right, for who should we meet there but a RELICT OF ARTHUR himself: Lo and Behold An Ancient Dame, who hawked a little Book.

To form an idea of this Twin-Castle on Twin-Rocks, think of the Siamese Twins united by an extension above the waist. Below this union the sea has washed a tunnel through the rocks. Half the Castle is on the Shore, the other half out at sea, hence: They parted on all fours like tom cats on the prowl, the Ancient Dame close following, the dismal cave to show, and down she sat among us all, and told her tale of Woe.

We hearkened to that ancient Dame, who leant upon a staff. She handed us a rusty key, and pointing to the cave, "Now don't you fail to bring it back, as did that other Knave."

She prate of postcards toppence each, Old Arthur had them made. She hired out keys "3d" a time—respectable and staid—she told of Trippers awful mean, Who'd gone and never paid. She mentioned captives sad and sore imprisoned on yon Rock, a Ruined Church with Altar Stone of solid granite block. "Now what about King Arthur's Soil?" "We've got some left in stock."

Confused and somewhat mixed we were led away to Launceston Castle, which Clem recognised as the Oldest and Boldest of the true Saxon Type. We found little sign of Ease, but can we doubt that the present town arose on what was discarded from the grim outer or curtain wall that stands sentinel over the Inner Keep as strong this day as ever? What a pity that our Lands End Record Riders have not more time to dally here in passing.

Next we were whisked away to see the wonders of Okehampton Castle, where side by side with devices of recent civilisation, we discovered a unique example of a very early and cunning easement in the Keep, raised high upon an earthen mound. At the point where the earth and stonework meet we entered the mouth of an ingenious inverted Chimney or Shoot whereby the comfort of the beleaguered garrison was secured at the discomfort of the intruder by discovering soil on them.

After paying another visit to the Museum of Pitt Rivers about which more will be heard anon, as important matters were brought to light in some quaint form of worship, course was set dead east for the Citadel of Basing, recently excavated. A Norman Castle remodelled into a Tudor one and set in a prehistoric earthwork not unlike Old Sarum. Here Bill and Chem's search for easements was interrupted by the emotion displayed by the CHEADLE PATRIOT on learning that the heroic Marquiss of Winchester, who held Basing House for 3 years against Cromwell—the greatest deed of the civil war—was none other than the husband of the last of the CHEADLE SAVAGES, the noble house that had ruled the manor of Cheadle for 250 years, and were then dispossessed in revenge for their valour at Basing.

Thus overtaxed we sought our ease and refuge, and made for the Cotswolds. But where? Wayfarer had told us of the Cotswolds and after Wayfarer—Foster Fraser, who from the "retreat of an inn at Broadway" writes to the Weeklies about many beautiful names and places that are excellent soil but not virgin soil. We thought of Wafer's Ashton and Weston SUB EDGE, of Hubert's Aunt Phoebe, of Mercer's Snowhill, of Bikle's Broad Campden, but realising that to find such soil we must ride the Wold instead of Burrowing sub edge, we found at last the desired Haven where Ye Cooks and Ye Kettles will lead us Next August. It is situate

SOMEWHERE IN THE COTSWOLDS

where it lies so self contained that the picture can be taken in at a single glance. It is sheltered on all sides but one, where a noble view is obtained. It boasts—no, it never boasts—but it possesses a pure Norman Church of rare beauty and it is called after some Saxon chief.

We met there no Motors, no Tourists, no Sightseers, no Ramblers, no waifs astray in Wonderland, no Authors out on Trust. Apart from the voice of one inhabitant who combines in his person the Offices of Churchwarden, Sexton, Verger, and Morris Dancer, the only sound was the babble of the Brook that runs through the Churchyard.

The place is absolutely unspoilt and therefore we will not give it away until the Anfield has been there to pay it reverence. On the threshold of the place there is an Inn, so that we may slake our thirst and drench our dronth before we enter the precincts.

VOORTREKKER.

NEATNESS IN SPORTING ATTIRE.

Anfield Riders are remarkably correct in the way they combine ease and elegance in their cycling dress, and every race-card drives home the need of same. A different state of things seems to prevail in the Golfing World where a howl of rage goes up from Westward Ho, because a foreign competitor dares to wear Spats over his shoes and thus steals a march on the Home Swanks. Casting a glance over the Golfer's attire, when swinging the lead they display an amplification of unnecessary clothing from knee to shoulder full of gussets and pleats, elaborately tasselled stockings and clumsy ungainly shoes which form an additional eyesore in proximity to the twisted ankles which are the great feature of every picture of a Golfer in full swing.

The foreign competitor seems to have had the sense to hide the malformation of both shoe and ankle in a simple spat, but the fact that he thereby sartorially defeated his opponents has caused this unseemly outcry to ring through the golfing columns of the daily papers.

Spats have been worn by Anfielders when the occasion was suitable. The Mullah specialises in them and has a stock of different sizes to meet the weather variations, like his confrère from Devizes. Of late I myself have indulged in them for daily wear to match a new hat and a suit fresh from the cleaners, with the result that a rumour stalks the Hulme of Cheadle that I am having to meet my creditors and am putting the best face on things. Perhaps the latter was in the foreign golfer's mind having to face the stiff charges of the What Hoh Golf Hotel, patronised by Chem on one of his Cornish Tours.

THE BOOTLEGGER.

RUNS.

First 50 Mile Handicap, May 2nd.

I am somewhat in the position of the Jews of old in, to some extent, having to "make bricks without straw," the "bricks" in my case being this Report of the First 50 Mile Handicap of 1925 and the "straw" the times and incidents of the race, which I did not obtain as I filled, or tried to, one of the lesser posts of Marshal and as this post was situate only some half mile from the start and three from the finish not much information was available there. It struck me I could, perhaps, get over this difficulty, and incidentally fill some space by obtaining the Hon. Race Secretary's Check Sheets and give some comparison of the rides at various intermediate places.

The watch was held by the President, and 17 of the 19 whose names were on the card were duly sent off, two of the starters not finishing. The start, in response to the suggestions made by the majority of the racing men, was two miles nearer Whitechurch than formerly. This was designed to avoid a very bad piece of road, but on this particular day the old start would (or might) have given slightly faster times as the wind was helpful for the first eight miles which would have been ten on the older course. Geoffrey Hawkes (of whom, after his brilliant ride down South at Easter, we expected great things, and a duel with Orrell for fastest time) was in no fit state to ride, having been in the dentist's hands that morning after a sleepless night. He early met with trouble, puncturing before

covering more than two miles and having to retire through inability to persuade his spare to go on the rim. This robbed the event as we thought of some of its interest as up to this happening we were anticipating a keen struggle between Orrell, Hawkes and Edwards, but a first-race rider in the person of Selkirk astonished us all by putting up a magnificent performance, only missing Fastest Time by 9 seconds. He was obviously holding himself in through the greater part of the event and should he, as we hope, fulfil his promise, great rides should stand to his credit and Orrell will have to look to his laurels.

Upon asking Kettle for his check I learned that Hotine, who had synchronised his watch with that on which the race was timed, had stationed himself at Cholmondeley Check and then at No Man's Heath, and had obtained the times there from which he prepared a "table." The appended figures are taken from this; they should be studied by the men concerned as undoubtedly there is something to be learned from them. They also show clearly where Welfare sustained his punctures.

There was, as usual, a large number of members spread round the course, one who should be specially mentioned being Rowatt, who, I understand, had come from Rhos to Chester and on to some station or other nearer the start and then walked the remaining distance, while Zambuck, I gathered, walked from Chester, lunched at Aldford, then walked to the start, joining Rowatt en route, and together returning to Waverton for tea and walking back to the finish!

Name and Placing	Start to Cholmondeley Sch ^d 2nd time 23½ miles.		On to No Man's Heath 15½ miles.		Time for Total 39½ miles.		On to Finish 10½ miles.		Total Actual Time		H'cap Time						
	h. m. s.		m. s.		h. m. s.		m. s.		h. m. s.		m. h. m. s.						
1 Selkirk	1	8	35	47	5	1	55	40	30	53	2	26	33	11	2	15	33
2 Pugh	1	11	14	52	41	2	3	55	34	43	2	38	43	17	2	21	43
3 Randall	1	10	8	51	22	2	1	30	33	15	2	34	45	9	2	25	45
4 Orrell	1	6	24	47	51	1	54	15	32	10	2	26	25	Sc.	2	26	25
5 Threlfall, S.	1	11	40	51	0	2	2	40	33	34	2	36	14	8	2	28	14
6 Egar	1	14	10	53	40	2	7	50	36	2	2	43	52	15	2	28	52
7 Perkins	1	12	0	53	2	2	5	2	35	57	2	40	59	12	2	28	59
8 Edwards, F.L.	1	7	48	49	22	1	57	10	35	2	2	32	12	2	2	30	12
9 Turvey	1	12	3	56	12	2	8	15	39	43	2	47	58	13	2	34	58
10 Banks	1	22	40	58	25	2	21	5	37	39	2	58	44	23	2	35	44
11 Telford	1	14	15	55	38	2	9	48	37	15	2	47	3	11	2	36	3
12 Blackburn	1	10	30	52	25	2	2	55	35	46	2	38	41	Sc.	2	38	41
13 Deacon	1	13	48	55	32	2	9	20	39	28	2	48	18	9	2	39	48
14 Austin, R. J.	1	14	50	55	53	2	10	43	37	20	2	48	3	8	2	40	3
15 Welfare	1	13	50	63	50	2	22	40	37	29	3	0	9	14	2	46	9

Tattenhall, May 9th,

"Oh! How wretched is that poor man
Who Hangs on Princes' favours."

So lamented Cardinal Wolsey when he began to feel the penalties of treading on the Royal corns. The plaintive primate's plight

was enviable indeed in comparison with that of those of us who squirm beneath the heel of the Tyrant; and what the writer of this dreary, doleful ditty had done to have dumped upon his slender, scholarly shoulders the tedious, trying task of writing up this run, he knoweth not: certainly he trod not on the Presidential corns (of either sort). However, Monday morning brought from the flint-hearted billycock (Billy Cook—you ass) a token of slight relenting in a little billet-doux bearing the following mystic inscription, which is faithfully reproduced:—

“ Present 37—dual club members otherwise engaged in East Cheshire—Knipe at home: no doubt writing up Delamere Run (better too late than not at all)—Horrocks probably moving another landing stage.”
and in pencil, evidently as an afterthought,
“ Wayfarer C.C. in full force.”

On the assumption that brevity is the soul of wit, that little precis would undoubtedly, per se, ipso facto, by itself, as a matter of course, be an excellent write-up, but fearing that the soul-less Arthur pays only so much per bucketful, with no regard to quality, a few more details must needs be eked out.

“ The sun was shining in the sky: it was a lovely day, when Maud put her new bathing costume on ” sang somebody or other; and so it was for this fixture. The following were observed in the yard of the Bear:—Mac, the Pro-Consul (minus his “ axes ” and hectors), and H. and E. Green, our new hyper-super-speed tandem combination (Ernest wishes to express his sincere thanks for all the kind expressions of sympathy he has received). This little group was holding an inquest over the last resting place of the remains of a Tin Lizzie, cut off in the full prime of life. A little to one side was another Tin Lizzie (shades of Henry!) which evidently belonged to a travelling chemist (?) as inside were piles of mysterious bottles and boxes bearing inscriptions which the writer hastened to cover up with a dead cat, as it would never have done for the young lads to have seen them.

Having due regard to all the circumstances, the catering arrangements seemed to be distinctly above par and Tattenhall does not appear to have suffered from the change of seneschals at the Bear. Even the hollow meanings of Chandler and Dickman gradually merged into sighs of blissful contentment.

Teddy Edwards declared his intention of paying Mr. Johnny Groats a visit and Kettle was very busy booking up helpers to help racing men and racing men to entertain helpers, and, as we should all fall into one or other of these categories . . . well now, I ask YOU. Verb, sup, which translated, construed and interpreted means “ nuff said.” Kettle’s telephone number is Bank 4393.

2nd “ 50 ” May 16th.

The Editor is evidently very short of space or else he would never have deigned to command this account from one whose knowledge of the race is scanty in the extreme. However, with the help of numerous documents, thoughtfully provided by Kettle, I will make a despairing attempt to describe the happenings. The day was fine but windy, a stiff breeze blowing from the South-east, inducing a feeling of lassitude which is neither good for man nor beast. They were certainly not ideal weather conditions and many must have been

the blessings heaped on the heads of those who were responsible for the change of course, thus considerably shortening the distance against the wind.

Out of a total entry of 21, 19 started, Turvey and Deacon being the defaulters.

At Noman's Heath, the first check, nobody was inside evens, the faster times being by Orrell, 26 mins., and Selkirk, 26½ mins. With the exception of Banks, all passed through to the more sheltered triangle, where much faster times were recorded. Here again Orrell did 36 minutes for the first time round, Selkirk returning the same time.

No half-way times were taken, so I append checkers' times for 23½ miles, Cholmondeley—these being *comparative only*, but they should serve to enlighten the competitors on any doubtful points.

The item of vital interest was, who would do fastest time—Orrell or Selkirk? The issue was in doubt until the last moment, for had not Selkirk been attacked with cramp, after Noman's Heath, losing four to five minutes, the results would have been extremely close. Selkirk is to be sympathised with, in not beating evens, and Orrell to be congratulated on what is for Northern roads a truly excellent performance, he being first and fastest.

Encouraging improvements were recorded by Welfare and Eggar, Welfare receiving third place. Taken as a whole, we can be well satisfied with the race, showing as it does that the A.B.C. ought to be in the forefront during the coming season.

	23½ miles	Actual	H'cap	
1.—G. B. Orrell (Fastest)	1 11	2 26 30	Sc.	2 26 30
2.—F. L. Edwards	1 13½	2 30 21	3	2 27 21
3.—G. H. Welfare	1 19	2 41 30	14	2 27 30
4.—J. Eggar	1 21	2 43 37	16	2 27 37
5.—F. Perkins	1 18	2 43 1	13	2 30 1
6.—G. E. Pugh	1 18	2 42 46	12	2 30 46
7.—C. Randall	1 17	2 39 6	8	2 31 6
8.—J. S. Blackburn	1 14	2 32 6	Sc.	2 32 6
9.—G. Selkirk	1 11	2 32 25	Sc.	2 32 25
10.—G. F. Hawkes	1 16	2 33 39	1	2 32 39
11.—J. A. Grimshaw	1 17	2 40 3	7	2 33 3
12.—S. T. Threlfall	1 19	2 42 38	9	2 33 38
13.—T. A. Telford	1 19½	2 48 17	15	2 35 17
14.—A. E. Walters	1 23	2 57 39	17	2 40 39
R. J. Austin	1 24		8	

C. Moorby, A. G. Banks, R. J. Austin, R. F. Gilmour and J. E. Rawlinson did not finish.

Delamere, May 23rd.

In fine weather we made an early start and Taylor induced me over the old lane through Mid-Wirral. It was decidedly muddy, and we had to push our way through the hedge-growth in order to avoid sinking in the slimy stuff. But nearing Chester our bicycles were soon washed clean for the rain came down in torrents, and we took refuge in the Bull and Stirrup. Here we picked up Kettle on a tricycle (why does the skipper invariably choose the wet days to trundle his three-wheeler?) and H. R. Band on a new bicycle, out

for a training spin preparatory to the "100" (as a helper, of course, not a competitor). The rain continued until we reached the Abbey Arms, and it was rather surprising to find an excellent attendance of 46, including a big contingent from Manchester. It certainly seems a popular fixture, although the tea was rather a catch-as-catch-can affair. The people of the house are very willing, but they have difficulty in providing for our big numbers. There were the usual attenders with the exceptions of Johnny Band, Chandler on an operatic holiday in London, and E. Edwards. It appears that "Teddy" complained of feeling unwell during the previous week and this was the cause of his absence. We have since heard that his illness has taken a more serious turn, and a minor operation will be necessary. We hope that his strong constitution will quickly pull him through and that he will soon be amongst us again. Conversation around the tea-table was largely about the "100" and the prospects of 5 hours being beaten. John Kinder started a sweep and did good business gathering in the "bobs." Soon after seven o'clock we set off for our respective domiciles, and Cook and Co. for Newport to meet Buckley returning from his sojourn in the south.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 233.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1925.

	Light up at
July 4. Tattenhall (Bear)	10-43 p.m.
Alternative week-end Ride—F.O.T.C. Rally, Hatfield.	
„ 10-11. Invitation 24 Hours Road Ride	10-38 p.m.
„ 13. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., Wellington Buildings, The Strand, Liverpool.	
„ 18 Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	10-30 p.m.
„ 25. Bunbury (Crewe Arms)	10-20 p.m.
Aug. 1-3. Tour in the Cotswold District	10- 8 p.m.

Full moon 6th 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 Bicyele Club, Tue Brook Branch.

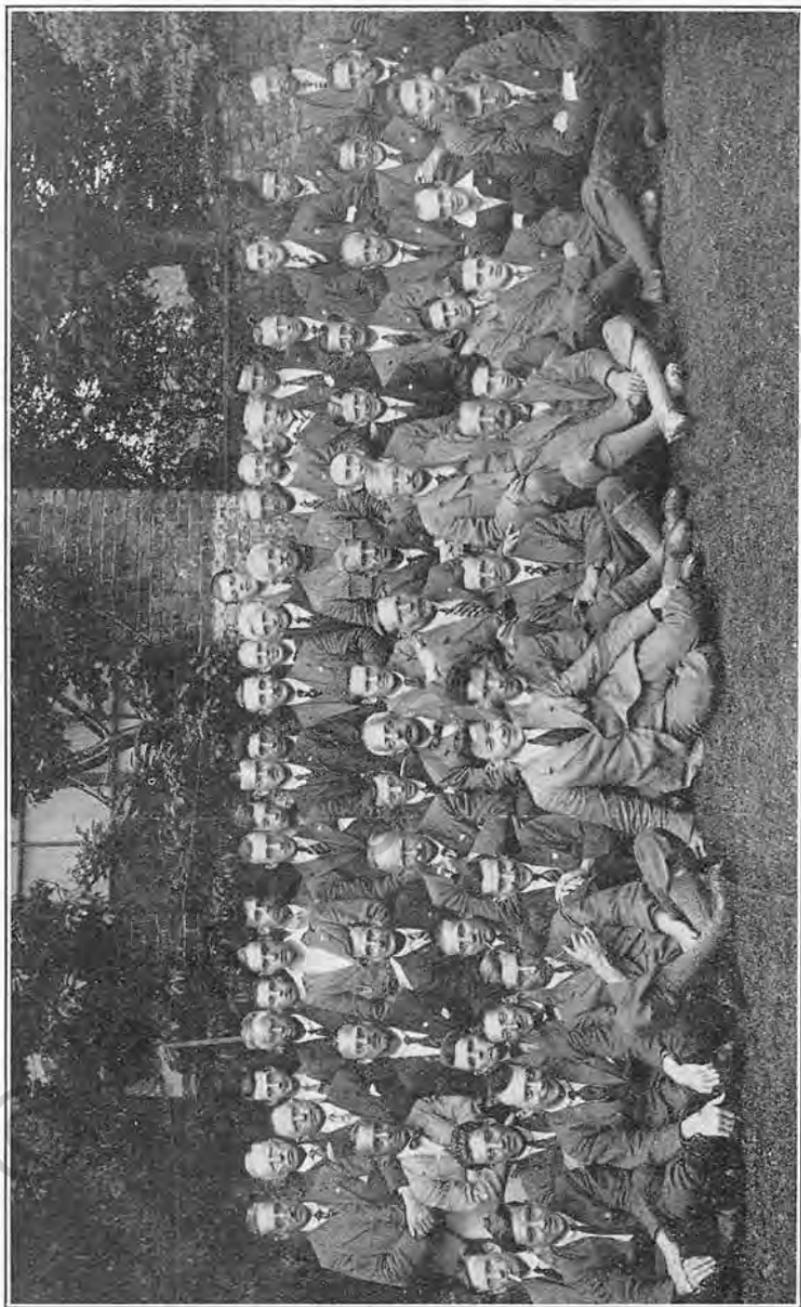
Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Elsewhere in the "Circular" will be found a programme of the tour in the Cotswold District during August Bank Holiday week-end. Will those members who wish to take part please let me have their names not later than Saturday, July 25th.

Change of Address.—C. Aldridge, "Meadowcroft," Brooklands Road, Brooklands, Cheshire.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. General Secretary.



Reading from top and from left:—

Back.—Royden, Mercer, Simpson, F. Jones, H. M. Buck, A. N. Rawlinson, Selkirk, Pugh, Eger, E. Green, Junr., McCann, W. Orrell, Cody, Chandler, Carpenter, G. Hawkes, W. A. Lowcock, J. O. Cooper, Lucas, Rothwell, Junr., Fell, H. Buckley, Kettle, Gregg, J. E. Rawlinson and Turnor.

Middle.—H. R. Band, H. Green, Davies, E. Buckley, S. J. Buck, Cook, F. L. Edwards, Knippe, J. C. Band, Venables, Williams, E. O. Morris, J. Kinder, Grimshaw, Reade and Rothwell.

Front.—H. Kinder, Moorby, G. B. Orrell, Hawker, Turvey, Holme, Horrocks, Morton, F. A. Smith, S. Threlfall, J. D. Cranshaw, Powell, J. Cranshaw, Long, Randall, H. Austin, Deacon, Telford and Mandall (in front).

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "24," 10-11th, July

Offers of assistance to check or help, etc., in this event are coming in very slowly. There are still several checking and feeding jobs awaiting volunteers.

Members desirous of riding must let me have their entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- for feeding expenses, not later than Friday, 3rd July.

Sharrow Invitation "50," 18th July.

As we usually support this event, I shall be glad to send entry forms to anyone who wishes to ride. A team of four is necessary, the first three to count. G. B. Orrell and F. L. Edwards have already expressed their intention of riding. I must have entries not later than July 8th.

Bath Road and Speedwell Invitation "100s," 3rd August.

I shall be glad if members who wish to compete or help, as the case may be, in any of the above events will let me know their intentions before Friday, 24th July, as after that date I shall be away on holidays.

East Liverpool Wheelers' Invitation "100." 3rd August.

This event is confined to riders who have accomplished or beaten 2hrs. 45mins.; I must have entries not later than Tuesday, 7th July.

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

Items.

We were very sorry to notice after the "100" on Whit Monday a prominent speedman defiling the ancient bridge at Shawbury by cutting out in bold characters the initials of his Club on the stonework, together with his own name. No doubt it was an act of thoughtlessness, but we should have thought at this time of day it was universally recognised that this sort of thing is simply not done.

The incident of the writing of another Club's name upon the back of our Club Button at Bettws does not seem to die the natural death it should do. In the Journal of the Club concerned there recently appeared a par. which to the average man in the street obviously is intended to sting, and yet there are certain members of that other Club who say they are unable to understand why the relations between us are not more friendly—he now has his explanation!—and the unfriendliness is not on our side.

So far as we are concerned—we hold the view that the matter should have been entirely ignored—we do not propose to devote further space to it after the publication of the following letter and the reference to it by the Contributor of the account of the Tarpoley Run.

To the Editor.

The Rear of the Anfield Button.

I learn that some friction has arisen over the fact that during Easter at Bettws the Club-Button had been turned round in our absence and the name "Manchester Wheelers" written on the

blank side; further, that it is assumed that some slight was intended and that the matter had not yet been washed away.

I would ask if we have to go very far out of our way to find a more generous interpretation: The face of the Button had not been soiled and the scribble was at the rear of the Emblem, which was left turned wrong way round to convey the message. Some M.-Wheeler had called at the Hotel in our absence and, not finding us, HAD LEFT HIS CARD. The reading that I suggest that we adopt, far from being a long way round, is really A SHORT CUT.

Recalling the French saying: "CHAQUE MEDAILLE A SON REVERS." we are reminded that every Medal has its darker or shadow side, and if our Club Medal has on its darker side the Shadow of the Manchester Wheelers, it need only mean that they are Our Rivals, but not necessarily other than Friendly Rivals.

AN EX-M.-WHEELER.

Aren't We All . . .

Some little time ago, over the pseudonym of one of your talented contributors, to wit, "Crank," you published a paragraph on the rotor ship and the application to cycling. One was led on by the article to dream of a future of rotating chimneys on handlebars that would not rob cycling of its charms, but merely correct those spells of adversity when wind and hills proved unkind, and which would render all cycling as downhill and with the wind behind. To those seriously minded enough to consider the application of this great principle to cycles the article may prove the germ of great things. Also, as the writer promised to extend his remarks as developments arose, we have anxiously awaited his further news; in fact, we have been making researches on our own account. As we now learn that an American professor has invented a vehicle which, using the wind as motive force will travel against the wind, the mechanism being a fan like that previously experimented with and not a rotor, we should like the rotor subject to be further ventilated. What is it to be, rotor or fan? Personally, we vote for a fan. Who can deny that the graceful lines of a fan in front would prove much more restful to the eyes than the chimney aspect of a rotor. It has been suggested to us that the writer we have referred to was "leg-pulling," and using a mechanical principle as a "stalking horse," but we do not believe that any more than we believe the American professor is perpetrating a joke. The subject has been one so much ridiculed by the thoughtless that one can be excused adopting the camouflage of banter to present the truth. As a matter of fact, to his critics who caustically remark that one might try and lift themselves by their bootlaces as sail against the wind with the aid of the wind, the learned American professor finds a bulwark of argument in the humble cycle. In the language of Euclid he remarks: Given an ordinary safety bicycle without rider, standing vertical and unsupported save laterally to prevent its falling over sideways, with one pedal down to the lowest extent, and assuming a backward lateral pull on that pedal, which way will the cycle travel? Now isn't it simple. Why forwards of course. That is the secret. The back pressure sends the cycle forward. Now the weak point with the rotor is that it must be self-driven, whereas with the fan no motive power is required: it is simply driven by the wind. If there is no wind the fan is not required, and, *per contra*, the stronger the head wind the greater the driving force. As to the

application, well the fan is fixed in the front and a simple drive connects it to the wheels. Let us then have less of the talk of "using the head," that we read of in cycling papers, or of pedalling heel and toe, or calculating wind resistance and whether the angle of incidence is inversely proportionate to the shortness of breath. Let us use our brains and not our heads. Were "Crank" to extend his field to the cycling papers who can doubt but that such contributions would not fail to command the same respect and serious reading that falls to some of those facile fictions that constantly appear as the Gospel of Cycling. We might then soon be "fanning" along the road, subjects of envy!

A True Champion of the Open Road.

A True Champion of the Open Road, writing to the daily press, urges the re-institution of the Bona-Fide Traveller, in order that Riders All may once again obtain much needed refreshment and stimulant at all hours of the day.

We wonder what wayfarer this is who signs himself: "The Open Road." Can he be an Anfielder? We are with him Heart and Gullet. Once more to have our Bona-Fides restored to us! Think of it Ye Owls!

The Happy-Go-Lucky Cotswolds Tour.

This August Week-end Tour is likely to be unconventional and petrol members to whom this should appeal are urged to make their presence felt in carrying members artistically inclined. Places have been chosen that are crying out for the Easel of the Master Touch, and Brooks are babbling with expectation.

All sections to meet on Friday night at Hodnet to exchange Greeting, discuss the Hour, fix Plans, bespeak Breakfasts, decide on Beds.

The Plan is to include in this tour the ground explored by poor old Teddy Worth in one of his happiest tours early during the war period.

On Saturday morning we pass through Wellington while the population gives us the ringing password: All Friends Around The Wrekin, and leaving that mountain on the right hand, pass by Dawley Magna and Madeley Court, but at or before Sutton Maddock (at either turn) take left along the Hinley Road with the object CHESTERTON.

A few minutes delay here will enable us to go round the Walls of Roman Chesterton, the site of which is now under the plough. It is almost enclosed by the loop of the river, like a miniature Shrewsbury or Durham.

Shortly beyond we cross the Bridgnorth-Wolverhampton road near Shipley and continue straight on under the shadow of Abbots Castle Hill by Upper Ludstone and Upper Aston. Then by Halfpenny Green and over the beautiful Highgate Common and its Race Course towards Enville. Then Left for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile along the main Stourton road and Right down the hill into KINFARE (or Kinver). Here lunch might be had at the Hotel on the right entering the main street. Here E. G. and his pal slept. The town was great in early coaching days before the construction of the present Stewponey-Kidder road, and here in one of the caves poor Bladys escaped from her hangman-husband. The coachroad by which we continue to Cockley runs just below the Church, but an effort should be made to get level with that holy but elevated edifice.

From Cockey a slight detour to the right to charming and little known Wolverley "is asking for it," and on to Franche for Kidderminster. From here to Bromsgrove by main road, but beyond out on the Redditch road keep left at Tinstall and by Bordesley Hall to Storage House, where emerges from the Left the remarkable Ryknield Street (renamed Ieknield Street). At this point the Street becomes a modern road, and by turning Right we follow it by Boeley to Alcester.

(This antiquated portion of the great Ryknield Street—coming from Derby by Wall right through present Birmingham—runs from Kings Norton to Washford, and it is strange that within 7 miles of Brum it should continue to exist so wild as it is north of Storage House.)

Afternoon Tea might be had at Alcester and later by Wixford (another portion of the Street runs here) to Bidford. Then optional by Long Marston, and Pebworth to Lower Qinton for Ilmington and Shipston. Passing through these villages where the real and jovial Will Shakespere caroused, we shall be haunted by his Sporting Rhyme:

Haunted Hilbro', Hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Dancing Marston,
Piping Pebworth, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom and Drunken Bidford.

(The Stratford Humourist was one of us; poor old Bacon never rose to that.)

Completely sobered we arrive at Ilmington

Where the Contro's cease from versing
and the ceaseless stay to rest.

The Church, a Norman Wonder, must be visited while our artists get their easels fixed and the poets tear their locks. The road facing the pub. is that to Shipston by Darlingscot, by which we enter Shipston from its best side, not known to those who but the main road know.

The Hotel is the George. We dine at 8 p.m.

Distances:

Hodnet-Wellington (Cock)	12	Miles.	
Wellington-Chesterton	12	"	
Chesterton-Kinver	7	"	
	—		31
Kinver-Kidder-Bromsgrove ...	16	Miles.	
Bromsgrove-Boeley-Alcester	16	"	
	—		32
Alcester-Bidford-Shipston	14		
	—		77

If time permits, there is an option to go from Bidford to Weston sub Edge by main road and visit Saintsbury Village and hill—a famous ascent that rises to the Fish Inn. From Weston to Chipping and Broad Campden station to Ilmington. This adds some 8 miles.

Route for Sunday's Ride, August 2nd:

Ilmington	3	Miles.	
Campden (Noel Arms)	4½	"	
Broad Campden	1½	"	
Blockley	2½	"	
Bourton on the hill	1½	"	
Moreton in Marsh	2	"	(White Hart).
Stow in the Wold	4	"	(Talbot).

Bourton in the Water	3½	..	(New Inn).
(Bourton can also be reached by Upper and Lower Slaughter.)			
North Leach by Ablington ...	5½	..	miles. (Wheatsheaf).
Bibury	5	..	(Swan).
Burford	9	..	(Lamb or Swan).
Charlbury	8	..	
Hoarstone	3	..	
Chipping Norton	3	..	(White Hart or Blue Bear).
Castle Norton	½	..	
Over Norton	1	..	
Rollwright	3	..	
Long Compton	2	..	(Red Lion).
Shipston	5½	..	
	68	..	

On the Monday anyone not too greatly pressed for time has a duty to perform, namely a visit to the Monument on Edge Hill. For real riders it lies on the way home, and is reached from Shipton by Compton Winyates and Sunrising Hill. Continue homeward by Kineton to Wellisbourne, and Warwick.

Students of the Fosse Way will find a fine section between Halford and Compton Verney near Wellisbourne as "coachroad," but north of here as "farmroad." South of Halford it has degenerated into a Motor Road.

The Owls' Banquet, Whit Monday Night,

Owing to the writer not having yet been initiated into the dark secrets of this ancient and mysterious order, it is impossible for him to say anything regarding its objects, or the qualities necessary to qualify for entry. It would appear, however, that a consistently sustained thirst and the capacity for slaking it with persistent abandon go a long way towards eligibility. When to these attributes are wedded the appetite of a real cyclist I should imagine a man's claim to membership would be irresistible. Speaking personally, it was with considerable trepidation I entered the sacred portals as I had received from the Junior Owl an ominous missive embodying a threat to initiate me during the course of the evening. This had effectively sated my already anemic appetite for food, and the Arch Owl, his penetrating eye fastening on my emotion, whispered to me that he would let me off on this occasion having secured sacrificial substitutes in the shapes of Rothwell and John Kinder, to whom I immediately tendered the Ferodo linings I had armed myself with as a precautionary measure, together with a network of asbestos in case of real emergency. They accepted these offerings with gloomy gratitude.

The Arch had laid his plans well, for he had served his royal command on Lesser Mortal Hubert Roskeli (fancy Hubert as a lesser anything!) to organise everything and everybody which he did in masterly fashion.

The initial stages of the feast were marked by a curious tendency on the part of the Mullah to rise at five-second intervals with a passionate appeal to the Arch Owl to allow him to wine with various members of the Craft, and the Arch's indulgence simply whetted a thirst which had already borne the brunt of a travail-laden day. Gradually but surely the Mullah's voice, at no time strident, sank to

that gentle indiscriminate cadence we all know so well, until only a cooing gurgle emanated from his lips. Recognising the unmistakable signal he stole carefully away to his couch and was seen no more. He had fought a good fight, but the odds were too great.

The banquet itself was a feast for the gods and a triumph alike for the organiser, his satellites, and the management of the hostelry. Toasts were tossed about from one end of the chamber to the other, the toasters and the toastees vying with each other in eulogistic perseverance. Impassioned appeals to our Presider to give up this cycling ere it was too late met with vehement declarations that it was this form of slow suicide which had made him the shattered wreck he was. If he had to be completely broken at last he preferred to be broken on the wheel, and the little that remained of his life would be devoted to the excruciating form of enjoyment he had mapped out for himself as a young man to atone in some slight way for a sticky past. Encouraging murmurs and hopeful cries of "Well, Bill it can't be long now," from the decrepit motoring section met this manly and heroic statement. Other eloquent speeches were given by the Arch, our old friend Mr. Phillips, visitors from other clubs, Grimmy (who succumbed to his own eloquence), F.H. and others, and through it all Tom Webster—the Solid Man—sat stolidly, toying with his faithful tankard, tended with solicitous care and watchful mien by his pupil, Hubert.

At long last the chamber was cleared of all but owls, lesser mortals, and the other insignificant fragments which go to make up the craft, and the stage set for the drama of the initiation of Rothwell and Long John on both of whom a deathly pallor had set as a pall. Delicacy dictates the drawing of a screen over the painful proceeding, but the return to me of the Ferodo linings badly charred, together with the ashes of the asbestos network told its own tale. It was remarked that neither of the novitiates sat down again.

An impromptu musical evening was then got together, our old friend Joe Andrews, brimful of banquet and other beverages starting off in great style, followed by Junior Owl Maden in a recitation studded with stylish Americanisms, and his one and only tear-compelling, soul-stirring ballad, entitled "My pleasures pall," after which he was escorted with kindly firmness to the outer chamber from time to time, only to return with unflinching regularity at five-minute intervals. Then we had Chem—or it would be more sensible to say that Chem had us, for he kept us transfixed with delight in his very best manner. Our other old friend, Walter Simpson, showed the mastery of mind over matter—the banquet had had no terrors for *him*—by pulling the house down and responding to an insatiable desire for more. Mr. Westaway of the Bath Road, who had had to be dragged in by a powerful posse (or should it be herd, or flock, or drove? I am strangely weak on these ornithological terms) of owls, also manfully answered the call with recitations of a more or less recondite nature. There were other contributors, but I think I have done very well to remember all these, and altogether a most enjoyable time was spent, the original kitty collapsing under the awful strain.

A distressing episode was the death of one of the new initiates, poor Rothwell. He was only a Lancashire lad, and had travelled that afternoon all the way from Chowbent specially, as he said, for the Do. What with this, the fatigues of the banquet, the savage attack on his portion of the kitty, and the stress of the horrible

ordeal he had undergone, it was not surprising his delicate frame should falter under the combined strain, and he calmly breathed his last in the arms of one of his feathered companions about midnight. His corpse was reverently laid down, and beautiful flowers sympathetically culled from the dining rooms were wreathed by loving hands round his beer—sorry, bier. Emblematical of his faithful affection in life for home brewed, a friendly tankard was placed within reach of either hand, and a mournful requiem chanted by the whole assembly standing (those who could)—a peaceful and appropriate end to a noble life. It was a painful business, but perhaps it is all for the best. A right gradely lad. . . .

This little incident disposed of, the evening was immediately resumed, and one by one the lesser mortals, and those who were more or less, were silently but surely removed out of the reach of harm, leaving the bulwarks of the craft to the heavy work of carrying on the traditional rites. Illuminating and animated discussions ensued, and at 3-0 A.M. I was in the midst of a pathetic appeal to the Arch Owl to let bygones be bygones, which on mature consideration he eventually regarded as a very sensible suggestion, and gathering up the remnants of his flock he nestled them under his ample wings and we all regained our nests. It only remains to be said that the Arch throughout a somewhat trying time comported himself as a wise old bird should, combining rigid authority (one blink from him, phew!) with the dignity and urbanity one associates with his high position. GENTLEMEN, THE OWLS!

Kindred Spirits at Work.

Wayfarer's report in *Cycling* of having seen in Wales on Easter Sunday the wondrous Meteor and Fire Ball described by him in detail, has brought immense relief to the three Anfielders at Shaftesbury, each of whom saw the phenomenon after partaking of the excellent Cuisine at the Grosvenor.

It goes to show how much these rival explorers have, after all, in common.

The fact that this message from the Heavens had so far remained totally uncorroborated by their acquaintances had caused these travellers to be scoffed at and their description that it resembled a Champagne Goblet to meet with hilarity

G. B. Orrell has suffered another mutilation of his name. "G. Borrell" was a joke for some time, but now the *Irish Cyclist and Motor Cyclist* makes an Irishman of him with "G. B. O'Neill," which is indeed flattery. This reminds us that Mutt and Jeff now figure in the correspondence column of our contemporary discussing an abstruse motor cycling problem.

Amongst a lot of other interesting matter in the 1925 edition of the C.T.C. (Liverpool District Association) Handbook we notice a well-written article by our own Presider entitled "Another Phase," which is certainly calculated to warm the cockles of the Master's heart. Robbie is also to the fore with a characteristic dissertation on "The Cyclist's Heritage," while our comparatively new member Percy Brazendale contributes his impressions of "A Wonderful Night" in a wonderful way—so well indeed that the Editorial eye (the one with the insatiable thirst for "copy" in it) will assuredly fix him one of these days.

Behind the Windscreen of a Super-Car.

(Extracted from the Daily Press, with Hints on Careful Travel—
under the Heading: From Carlisle to Manchester.)

"During the remainder of the journey to Manchester we were for the most part in a procession. To one who has little knowledge of motor riding the experience was both interesting and exciting. For one thing our car was the most powerful on the road, whenever the driver chose he could pass any other car with ease. Nothing was more pleasing than the way other drivers on hearing the Tooting of the Horn waved us along."

"Our driver had a fondness for speed and sometimes got beyond 60 miles an hour. We passed hundreds of cars but never in the way which gave the smallest offence. There is a Right Way and a wrong way, but the right way takes a lot of learning, it is most quickly learned by the Man who believes that it is MORE BLESSED TO CONCEDE POINTS THAN TO EXACT ALL TO WHICH HE IS ENTITLED."

"We ourselves were only passed by two Motor Bicycles, which seem to be constructed for speed only." (Shame.)

"Once a motor cyclist emerged from behind a car we met going in the opposite direction. The man was in peril of his life for he had not more than an inch or two between our two cars." (The Conceding of Points must here have been reduced to a Minimum.)

"In certain quarters the desire to maintain speed seems to be irresistible, which accounts for much." (The Smug Hypocrite.)

Stop Press Speed News.

Billy Lowcock's trial run from Cheadle to the Hulme dressed up for Whit Work and mounted on his pure Sang Slick road racer fresh from the enamel oven caused a stir that will culminate in his qualifying for the Newport Fluff Handicap.

Ignoring the counsel tendered by his friends to be measured for a middle aged Sunbeam, his twenty miles an hour attitude is a smack in the face of his rival has-beens. It recalls Arthur's last effort on the low barred Raleigh selected by Cook, and to eclipse it we only want to see Chem out on a new Donohue Path racer when his tailor can persuade him to order short pants.

The advertising clause kept Bill out of the "100."

RUNS.

Whitsuntide—Whitchurch, May 30th.

As I toiled along the road to Whitchurch and was overtaken by the Editorial car, I saw a gleam in Arthur's eye that told me as sure as eggs are eggs that I was "for it," and sure enough, the sword of Damocles has fallen. I will not confess to a knowledge scanty in the extreme, for although no one person can know everything that happens over a week-end and race, the exercise of ordinary interest and intelligence avoids despair over the attempt more or less faithfully to record history.

There was a much larger crowd at Whitchurch for tea, including several like Turvey and Perkins who had to go back, but there were still plenty who patronised Nomans Heath and other adjacent places. With the alteration in the course, Chetwynd Church became of more importance, and a large party under the wing of Buckley and Austin

were at Newport, but Hodnet and Shawbury were also well patronised, Green and Band fathering the flock at the former, and "Widelegs" at the latter, while the Headquarters at Shrewsbury contained the officials under Kaptain Kettle, with our wealthy Motorists at the George as usual. On the Sunday I don't know what strenuousities the Hodnet party indulged in, but the Newport crowd had a very fine ride to Bridgnorth by a lane route over which Buckley guided them. As "Widelegs" doubtless wanted to measure all the speed machines at Shawbury he stayed with the racing men, but Threlfall, Long and Cooper came into Shrewsbury to pilot Cook and Company to Munsterley (to see the Bath Roaders), Bishops Castle and Clun, while the Kinder-Mullins party went to Ludlow to meet P.C.B. and the B.R. tourists, and as both these sections met by arrangement at Craven Arms there was a goodly crowd for tea at the Stokesay Castle and the ride back. The George party went to Leominster, and Kettle and Company had to be satisfied with the short trip to Cound Lodge so as to be at High Ercall in the afternoon to complete the commissariat arrangements.

During the evening delegations from the N.R., Poly., Speedwell, Century, Wayfarer, and other clubs called at the Lion to pay their devoirs, and quite regardless of expense we retained Ditchman to draw the sweep, so that no one can cast "nastursiums" over De Wet and Ned Haynes winning two of the three prizes!

THE HUNDRED.

The new method of extending invitations on merit instead of by clubs had been universally approved and commended, and resulted in a field admittedly the "hottest" that has ever taken part in this famous race, to quote *Cycling*, and avoided all trouble over the R.R.C. regulations. About 150 names had been submitted, and a chosen 100 figured on the card, but for some reason or other 7 failed to face Poole at the start. The change of course to that used in the World's Championship, 1922, fooled quite a lot of people, but the crowd at the start and finish was larger than ever; however, I am glad to be able to record that on the whole the standard of behaviour was distinctly higher, and the only serious ground for complaint that remains is the silly applauding at the finish, which makes it impossible for the competitor to give his number. Of course, the use of a rope under the majestic control of Skinner and Hubert had a lot to do with keeping a clear course by checking the wet hens, but I think there was less hampering of the officials at the checking places, and it would appear as though the comments in *Cycling* have borne fruit. The weather was brilliantly fine, but the wind was quite strong from the West, so that I don't think anyone expected "evens" to be beaten. It is therefore no wonder that *Cycling* devotes an editorial in eulogy of Andy Wilson, who has now not only added his name to those of Wingrave and Moss as triple Fastest Timers (Wilson was also morally fastest in 1922) but showed so clearly that he is in a class by himself by breaking the late H. H. Gayle's long standing record of 4.59.8 by clocking the remarkable time of 4.55.31. I certainly never remember seeing such a magnificent display of perfect fitness and real headwork—a truly inspiring lesson for those who care to profit by it. Starting early, Wilson had little or no advantage from his fellow competitors, and was out on his own most of the way. Southall, the new star in the cycling firmament was fastest at 28½ miles, with Pilcher second, Wilson third, and Matton, F. Stott, Fowler and

Harbour close behind, but at the 50 mile point, where Norman Higham took the times on a synchronised Kew A watch, Wilson had asserted himself as a study of the times below will show, and thence onward he steadily drew away from the field in masterly fashion, beating his nearest opponents, Southall and Matton, by over 13 minutes, and comfortably winning the handicap as well. Matton, with what otherwise would have been considered a fine performance, was second in the handicap, and third place was secured by H. McCourt of the Cheadle Hulme. Harbour, who was inside "evens" at 50, unfortunately croppered and smashed his front wheel near Tern Hill. Of our own men, Orrell excelled himself with a ride good enough to put him in the table of fastest times, and was fifth in the handicap. G.B. we are proud of you! Grimmy also did a remarkable performance for such a veteran, and quite showed up the rest of the boys. Blackburn was most disappointing, and Shaw was our only other finisher. Of those who "chucked," Selkirk clocked 2.43.8 for 50, Hawkes 2.39.20, and Randall 2.45.45. Grimmy's 50 time was 2.41.20, Blackburn's 2.35.40, and Shaw's 2.48.24.

FASTEST TIMES.

	50 miles.	100 miles.
A. Wilson, Y. R. C.	2.22.54	4.55.31
F. W. Southall, Norwood Paragon	2.24.37	5. 8.37
G. Matton, Highgate	2.27.15	5. 8.42
F. Stott, Century	2.26.47	5.10.53
H. Fowler, Polytechnic	2.27. 5	5.11.47
A. West, Bath Road	2.28.27	5.16.40
A. Squire, Midland	2.35.55	5.18.56
F. Greenwood, Midland	2.31. 4	5.19.16
E. C. Pilcher, Polytechnic	2.26.58	5.19.37
J. W. Rossiter, Century	2.33.30	5.20.25
D. F. Nash, Polytechnic	2.32. 6	5.20.29
J. W. Dougal, Marlboro'	2.33.31	5.20.34
G. B. Orrell, Anfield	2.30.28	5.20.52
C. Marshall, Vegetarian	2.32. 0	5.23. 3
T. D. Chapman, Wood End	2.36.40	5.25.35

The following table gives the Handicap result in full:—

	Actual time.	Handicap.	Handicap time.
1.—A. Wilson, Y. R. C.	4.55.31	Scr.	4.55.31
2.—G. Matton, Highgate	5. 8.42	10	4.58.42
3.—H. McCourt, Cheadle Hulme	5.29.56	30	4.59.56
4.—J. Gilbert, Yorkshire R. C.	5.32.49	30	5. 2.49
5.—G. B. Orrell, Anfield	5.20.52	16	5. 4.52
6.—A. Mercer, Crewe R. C.	5.34.56	30	5. 4.56
7.—N. R. King, Speedwell B. C.	5.28.35	23	5. 5.35
8.—F. Stott, Century R. C.	5.10.53	4	5. 6.53
9.—N. O'Prey, East Liverpool W.	5.37.27	30	5. 7.27
10.—F. Southall, Norwood Paragon	5. 8.37	1	5. 7.37
11.—H. Fowler, Polytechnic	5.11.47	4	5. 7.47
12.—J. Carter, Norwood Paragon	5.28.52	20	5. 8.52
13.—C. T. Lawrence, Notts Castle	5.37. 4	27	5.10. 4
14.—J. W. Dougal, Marlboro' A. C. ...	5.20.34	9	5.11.34
15.—T. D. Chapman, Wood End	5.25.35	14	5.11.35
16.—A. West, Bath R. C.	5.16.40	4	5.12.40
17.—A. Squire, M. C. & A. C.	5.18.56	6	5.12.56

18	J. C. Marshall, Vegetarian	5.23. 3	10	}	5.13. 3
	{ A. G. Bayliss, East Liverpool W. ...	5.43. 3	30		
20.	—L. Ray, Walsall R. C.	5.38.42	25		5.13.42
21.	—D. F. Nash, Polytechnic	5.20.29	6		5.14.29
22.	—W. G. Luxton, Century	5.30.15	15		5.15.15
23.	—F. Greenwood, M. C. & A. C.	5.19.16	4		5.15.16
24.	—E. C. Pilcher, Polytechnic	5.19.37	4		5.15.37
25.	—B. Satchwell, M. C. & A. C.	5.31.44	16		5.15.44
26.	—P. H. Beeson, Walsall R. C.	5.46.38	30		5.16.38
27.	—J. A. Grimshaw, Anfield	5.42.20	25		5.17.20
28.	—J. W. Rossiter, Century	5.20.25	3		5.17.25
29.	—W. A. Tuplin, Gomersal O. R. C. ...	5.33.41	16		5.17.41
30.	—E. Allen, Notts Castle	5.42.56	25		5.17.56
31.	—R. E. Wilson, Unity C.C.	5.47.57	30		5.17.57
32.	—A. Hughes, Manchester W.	5.48.14	30		5.18.14
33.	—A. Rogerson, Gomersal O. R. C.	5.44. 8	25		5.19. 8
34.	—A. Jones, East Liverpool W.	5.44.26	24		5.20.26
35.	—F. L. Meyer, Speedwell	5.35.37	15		5.20.37
36.	—J. E. Holdsworth, Kentish W.	5.26.45	6		5.20.45
37.	—H. Grove, Sharrow	5.48.53	28		5.20.53
38.	—D. Johnson, Birkenhead N. E.	5.47.11	26		5.21.11
39.	—J. Makinson, Chorley	5.36.37	15		5.21.37
40.	—L. E. Carton, Highgate	5.34.45	13		5.21.45
41.	—J. G. Shaw, Anfield	5.52.38	30		5.22.38
42.	—F. Thorley (tri.), Rotherham W. ...	6, 2.39	40		5.22.39
43.	—E. W. Pepper, Leicester R. C.	5.52.55	30		5.22.55
44.	—A. J. King, M. C. & A. C.	5.49. 8	25		5.24. 8
45.	—J. S. Blackburn, Anfield	5.40.35	16		5.24.35
46.	—E. H. Bailey, M. C. & A. C.	5.44.51	20		5.24.51
47.	—C. Martin, Bath R. C.	5.50.20	25		5.25.20
48.	—B. Stott, Century	5.35.51	10		5.25.51
49.	—W. J. Finn, Irish R. C.	5.51. 7	25		5.26. 7
50.	—E. Chandler, Leicester R. C.	5.42.20	16		5.26.20
51.	—V. Ware, Norwood Paragon	5.39.28	12		5.27.28
52.	—F. B. Dutton-Walker, Falatine	5.48.22	20		5.28.22
53.	—F. A. Beardmore, Leicester R. C. ...	5.46.27	17		5.29.27
54.	—G. E. Sibthorpe, Highgate	5.36.21	6		5.30.21
55.	—F. J. Marlow, Kentish W.	5.51.35	20		5.31.35
56.	—W. H. Rose, Polytechnic	5.38.52	7		5.31.52
57.	—N. Sollars, Wood End	5.47.37	14		5.33.37
58.	—L. Lamouroux, Bath R. C.	6, 5.11	30		5.35.11
59.	—L. J. Ireland, Wood End	5.56.57	18		5.38.57
60.	—B. E. Daybell, Unity	5.57.31	17		5.40.31
61.	—A. A. Rogers, Walton C. & A. C. ...	6.11. 3	30		5.41. 3
62.	—G. E. Webster, Bath R. C.	5.56.34	14		5.42.34
63.	—A. Hignett, Liverpool Century	6.13. 3	30		5.43. 3

Team Race.—1st, Polytechnic: Fowler, Pilcher and Nash, 15.51.53: 2nd, Century R. C.: F. Stott, Rossiter and Luxton, 16.1.33, thus at long last breaking the "almost monotonous persistency and accuracy" of the M. C. & A. C., which this year had to be content to be third with Squire, Greenwood and Satchwell, aggregating 16.9.56.

Brieflets

Cycling comments "The organisation of the event . . . was a model of its kind." We blush.

Grimmy taking Battlefield Corner makes a fine picture.

There were 106 of us "out and about," so it is impossible to mention all who worked so hard to ensure success, but we were particularly pleased to see Toft marshalling Hinstock, Neason patrolling Shawbury-Shawbirch, and our "exiles" Pritchard, Robbie, Bill and Bright.

Bright has joined the Zucchetto brigade, and we hope he has obtained a permit from the Prime Minister.

There was a crowd of about 100 waiting at Hodnet Corner and they were puzzled to death when the Presider passed and disappeared in the direction of Tern Hill—but it helped Mrs. Foulkes out of a hole.

Pcole sent the timing book, by Mercer, to Teddy Edwards, and this thoughtfulness greatly helped to recompense him for what he had been forced to miss.

Thorley's 6.2.39 on a tricycle was quite good for a comparative novice, and no doubt the experience gained will prove useful next year in the Tricycle Trophy event.

It was a great pity Hughes of the Marlboro' struck a packet of trouble and was forced to retire. He struck us as the type of man who would do well over our course.

Laidlow of the Southern Elite actually started 14 mins. 27 secs. late! He must have fancied his chances, but we were not surprised he did not get far.

Tarporley, June 6th, Photo Run.

An American author has said that a painful corn is one of the greatest blessings ever given to mankind (because it makes us forget all our other troubles). I'm inclined to agree, for before I could sit down and write this run, it was imperative that I should put some solution and a patch on the place where my Unit toe-strap catches. Perhaps a change on to Hooker's (Malted Milk) toe-straps would be beneficial. This particular Saturday marked the beginning of the heat wave, and I drifted out to the "Swan" very languidly, arriving 20 minutes before time. The numerous Anfielders whom I overtook on the way were all sitting in the hedges, or on gates, resting, but I saw nothing of Jay Bee with Jane Doe's weekly article. A goodly crowd of 62 foregathered for tea, which was served in the historic Hunt Room, and the hungry ones showed great haste to get to the "meat" (like Dan Leno, or was it Dan Godfrey, Junr.?). "Lizzie" Buek decided that the beautiful Grand Master's chair, with the carved dogs on the arms, was just the place to deposit his hat. A glass of beer (with whom went the Presider) came and sat next to me, and opposite were the Editor-Person and Billy Lowcock. Quite a distinguished quartette, eh?

Tea over, the great event of the photo came next. It may be remarked, in passing, that not all the members showed that courtesy which Charlie Conway's annual invitation should call forth. Half the crowd were ready on the lawn in a very short time, but others lingered, or spent their time dodging the harassed Sub-Captains, so that I nearly got pneumonia with waiting. Carpenter was standing near me, so to fill in the time I asked him had he come far, expecting him to say "Yes, I've ridden from Blair Atholl since 2 a.m. on a morsel of cheese, and 7 biscuits," or "Yes, I've cycled from Sennen since 10.58 last night on 2 mince-pies, a piece of tripe and a quart of olive oil." What he did reply was "CHESTER"! Grimmy was full of suggestions to the patient camera-man, such as: put Bob

Knife among the over 70's on the right hand side: take the camera in the *BAR* as that would give a more representative photo than the *LAWN*: take the big crowd in two halves and join the pictures: or send a *teetotaller* to the bar to hurry up the laggards. Charlie Conway, in the meantime, had obtained the services of the two outside men in the group as linesmen to wave (once) white handkerchiefs, and was busy getting the box of tricks into focus. He had come armed with battalions of slides (knowing full well that not all our members are Rudolph Valentinos), but after the 5th plate had been exposed, Grimmy suddenly became positive that the camera was not in focus. The crowd managed to soothe him, and readily understood this faddiness on the part of one who, only the day before, had his picture in *Cycling*. Turnor was willing to take the last photo, in order that Charlie might appear in the group, but did not allow for the springiness of the bulb, and the result was an "instantaneous" that probably resulted in a blank plate. Of course, that was only to be expected when a quadruple record-holder got busy. Next year, we'll pick one of the W.W.W. or the Wayfarer C.C. and take our time. Mullah was allowed a second try, and profited by experience. After such a long sitting, we dispersed gladly, and inspected one or two copies of the "Manchester Wheelers' Gazette," which were handed round. Our little paragraph from the Easter Tour notes was reprinted, to which was added the words: "If this is the work of one of ours, will he note that the name of the Manchester Wheelers should not be written up *anywhere*." It was agreed that the commentator spoke more truly than he knew, and it was indeed desirable that the name of the "Manchester Wheelers" should not be written *UP* anywhere.

Such a beautiful evening was an invitation to do an extension on the homeward journey, and a most delightful ride around Beeston and Huxley preceded the ride through Chester to the City of Ships.

All-Night Ride, June 13th.

Eighteen members took part. The nucleus from Liverpool consisted of Cook, Kettle, Austin, Perkins, W. E. L. Cooper, Eggar, Hinde, Long, and Turvey.

Warrington was passed dead on schedule, where Banks chipped in, and Knutsford was reached before 6 o'clock. Here a large party of short-timers were found already tucking into the tea with the result that our worthy Captain and some other all-nighters had to wait—at which they were justifiably somewhat wroth.

The All Night Ride proper now commenced. The members joining in here were Greens, senior and Ernest, Mullah and J. E. Rawlinson on the tandem, Rothwell junior, Buckley junior, J. E. Walker and J. D. Cranshaw.

The eighteen left at 7-15 as per schedule and had a very pleasant and easy ride through—or rather around—Macclesfield, to Leek; the wind being dead astern and weather perfect. Leek was reached with plenty of time in hand, but supper was not started until schedule time. Here refreshments were taken aboard for the early morning snack; everyone had a good feed, and we left at 11-0 prompt for Ashbourne. This stretch of road made one begin to realise that one really was in Derbyshire. Banks' brake blocks realised it, anyhow (his green "Tour de France" being fitted appropriately with a free-wheel), and Videlex filled in the time at Ashbourne by treat-

ing the multitude to an exhibition of block-replacement, assisted by the Mullah's tobacco and an arc-lamp thoughtfully provided by the local Council.

Departing hence on time at 12-45, we sought and found Cromford; but found a little difficulty in getting away from it, in spite of the large library of maps flourished by certain riders. Having made a thorough inspection of the country for some miles round and decided which really was the way to Rowsley, we arrived there something like $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour behind schedule, and proceeded to make it more by camping and feeding. It was here The Mullah found that Rawlinson's near pedal wouldn't go round—or Rawlinson found the Mullah's wouldn't. There appeared to be some disagreement about the matter. Videlex was called in, and after much labour succeeded in leaving it as it was; and we proceeded. Shortly after this as the light became in evidence and things began to be really enjoyable, the Greens struck trouble with a tyre. The first time it went, the whole caravan halted to help—or otherwise. Subsequently, only Green senior and Austin heroically remained behind to assist their young comrade in distress; and consequently they were a bit late at Glossop. But Ernest need not have been so sorrowful about it. These things may happen to anyone—and next time he will take his tyres off and examine them before starting.

The Snake is misnamed. It was the Sea-Serpent—and a savage one at that. It writhed upward and onward, through billows of foam, for miles and miles. I suppose everyone got over it somehow (there was no way round, that I could see). The views, of fog and swirling wetness, were glorious. And we all swam away from the Serpent pretty damp. It was the only wetting on the ride, and soon dried off. And such was the mountaineering prowess of the company that we recaptured the schedule at Glossop, where we had a tip-top breakfast.

Thence through Chapel and Buxton to the Cat. Nearing Buxton, Buckley, the Kinders, and Mandall joined us, and then singly and in battalions we swarmed up the Cat and Fiddle. Contrary to expectations, the wind was not bad, and the climb nothing like as hard as the Snake. Also, the weather was perfect, and fine views were to be seen. Captain Kettle, full of beans and hope of glory, climbed it in one piece. No doubt others did, too (applications for certificates should be marked "C. & F" on the obverse)—but I mention Kettle because, starting feeling rather off colour, he gradually picked up form. As he penetrated into the haunts of his youth, he became positively chirpy, or like a charger scenting the battle from afar—and he finished fairly stamping on it.

Macclesfield and dimer was the end of the adventure. After that the ride continued "according to plan," but no exciting incident occurred except that Mandall had an unfortunate argument with some local on wheels, with disastrous results to his own. Hard luck, Mandall!

The All Night was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed, but it seems strange that out of 47 members at Knutsford, only 18 braved the adventure. All the more credit to the youngsters who did. Rothwell's son had only previously had two rides of about 80 miles as the sum total of his distance riding experience. Young Green had rotten luck; but they, and Buckley junior rode through splendidly, and are evidently the right stuff.

It is to be regretted that certain members, including the President, failed to carry out the Fixture as scheduled.

Little Budworth, June 20th.

The glorious weather of the past few weeks seemed unlikely to continue over the week-end, but apart from a few showers of rain earlier in the day the conditions were again ideal when a start was made about 3 o'clock.

After a pleasant and leisurely tour of the laues via Davenham and Whitegate, I arrived at the Red Lion to find Kettle, Cody, Knipe, Lucas and several others, already on the scene, and inside the Inn a few hard riders sampling the local brew, in which act I hastened to join them.

The Manchester Wheelers' "50," in which 6 or 7 of our men were competing, was no doubt responsible to some extent for the small muster; at 6 o'clock only 23 answered the call for tea. However, numbers are not everything, and an enjoyable meal was partaken of in comfort, in contrast with some of the scrambles when the attendance is nearer 50.

Bert Green and Son, who had been out all day on tandem, reported the Kinders en route for Shropshire, and the Presider also sighted Threlfall, in the guise of a Motorist, proceeding in the same direction.

Kettle was busy beating up Checkers, Marshalls and followers for the invitation "24," and in view of the holiday season and the consequent absence of members, all available help will be required, especially as a large field is anticipated.

Chandler's tricycle, fresh from the decorators, and now painted a vivid green, was the subject of various comments, but at any rate it is sure to pass the tests with flying colours. There were several speedy looking bicycles, and I noticed that Horrocks, among others, was mounted on "rags and timber." Is he contemplating a return to speed work? One never knows, but perhaps they are fitted more for ease of propulsion than for the former purpose.

The week-enders, bound for Wem, were the first to leave, and the rest of us, singly or in small parties, soon departed for home.

Manchester Wheelers Open "50," June 20th

Six of "Ours" entered for this event. At 21½ miles (Hodnet) Orrell clocked 1-2, Edwards 1-4, Selkirk 1-4, Hawkes 1-5, Randall 1-6, Pugh 1-7. The second time at Hodnet (44½ miles) Edwards arrived in 2-13, Orrell 2-14, Selkirk 2-14, Hawkes 2-18, Randall 2-22, Pugh 2-24. Edwards finished in 2-27-46 (3rd Fastest Prize), Selkirk 2-29-20, Orrell 2-29-24, thus winning the 1st Team Prize, Hawkes 2-33-57, Randall 2-37-34, Pugh 2-40-9, were also good rides. We have reason to be pleased with these performances. Twiddle (Liverpool Unity) was Fastest with 2-23-0.

Club 100 Miles Handicap, June 27th.

The experiment of holding a Club "100" was fully justified by the event; the entry might have been larger, there being one or two notable absentees, but the general interest in the fixture and the performance were quite worth the no small amount of preparation entailed.

The Handicapping Committee, or those members of it who attended the meeting thereof, were faced with somewhat of a problem when they met to frame the "card," as so few of the 14 entrants had

ridden in or had completed a ride at the distance, and the resulting figures prove to be remarkably good, especially when the rather numerous punctures and other troubles are allowed for.

All but one of those on the card were despatched by Harry Poole from a spot slightly south of the 5th milestone on the Chester-Whitchurch road. Deacon, unable to leave business, was the absentee. Two failed to complete the course, Blackburn and Randall being the unfortunate ones. The former punctured twice, and the latter suffered from the "hungry knock."

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S CAR.

In order to attend to the feeding we arrived at the Raven about 3 p.m., and, having got things ready, settled the spot for the handing up of drinks on the Competitors' first visit. Randall was the first up at this point, 17½ miles, his time being 53 mins., and the others followed at close intervals as follows:—Welfare, 55 min.; Banks, 56 min.; Hawkes, 53½ min.; Walters, 56 min.; Selkirk, 52½ min.; Pugh, 52½ min.; Austin, 52 min.; Turvey, 55½ min.; Grimshaw, 52½ min.; Telford, 57½ min.; Perkins, 60 min., and Blackburn (who as he passed reported a puncture), 62½ min. All riders seemed to be going well; the wind, so far, was helpful, but had to be faced before this place was again reached after a stretch of 33 miles. Less than an hour after leaving Blackburn returned, having "packed up" after a second puncture. For the second visit to this spot food and drinks had to be prepared, and the side of the road under cover of a small wood was selected for feeding the riders. Eggs had to be beaten and put into milk, bananas prepared, "sugar butties" made and put into paper, and—Kettle's much appreciated idea—jelly with banana (previously prepared by the Captain in little paper bowls) put into paper bags. Every rider stopped on arrival, what time the various items of food were stuffed into his pockets, the egg and milk handed him and a wet towel squeezed over his head and neck. Randall again arrived first, having covered the 51 miles in 2 hrs. 41 min., the others turning up as follows:—Selkirk, 2 hrs. 58½ min.; Pugh, 2 hrs. 39 min.; Austin, 2 hrs. 38½ min.; Hawkes (who had punctured near Tern Hill on the return trip), 2 hrs. 52 min.; Turvey, 2 hrs. 45 min.; Welfare, 2 hrs. 50 min.; Grimshaw, 2 hrs. 41 min.; Walters, 2 hrs. 51 min.; Banks, 2 hrs. 55 min.; Perkins, 2 hrs. 48 min., and Telford 2 hrs. 50 min.

Having disposed of all our empties and repacked the surplus, we then made for the 50 triangle part of the course, calling at Grindley Brook en route to make some "24" arrangements, and at Nomans Heath to adjust the head of Pritchard's saucy little tandem. At P.O. Lane Corner we found Mercer and Fell awaiting the return of the riders, and obtained the times there. Pugh had by now taken the lead on time, and was fastest to this point in 3 hrs. 12 min. Selkirk and Austin were next on time with 3 hrs. 14 min. for the 60½ miles. Grimshaw took 3 hrs. 17 min.; Randall, 3 hrs. 18 min.; Turvey, 3 hrs. 20 min.; Telford and Perkins tied with 3 hrs. 23 min.; Hawkes did 3 hrs. 24 min.; Walters 3 hrs. 28 min., and Banks 3 hrs. 33 min.

Proceeding along the course we were just in time to get the car off the road at Cholmondeley School Corner before Telford passed making for Acton and then, having some food left, we settled upon a spot nearer Ridley for the handing of it up. The innovation of banana in jelly seemed to be appreciated: Grimmy, as he grabbed his ration here, expressing the opinion that it was "the goods." Selkirk to

here had pulled up on Pugh and was leading him by half a minute in 4 hrs. 47 min.; Austin was third on time with 4 hrs. 53 min. Hawkes had taken 4 hrs. 56 min., and Perkins 4 hrs. 57½ min.; while Welfare and Turvey tied in 4 hrs. 58 min. Next was Grimshaw with 5 hrs., while Walters and Telford took respectively 5 hrs. 6 min. and 5 hrs. 6½ min., and Banks 5 hrs. 16 min. After here Selkirk lost time through an attack of cramp, Turvey punctured near Nomans Heath, Grimshaw punctured for the second time (he had broken his pump on the first occasion), and finished the last few miles on the rim, and Hawkes suffered a second time also, losing some minutes in trying for a change of machine, being refused at first by a chance passing cyclist and then succeeding with another one.

Banks and Telford came in sight of the finish practically together, the latter leading slightly, and a fierce sprint took place. Banks jumped his rival and finished a length or two in front. The following table gives the result:—

1.—Pugh, G. E.	5.31.53	16 min.	5.15.53
2.—Walters, A. E.	5.52.50	35 "	5.17.50
3.—Banks, A. G.	6. 3.13	45 "	5.18.13
4 Turvey, N.	5.49.33	28 "	5.21.33
4 Perkins, F.	5.40.33	19 "	5.21.33
6.—Welfare, G. H.	5.43.24	20 "	5.23.24
7.—Telford, T. A.	5.53.13	27 "	5.26.13
8.—Austin, H.	5.38.22	8 "	5.30.22
9.—Grimshaw, J. A.	5.44.16	12 "	5.32.16
10.—Selkirk, C.	5.31.20	Scratch.	5.31.20
11.—Hawkes, G. E.	5.42.15	6 min.	5.36.15

FROM ANOTHER POINT.

A few notes by one of the Faddiley Bank party may not be out of place. Arriving very early about 2½ hours before the first man was due, we met our first repulse at the Tollemache Arms, which could not provide us with any tea or help us in any way. A brief survey of the neighbourhood and Chandler spotted a small shop, a typical country general store, where after a little gentle persuasion he managed to arrange the necessary drinks, etc., and last, but in some respects not least, our much desired tea. Tea over we, five of us, distributed ourselves along the road with first a bucket, next egg and milk, and finally a few sliced oranges. Pugh was the first man through, closely followed by Selkirk. It was then we realised that our handful of helpers were hardly sufficient; however, we just managed, but it was touch and go at times. Nothing is more disappointing to a man than to miss a sponge or a drink, especially when it is due to the fault of someone other than himself. Could none of the spectators at a near-by corner have given a hand?

The second time round Selkirk was first through, only, as later events show, to lose it again and finish second fastest. Pugh is to be congratulated on his ride, which was undoubtedly very good. Randall "packed," complaining of the hungry knock and a bad head; the others seemed quite happy, making no complaints.

Eight o'clock saw our work done; then, cleaning up, we "hopped it" to some effect straight for Birkenhead and home.

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. 234.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1925.

	Light up at
Aug. 1-3. Tour in the Cotswold District	10-8 p.m.
Headquarters—Shinston-on-Steur (George).	
.. 8 Delamere (Abbey Arms)	9-55 p.m.
.. 10. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., Wellington Buildings, The Strand, Liverpool.	
.. 15. 12 Hours Handicap	9-41 p.m.
.. 22. Malpas (Red Lion)	9-26 p.m.
.. 29. Tarporley (Swan).....	9-9 p.m.
Sept. 5. Wrexham (Wynnstay Arms)	8-53 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Sept. 5. Mobberley (Roebuck)	8-53 p.m.
Full moon 4th 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.

Application for Junior Membership.—Mr. Harry Rothwell, 396, Milnrow Road, Shaw, near Oldham, proposed by E. Buckley, seconded by H. Kinder.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Club 12 Hours Unpaced Handicap, 15th August.**

This event, open to singles and tandems, will be run over the same course as last year. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards cost of feeding, must reach me not later than 8th August. I hope those younger members who are not assisting in checking or feeding, will make a special effort to turn out and place themselves at the disposal of the Timekeeper at Vicars Cross for following purposes. The Headquarters will be The Westminster, Chester, and members requiring accommodation at this house before or after the ride are advised to make their own arrangements.

North Road Invitation 24 Hours Road Ride, 4th-5th Sept.

Entries for this event are to be limited to 50, and selection will be based purely upon merit. Members wishing to ride must let me have their names, accompanied with particulars of their best "100," "12," and "24," with courses, not later than 8th August.

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

Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers Open "50," July 4th.

There were five of ours entered for this event, but Selkirk and Randall did not start. Both G. B. Orrell and Edwards started very fast and at 30 miles were first and third fastest in 1.24.30 and 1.26.30 respectively. These placings were maintained to the finish, Orrell winning the Waddington Trophy for himself and the Club with a magnificent ride of 2.24.55, which also put him second in the handicap. Edwards punctured and rode the last four miles on a semi-roadster, but for which his ride of 2.29.5 would have been somewhat faster. Grimshaw finished in 2.45.14.

The course was in very bad condition the roads being either soft with tar or resembling a sea beach. The weather conditions were excellent.

Sharrow "50," July 18th.

We were represented in this event by three riders, all of whom started. The day was fine and the course in good condition. The riders were helped to the turn (25 m.) by a strong wind, Orrell and Edwards taking 1.5 and R. J. Austin 1.9. Our men faded out on the return into the wind and the final times were disappointing:—

G. B. Orrell	2.30.33
F. L. Edwards	2.33. 2
R. J. Austin	2.44.46

The Sharrow arrangements were perfect, and our men were made very welcome and were looked after extremely well.

The Bedford Week-end.

A delightful venture, engineered and also "paddled" by our President as a fore-and-aft taste to the Old Timers' Rallying Effort. He set off on the Friday evening from the Tranniere Hydro with that long suffering but now happily convalescent Patient Mullah for Newcastle-en-Pots on a cyclette à deux. Proceeding on the Saturday morning they clocked at Bedford up to time at 8.30, where an early supper was prepared by the riverside at the Swan.

Fell caught them at lunch, coached them to tea, and timed them at Bedford, where he had prepared them a welcome by those petrol-stained members Touring Bik and his Trusty Driver. Meanwhile another party, more pedalcruiser than they, entered the yard ankle-driven from Sheen and London's west: Beardmore and his Bath-rovers. The principles of the hotel did not quite harmonize with ours, for instead of the peaceful rest of the barparlour to discuss our principles in private we were ushered into a lounge occupied by cigarette smoking unprincipled dowagers.

A lovely run on the Sunday morning took us through Hitchin right into the speed country, where we picked up Bidlake on his way from St. Neots, where he had been timing on the Saturday. He put in some steady work behind the hood of our conveyance. No false pride worried this Giant of yesteryear. Arrived at Hatfield we were greeted by several Anfielders: Oliver Cooper and Billy Neason each with his own wife, Rider Edmunds by road from Birkenhead, the smiling "Jimmy" (John Melville) James—entirely unchanged since the Edwardian Coronation Tour, and then another old member, alas not now on our list, but whose name should be restored, he being a true well wisher of the Club; Captain Allen, the Aeronaut, the Head of a foremost Airship Company.

Talking about "The Sights" among the Old Timers needs devoting a separate page to them. Those immortals must not be confused or interwoven with the lesser mortals here so lightly discussed.

Homeward bound, Cook's party were specially catered for. Directed to Watling Street at St. Albans, they were recommended to follow the Street to Weedon and there to lie up at the Globe Hotel. Here globular delights and other Delicatessen were provided and Cook took snapshots of these for that well-known Sunday paper—"Home Comforts." Among enquirers only Bona Fide Travellers will receive wisdom. It was hard to leave these hanging gardens of Babylon (Babs for short) when by a wrench of the paddles the tandem was got under way for Atherstone to inspect at the Red Lion the Three "Hundred Miles" stones.

Fell made for London to inspect the Museum of Ancient Cycles at Kensington and to pay a visit of respect to our Oldest Lifer. He may issue a report on either.

The Bikley Tourists traversed the North-West of London in search of the new circular roads, some of which only existed in the imagination of the Arch-Owl. Overcoming all hazards, they were reported on the Ripley Road where in 95 they rode a tandem, then mounted Hind-Head and came to Anchor at Liphook.

Rallying Round The Old Timers.

The Red Lion at Hatfield is not a nice Hotel but it boasts a large Masonic Hall used for the reception of strange bedfellows, and was capable of harbouring our number of nearly 200 ticket-holders in Fellowship. The quality of elbow room was of greater importance than that of the viands as we discovered in due course. Unfortunately the room for liquid refreshment could only seat a dozen, so that there was cramped opportunity to see each other at one's best. The noted characters among these Old Dogs seem to drift in this direction but could hardly expand as they might have wished.

Hunting for types I ran up against great crowds of very small men, wearing very small caps (genre Billy Lowcock) adorned with large Gold Badges and long beards. These testimonials went a long way to prove their credentials, and yet one wondered: Were these the giants of the past? On what sort of cycles did these surmount the crucial 80s.

I nosed around for a type that should be proof against the most critical inspection, a true Hardyknutt from the North, and there he stood; I enquired his name and it was David Fell.

Fell certainly looked less fearsome than did the 1881 N.C.U. Champion "at all distances," whose *Rentree en Piste* after 14 years was awe inspiring to put it mildly, and whose make-up was a wonderful imitation of the Man of Nature. Dave too grows a sort of a beard, but his make-up is poor. But what struck me was that the President—and following him the Press—have extolled the riding, and the photographs have depicted the features, of a certain Mr. Hughes of Wigan, unknown to me in the Eighties, but famous to-day, for riding to Hatfield in 1½ days after doing a hard week's work. Praise be to Wigan.

But I was not aware that the aim of the Fellowship was to celebrate rides made in 1925 by men of middle age. Somehow I had got it in my head that the aim is to find, keep in sight, gather round and join up Real Old Timers like Dave Fell (one of the few remaining inceptors of the A.B.C., its late President, etc.). Born in the FIFTIES and not content with riding Ordinaries in the EIGHTIES, RODE A MISSING LINK IN THE SEVENTIES, and other cycles ever since he stands among us robust and fit, as he did at Hatfield after puffing and darting from Liverpool to Bedford in the day.

If you do want a Genuine Old Timer, then Fell is your man. Fortunately some one saved Fell from oblivion by pushing him into a seat on the table reserved for Presiders and Vices.

It was perhaps unavoidable that Meteors of the Early Nineties should capture some of the Glory that the Fellowship intended to reserve for the Dimming Stars of the Eighties, for at this distant date it becomes hard to tell one from the other. For this reason the Fellowship has recently fixed on a curious condition of future admission, namely:

THE FIRETEST OF THE FRANCO- PRUSSIAN WAR PERIOD.
Only those are now admitted who were born before or during that upheaval.

There were indeed some other striking figures present: the retiring President Sydney Lee confirmed my impressions of last year: So neat, so clean, so suave, such an ideal accoucheur. He accouched his successor Dr. E. B. Turner, and kept harping on his tandem rides with the burly Doctor. The oldest among the record breakers was surely T. R. Marriott—once a partner in Humber, Marriott and Cooper. Freddy Cooper was a pro' in the early "seventies," and Marriott on a tricycle broke the bicycle record from Lands End to J.O. Groat's in '86. Yes, he may precede Fell. Even prior to that J. H. Adams, who of course was present, had made the record on a Facile and when you look at him to-day you understand why he is still *l'enfant chéri des dames*.

And just look over there: A Brace of Turners clutching Hands (no matter how they spell their names). Both have been tricyclists,

E.B. exclusively so. Both have specialized in records as apart from racing, and truth to tell, C.H. has scored more records than E.B. The Doctor, dressed as an Inspector of Police, looked dangerous, and for a moment I imagined that he was running in his Famesake for speeding on the day of rest, but the danger passed, and it turned out that the Mullah was merely "putting the Doctor wise." The Dr. made a great name by those writings in which he dissected our Grey Matter and proved that, according to the quality of the stuffing in our brains, we were able to Hang-On in paced work, while unpaced the Stuff was all at sixes and sevens. It logically followed that riders whose Grey was of a coarser texture or tint could ride better Unpaced, and as Mullah rode best Unpaced his Grey is suspected as of Low Grade. I regret putting it so plainly, but their hearty handshake was reassuring that no trace of ill-feeling remained.

Apart from personalities, the great item of the Meeting was the display of an Immense Silver Cup competed for in the Seventies and never won outright and thus Sans Owner. Among the best known names engraved thereon are Cortis, Rueben Chambers and Derkinderen (an Amsterdammer, who was perhaps the first foreign champion). It was competed for at A.A.A. meetings prior to the creation of the N.C.U., and after a quarrel between these two bodies it was locked up by its Donor in a safe that remained unopened for 40 years until now. The unearthing of this Treasure puts to shame the rival Safe of Madame Humbert, late of Paris.

The Old Timers are now trying to have it as an endowment to act as Sheet-Ancor to keep the Fellowship afloat and safe from foundering until the End of Time.

Buttermilk in Cyder Houses.

We learn from Wayfarer how to perform the 19th century feat of touring on ten shillings a day during a tour in England and Wales. On that recent tour he ate little and drank much, in fact so much that he would have done credit to any tank party, and for once he discarded minerals for that well-known alcoholic brew—CYDER. (It brings to mind that old song: A little more Cyder for Miss Dina, and a little more Cyder too). Personally I am not surprised, every real rider sooner or later finds out the fallacy of starving his stomach with those minerals.

So far so well, but then when crossing the border into Wales he changed over, all of a sudden, from Cyder to Buttermilk, and nothing but Buttermilk.

His stomach does not seem to have complained, so why should we? Buttermilk is an excellent thing! But the curious thing about it is the locality where the change took place. Where was Wayfarer's Borderland, do you think? One that I once made my very own, namely, Radnor Forest, Clun Forest, and the Kerry Hills (famous at one time as the haven of escaped prisoners), a district that used to be known as THE LAND OF CYDER HOUSES. Look on any very old map and you will find it is studded with the magic word: "Cyder House."

This dates from the Good Old Times when Cyder was the favourite drink of all good Teetotalers, who used to get delightfully drunk on this delicious stuff, and in these far away-thinly-populated-districts the farmers unencumbered by the ordinary beer and spirit license, then brewed Cyder, drank Cyder, and sold Cyder to all thirsty travellers.

Like the Cheadle of old, Wayfarer travelled by the Bwlch-y-Llyn, the scalp of which once hung from my girdle, and there on the very summit, at the very Cyder House where once The Cheadle—14 strong—was photographed at the height of their fame as Bwlch Stormers, there arrived Wayfarer, and all he asked for and got was Buttermilk. No doubt he enjoyed it and so would I.

But how much NOBLER would it not have sounded if, by sticking then to his beloved Cyder as a matter of principle, he had DEMANDED "map in hand in proof of his rights (and of the rights of all Cyclists)," TO BE SERVED WITH CYDER OR PERISH IN THIRST.

THE OLD CHEADLE "HACK."

We have been favoured with a copy of "The Liverpool Cyclists' Annual 1925," and a very interesting and instructive little book it is, and one which should be in the hands of all real cyclists. Among other things, it contains a fine photograph—which makes him appear almost as handsome as he is in the flesh—and a warm appreciation of our friend and member Percy Brazendale, which alone are worth the ridiculously low price of threepence. In addition there are several articles and a mass of most useful information which no self-respecting wheeler should be without. Verp, sap. We have spoken a mouthful.

A OUTRANCE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A highway. The evening is drawing to a close. A group of cyclists, waiting riders, and several curious locals. A figure stands watch in hand, and the riders are sent off as he directs.

First Local: These fellers are startin' late Bill, aren't they? Where are they racin' to?

Second Ditto: I dunno. They tells me it's a twenty-four ridin' all night. Twenty-four hours.

First Local: Twenty-four hours! Gosh! Nine till nine termorrer, that's twelve, an' twelve more is nine termorrer night. Well Bill, we'll 'ave done a day's work by then and 'ad a night's sleep.

Scene II.

A bedroom in a village inn. The chimes of the village clock, ding, dong, ding, dong; dong, ding, dong, dong, stir the sleeper, and he looks at his watch.

Sleeper: Half-past seven. Lord! Those fellows are still riding. Urrh! Half-past eight will do me.

Turns over and snores on.

ACT SECOND.

Afternoon. A heath in the blazing sun and a road shimmering in the heat. A cyclist lolls lazily and contentedly on the grass after an excellent lunch. On the other side of the road is an inn with a few cyclists outside gazing down the road expectantly. A rider arrives, dismounts, is given a swill under the pump, taken inside and offered rice pudding.

Rider: Rice pudding! Oh lor! Always rice pudding! Thank goodness they aren't fond of it at home. Haven't you got any beef-steaks or something.

He is told his duty in life on this day and gently but firmly sent off on his machine again.

The cyclist lolling on the grass, watches him go.

Cyclist: Humph! Long way from finished yet. Still six hours more to ride. Wonder where I should potter on to and get some tea.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

9 p.m. A small crowd of cyclists and curious spectators at a main road corner. A rider comes round, and a follower starts after him.

Inquisitive Old Dame (to Cyclist): Is this a race?

Cyclist: Oh, no ma'am, just a test.

I.O.D.: A test, what's that?

Cyclist: Well you see they started at nine o'clock last night, and keep on to see if the bicycles will stand it.

I.O.D.: Dear me! From nine o'clock last night. Good gracious!

Scene II.

The rendezvous after the finish. The hotel room is crowded and the bustle and talk bewildering. The barmaid and waiters are busy. Riders keep coming in and are cheered. They are congratulated on their rides. They join in with the others and "ride their race again."

The reader must here be left to imagine—and he will have no difficulty if he has ever been present at the end of a twenty-four—the conversation that goes on, as the barmaid with no respect for twenty-fours, relentlessly insists on dropping the curtain by a persistent calling of "Time, now, please, time."

RUNS.

Tattenhall, July 4th.

I got to Tattenhall without seeing one Anfielder; in fact I began to wonder if I had chosen a run on my own. However, the yard of The Bear disclosed a few of the Club notables, and more rolled up till 36 members and one relation sat down to a very substantial and varied feed.

A close examination of the Sub-Captains' method of collecting the price of the tea quite failed to disclose either where the profits went to or where they came from. A loss seemed certain when the dame in charge of the feeding claimed to have supplied four meals more than our total muster. She finally agreed with our figures, and the "Subs" got away with the usual profit.

No wonder Bert Green is able to attend so many runs, with a stalwart son to push him about all over the country. Cycling made easy with a vengeance! He has got the "click and the world is flat" stunt beaten to a frazzle.

Lucas seemed quite lonely without Bob Knipe (away in Scotland). The thought of Bob reminded me of a little matter of 25 of the same sort and I did the right thing at the Bank of Liverpool on Monday. Gentle reader go thou and do likewise. (What is this reminder worth, Bob?).

Departing for the City of Undiscovered Crime, J.B. managed to run over a dog without coming off. Tommy Royden was pacing Mac, and Chandler on trikes, and we quite failed to live up to the pace he set. He must be persuaded to ride in the next "50."

A very enjoyable day, though I missed Teddy Edwards and his post prandial cigar.

A noteworthy feature was the entire absence of petrol burning members at this run.

24 Hours Invitation Ride, July 10th-11th.

In some respects this was a disappointing event and the fault lies at our own door. Seven other clubs accepted invitations and nominated 17 competitors, as against five clubs nominating 14 competitors last year, but of "ours" only six entered and all of these were more or less veterans at the game. We have recruited a goodly number of young members in recent years, and one may well ask where is their ambition to qualify as hard, long-distance road riders? We are told a good deal about the "right type of man we want," but do these critics ever indulge in introspection? Have they done anything to live up to the Club's traditions and history, which have been built up on long distance riding? As the first club to run organised 24's a paltry entry of six provides much food for thought, particularly as quite a lot of those who might reasonably have been expected to be riding did not even display sufficient interest to be helpers or onlookers! Our old friends the Liverpool Century again sent six competitors, and if we are not careful they will usurp our position as a long distance club and will richly deserve to do so. Can nothing be done to stir up similar enthusiasm among our youngsters?

There were 23 names on the card, but with F. M. Grahame, Grosvenor Wheelers, an absentee there were only 22 to be started by Poole, and the weather conditions may be described as practically perfect, so some good rides were confidently anticipated with some interesting racing between Grimshaw, Austin, Hancock (Grosvenor), Walker, Tuplin (Gomersal), Gunn (Liverpool Century), Randall, Parker (Century), Prescott (Liverpool Century) and Shaw, to take the names in the order they appeared, and all sorts of possibilities amongst the rest. During the night there was some fast riding and only one retiral (Walker at 112½ miles), but Shaw struck a packet of tyre trouble (twice) which lost him a lot of time and undoubtedly caused his ultimate retiral at 268 miles, when the effort to "get his own back" had told its tale. Gunn (last year's winner of the 100) soon took the lead closely followed by Hancock, Prescott, Heeley, Prout, Bibby, Randall, Grimshaw and Tuplin, 25 minutes covering the lot at 100 miles, and at no time were the rest far behind; but at 150 miles Tuplin cried "Satis." At Newport (188½ miles) Gunn was still leading Hancock by four minutes, and he ran out the 12 hours with 200 miles, as compared with Hancock's 199 miles. Grimshaw had lost time with a puncture which let Randall, who had gained a good deal on the others, into third place with 193½, Prescott fourth with 190, and Grimshaw fifth with 188½, while close up were Prout 188, Shaw 187½, Bibby 186, Pullan 185½, Austin 183½, Heeley 183, Pilling and Parker 182, Barnes 181½, Hignett 180½ and Roberts, Stephenson and Turvey 180. At Newport the second time (231) Hancock had assumed the lead, which by fine riding he held to the end. Gunn appeared to have shot his bolt and was 16 mins. slower, but Randall had gained more and was only 20 minutes behind, while Grimshaw and Prout dead-beated for fourth place with Shaw only 2 mins. slower. Prescott had lost a lot of time with saddle soreness and retired, and Austin and Clegg deviated at Crudgington, but the

rest were all doing very well and holding their respective positions. Then came the pons asinorum of the stiff beat against the wind, which had got up a bit, to Whitechurch, and on this stretch Shaw, Parker, Barnes and Clegg packed up, and both Gunn and Prout fell back a lot and were quite out of it for places. Unfortunately, leaving Whitechurch these two competitors encountered an incompetent motorist, who drove out of the station yard right into them. Prout escaped, but poor Gunn was completely knocked out and had to be taken to the hospital with concussion. Meanwhile the others were getting on with it, and a rare fight ensued. Hancock continued riding in a masterly fashion and undoubtedly profited by the experience he gained last year, when he was third, and without a falter he ran out time with the splendid total of 369 miles. Randall rode a remarkably fine race, but could never get back what he had lost on Hancock in the first 12 hours, and finished an excellent second with 362½ miles, but perhaps Grimshaw's performance is intrinsically the best of the lot, for he fought with that real "will to conquer" we all know and appreciate so well, and actually rode a mile more in the second twelve than either Hancock or Randall, which makes one think that with a no-trouble ride he would certainly have been second and possibly the winner. Bibby ran into fourth place with 345¾ miles, and the following table shows the result in full:—

A. Hancock	Grosvenor Wheelers	369 miles
C. Randall	Anfield B.C.	362½
J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield B.C.	359½
L. Bibby	Liverpool Century	345¾
H. Pullan	Walton C. & A.C.	340½
A. Hignett	Liverpool Century	335½
J. S. Roberts	Liverpool Century	332½
A. Pilling	Huddersfield R.C.	332½
N. Turvey	Anfield B.C.	330½
G. Stephenson	Walton C. & A.C.	328½
H. Prout	Warwickshire R.C.	326
H. Austin	Anfield B.C.	319¾
S. R. Foley	Walton C. & A.C.	319
V. J. Heeley	Grosvenor Wheelers	317½

From this it will be seen that Pullan made an excellent debut, Hignett rode nearly 30 miles more than last year and the veteran Roberts (ætat 51—just think of it you lads!) added 1½ miles to his last year's score. Pilling, who had wanted to retire at the Raven, surprised himself with an excellent ride and Turvey would undoubtedly have got well over 340 but for two bouts of sleepiness which lost him a lot of time. Turvey took 2½ hours for the 24 miles from Whitechurch to Arclid through drowsiness and then woke up and rode as fast as anyone, while he had also had half an hour of the same complaint in the early hours of the morning. Stephenson added 26½ miles to his last year's total and rode well throughout. Prout's distance would no doubt have been greater but for the upset of the accident to Gunn in which he narrowly escaped being involved. Austin was also troubled with sleepiness, but showed the true Anfield spirit in persevering, while Foley and Heeley quite comfortably qualified for silvers and no doubt gained considerable experience.

NOTES.

Again we had only four finishers, but two placed men is more satisfactory.

Draisey of the Century was very busy looking after Parker, but when Parker retired Draisey took matters in hand over the Gunn accident and then did a lot of following to the finish.

The Tuplins gave much appreciated help at Chester during the night, and W. A. did not disappear after his retirement but acted as follower at the finish.

Oliver Cooper and Skinner transported the clothes and lamps over to Knutsford.

Of our "exiles" in the Midlands only Pritchard came out to lend a hand at Newport and the Raven. It ought not to be necessary for Liverpool and Manchester men to have to take on the jobs at Newport, Cock Inn, Hill Column, Crudgington and Shawbury. Verb. Sap.

Welfare had a nasty experience by the canal bridge outside Chester on the top road when making for the B. and S. on Friday evening to lend a hand. His front forks suddenly snapped off, and he suffered slight concussion and scalp wounds. Fortunately Mac. and Horrocks were with him, and after his wounds were dressed at the Infirmary, Kettle took him home in his car and he made a speedy recovery.

Daresbury, July 18th.

The Committee, anticipating a slack feeling after the rigors of riding or checking in the "24," decided on a short run to a central spot conveniently adjacent to both Liverpool and Manchester. The hope of thereby securing a good attendance was not, however, realised, as only 29 put in an appearance at the "Ring-o'-Bells."

The weather was right—bright sunshine diversified by flying clouds, the air was fresh and buoyant, with a slight breeze, in fact everything in the garden was lovely. Yet somehow and somehow the members didn't roll up. Can it be that the ride was too short? Cody and Lucas and probably some others were away on holiday, but we were glad to welcome the reappearance of Stephie and John Leece.

After tea a number headed off for a weekend in Shropshire, but as I was feeling very fit and full of beans, I took the shortest route home and got back to work on the allotment. Yah W.P.!

Bunbury, July 25th.

An epoch marking run for me. At last has my literary ability—nay genius—been recognised. At last have I received that eagerly-sought command—"You write up this run." With difficulty did I hide my elation as, in the words of G. B. Shaw ("not-likely"). I modestly declined the honour so suddenly thrust upon me. I flatter myself that Austin had no idea of my joy when he declined to take a refusal. My acting, though I say it myself, was superb. But now, alas! a doubt assails me. Has my genius deserted me? Or (oh horrors) was it never there? I have sat here for hours and hours, and I don't know how to begin or what to say or how to say it. I know that Jee Rawlinson collected for 44, and Austin only counted 43. I know that Teddy Edwards returned to the fold looking quite fit, having re-visited Llandegla en route in George Mercer's car. The only difference I could see in Teddy was that his cheery sunburnt visage was light brown instead of dark brown, but if I know anything of Teddy, he'll soon remedy that. Good luck to him!

I know that the "Crewe Arms" is a very attractive hostelry. Don't ask me why. You should attend the run and see for yourself. I know that we all had a good tea and that the supply of grub seemed to be unlimited. I know that Tommy Royden came out on a bicycle, having relegated the puff and dart to the menial position of parcel carrier on shopping expeditions. (So he said). I know that the Kinder Kouple came out BY CAR, and I understand they were bound for Fluffyville, whither also the Presider was guiding John Leece, who seems intent on breaking his attendance record. I know that our winning team in the Wheelers' "50" had received their medals and were justifiably proud of them. I know that the Presider received a beautiful French girl astride a postcard from Del Strother and Chandler on tour in France. I know that De Wet led a select party over Peckforton Gap on the homeward journey. I also know that his (De Wet's) front wheel was bumping when we left the "Crewe Arms," and he admitted later that it was bumping when he arrived there! Anyway, his tyre was flat before we reached the top of the Gap, and it was flat when we reached the "Black Dog," and it was still flat when we left the "Black Dog," after he had mended umpteen punctures whilst we reclined in the very latest of spring-mattress-hammock-settees. It was still flat when we reached Birkenhead (having safely weathered the thunderstorm), and it was still flat after Austin had transferred the inner tube from his own front wheel to De Wet's. I'll never ride with Taylor again. Somebody has evidently put a curse upon him, and equally evidently the curse has taken the form of an 'Air-oil Special. How he got home I know not. I left him lest I too should become accursed.

All this I know, but I don't know how to put it into words. I don't know how to begin. Austin, you can write the blinkin' run up yourself. I've packed.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 235.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1925.

	Light up at
Sept. 5. Wrexham (Wynnstay Arms)	8-53 p.m.
.. 12. Bunbury (Crewe Arms).....	8-36 p.m.
.. 14. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., Wellington Buildings, The Strand, Liverpool.	
.. 19. Third 50 Miles Handicap	8-19 p.m.
.. 26. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	8- 2 p.m.
Oct. 3. Halewood (Derby Arms).....	8-44 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Sept. 5. Mobberley (Rosbeck)	8-53 p.m.
Oct. 3. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	6-44 p.m.

Full moon 2nd 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. H. Rothwell has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

Autumnal Tints Tour.—This year a new destination has been decided upon, and Bala (White Lion) and October 17/18th have been chosen as the place and dates. There will be a separate Saturday afternoon run for those unable to join in the weekend ride. Further particulars will be given next month.

Changes of Address.—J. Leece, 28, Fairview Road, Oxton, Birkenhead; A. E. Morton, 24, Hethorn Street, Culcheth Lane, Newton Heath, Manchester; R. Hawker, 8, Lyme Grove, Urmston, near Manchester.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

THIRD "50" 19th SEPTEMBER.

This, the concluding event of our Racing Programme, will be run over the usual Mid-Cheshire course and will be open to singles and tandems. Entries must reach me not later than Saturday, 12th September.

The "Thin White Line" (etc)

There's a line along the road
Where curves the sinuous way,
It shews the driver how to steer
And cautious mood display—
So at least the Daily Press
Has told us to believe,
But those who know the roads so well
A fallacy perceive.

There is no line along the road
Where curves the sinuous way,
When speeding round that bend—a crash!
And there's the deuce to pay;
The inquest's held, the coroner wise
Has quite a lot to say,
The fool's relieved from blame because
The line had worn away.

Items.

With reference to the article in last month's Circular "Buttermilk in Cyder Houses," by The Old Cheadle Hack, we think that in fairness to Wayfarer it ought to be explained that, as the constant user of the phrase "Please the pigs," it was most appropriate for him to return to first principles and revert to Buttermilk.

We were all sorry to learn that Jack Siddeley had been involved in a nasty accident near Alcester on the eve of August Bank holiday, and his daughter seriously cut about with the broken glass. Knowing Jack's long experience and perfect roadmanship, we knew it must be another example of the appallingly idiotic behaviour of the new motorist which is leading to the desperate remedy of white lines instead of the *real* remedy of gaol and cancellation of licenses; and this is made quite clear by his reply to the Presider's letter of sympathy, in which he writes "I am glad to say that my daughter is well on the way to recovery, although with her it was a very close call. It was a case of the other fellow driving hard at us on our side of the road. His explanation was that the wheel slipped out of his hand! I leave you to think what impression such an explanation would leave on any sensible man's mind."

A recent article in "Cycling" entitled "On Presidents" is particularly interesting to us just now. "The truly ideal man for this exalted position" is described as a man whose "sole aim is the wellbeing of his beloved club . . . he does not sell his soul for a mess of petrol, but is to be seen out on the road on a bicycle regularly and persistently. His keenness is unbounded and no one can come under the sphere of his influence without feeling inspired with enthusiasm to carry on in like manner." The italics are ours, and we hope they will be borne in mind at the A.G.M.

"Perhaps one of the most remarkable rides of the day was that of the Anfielder, G. B. Orrell. A stranger to the course, he made

a very sedate start, and in fact was one of the slowest of the field for the first 25 miles. He showed superb judgement here . . . over the last section he was one of the fastest. His ride of 4.56.30 knocks the bottom out of his club records, and will cause a great to-do on Merseyside."

This is "Cycling's" tribute to Orrell's splendid performance in the Bath Road 100.

The following letter speaks for itself, and we think any comment on it would be superfluous:—

"Dear Cook,

"As you are perhaps aware, an attempt is being made by the Patmores (father and son) to lower the 24 Hours Tandem Tricycle Record, which is at present held by Newsholme and Turnor of the Anfield.

"The editor of the Anfield Circular might like to know that that excellent sportsman, Newsholme, has gone to the trouble of sending a long cable regretting his inability to assist in the attempt and wishing the couple every success.

"It seems a very sporting action which I am sure will be appreciated by the Patmores, to whom I have sent the cable.

"Yours sincerely,

"SIDNEY M. VANHEEMS."

W. P. Cook, Esq.,
Liverpool.

The Master has been amply avenged. Those who were on the Wicklow tour last year will remember the scorn and contumely poured on his suggestion of Roman invasion of Irish soil, by the O'Tatur and the Editor. Now comes retribution with a vengeance, for Finn has sent him a cutting from an Irish periodical which goes a long way to prove that the Master, as always, was right. This should be a lesson to us!

We have all heard the plaintive query "Where do the flies go in the winter time?" but a more obscure problem has recently been solved by a certain journal which we all read. "Where do criminals go when they come out of chokey?" "Cycling" (August 21st) says: "Netley Lucas . . . once a noted criminal . . . has now taken up a literary career." NOW ROBBIE!

Now that we have just lost two Anfield records, it is to be hoped our younger members who profess such anxiety about the Club's welfare will drop all other discussion and get busy in a more desirable direction. Ibbison and Hughes have far from shelved the old Knipe and Cody Liverpool to London tandem record with 12hrs. 37mins., while the tricycle record of Dr. Wesley's (15hrs. 33mins.) is also shouting for attention and suggests a double-barrelled excursion over this route for the special prizes offered under Rule 4; and no doubt Newsholme would be willing to lend his tandem tricycle to any pair with ambitions to recover the 12 Hours Tandem Trike Record of Bentley and Cohen, which has been raised to 185 miles by J. E. Patmore and son. Verh, sap.

We are all delighted to see that Albert Lusty has come out of his shell again and shown a splendid return to form by riding 190½ miles in the M. C. & A. C. 12 Hours on a day that was a mixture of

cold, heat and rain and therefore by no means ideal. No doubt Lusty's assistance at The Raven in our 12 fired his zeal again, and we heartily congratulate him.

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

RUNS.

Bank Holiday Tour. August 1st-4th.

For the account of this fixture we do not think we can do better than reprint the excellent article contributed by Finn to the "Irish Cyclist" as follows:—

On many occasions during the past half-dozen years I have enjoyed the hospitality of the Anfield Bicycle Club as a competitor in their classic "100" and "24." These were, to me at any rate, serious affairs, but at the same time very enjoyable holidays, for on such occasions the real sporting spirit of the Black Anfielders bubbles up and flows over. As an honorary member of the club I was, therefore, very anxious to meet the "B.A.'s." in a more convivial mood. The Cotswold tour afforded me the opportunity which I desired, and it is putting it very mildly when I say that those four days will always prove a fruitful source of pleasant memories for me.

To be in England when April's there is very pleasant, no doubt; but to be there at harvest time with the A.B.C. is pleasanter still. To travel from the north, where the cornfields are yet pale green and unready for the reaper, towards the sunny south into zones where the corn is already harvested and ready for threshing is a happy alternative.

I arrived at the "City of the Ships" at 6-30 a.m. on Saturday, 1st August, and half-an-hour later I set out from Birkenhead for Chester, where I partook of breakfast. My route lay by familiar ways through Hodnet and Wellington, both well-known landmarks in the "100" and "24." From the former place the Anfield party were due to start at 10 o'clock, consequently I had an arrears of about 50 miles to make up. Crossing the border at Grindley Brook, the trim shire of Chester was left behind, and, reaching Wellington, I proceeded by Dawley Bank and Chesterton to pass from Shropshire into Staffordshire at Upper Aston, near Abbot's Castle Hill.

A most enjoyable run then followed by the quaintly named and prettily situated Halfpenny Green and beautiful Highgate Common to Kinver, where I overhauled the Anfielders and joined them at lunch. The party, numbering nine at this stage, got under way after the meal and entering Worcestershire near Cookley, made for the Clent Hills via the pretty village of Churchill. Hereabouts we criss-crossed the main roads radiating from Birmingham in bewildering fashion, eventually reaching the Icknield Way by Holy Cross, Bellbroughton and Catshill with Alcester in "leafy Warwickshire" as our objective for tea.

We now entered on what may be fairly said to be the tit-bit of the tour. Our route lay in the Vale of Evesham and embraced an entrancing series of quaint old world villages amid a beautiful and fertile setting of corn, pasture and orchard lands which were all the more interesting to us by reason of their Shakesperian association. Passing on we visited most of the following villages, whose poetic description is attributed to William of that ilk:

" Haunted Hillboro', Hungry Grafton
 Dodging Exhall, Dancing Marsdon,
 Piping Pebwort, Papist Wixford,
 Beggariy Broom and Drunken Bidford."

Ilmington, quaint and charming, proved to be the rarest gem in our collection, and, deeming it worthy of closer inspection on the morrow, we proceeded to Shipston-on-Stour for the night. At Shipston our party was augmented by the arrival of seven other clubmen bound for the Bath Road "100," in which one of their number, G. B. Orrell, the crack centurion was due to compete on Bank Holiday.

On Sunday morning, our party now numbering fifteen, set out for Ilmington, where a pleasant hour was spent in exploration. The camera fiends were busy, too, especially on the green where "Grimmy" commanded a bevy of fair villagers for the adornment of our group.

The Bath Road contingent now faced for Aldermaston for the "100," the remainder proceeding into the Cotswold Hills, where a pleasant day was spent amongst the pretty Gloucestershire villages of Bourton-on-the-Hill, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Stow-on-the-Wold and Northleach, where lunch was partaken before reaching Burford-on-the-Windrush, via beautiful Bibury, for tea. The Rollright Stones and Long Compton were visited by us ere we returned to Shipston, where we dined and spent the night.

On Monday morning the party, owing to business and other ties, was reduced to four, Messrs. Knipe and son and Smith brothers leaving for Tenbury and Manchester, respectively. The remaining quartette resuming the tour were duly rewarded by a visit to Compton Wynyates and Edge Hill from, where we proceeded by Kineton to pretty Wellesbourne for lunch.

Warwick, Guy's Cliff and Kenilworth preceded our visit to the Cyclists' War Memorial at Meriden, where tea was served prior to making for Lichfield for the night.

Next morning our party lost its faithful guide and philosopher, "F.H.," in whose capable hands rested the planning of the tour. The remnants of the party being now within striking distance of home, "The Master" rightly considered himself free to push on to his own roof-tree by a direct route. Thus there were but three of us left to enjoy a pleasant trip in the Trent Valley en route for Nantwich by way of Rugeley and Loggerheads. After lunch at Nantwich our Mancunian friend left to make his homeward trek via Crewe, while the President and I carried on by devious ways through Cheshire to Eaton Park and Chester and so to Willaston for the last meal of a most enjoyable tour, to be followed by a final and very interesting trip to Birkenhead.

Accepting the President's kind invitation to partake of a "Stirrup Cup" at his home, we rang down the curtain and with very mixed feelings I made my way to Woodside Ferry and Nelson Dock for the Dublin steamer.

Geographically, I am richer by the addition of Worcester, Gloucester, Warwick, and Oxford to my list of English Shires now visited. My social gain represents a few new friends made and a cementing of the ties which bind the old. Ours is a wonderful pastime, indeed . . .

This practically covers everything, but as Finn did not join the party till lunch at Kinver, it remains to be recorded that the

gathering of the clans on Friday night at Hodnet consisted of Knipe and his son Allen, Cook, Hotine, the brothers Smith, Koenen and Mr. Taylor, while en route to Kinver a thorough exploration of the Chesterton Roman encampment covering over 20 acres was made under the expert guidance of the Master, and although the walls have mostly disappeared, the formation of the camp (almost certainly originally British and "modernised" by the Romans) was plainly to be seen. On our arrival at Chesterton Hotine broke his handlebar in two, and, with a free-wheel and inverted lever brakes, no satisfactory temporary job could be made; so he departed for Bridgnorth and was seen no more, as the resources of Bridgnorth could not produce either a competent cycle repairer or a new handlebar and in disgust Hotine went home by rattler! At Kinver Mr. W. F. Ball of the Speedwell, the old time ordinary racing man whom the Presider has known intimately since 1888, was waiting for us, and his complete knowledge of the lanes made our following the intricate route to Alcester under his pilotage quite a simple matter. At Alcester all but Koenen just missed seeing Mr. Pritchard, who was off, *avec femme*, on a tandem tour in Devonshire, and would not allow his fellow club men to pass through his district without a welcome. On Sunday we profited by a tip given us by Mr. Ball, and from Blockley detoured through Dovedale, which simultaneously caused Finn, Knipe, F.H. and Cook to declare was a second Devil's Glen—a description of its beauty that will suffice for those who were in County Wicklow last year.

We are certainly indebted to F.H. for a really fine tour which ought to have made a wider appeal, and we were all most comfortable at the George, Shipston-on-Stour.

The Master adds:—Whereas Ilmington proved to be all that was claimed for it and more, the discovery of Blockley came as a surprise, and must needs be dwelt on, to make sure that other members—passing thro'—do not miss its chief feature: the Old Main Street in the Inner Village, which lies off the main road, and is practically a cul-de-sac, except for its footpath exit by Dovedale on to the Five Mile Drive. Old-fashioned simple inns offer some sort of hotel accommodation, which we were not able to put to the Anfield acid test. It lies in the future for a small party to explore its innards.

Bath Road "100."

After spending Sunday morning with the Club tourists, we lunched well at the Talbot in Stow-on-the-Wold—the Cotswold party whom we had missed at Moreton-on-the-Marsh, going on to North-leach. Leaving Stow we numbered seven—Orrell, Grimshaw, two Kinders, Mandall, Webster and Roskell. After a stop to admire the beautiful Bourton-on-the-hill, we joined the main Oxford road and carried on through Witney to Abingdon and followed the morrow's 100 course to Wallingford, where in time-honoured Anfield fashion we secured the best rooms available at the Lamb before continuing down the lovely Thames Valley through Pangbourne and on to the Bath Road at Theale. At the Rising Sun we left Orrell in charge of Harley of "ours," and returned to Wallingford, where we were joined by Turnor, two Rawlinsons, and Jones, who had cycled down from Manchester, also P.C.B. and Carwithin of the B.R.C.

On Monday an early start was made to enable us to assist at the Bath Road "100," which has already been described by our contemporary—"Cycling."

One is left with an impression of the hearty welcome accorded to us by our friends—the Bath Roaders, who were very genuine in their congratulations on the fine ride of our clubmate, of whom naturally we were most proud. After seeing that Orrell was properly cared for after his ride, we packed him and his bicycle in Grimmy's care, and saw them off on their journey home.

Later we proceeded through Hungerford, and during a wayside rest our party was augmented by Skinner and friend, who had been weekending at Worcester. So to Pewsey, where we were taken charge of by P.C.B. and his brood of owls at the Phoenix.

The evening was spent in approved Owl fashion.

Tuesday saw us early on the road for home after a hearty send off. We have booked our rooms at Pewsey for next August Bank Holiday! Several Bath Roaders have promised to reciprocate by sending a team to join us at Bettws at Easter.

The journey home was without incident, except a call on Mrs. Maynard at her quaint old house at Tewkesbury—lunch Crown, Worcester, and tea at Loppington, where Charlie Windsor told us the good news of Anfield success in Salop.

In an appropriate manner we finished up the tour at Sunnyside to greet the President, present our report and enjoy his hospitality.

Summarised. A perfect holiday. Old friends. Good hotels, food and drink. Splendid weather and great content in contemplating the grand rides of Orrell in the South and Edwards in Salop.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50."—Shropshire, August 3rd, 1925.

Again an Anfielder gained the fastest time, in this event, the honour going to our inimitable "Yank."

We were represented by F. L. Edwards, C. Selkirk, G. F. Hawkes, R. J. Austin, G. E. Pugh, H. Austin, A. E. Walters, all of whom started and finished. The times generally were very good and the performances pleasing.

The weather during the race was very moderate, rain falling for a short period, and a wind making the finish fairly hard.

Yank displayed excellent judgment throughout, his superiority being easily discernible over the last 5½ miles.

We were consoled for our misfortune of last year, by our club winning the team prize with an excellent aggregate time of 7hrs. 25m. 21s. Our team was:— F. L. Edwards, C. Selkirk and G. F. Hawkes.

Times as following: F. L. Edwards, 2h. 25m. 50s.; C. Selkirk, 2h. 28m. 48s.; G. F. Hawkes, 2h. 30m. 43s.; R. J. Austin, 2h. 35m. 30s.; G. E. Pugh, 2h. 36m. 27s.; H. Austin, 2h. 39m. 15s.; A. E. Walters, 2h. 45m. 45s.

"MORTON."

Delamere, August 8th.

It was a hot day—so hot that I decided that, in order to avoid the traffic on the main roads and the sticky tar, I'd stick to the lanes wherever possible. I went then via Whitby, Stoke, Trafford, Dunham-on-the-Hill, Manley and the forest road to Hatchmere, arriving at the Abbey Arms a few minutes after six. There was a fair crowd but not perhaps as many as might be expected from a joint run on such a fine day, and since I am to give a true and faithful account of the run, I cannot help remarking that to me, and in fact to one or two others, the food, at any rate in the quantity available, left something to be desired.

I recollect seeing, among many others, Chandler, Cook, Turvey, Mercer, E. Edwards, Knipe, Lucas, Hawkes, Austin, J. Band, Kettle, Taylor and Turnor. J. B. Orrell was the recipient of many congratulations on his magnificent ride of 4-56-odd in the Bath Road "100." The talk centred mostly on this and also on the prospects for our own "12," for which Kettle was busy canvassing for riders and helpers.

I thought Austin seemed to be edging up to me in a peculiarly furtive way after tea. "You might write the run up, will you?" he said cheerily, and he was off, so instead of my way home being brightened by thoughts of what a good ride I'd had, I was cudgelling my brains thinking what I could put in the account of the run.

I suppose there were some week-enders, but I didn't hear where they were going. As for myself, I got on with it through a beautiful evening, arriving home in good time.

The "Twelve," 15th August, 1925.

For one to write an account of such a race as this it naturally follows that one must have been able to accompany all the competitors mile after mile, to dismount with them at the feeding stations, to follow the individual rider, and yet keep track of all that is going on with the others. Not only this, but one must relate the little incidents that occur at the various checking and feeding places, to throw into the "dry as dust" account of miles and times the little humour so characteristic of our sport. Now I ask you, how can it be done? The unfortunate individual singled out by the unsympathetic Editor must needs feel that the said Editor has an imaginary idea at the back of his head that A.B.C. has some connection with Aeroplane and that its members can flit from Chester to the Raven, wheel round Newport and finally alight at Vicars Cross, and tell the Timekeeper who has packed and who is still to come. However, we did learn that the Presider went down to Fluffyville on Friday evening and waited until 12-45 a.m. for Hotine to turn up, but having relied upon a broken reed, found himself very short-handed with the feeding next day. Fortunately for the boys, that enthusiastic lady friend of theirs, Miss Beeston, insisted on filling the gap and the O.G. and everyone else was happy. The motley crew at the Raven upheld the reputation of that spot. In fact, this station should be looked upon with suspicion as being of too great magnetic force. Some of the riders seemed quite unable to pull themselves away. Unfortunately its drawing power was not sufficient in helping the riders to make short work of it from Battlefield. The skipper was as indefatigable as ever, even also to the holding of the watch. Somewhere outside Chester on his way to the Raven, Powell's bike developed a free-wheel, both ways, but he bribed someone to pull him back to Chester for repairs. J.B. adorned Vicar's Cross for the duration and derived much edification from the captivating ways of the motorists at that busy corner. We certainly had a very fine day for it, though hardly so from the riders' point of view. The sun was too hot. R.J.A. was quite distressed at not having reminded his good lady to bring the parasol for him. The wrapper was a poor substitute. It was one of those days when the sun decides to make a day of it, when it is so hot and scarcely a breath of air stirs, that to recline on a shady bank is the best way of cycling. Still, I recall some riders speaking of the drag against the wind from Battlefield to the Raven. It is astonishing how we cyclists always seem to be riding into the wind. I have noticed it myself often.

G.B. finished just one mile short of 200. I expect he was as disappointed as we were, not to have secured the double century. Still he did quite a good ride when one considers the adverse conditions of the heat, softened roads, and much traffic. The surprise packet was F. Jones. He certainly was a "dark horse" covering 184½ miles and with his "handicap" (?help) of 22 miles, secured the first prize. Hubert Buckley lifted the second with 177½, and Perkins the third with 183½. It was disappointing that so few finished, and that the results of those that did—looked at simply as figures—might have been better. Yet such are no criterion, and all the more power to those that set off determined to finish no matter the mileage. The glass with which to examine a performance is Comparison, and none of the finishers need be disappointed with their performances. In fact, the performance of the winner might lead one to think that quite a number of our members have a little reserve tucked away which if called up might give us more surprises.

	Actual.	Handicap.	Handicap Distance.
1.—F. Jones	184½	22 miles	206½
2.—H. G. Buckley	177½	27 "	204½
3.—F. Perkins	183½	16 "	199½
4.—G. B. Orrell	199	Scratch	199
5.—H. Austin	183½	15 miles	198½
6.—G. H. Welfare	172½	25 "	197½
7.—C. Selkirk	179	8 "	187

Greatest distance: G. B. Orrell, 199 miles.

C. Selkirk ran off the course and appears to have actually ridden 184 miles.

Malpas, August 22nd.

"If at first you don't succeed, try again," as the spider said to the flue-brush. I was determined to reach Malpas on this occasion, for had I not four times previously resolved just as firmly to go, and each time been prevented by circumstances over which I had no control, such as weather, business, etc. The first essential was a mahine. My own was in dry dock, being rebushed and re-fitted, regardless of expense, so I tactfully obtained the loan of a mangle, on the terms that I delivered it again that night in the like good order and condition, f.o.b. Birkenhead. (No, dear reader, I didn't borrow it from Cook: it's no fun getting a machine from him, for he has so many more he doesn't miss it). So, fortified with optimism, philosophy, sausages and sarsaparilla, and aided by a N.E. wind, I reached Chester at 4-30 p.m. Thence Iron Bridge, Tilston and Malpas, but not so quickly as you read it, owing to unfamiliarity with mid-Cheshire lanes. The landlord was somewhat perturbed at a muster of over 40, when he only expected 30, but an overflow meeting in a small room solved the problem. I know, for I was in the small room. Boardman, during tea, explained the advantage of the other sort of tee in reducing weight. Has he heard the latest golf rule: "No ball is lost till it stops rolling." Good job Dave Fell wasn't there, or we'd have been bunkered. Parry was there as a sort of farewell appearance, before he departs to Gay Paree to teach the m'sieurs "French as she is spoke." Diapason took his brother on the tandem to Llandegla (of course), but there is no truth in the report that the villagers tried to get him as chairman for the Floral Fete that was being held. Dickman says he prefers inspecting two

eggs and a pot of tea. The "Purple Patches" of heather were reported very fine, and the momentum of the tandem down the Horse-shoe was such that it carried the happy pair into Malpas without their intending to go there. A friend at table mentioned that he had been inspecting a cottage during the afternoon, and Knipe, by the association of ideas, started to recite "Wee Cotter Hoose." Lucas, with great presence of mind, passed a plate of fruit, and stemmed the torrent. Kaye, fra' Wigan, was seeking a competent observer (or capable occupant) for a motor jaunt to Edinburgh over the weekend, but at such short notice could not get a victim. P.C. Beardwood was a welcome visitor, and looked very well. These gearcases and shockstops must be London innovations, however. "Whither away?" quoth one bright lad to W.P.C. as the latter trundled his well worn trike out of the yard. "Newport," answered the Pagan one, patting himself on the back with a gleam in his eye. "Where's that?" said the bright lad. "Mon"!! said J. C. Band, following his leader.

Tarpörey, August 29th.

One cyclist (a real one) woefully waggled his weary way Tarpöreywards: two more (not so real) dashed up: and then there were three.

Three cyclists wobbled along to Chester, debating the while (with more warmth, directness and personalities than are usual among the best people) a problem regarding speed and distance propounded by one Zeno (not the cough-cure man) some few thousand years ago. At Chester the two not-so-reals klapsed and insisted upon refreshment for tired travellers and rest for knackered knees. They even went to the length of dismounting, putting their brakes hard on, and sliding their bicycles over the cobbled street. 'Smost peculiar behaviour. The real cyclist felt quite frightened. The canal bridge at Waverton came in for attention a little later and after that the pack horse bridges. Here one member of the party (no names mentioned) gave a most interesting display of Darwinism or Tarzanism, which was not appreciated at its true worth by the other two; so a move was made to Duddon. Here the counterfeits again folded up and commenced *picking blackberries*. Another cyclist dashed up: and then there were four: one real and three otherwise. A tandem dashed up—and past: Jon and Ans. Well! Well! and I never knew they rode a tandem: but perhaps it is an innovation?

Four cyclists tottered into the yard of the Swan where there were a lot of other mugs waiting: and then there were—well, four more of course: one real one and millions of the other sort. Tea was served in the Hunt Room: so we fed our faces (that don't sound right)—our face (that's worse)—I feed my face: He feeds his face: they feed their foocce: Got it! Well, we fed our foocce overlooked on all sides by fierce old gentlemen in pink jackets and side whiskers (No! *not* pink side whiskers). Anyway we had our tea (there wouldn't 'arf 'ave bin a row if we 'adn't). Well, and what then? Why, dammit! the run is over; my job is finished: I'm off.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 236.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1925.

	Light up at
Oct. 3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-44 p.m.
.. 10. Tarporley (Swan).....	6-22 p.m.
.. 12. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., Wellington Buildings, The Strand, Liverpool.	
.. 17. Autumnal Tints Tour—Bala (White Lion); Sunday, Lunch 1-30 p.m., Oswestry (Wynnstay). Alternative—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	6-12 p.m.
.. 24. Wrexham (Wynnstay)	5-56 p.m.
.. 31. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-42 p.m.
Nov. 7. Halewood (Derby Arms) Musical Evening.....	5-28 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Oct. 3. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	6-44 p.m.
.. 24. Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-54 p.m.
Nov. 7. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	5-28 p.m.

Full Moon 2nd and 31st 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.

Mr. J. E. Rawlinson's resignation as Sub-Captain has been accepted with very much regret, and Mr. R. J. Austin has been elected to fill the vacancy.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—As announced last month, Bala has been chosen for the destination of this fixture. Accommodation has been reserved at the White Lion Hotel, and the terms for supper, bed and breakfast are 10/6. If you wish to take part in the week-end

ride please let me have your name as soon as possible. There will be an alternative run to Daresbury for those unable to join in the tour.

The first Musical Evening of the winter months will be held at Halewood on November 7th. Mr. A. T. Simpson has kindly consented to arrange for our entertainment. It is hoped that our Manchester members will endeavour to attend.

Although somewhat early, it has been decided to hold a Christmas Tour. The destination and details of the day rides have been left over until a later date, but in all probability the headquarters will be at Bettws-y-Coed.

Changes of Address.—W. W. Cotter, 21, Albert Road, Birkenhead; E. Parry, chez la Société des Agences Réunies 42, Rue du Bac, Paris.

Application for Membership.—George Benjamin Burgess, proposed by D. C. Kinghorn, seconded by F. D. McCann.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. General Secretary.

50 Years Ago: Extracts from *Bicycling Handbook of 1875*. Route Banbury to Whitechurn (salop).

Best by Stratford and Birmingham, Birmingham-Wolverhampton very bad AND THE BEST WAY FOR BICYCLISTS IS BY RAIL, Wolverhampton-Newport good (no wonder Madame Fluff became popular), Newport-Thornhill only fair, thence bad to Whitechurch Heath.

(Thornhill puzzled us at first, but, of course, the Hill near the River Tern must have been a Thorn in the side of those early riders. Later, when the A.B.C. included the Hill in their original 100 Course and Turned there at Right Angles it was always known as TURN HILL, until with the later change in the course it came to be misspelt Tern Hill.)

Strange, too, how other place names have suffered these 50 years: On the North Road there was BUCKDEAN and farther north WITHERBY not far from KNAVESBORO'. Can it be that their Geographer had hearkened to that Ancient Dame in Hermit Cave where Hausman murdered Clark? How meaningless now sounds Knaresboro'.

Items.

Mr. Lunt and Mr. King (the human tornado) have very kindly accepted Knipe's invitation and will (D.V.) POSITIVELY APPEAR at Halewood on the occasion of the Musical Evening on November 7th. It is hoped that a good crowd will give them a rousing reception.

We greatly regret to have to announce the death of an old member in A. H. Maddock, of Alsager, who passed away on July 22nd last in his 53rd year. Maddock joined the Club in 1895 and was one of the band of keen cyclists in the Potteries who joined us as the result of Alec Jack's temporary exile in that district, and never lost his keen interest either in cycling or the Club. Commencing to ride in 1888, he kept a record of his mileage, which totalled 69,022 miles, although he last rode with the Club about 20 years ago and was second in a Fifty in 1903. The cares of business and family intervened, but he never deserted the bicycle entirely and was frequently out in his car watching the 100. With an engaging personality he was never forgotten by the older members, who will sympathise deeply with his bereaved family.

In the Polytechnic 12 Hours (Gayler Memorial) we had Perkins representing us and also Lusty riding for M. C. & A. C. and Finn for Irish R. C. Unfortunately the weather was atrocious—bitterly cold and wet—and a lot of the best men “packed” sooner or later. Lusty cried “satis” at 100 miles, but Perkins persevered to 166 miles before he finally gave up hope of the 190 standard. Finn just managed 190 and is to be congratulated on a remarkably plucky performance: which reminds us that he recently got within less than a mile of the Irish 24 Hours Record with the excellent total of 335½ miles.

There is only a slight improvement this year—Red Slips are required for 74 members. This ought not to be.

In these days, when the mere suggestion that a member who is actually riding over the very course should pause to render some assistance in a road event is regarded as an interference with the liberty of the subject and detrimental to the Club, the following extracts from *The Roll Call* and *The North Road Gazette* are pertinent:—

“Once again there were the same well-known faces, who are never asked in vain, and it is a remarkable fact that so few can spare the time or take the trouble to show a little interest in what is, after all, the game in which the club has achieved its name, and the game which at the present time is the backbone of the club . . . the road racing game is the foundation upon which the fortunes of the club are built and the game which has made the club famous and respected throughout the country.”

“The thing which impressed me most during the ‘12’ was the unselfish and kindly help of everybody at the feeding and drinking stations . . . I finished my day with a sense of the very deepest gratitude to everyone who helped and everyone who chucked a cheery word . . . It shows a spirit which is without parallel . . . until one has raced one does not appreciate what a fine “hoop of steel” binds together each and every member of the club.”

And yet some folk pooh! pooh! these sentiments.

The reference to the “Liverpool to London Tandem Record” in the last Circular was an obvious printer’s error which escaped the eagle eye of our proof reader. Of course, Liverpool to *Edinburgh* was meant and the message was otherwise quite clear. Unfortunately (for us) the Tandem Tricycle 12 Hours Record has meanwhile been put on the shelf by Nash and Scutchings of the Poly, who quite indecently (!) piled up the terrible total of 220½ miles, so that no cables need be sent to Newsholme!

G. B. Orrell is to be heartily congratulated on another fine 100 in the Cheadle Hulme C.C.’s. club event when he was First and Fastest in 5.25.52 as timed by Buckley. Those who remember the draughty day (August 29th) when no one in the E.L.W.-M.W. match could get inside evens for a 50 will appreciate the sterling merit of Orrell’s performance.

We fear that our account of the Club 12 failed to emphasise sufficiently the full significance of Hubert Buckley’s ride. It was certainly a splendid novice debut to ride through like a seasoned hand at the game, and he well merited second place in the handicap. We hope it will inspire others who foolishly think they are too young to attempt anything further than a 50 and so fritter away what ought to be their best racing years. The real class performances are put up by those who start racing seriously before they reach man’s

estate. G. P. Mills was breaking End-to-End records when a youth, and we have just lost the Liverpool-London tandem record to a pair whose aggregate age is only 41. The elasticity of youth is ideal and not to be denied, notwithstanding the "advice" that has been given to the contrary. But there is another feature of Hubert Buckley's ride that makes a forceful appeal to us, and that is that he has shown himself to be a worthy son of a worthy sire. One of the most extraordinary things in speed cycling is the way men who have made history on the road in the past have weaned their own sons on petrol! Until J. E. Patmore recently initiated his son into record breaking you could look through the record tables in vain for a son following in father's footsteps (or should it be wheel marks?). In road racing the only examples we can remember are those of Guy and Jack Webb of the N.R. and F. C. Lowcock, Jr., who followed in the footsteps of their fathers for an all too short period. Let us hope Hubert will prove a brilliant exception and that Knipe will also make a record breaker of Allen.

North Road "24," September 4th and 5th.

In this event we were represented by Shaw and Randall, and although Turvey was entered on the card he was, through ailment, unable to start on the long trail. The weather prior to the start was very unsettled, and a strong N.W. wind blew during Friday; but by evening this had abated considerably, so fast times to Wisbech (61½ miles) were general. Here both Shaw and Randall clocked about 3½ hours, while J. W. Rossiter led in 3.5 and J. W. Dougal, the ultimate winner, showed 3.24. Thereafter the night was intensely cold, so that the leading distances at 12 hours can be considered splendid. Shaw covered about 202 miles (which wins for him Standard 6), Randall did 193 miles, while the leaders, Rossiter and Dougal, each rode 209½. At Wisbech the last time (214 miles) Shaw lay fifth in the race. The riders now had to face a strong westerly wind for quite three-fourths of the 63 miles back to home quarters. It was on this run that Randall had, unfortunately, to "pack up" chiefly because of the discomfort brought about by the cold night. Meanwhile Shaw was going well, but the heavy rain which fell during the last four hours of the race slowed him and everyone else. Shaw is to be congratulated on his fine ride of 366½ miles which placed him fifth in the race. The winners were J. W. Dougal (Marlboro') 394. W. E. Sanford (Highgate) 383½, and J. W. Rossiter (Century) 382½ miles. In addition to the riders there were of "ours" about the course J. M. James, Neason, Bright, H. Roskell, Harley, H. Austin, R. J. Austin, Long and two Rothwells. After the race a few of us spent a very convivial evening with the North Roaders at the "Cross Keys," St. Neots. So there passed into history yet another memorable North Road "24."

Shaw adds:—Austin and Long were officiating as Helpers at Wisbech during the night and later at Eaton Green and Girtford, and gave Randall and myself every attention; in fact the feeding at Wisbech could not have been better. There was a big crowd about the White Lion, far too big, and we had almost to fight our way in and out each time. R. J. Austin followed me for 64 miles on the last trip from Wisbech, which is much appreciated; two Rothwells were also helping (though am not quite sure where I saw them). It was the cold that put Randall out, and he was fortunate to miss the most depressing and cold rain for the last 3½ hours.

It was a pity the wind changed, and we had to fight our way back to Cambridge and Eaton Green after having gone through a similar performance the previous evening on the outward journey.

We were well looked after by the North Roaders.

Can any Anfielder discover any means of preserving an optimistic outlook on life during the Eaton Green, Wansford and Girtford stretch of 62 miles at the end of a 24?

RUNS.

Wrexham, September 5th.

It's a great big shame! There is no such thing as liberty these days. What with white lines and men on point duty, personal freedom is being interfered with even on the open road. It was such a perfect morning with a nice, dry rain falling like gentle dew from heaven that I decided to go for a real long ride. Why bother with the Club run? Why not chase off and get in front of Hefty who was on his way to make personal application for the post of Private Secretary (unpaid) rendered vacant by the departure of Parry to Parry (beg pardon—Paris—but they are both pronounced the same according to Chandler, who is now almost a Frenchman after his tour)? So I started off for Whitchurch and was doing quite well until the scout at the Welsh Road Corner insisted on my going down to Queen's Ferry along with the procession making for the motor races at Colwyn Bay. Thus was I undone!! Fortunately the policeman on duty at Queen's Ferry cross-roads was an old friend and he insisted on directing me for Llandegla (of course), but at the corner I managed to get a glimpse of freedom and escaped to Mold. Here the police decided that I must make for Ruthin and without a falter I found myself at the Castle Hotel, now presided over by the grey-haired old lady who some years ago met with F.H.'s approbation. After an excellent lunch, an A.A. scout waived me on to the Wrexham road, but as there was no one to interfere with me at Llandegla cross-roads, I escaped to the Horseshoe for Llangollen. Here the white lines and two policemen forced me on to the bridge, but after looking at the view I disguised myself as a pedestrian and fled to Ruabon. Here again the whole police force waived me on to Overton Bridge, and finally I decided I might just as well go to the Club run at Wrexham after all. And I am glad I did so because I found my fellow clubmen quite decent to fraternise with and we had a really excellent more than full value tea at the Wynnstay, in posh surroundings at a ridiculously low price—ask Diapason. The crowd was rather small (only 23 including Selkirk's brother in flying helmet), but of course several, like J.C.B. and Edwards, are on holidays, others like Austin, Long, Hubert, etc., were at the N. R. 24 looking after Shaw and Randall, and there was an alternative run to Moberley which attracted Perkins, as a good start for his tour, and probably others. Still we had Eggar and S. Threlfall and "Wide-legs" out again, and it was altogether a very jolly gathering which not only discussed the good things provided for our bodily sustenance, but other matters concerning our life blood of racing and record breaking: on which Knipe was very eloquent, and, we hope, heeded. There were two week-end parties: Taylor was piloting H and E. Green to Llanarmon O.L. to tackle the Maen Gwynedd as a push off for a week's tandem tour in North Wales, and Kettle and Kook were escorting Mr. Mullins to Llansaintffried-in-Meccano (that's what it

sounded like) on his way to Zummerset, with Pugh and Walters as bodyguard as far as Oswestry—and both propositions were so alluring that I could not decide which to patronise, so cut the Gordian Knot by Going Home! Men like Cooper, Threlfall, Hawkes, Telford and Selkirk were too slow for me, and Chandler had left his lamp at home and was on a lamp borrowing expedition, so I attached myself to the fast pack consisting of Royden, Knipe, Lucas, Hotine and Banks and had a sleigh ride on as perfect an evening as we could desire, our only difficulty being that Mercer's car was not fast enough. Still it is good to put in a run occasionally and Go Home sometimes. *Verb. Sap.*

Mobberley, September 5th.

[We regret no account of this run has been received.—Ed.]

Eunbury, September 12th.

Going out via Eaton Park, Farndon, Broxton and Beeston, I had plenty of time to admire the scenery on this route and to think what a splendid day it was.

Arriving at the Crewe Arms about 5-30 I found quite a number already there, amongst them Tommy Royden and Zam Buck, the former being quite indignant when Kettle suggested that he'd come out per "Puff and Dart."

Only the poor muster of 32 turned out, but quite a number are still on holidays, and a "50" in East Cheshire probably accounted for a dozen or so.

Wilf. Taylor missed a run, but we had Bailey out again, and Venables came in Mercer's car. Shropshire was represented by Walters and Pugh, but Walker seems to be giving us a miss lately. Quite half the number out could qualify for the veteran class and it seemed a poor turn out of our younger members.

Captain Kettle was busy getting entries and checkers for the last "50," but there was noone killed in the rush for either honour.

After a good tea we made a move to the road outside, where admiring glances were cast on the speed iron with the beautifully sprung saddle reclining against the wall. Round about 7 we began to move off, Cody as usual leading the way. Cook with Turvey, Kettle, and I think Hotine, went off to Stone.

With five other exuberant youths I made for home, but as they rode too fast Bill Cooper and I came on to Chester slowly where we found our pacemakers waiting us. Lamps had to be lit here though only 8-30, and it a great pity to think that the summer has practically gone, but even so one looks in vain for an excuse for October 3rd, Halewood and Bollington.

Third "50." September 19th—In the Wet.

"It is a far, far better thing I go to do, than I have ever done," said I as I swam out to Handley, comparing my lot as "Marshall-Handley Bends first time" with my usual little lot of seeing them through three times at Cholmondeley.

I called at the "Black Dog" to ascertain if there were any bright lads who meant to brave the storm, and was surprised to hear that they all meant to carry on.

Arrived at Handley I found the bends too many and too widely apart for me to extend my corporeal presence round the lot, so I got about half-way and luckily found my task an easy one. The

motors were most circumspect in keeping away from the "White Line" (Down W.P.), the only delinquent being one of our own riders, but I barked at him and he promptly retreated to his own side.

In spite of the soaking conditions all the men looked very cheerful and only moderately wet (you see they had ridden less than a mile then), but I felt quite glad that I hadn't to stand there awaiting their return. I was sorry to miss F. L. Edwards who stood down owing to a fall last week. I think it would have been "his day." Long, Welfare and Randall were also non-starters, though the latter was out on the course trying to cure his bad cold.

As I had to return hastily to Liverpool for an audience with the King (Billy of that ilk), I collected Lucas en route and moved for Chester under a sky which gradually cleared. Thus I saw very little of the race (that's why I've been asked to write it up), but I've gleaned the following particulars as to times at half-way and full distances:—

"25" Times:—G. B. Orrell, 1.13.16; Selkirk, 1.15.48; Hawkes, 1.16.5; H. Austin, 1.16.52; R. J. Austin, 1.17.26; Pugh, 1.19.11; Cooper, 1.21.32; Telford, 1.23.12; Molyneux (tricycle), 1.23.47; A. E. Walters, 1.24.18; Moorby, 1.29.12.

Result:—

1.—G. Molyneux (tricycle) ...	2.58.53	35 mins.	2.23.53
2.—H. Austin	2.36.32	7 "	2.29.32
3.—R. J. Austin	2.37.38	8 "	2.29.38
4.—G. B. Orrell (fastest)	2.30.45	Scratch	2.30.45
5.—G. F. Hawkes	2.35.57	5 mins.	2.30.57
6.—G. E. Pugh	2.43.22	8 "	2.35.22
7.—W. E. L. Cooper	2.53.59	15 "	2.38.59
8.—T. A. Telford	2.56.51	17 "	2.39.51
9.—C. Moorby	3. 3. 3	20 "	2.43. 3
10.—C. Selkirk	2.46.37	2 "	2.44.37
11.—A. E. Walters	3. 2.52	16 "	2.46.52

G. Molyneux wins Standard A.

Selkirk faded away and "went to pieces" in the second half, partly through cramp.

P.S.—In spite of what Cook may say, IT RAINED.

Acton Bridge, September 26th.

Not for the first time, the "Leigh Arms" kept us waiting for tea. The feeding is undoubtedly good, but when arrangements are made a month or more beforehand, we are entitled to expect promptitude in serving, whereas we found a charabanc party occupying our pews, so that it was somewhere round 6-30 when we got our feet in the trough. We sat down to tea 34 strong, and arose 34 stronger. Conversational topics varied, as usual, but racing, I imagine, occupied first place, particularly the previous week's "50," in which, so I understand, the riders encountered some rain. ("Some" may here be used in the American sense of the word if you prefer, as you probably will if you were a competitor.) I shall not attempt to give you the names of those present, it will probably be sufficient to say that the party consisted mostly of "hardy annuals." (That, incidentally, is a compliment to myself, and it occurs to me that I had better explain that "annuals" is meant in the sense of "all the year round," not "once a year.") You will be sorry to hear that Lord Strathhallon is now a parcel (and faith, he was well

wrapped up). I have good reason for making this statement, for he came out on the puff and dart, which, he told us some two months ago, was only a parcel-carrier. (Of course, that wasn't a windy day.) Week-enders, I think, were very much in the minority. The O.G. of course was week-ending, but I don't know whether he had found any victims, and I don't even know where he was going. Sammy and Geoff (I nearly wrote Matt and Jeff) were off for a week's tour (in Cotswolds tha' knaws), first stop Shawbury. I did hear it suggested—but there "let well alone" is my motto, and don't spread scandal. I might be the same myself some day. All the same, it is called "the abode of love." As for the "run" in the literal sense: The Liverpool men found it very fast, and with the assistance of half a gale most of them travelled out at 25 miles an hour (more or less). It does not require a brain of professional capacity, therefore, to realise that the men from the "City of Perpetual Sunshine" had to push that same half a gale out of their way. But—just fancy—they also reported *rain*! When will these Mancunians have the sense to acquire a "Cook"? However the Manchester contingent would be recompensed on their homeward journey, and no doubt they took full advantage of the—er—well, what would you do if the going was so fast that you had plenty of time to spare? Well then! I didn't envy Kettle and Chandler their ride home against the wind on trikes. Kettle ploughed a lone furrow, but Chandler took cover behind the Dickman-Gregg tandem as far as Willaston corner, and reported it as very good value. I, personally, arrived home with that "Village Balcksmith" feeling:

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

Something was "done" all right. It was!!

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XX.

No. 287.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1925.

		Light up at
Nov. 7.	Halewood (Derby Arms) Musical Evening.....	5-28 p.m.
.. 9.	Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., Wellington Buildings, The Strand, Liverpool.	
.. 14.	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	5-16 p.m.
.. 21.	Tarporley (Swan).....	5- 6 p.m.
.. 28.	Rufford (Fermor Arms)	4-58 p.m.
Dec. 5.	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-53 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Nov. 7.	Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	5-28 p.m.
.. 14.	Knutsford (Red Cow)	5-16 p.m.
.. 28.	Mobberley (Roebuck)	4-58 p.m.
Dec. 5.	Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	4-53 p.m.

Full Moon 30th 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. B. Burgess, 7, Park Avenue, Wallasey, has been elected to Active Membership.

Mr. A. W. Skinner has been transferred from Honorary to Active Membership.

A resolution of deepest sympathy with his relatives, in the bereavement they have suffered by the sad death of Mr. A. H. Maddock was passed in silence, and the Hon. Secretary was instructed to convey to his son, on behalf of all the members, expressions of condolence.

Changes of Address.—W. E. S. Foster, The Haven, Brumby Wood Lane, Scunthorpe; E. O. Morris, 7, Caldby Road, West Kirby, Cheshire.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. General Secretary.

“Like Father, like Son.”

Mistakes are often valuable and none of us is infallible, so that we are not sorry that the paragraph ending at top of Page 4 in the last Circular was not altogether accurate, because it has drawn a most interesting and informative letter from G. H. Stancer, who has a knowledge of such things possibly equalled only by F. T. Bidlake. Stancer, after saying that he “quite agrees with the writer up to a point as it is certainly true that there are not many cases in which the sons of famous cyclists have followed in their father’s footsteps and become famous themselves on the road,” goes on to point out that there are several cases in addition to those we mentioned. He instances the late “Boss” King and his three wonderful sons, George, Eddie, and Caley; the first two very well known and beloved by us; the late J. A. Walker of the Yorkshire Road Club and his son Ernest; and the most notable case of Jack Wilson and his son “Andy,” as well as several other lesser lights; and he concludes by calling attention to the well-known fact that “The Urry family provide an example of cycling enthusiasm running through several generations.” Our only excuse is that we had record breakers mostly in mind, and in referring to road racing only thought of fathers who had been famous for a prolonged period and were followed by sons who became equally famous, but undoubtedly the Kings and Wilsons should have been mentioned, and our regret over their omission is very much tempered by the fact that our paragraph proved so interesting to G.H.S. We yield to no one in our admiration of the King, Wilson and Urry families and their cycling traditions. Would there were more of these brilliant examples!

ITEMS.

Now that the racing season is over, we would like to comment on the extraordinary lack of consideration displayed by competitors to the checkers and timekeepers. No doubt this arises more from want of thought than anything else, but there is very little excuse for it. Checking and timekeeping are done by *numbers* and not by *names*. That is why each race card repeats in heavy type “*You must call out your number as you pass the checkers and to the timekeeper at the finish, otherwise you may not be checked or timed,*” which is not intended as a joke. Checking and timing in the last 50 was rendered even more difficult than the weather clerk decided it should be by the shocking disregard of this instruction. As far as our experience went, H. Austin was a shining and brilliant exception in the way he clearly called out his number. Practically everyone else had to be asked for it and it was almost as bad as extracting teeth. The climax was reached when one of the most experienced

racing men in the club replied at Cholmondeley School Corner "Don't know it"!!! We wonder if it would facilitate matters if we painted white rings round the checkers or placed them on white cheese boxes like the police point-duty men in Leicester? or in these days of white lines and noughts and crosses with arrows and "Slow" painted on the roads, we might try a white line and "Number Please" But we always thought that the cyclist's mentality was superior to this kind of thing.

The Annual Dinner of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, to which so many of us belong, is fixed for Tuesday, December 9th, and we hope to be well and truly represented at this unique function, over which Doctor Turner will preside. Those members who have any social or business engagements in London about that date are asked to try and fit in this dinner.

Our August Bank Holiday tour in the Cotswolds did not attract a large number, but evidently Finn's account of it in the Circular has aroused a good deal of practical interest, for in the last two months there has been quite a succession of members following in the Club's wheelmarks, and all returned quite satisfied—even Swear-fairer has visited Ilmington for the first time! Of course, Robbie does not admit that Ilmington is more delectable than his pet Burford-on-the-Windrush, about which he has written so much. He even suggests that the Club has never visited Burford, but the President has concrete evidence (we thought the new tyre was composed of rubber and fabric—Ed.) that we were very much there and had tea in a modern-antique café that made us sigh for the genuine unsullied antiquity of sequestered Ilmington.

There is no doubt that wireless, which was such a favourite topic in the lower room at Halewood, is a strong rival to cycling and explains the defection of some folk. On a recent Saturday afternoon it was announced that a motor race at Brooklands would be broadcast and "listeners will hear all the noises of a great race, the roar of the cars at the start, the shrieking of the brakes at the hairpin corners, and the acceleration as the drivers change gears and dash down the straight." All of which must be far more elevating and beneficial to one's mind and body than praffling along on a cycle to a club run.

We regret to have to announce the tragic death of a former member of the club, Mr. H. D. Wright. Wright, who was affectionately known among us as "Hen-neck," joined the club in 1903 and was not only successful as a racing man living up to the traditions of the club, but had a most engaging personality. His resignation in 1910 was brought about through his departure to the Pacific Coast, but he never lost his interest in the club and on his periodical visits to his own people never failed to make at least one call at the Kafé Kouklave, his last appearance being two years ago. Quite recently he was summoned by cable to the deathbed of his mother in Surrey, and within a week of his arrival he was being driven in a car by his young nephew between Godalming and Horsham on October 4th when at the corner in Dunsfold the car overturned and poor Wright was killed instantaneously. To his relatives we extend our deepest sympathy.

The Club's motto is *Hic et Ubique*, and it was never better illustrated than when last month Teddy Edwards was at Land's End

while Koenen, Fell and H. M. Buck were simultaneously at John O' Groats! This reminds us that F.H. has become so obsessed with Scotland that he cannot understand anyone living elsewhere, and rumour has it that he is being measured for kilts, practising golf assiduously and planning to seek sanctuary at Gleneagles. Personally, we think he would find more attractions at the Pentland Arms, Thurso!

The following letter from Mr. Alan Gunn, Liverpool Century R.C., explains itself and is a most satisfactory ending to the unfortunate accident that marred the 24 this year:—

“ Dear Mr. Cook,

“ My claim against Mr. Tydesley has been satisfactorily settled by negotiation.

“ I take this opportunity of thanking you for your experienced advice as to the best course to pursue in making the claim, and also thank your Committee for their letter received shortly after the accident.

“ I am now quite fit once more and am looking forward to the Anfield's future events.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ ALAN GUNN.”

We are usually favoured with Billy Owen on our Tunts weekend, but this year the fixture happened to clash with his holidays, and we had to be content with a few of us seeing him the following week when he was in Liverpool for a few days. Of course, no good Anfielder ever goes through Llanfair Caerineion without calling in to see Billy, and Chandler did so on the Friday, while F.H., Buck and Chem called on the Saturday. Chandler called at the Bank and was told Owen was away, but the others called at the house and saw Mrs. Owen who got Buck's name correctly, but could not make out “ Koenen and Cheminais,” which were too much for her!

Lancashire to John o' Groats.

In Sept. last F.H. accompanied by “Lizzie” Buck and Dave Fell had a most interesting and enjoyable 12 days' tour, about which they enthuse to this day. As others of our members may be contemplating a similar journey next year, we think it may be of interest to give here the route they took. All the hotels mentioned were first-class in every way and reasonable for the value received. The Marine Hotel at Berwick being a fashionable golfing centre, was the most expensive, but the accommodation and fare provided were excellent.

Scottish Tour, 4th to 15th September.

1925, September 4th.—Manchester, Whittle-le-Woods, Carnforth, Levens Bridge, Shap, Mardale—hotel, Dun Bull.

September 5th.—Mayburgh, Vorada, Gretna Green, Ecclefechan, Locherbie, Bannockburn, Stirling—hotel, Golden Lion.

September 6th.—Bridge of Cellan, Callander, Lochearnhead, Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Dalnally, Taynuilt, Oban, Loch Etive, Connel Bridge (10/6), Ballachuilish—hotel.

September 7th.—Loch Leven Ferry (8/-), Fort William, Invergaory, Fort Augustus, Drummondrockit, Beauly, Dingwall, Evanton, Ardgay—Hotel, Balnagowan Arms.

- September 8th.—Bonar Bridge, Shinn Falls, Altnaharra, Loch Loyal, Tongue, Melvich, Thurso—Pentland Hotel.
- September 9th.—John-o'-Groats, Wick, Latheron Wheel, Berriedale, Brora, Golspie, Dornoch, Ardgay—Hotel, Balnagowan Arms.
- September 10th.—Tain, Invergordon, Dingwall, Strathpeffer, Rogie Falls, Beauly, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Elgin, Keith, Huntly, Kintore—Station Hotel.
- September 11th.—Echt, Banchory, Aboyne, Ballater, Braemar, Cairnwell Summit, Devil's Elbow, Spital of Glenshee, Blairgowrie, Perth—Royal George Hotel.
- September 12th.—Gleneagles, Dunblane, Stirling, Falkirk, Edinburgh—Castle, Holyrood, Preston-pans, North Berwick—Marine Hotel.
- September 13th.—Dunbar, Berwick-on-Tweed, Coldstream, Wooler, Alnwick, Rothbury—Hotel.
- September 14th.—Morpeth, Relsay, Chollerford, Haydon Bridge, Alston—Hill Crest Hotel.
- September 15th.—Melmerby, Penrith, Appleby, Orton, Ravenstone-dale, Sedburgh, Barbon, Melling, Hornby, Scorton, Garstang, Preston.

The Anfield Run.

The Anfield run is a wonderful institution. Month by month there appears an attractive list of country inns where we gather to refresh the inner man and to enjoy the society of our fellow members. The practical and worldly side of us is under no delusion about these proceedings. Its outlook is wholly realistic. It is fully alive to such things as noisy motors, the vagaries of the weather, the desolating industrial areas through which some of us have to pass and the many other elements of discord which we cannot hope to evade. There is, however, another part of us, that unpractical part, the "M'Connachie" part as Barrie calls it, which is dominant during the week prior to the run. "M'Connachie" causes a magic spell to be cast over all the events that are to happen to us at the week-end. We are to travel out beneath sunny skies along roads little frequented by motors and through an undefiled English countryside steeped in romance. The inn will catch something of the Dickens' spirit with its junketting and hospitality. The reunion of the members will be a feast of good fellowship and the brew of the beer, you may be sure, will be like unto none.

But the week-end comes and we find this unpractical "M'Connachie" of ours forsaking us, for it is only on rare occasions that we encounter him during the run. It would, of course, be like crying for the moon to expect to keep him with us during the whole of the week-end. We cannot ignore the blatant motors. We cannot shut our eyes to places like Widnes. The inn, by the time we arrive, will inevitably be shorn of its romance and even at the gathering of the members there may be an element of disappointment and discord. It is very gratifying, however, to think that with a little sunshine, some philosophy, a good deal of kindness, and a firm resolve to seek only the brighter side, we can yet hope to retain the companionship of this elusive "M'Connachie" during a few brief but unforgettable moments of the week-end.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 3rd.

The editor is not, fundamentally, an absolutely out-and-out, detestable sort of bloke. Deep down in the bottom of his heart (Oh yes! he *has* a heart) I like to think that there is just a little spark of kindness and that his man-of-iron attitude is assumed through a mistaken idea of duty. Cromwell, I believe, attracted by an L.M.S. poster "Ireland this year," spent a pleasant holiday in that country demonstrating similar ideas, and it is understood that the Irishmen of his day considered he was not at all a nice sort of person to know. So perhaps we may be excused the occasional harsh things we say of Arthur. I said definitely, finally, definitely, forcibly and emphatically "I will not." The Editor raised his eyebrows the merest shade. . . .

It was not too bad a day for cycling, either by cycle, fire engine, train or on foot. (N.B.—There are no *good* days for cycling.) At 5-15 p.m. the Derby Arms was a nice, quiet, peaceful pub. At 5-55 p.m. a few dirty cyclists were to be seen, but fears were freely expressed that there would be a poor muster. Then they came. Millions of Black Anfielders! They poured through the doorway; they climbed in via the windows; they dropped down the chimney. As usual, there were two Houses: The Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons. The Commons (including Cook) were sent up into the attic while the best people fed in stately and dignified style in the dining room, discussing the white aerals and patent manure, chloride of lime and garters, wheel grip and the fair women of Scotland. H. Green was there, among the very best people. We are always pleased to make these little exchanges of courtesy with our Manchester members when we are temporarily separated, and when, in return for our emissaries we get H.G., we do feel pleased with ourselves. All the usuals seemed to be present and there were also some notable returned prodigals whom we were very pleased to see, George Lake, Frank Wood, Egar, Charlie Conway, Steevie, Cook, to name but a few, Cook defaulted and barged off early (loud cries of Shame!) so that we were able to settle down to an enjoyable evening. Poor old Hubert! He was just beginning to feel that he might soon get into his stride when he was ruthlessly dragged away by a faint-hearted partner. We bade him a tearful farewell. He looks thinner and paler than ever. The chorus was in fine fettle. Tommy grows lustier every year. Still, the party gradually dwindled until only a hardy few were left to hold the fort, and these gave a last crashing chorus, "drank off the wine and threw down the cups," and strode out into the night.

Bollington, October 3rd.

A light drizzle was falling most of the afternoon, causing a few of the less hardy spirits to don capes. On arrival at the destination, I found a number of familiar steeds already stabled. There were also three unfamiliar ones, which were subsequently identified as belonging to the Smith brothers and Aldridge, members of whom we see far too little in these days.

A vigorous but unskilful game of bagatelle was in progress within, but the call to tea soon put a stop to hostilities. Arriving at table the difficulty was to find a carver, both the usual victims being absent. After some delay, Cranshaw, sen., was pressed into service. The carving satisfactorily performed, the Mullah arrived, very pleased

to find the carving finished. (This is known in certain circles as "using one's head.") A very satisfactory meal over, the collection was taken when footsteps were heard without—the door opened and Grimmy and his faithful follower Deacon entered. Their explanation of having visited Mobberley three weeks too soon must be accepted with great reserve.

The rain had ceased for the homeward journey, and our party arrived home without incident.

Tarporley, October 10th.

Grandad's philosophy is as follows:—If you are well, you must cycle to keep well. If, on the other hand, you suffer from rheumatism, cold feet, water on the brain, housemaid's knee, alopecia, etc., it is cycling that will do the trick and remove the affliction. If it doesn't go, you should ride some more—and then some. I mention this because from the 5th to the 9th of October I had been half dead with a cold, and so took the opportunity on the 10th of trying the cycling cure. Result: To-day, the 12th October, I have only had six handkerchiefs. That doesn't alter the fact that the run to Tarporley was a very enjoyable one, and on a day which, with the sun, mist and sharp atmosphere, might have wandered out of late September. Tea was quite satisfactory, and nicely served, and 36 members sat down to same. Chandler was present, and wore so many buttons and badges in his jacket that we think he must have been elected President of the Street Pavement Artists Association and the Hon. Treasurer of the Tripe-Dressers Union. Randall took a chair near the handsome grandfather's clock, and talked. The clock did its best, but that wasn't good enough, and it stopped at 6-30 p.m. Bailey came out via Transporter and Norley, and was persuaded to add his name to the list of candidates for Bala which Austin was putting down with a smile and a pencil. Total Bag for Austin was about 20. Let's hope the "White Lion" has elastic sides.

Austin had come out *per tandem*, and as his partner was 2-26 Selkirk, it was quite easy to account for the whacked expressions of Geoff. Hawkes and Sam Threlfall. The latter pair said the pace was very hot, especially free-wheeling downhill. Geoff. hinted that he might become the possessor of a new tandem in *December* (presumably in his stocking!!). There is no verification for the rumour that it is to be a free-wheel lady-back Shawbury model. Hawkes asserts that it will be used to convey defaulters (who haven't paid their subs. by March 1st) at express speed to Moscow (Drive).

W.P.C. went to Shawbury for the week-end, and just before he started, I thought I saw him diluting whisky with water. Knowing of his affection for bitter, I must needs investigate more closely, and so found it was only the gas lamp that was being diluted. A pardonable mistake, though, when the President stands at the bar to do this little job. Dame Nature had employed our tea interval in rolling up some bands of mist, and the Chester and Birkenhead party found it thick going to Chester. Perhaps the Manchester men were luckier. The road beyond Chester was fortunately clear, and the Austin-Selkirk, Chandler-Telford and Dickman-Gregg tandems were soon busy scrapping. Some very hot times were recorded, and, as it was necessary to call at "Shrewsbury Arms" to avoid reaching home too soon, the yard of the "S.A." sounded like Crewe station with puffings and blowings. Over our coffee, Chandler described the best

way to cross the Bwlch-y-Groes (i.e. on roast duck and a seidlitz powder). After noting with amusement the Birkenhead Motor Club's winter programme (i.e. Theatres, Dances, Whist Drives and Supper Parties) we went forth into the night rejoicing that we were cyclists.

Daresbury, October 17th.

The small attendance of sixteen was caused by an alternative run that some of the members were having to Bala. Still that did not matter much because all the important people were at Daresbury—I was there.

Tea took place in the house instead of the outside room with which the Club have to put up with when they muster in force. This made it possible to have a general conversation instead of spitting into small groups, so that the chat and banter made the pig and hen fruit taste all the nicer.

The Scribe and Selkirk came out on a tandem and I understand that they are making early preparation for an attempt on the Edinburgh-Liverpool Record next year. At the moment it does not look as if their efforts would be crowned with success. The tandem crew were evidently fed-up with one another and sat the opposite ends of the table. It was difficult to get any remark from either of them. It grieves me very much to have to give it away, but Selkirk had evidently played a deep game. He pretended that he was done up. When all the time he was shamming. An examination of the soles of his shoes proved that he had failed to use them for pushing the treadles round. I think the Scribe should have made him write the account of this run.

Steevie was out so I asked him why he was not at Bala, and he replied that he could not get Friday off. Frank Jones, who was with Steevie when the question was put, said that he would certainly have gone to Bala if he could have got Friday and Monday off.

This was certainly one of the most enjoyable runs the Anfield have ever had, and I suggest to the Committee that they arrange an alternative run to Bala every week so as to give the important members of the Club a chance to meet in peace and comfort.

Before concluding I would like to suggest to Austin and Selkirk that they make an early attempt on that Record and that they don't wait until the Rothwells have put it safe.

Bala, October 17th-18th.

With the idea of making the Autumnal Tunts week-end a real dive into the heart of Wales, the committee ruthlessly scrapped all traditions and scheduled Bala in the hopes that it would make a stronger appeal to our hard riding members. From first to last there were 33 participants (28 members and 5 friends) so that numerically it was a complete success and from a social point of view it was "the best ever," but a strict regard for the truth compels us to point out that there were only 16 cyclists. Some of the absentees were conspicuous, not to say notorious, and it is rather a striking commentary that Bert Green should have been the only cyclist from Manchester, while Tommy Royden (not quite finished celebrating his 62nd birthday) should be similarly showing up the *jeunesse dorée* of Liverpool! There is much food for thought in this and we are proud of you Tommy. Chandler was the first to start the tour by escaping from his labours and reaching Ruabon on Thursday night, whence he "won" (as Charlie Brooke used to write

in the "Manchester Guardian") Newtown, Friday night: via Llanfyllin and Cann Office; and on Saturday docked early at Bala via Carno, Cemmaes Road and Tal-y-llyn. Friday night saw F.H., with Buck and Chem as supercargo, at the Glyn Valley Hotel and chasing Chandler on Saturday. Fell excelled himself by finding Lake Vyrnwy (after puzzling the natives with his pronunciation of Llanfyllin!) and tackling the Hirnant with its seven gates which almost got Dave down! Long, S. Threlfall and Cook made Denbigh for lunch on Saturday and then, after tackling the Sportsman, continued via Yspytty Ifan and Eida Wells to Pont-ar-afon-Gam and Rhydyfen, while the rest of the party came more or less direct, some by Ruthin and others by Llandegla and by Llangollen, until, when the evening commenced after supper, we numbered 27; those not already mentioned being Hotine, Kettle, Kaye, Bailey and Perkins, as cyclists and Skinner, Crowcroft, W. Lowcock, Kinder Brothers, Mandall, Ven and A.T.S. as motorists with Brother Walter, Joe Andrews and Messrs. Austin and Ross as more than welcome visitors. We also discovered by the visitors' book that Teddy Edwards had called on his way to Pentre Voelas. Of the merry evening with its excellent impromptu entertainment a more facile pen will deal, but you can easily pick out the talent from the above list without a pin and imagine the rest. It was certainly a great improvement on all that was possible at Llangollen and we fancy we taught the new proprietor of the White Lion something that appealed to his Scottish business instincts. Sunday was a glorious day and at breakfast we were joined by Geoff. Hawkes and Turvey. The Simpson, Skinner and Koenen cars, like Drake, "went west" and extended the holiday by staying that night at Bettws-y-Coed. Green also extended and went off solus to tackle the Roman Steps "on the reverse." History does not relate what happened to the Crowcroft car, but the rest of us made for the fixed lunch place at Oswestry. All the cyclists and Fell tackled the Millter Cerig while the Kinder Kar kept to the well-ironed main road. With the brilliant sunshine and favourable breeze the crossing was delightful and easy, but just beyond Pen-y-bont-Fawr, where we were joined by Pugh, A. E. Walters and a friend, disaster overtook the Presider whose front "silver string" blew off the rim with one wire broken in several places! Fortunately, Fell came to the rescue and scouted Llanrhaidair but drew a blank and then took Walters pillion into Oswestry (14½ miles), while the O.G. rode W's. machine in preference to being a flapper! The lunch at Oswestry was excellent, but the Presider's misfortune appeared to break up the party, as he had to go back in the Kinder's car to rescue his bicycle while Mandall and Ven. got a new cover in readiness, and the rest of us pushed on in various groups that had tea at Pulford, Chester and Capenhurst. Cook, after teeing with his motor escort at Wrexham, found Hotine and Royden discussing the week-end at Willaston, and this triumvirate unanimously decided that it had been one of the happiest and jolliest ever experienced—and we are not inclined to dispute it.

Supplementary Remarks by the Master. The Bala-Tumna! Tour.

To change over from time honoured Llangollen to Bala seemed sacrilege at first glance, but the A.B.C. is nothing if not original, and even now striking out for itself. The old unwritten law, that every week-end must be guided outward by the out-and-homers, has long restricted more ambitious movements, but when last year Cook himself forsook Pulford for the Sportsman on his way to Llangollen,

the very autumn leaves turned colour, the quotas declined, and there was a change in the air. Yet the momentous step of severing the week-end tea from the Saturday meal creates a new principle of two separate sets of attendances whereby some fleet footed zealot might attend both and score twice. This is certainly deserved by those enthusiasts who rode through the night and joined us at breakfast.

The bold Bala step found ample reward, for although the valleys were rain drenched and the uplands storm-swept, nearly thirty made up the party on Saturday and the White Lion beds were fully taxed. The new landlord was aghast at the unexpected popularity of the place, and we had the unique feature of this worthy man being totally unacquainted with the Presider, and on meeting him on arrival—late, as usual—throwing some doubt on the likelihood of his being accommodated, little dreaming that this was the Great Personage for whom a special room had been reserved, prepared and stocked with slop-basins.

Half the party were real riders and the rest Riders All—a courtesy title claimed by those enfeebled ones who must needs depend on petrol-plus power. One of the former was the rejuvenated Royden, who leaves petrol at home as soon as mountains are in sight. On the return he lightheartedly leapt at the hazards of the Millter Cerig, that once earned such ill-fame through the Editor.

Among those lolling in the lap were, firstly, the Crow-cock combination (Austin and Bill), with the former's namesake in the Tonneau. Andrews-Skinner and several Simpsons were assorted and frequently re-assorted over two Dickey Seats. The Chem.-Buecks arrived with their trusty driver via the Ceriog, Tanat, Bauwy and Dyfi Valleys, and, lastly, Ven, chaperoned the Childers.

The festive dinner was hardly an orgy, but the feast of song that followed certainly was. Crow's guest and namesake seized the keyboard and performed miracles thereon, with the final result that well after midnight Joe Andrews sent a burst of Hope and Glory across the silent street with Royden leading the chorus, his face aglow with ecstasy. Landlord Finlay, startled at this overlapping of the rest-day, and strange to the Welshman's love of song, was suspended in mid-air swimming into the room through the open window, wildly gesticulating to still the sound. In vain; it only fanned the fervour, for Royden was aflame. Never before had Joe's stomach emitted such resounding chords. His whole being resembled a superb kettledrum. It was the crux of the concert, and only sleep could be a fitting close. Even the Kinderen went to bed.

Some very complicated performances were given by Mr. Valter, in which Arthur Roberts, disguised as Pat Feeuey, impersonated the Major General Worthington imitating Chem. And Chem himself, on a personal visit after his escape from Spain, "featured" in no less than fifteen items, all word perfect, showing his much-lamented loss of memory. Billy Lowcock gave a Spanish dialogue with his private prompter, and as an encore his graceful *Danse des Cuisses* from the Bal Bulier.

The Simpsons travelled with only one Family Portmanteau between them, but in the confusion of the Major's disguises each brother believed the bag to belong to the other brother, with the natural result that they arrived at Bettws on Sunday without any bag between them at all. The sense of shame is so keen in this family that before retiring to rest they had to be put to bed in Ma Evans' Nightie supplemented with Miss — set of undies—a bewitching spectacle!

Wrexham, Wynnstay Arms, 24th October.

It seems to me that it would be a much better plan if this writing-up business were thrust upon the unlucky one prior to the run, so that he could organise his afternoon excursion and ginger up his powers of observation in order to produce something readable. Of course the trouble would be that you could never be sure that he would turn up!

The morning did not hold much promise, but shortly after mid-day the clouds broke up and we had a very pleasant and sunny afternoon. I had little enough energy when I started from Rock Ferry and it was not until reaching Willaston that I began really to appreciate the ride. An interesting little detour was made at Chester through some of the back streets partly to reach a tea shop but mainly to get a peep at Chester from a different view point, for there is a charm about the old place that is not revealed unless you forsake the main thoroughfares. One always feels grateful for Westminster Park, especially at this time of the year when there is such a wonderful display of Autumn colouring. After some loitering in the Park, I eventually emerged on to the Wrexham Road at Pulford where the excellent "going" and that hungry feeling set my wheels spinning at a brisk pace. Soon after topping Marford Hill I was glad to meet with Lucas and another member, and later, when quite near Wrexham, we overtook J.C.B.—a welcome resurrection.

I believe there were some 30 members out, the Manchester section being provided with an alternative run to Moberley. I found the service at the Wynnstay somewhat spasmodic and a little trying to a hungry man, but the fare was satisfactory enough although perhaps not such good value as on the last occasion. The Wynnstay Arms is a very roomy establishment and it seems to lack the cosiness and hospitality of some of the more familiar places of call.

We had an exceptionally fine night for the return ride, so fine and promising indeed, that I would gladly have dashed off for a second Tints Tour. Motor traffic was very little in evidence along the bottom Chester Road, for which I was grateful, for it was then possible to take in the beautiful effect of the bright half moon hanging low over the Welsh Hills in a strip of clear sky and shedding a soft light over the intervening country.

Moberley, 24th October.

The correct procedure when writing up a run seems to be first to discuss the weather, but why?—everybody knows, or at least should know, what it was like.

A description of the journey out would not interest the mass who, of course, had their own journeys, but perhaps "Gerald" will take note that an elephant at play is all right—viewed from a safe distance.

Upon our arrival we were regaled by the sight of several of the early arrivals performing their ablutions in the yard. This is not an unusual sight on a Manchester run, but it comes rather as a shock after a summer of joint runs and the slogan "Why wash on Saturdays?"

In spite of "Gerald" and J.E. being slightly off colour, we managed to dispose of quite a respectable quantity of food, after which the ancients (?) disappeared and the gurgling noises from the tank interfered with the conversation in the water room.

But what has happened to the younger devotees of the "amber brew"? They sat and talked until almost eight o'clock when they rose and went out into the darkness as dry as when they came in.

By the way, I think there were 16 or 17 at the run.

Acton Bridge, 31st October.

There can be no doubt as to the popularity of this run when on a somewhat doubtful day, meteorologically speaking, a crowd of exactly forty gathered within the portals of the Leigh Arms, where the Milton family always give us such a warm welcome and a barmecide feast. This occasion was no exception to the rule and although we were indoors and consequently divided into three rooms, interchanges of visits were made and there was nothing lacking in the social side of the fixture. The disappearance of Jane Doe from the "Sunday Chronicle" has a lot to answer for. We were all glad to welcome Buckley back again from his semi-annual visit to Essex and looking as fit as the proverbial flea, and R. J. Austin, our new Sub-Captain, was well supported by Moorby, F. Jones, Edwards, both Cranshaws, Morton, Deacon, Davies, both Orrells, H. Green, Turnor, Grimmy, Hubert Buckley, and both Rawlinsons; while Capt. Kettle's forces consisted of Austin, Threlfall, Perkins, Hawkes, Cody, Cook, Long, Taylor, Bailey, Lucas, Chandler, Royden, Randall Cooper, Egar, Gregg, Dickman, E. Edwards, Knipe, Telford and Turvey. Amid the babel of conversation, we overheard Turvey discussing atmospheric, with particular reference to the atmosphere at Club runs which, of course, we make ourselves; and a great many plans were being made for Halewood and week-ending at Warrington and Sunny-side—but, above all, there was a universal expression of anxiety over Toft's serious operation, accompanied by the most profound wishes for his speedy and complete recovery, so that if there be any power of mind over matter, Billy will be on the high road to health when this appears. And then when, like the after dinner orator, we were too full for words, we departed in batches into a night that was beyond description for its intensely brilliant moonlight. Knipe, having raked in some spondulix, went off to week-end at Lambournville, while Davies, W. Orrell and Cook sought sanctuary in Treacle-town, and the rest of us wended our various ways to our virtuous and secluded domiciliary couches.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

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No. 238.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1925.

	Light up at
Dec. 5. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-53 p.m.
.. 12. Northop (Red Lion).....	4-51 p.m.
.. 14. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., Wellington Buildings, The Strand, Liverpool.	
.. 19. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	4-52 p.m.
.. 26. Boxing Day -Nantwich (Lamb)	4-56 p.m.
	Lunch 1-30 p.m.
.. 25-27. Alternative Tour—Headquarters, Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	4-56 p.m.
Jan. 2. Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	5-2 p.m.
.. 9. Annual General Meeting, 6-30 p.m., Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-10 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

(Tea 5-30 p.m.)

Dec. 5. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	4-53 p.m.
.. 12. Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms)	4-51 p.m.
.. 19. Mobberley (Roebuck)	4-52 p.m.
Jan. 2. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	5-2 p.m.

Full Moon:30th 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 Bicyele Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Christmas Tour.—Will those members who wish to take part in this tour please let me have their names as soon as possible, so that I can arrange for their accommodation at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed. No day rides have been fixed.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood, on Saturday, 9th January, 1926, commencing at about 6-30 p.m. This will be preceded by a Club Tea at 5-30 p.m. Subjects for inclusion in the agenda must be in my hands not later than December 30th next.

Mr. W. J. Neason has been nominated to represent us at the Bath Road Club Annual Dinner.

Will Manchester members please note the change of fixture on December 5th.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. General Secretary.

Monday, 16th November, 1925, saw the passing of a foremost Anfielder. With the utmost sorrow we have to record the death of Charles Keizer, aged 69 years, who passed away peacefully in his chair, after a fortnight's illness.

He joined the Club in 1892, the same year as P. C. Beardwood and W. J. Neason, giving up cricket (wicket-keeping) for cycling, and for 22 years he was perhaps the most popular and welcome figure at club runs, revelling alike in entertaining with comedy (Bab Ballads, Seaweed, etc.) and tragedy (Hamlet, etc.) at Cronton and Hunts Cross. In the enjoyment of the longer fixtures, like the Coronation Tour and midnight runs he was second to none. Perhaps he was at the zenith of his form at a Lower Peover fixture, but near it on a run to Abergavenny, when he explained to W. P. C. and Pa White, flogging up Dinmore on a tandem, that really there was no hill there at all.

The writer first met Charlie in an Oakfield B. C. Fifty about 1890, giving him 20 mins. start and catching him at the halfway turn, only to lose the whole 20 mins. again on the return journey. Result C. Keizer (pneumatic) 1st, H. M. Buck (solid) 2nd, A. R. Strettel (solid) 3rd, W. J. Neason competing but retiring near Knutsford.

Charles Keizer was ever a pioneer in addition to having a witty and engaging personality. He was one of the first to adventure pneumatics, motor bicycles and motor cars. Who can forget his first car, affectionately called the "Bag of Nails," steered with a perpendicular tiller from a dizzy pinnacle at the rear, which stampeded 1,000 horses of the Liverpool May Day procession into empty space on its trial trip?

From 1915 failing health caused him to transfer from the active to the honorary list, but up to the end he took the keenest interest in the doings of the younger generation of the Anfield, to whom these few notes may be of interest. His motto was "*Dum vivimus vivamus*"

Floreat Anfield.

In Memoriam.

Almost at the same time as dear old Charlie Keizer there passed away another Charlie, who was a popular Anfielder some 25 years ago, namely Charles R. Hurst, one of the Cheadle Brethren, usually called

Mickey Hurst on account of his small stature or in the somewhat stilted style of the Cheadle: Sir Michael. Most of his Anfield riding was done as tandem partner with his old friend F. H. and here again his size restricted him to the notorious Ice-Waggon. When the latter suffered his Great Fall at Warburton—an event that was compared with the crash of worlds and the wreck of ages—it was Mickey Hurst who shared his fate, and they were jointly taken thence in a milk float. He held a great position in the Cheadle in the days of Captain Strousers and acted as Saloon Steward when the Cheadle steamed north or south by Noon Rails, a method of touring that has never been rightly understood in Anfield circles. During the War he was Sergeant Hurst, who was a boon to many recruits, I believe in the Isle of Man. Since then he has been somewhat of a recluse. He was essentially a man of "in lighter vein" and as such we like to recall him.

Sniffing at 'Suteheons (Fireside Back-chat)

Rumours have reached the outskirts of the membership on occasion anent controversies within the inner circle bearing on the admission of new members. Can this be on account of some hypercritical scrutiny of new blood and its corpuscles on the part of some councillors with "giddy minds" (as Shake's Bolingbroke is supposed to have said). To me this appears a hazardous track on which to venture, a slippery path for our lightly clad feet. We should be forewarned by the historic anecdote as to what befell the Scion of the House of Winklebury—a name that goes back to a prehistoric earthwork:

It was in the day when Proud Preston was still a residence for Aristocrats that Winklebury was not above calling in person on the local fishmonger for his Sole or Plaice, and was always assured of a prime place at the counter. Then came the day that he was asked to take his turn behind another customer carrying a large purse. Amazed at this lack of respect Win-bury asked for the intruder's name and was told that it was a Cotton Spinner. Said W'bury: No longer is "proud" Preston a fit residence for one of my blood—ne proper ne pleasant—and he turned his back on the city of his forefathers and built himself a secluded demesne on the Banks of the Milky Mersey, free from contamination with cotton. Alas, to-day his new home stands within a couple of miles of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, and they of his House are reduced to spelling their name Winkley for short.

Now it is the Cotton Spinner who refuses to take his turn at the counter, and who knows but to-morrow the same Spinner in his turn will be abbreviated or reduced?

We must prize the old and historic names in our midst and add to their number if we can, but not to the exclusion of new blood for our old veins. There is work for any zealot, however "Giddy," in the by-lanes of Chestreshyre by hunting for the bearers of great names in simple circumstances. It is no use looking for Savages of Rocksavage at either Halton or Holmestreet Hall Chester Road—they have gone to the House of Lords, but there are still Savages in Cheadle, simple farmers.

Next time we scootle by Old Utkinton Hall we must give a thought to the superb excellence of lovely Lady Done, and wonder what she was like. What of her fleet-footed footman, who ON FOOT beat the London Mail. Shall we refuse his descendant Anfield admission? No, we need those feet. What of the descendants of the

"Running Footman" of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, who was able to keep up with his master's famous Four-in-Hand Team of Blacks. Have we no place for His?

The pages of Anfield books are graced by names that suggest close connection with the Worths of Worth, the Tofts of Toft, the Pooles of Poole, and the Orrells of Orrell. And when we come near the end of the list we find a name so illustrious that I may be forgiven for citing just a few of its qualifications:

When Kyng William the Norman stepped out of his boat, there stood near him, ankle deep in the water, his "Coosyn-Garman" Sir Gilbert, so Mighty a Hunter that he went by the name of the

VENATOR — ABILIS

Being a practical fellow he contracted this mouthful to

Ven — Ables

and when Viceroy Hugh Lupus, the Wolf of Chester, needed a Cheshire Constable and Grand Executioner with power over Life and Death (chiefly death) he gave the job to Sir HUGH Venables, and for 500 years the Vens carried out this office with gusto. Not content with their Baronial home of Kinderton, Sir Roger claimed Astbury and its Church as a perquisite of the Hunters, and befittingly a Venables has been lying there under a Canopy for 5 centuries.

In the 15th Century the family got really busy: Sir RICHARD laid his head upon the block in Shrewsbury market place by the side of the mangled bones of Hotspur. They had been on the losing side. Next, little DOUCE Venables (the name melts upon the tongue) was pressed into wedlock with Bothe of Doneham and made to live in the Park near the Swan with Two Nicks, Bollington. At Blore Heath, now converted into a Sanatorium for Cheshire, a Ven. fell with Lord Audley, and Anfielders under Cook went and bent the knee there a little later. Greatest feat of all, Sir THOMAS, in lynyal descent from the Venator, Slew the Dragon that lurked in a foul pool at Moston, Sandbach, one that devoured human and other prey. He made the place safe for those Anfield week-ends that distinguished a recent decade. Not far from Blore, at Eccleshall, lies Caesar Venables, whose name denotes vast portent.

For eight centuries the Venables were Barons of Kinderton until Lord Vernon-Venables huckstered the title deeds for "Thirty Silverlings." Shame on this COOSYN. And after eight centuries another Venables of distinction and great modesty once again curtailed his name to VEN, which might stand for Venerable, but in origin means GAME. His Kenningplace is the Anfield Vice Great-Arm-Chair (to borrow the language of the "Unnamed" Cinder Age).

Should any monster arise in an Anfield pool, W. T., like Sir Thomas before him, will Slay the Dragon.

Thornhill or Ternhill.

As a subscriber to your columns and a student of their contents, my critical faculties have been jarred by the thoughtless description of Tern Hill from the unruly pen of your riot running investigator, and as this important Cross-roads lies on the Highway to Fluffyville where so many Anfield week-ends are spent, I must protest against any likely misdirections of our wheel tracks.

Archeological research suggests that the real Tern Hill is the eminence $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of the cross roads, close to where the flying ground was situated. This hill is largely looped by the river Tern. The House at the Cross Roads was a famous Coaching Inn on the Newport-Chester postilion route. May it not be that its situation under the brow of the hill caused it to be known as Tern Hill in coaching parlance?

The absence of a licensed House at this crossing causes our riders sufficient misgiving without adding to their confusion.

Sleuth.

Proposed Informal Hot Pot Supper.

Many of you will remember a Hot pot Supper and Concert held at the Stork Hotel some years ago and organised by the now defunct "James C. C." It has been suggested at a meeting of a few Anfield Motorists that we should hold unofficially a similar function on Friday, 5th February next.

The date has been suggested as it will be very convenient for members attending the Halewood run the following day.

All A.B.C. members are most welcome, and I shall be pleased to know who will be able to attend. Those who can join us and participate in a pleasant evening will please notify:—

Hubert Roskell.

19, Hyde Road, Waterloo, Nr. Liverpool.

ITEMS.

At the annual dinner of the C.T.C. Liverpool D.A., we were well represented by Brazendale, Edwards, W. D., and H. R. Band, J. Kinder, Mandall, Turnor, Chandler, Selkirk and Cook, while Hotine was only kept away by the thick fog prevailing. The dinner was a most enjoyable affair which reflected great credit on Brazendale. Turnor proposed the toast of the C.T.C. and Liverpool D.A. in an excellent speech given great prominence in the *Courier* report, while Chandler dealt adequately with the toast of the Prizewinners. Cook got off lightly with the pleasant task of presenting the awards, but rather objects to the Press calling him a Veteran road rider while still so young.

Egar is the latest recruit to the skull cap brigade without obtaining a permit from Robbie. Who will be the first to sport the new Sherlock Holmes cap with its peak fore and aft and earflaps? We think the Presider's scouts should all be so equipped.

C. W. Empson in *Cycling*, November 20th, says that the Chester to Holyhead road (A55) "is as much the road to Ireland as that other Holyhead road which comes all the way from London." This is rather hard on Wayfarer, but very convenient for us who can now join "the road to Ireland" at Chester or Hawarden instead of at "Chirk T.G." Hurrah!

If you have ties that make the Christmas Tour to Bettws-y-coed impossible, the following New Year's week-end seems to present possibilities without missing the club run at Hooton. You know whom to communicate with if you desire to end the old year and commence the New Year well.

We were represented at the funeral of dear old Charlie Keizer by Cook, Harry Buck, Cheminai, Venables and Simpson, and there is no doubt several others would have been there but for the impenetrable fog which prevailed.

We are delighted to say that Toff has come through his operation most successfully and is now on the royal road to recovery.

RUNS.

Halewood, November 7th., 1925.

According to a most unreliable authority, 6,500,000,002 gallons of water fell this day. (The last cypher points to the possible accuracy of the calculation). From the above statement you will gather that it was a wet day, and it looked like being a wet night too. This latter contingency was rather an attraction than otherwise. The rain came down in torrents, cascades, streams, rivers, but, as a flood, it was nothing like what we had in Noah's time—the water only reached to our knees. Still there was promise of wetter things. An over-flowing attendance of members and friends was anticipated, but would the weather conditions raining—dash it, reigning, result in the function being a "wash-out?" No, no, Nanette; the dreadnought shall wade out to-night. Apart from the gastronomic attraction (the "Derby Arms" stands par excellence unrivalled in its old-fashioned cuisine and bounteous fare) a musical programme of transcendental excellence (in charge of the Editor) was held out as an allurements. I was allured. The thought that there might be neglected succulencies faithfully awaiting adoption, decided me, for I play a pretty knife and fork. Surprise of surprises! Setting the weather at nought, riders arrived from all quarters in ever increasing numbers, the Mullah, H. Green and others from Manchester figuring amongst the brave and dauntless. Over 60 sat down at table. The inner man satisfied, well fortified and prepared for the worst, we repaired to the Concert Room.

Here we found the *mise-en-scene* faultless in its disposition, stage, arena, stalls, pit, suggested a master hand. A galaxy of stars—a whole constellation—had been secured at nebulous prices for our mental delectation. A full house waited in expectancy. The first to enter the lists were our old friends Messrs. King and Lunt, the former with his magnetic personality and the latter with piano. Books of words were distributed to all. Then Mr. King set out to enjoy himself. He told us the story of King Caractacus, all about the ladies of the harem—well not all—the boy who dared to shout "beaver" at the Captain with his whiskers in charge of the ladies, and *ainsi de suite*, a story full of anachronisms, built on the cumulative principle. We attacked Caractacus in song, as being the most deadly weapon at our disposal. Mr. King led the attack. He threw a few bars off his chest, made a few passes over the front rows of the audience, and they were his to play with. He proceeded from row to row, hypnotising all into song, the swelling chorus increasing in volume as victims fell under the influence. They were making an assault on the "Captain with the whiskers," etc., when Mr. King's eagle eye struck me. I was sitting aloof, doing no harm to anyone. He fixed me. I quailed beneath his glance. I felt guilty—I know not of what. My lips began to move, and in a moment I was attacking—vocally—the boy who shouted "beaver," at the Captain, etc. He was about my size and weight. I think we must have disconcerted old Caractacus and put him off his game, for we started the song, according to plan, at the end, and worked up to the beginning, so that when we had arrived at the beginning we had come to the end. Thus, he never knew where we were up to, and this finished him. At a later stage, under Mr. King's direction, we assisted at the demise of an old buffer who wanted to be wrapped up in a tarpaulin jacket

—a fitting garment in this rainy weather. We had several other community songs, all of which went off with éclat. Mr. King and his confederate, Mr. Lunt, were a host in themselves and gave us a novel and diverting treat. During the evening, Mr. Robinson (baritone) and Mr. Davies (tenor) each favoured us with a couple of songs in good style, which were much appreciated. Grimmy discoursed sweetly about someone he heard calling him; Joe Andrews sang with his usual robustness and bonhomie, his items receiving the due welcome; John Kinder and Clem also contributed their quota. Tomlin gave us several of his delightful turns, his character sketch of the elder Weller being a capital study and exceptionally well rendered. But great as had been the success up to this point, there were plenty of good things still in store, for Frank Wood had been instrumental in securing the attendance of a quartette of high class entertainers in the persons of Mr. Matt Thomas, a sweet melodious tenor (an old friend of the good old days of Hunts Cross), Mr. Smith, a rich, resounding baritone, Mr. Myles Hodgson, elocutionist, and Mr. Ben Williams, pianist. The first named two gentlemen gave us a real musical treat in solos and duets. Mr. Hodgson entertained us with several monologues, delivered with masterly effect, which were greatly applauded as they well deserved. Mr. Ben Williams assisted his brother artists by admirably accompanying their items. With such a plethora of talent, no wonder the concert was kept merrily going until a very late hour. The evening was a great success—a colossal triumph. It reminded me of the good old times of long ago.

Our esteemed President presided in his usual able manner and expressed the warmest thanks and appreciation of the club to the artists who had so kindly come to entertain us on sic an awfu' night.

The rain had not abated when time came to separate. A comfortable journey home through lakes and streams, brought the night to a close.

Voilà, M. le Redacteur. Le fin couronne l'oeuvre. Rotten, is it? Well it might have been worse. And yet I don't know.

Bollington, November 7th.

What a pity that there is not a Halewood Smoker every week so that Hubert (*not* "The Frail") could get almost enough to eat. He would have managed it this time had it not been that Buckley the Elder, who was tearing up the roast, exploded at the 5th application for meat into wrathful ejaculations of "No! dammit!— you've had enough." However, perhaps we had better begin at the beginning. The weather was wet in places (ours was one of the places) and through innocently agreeing to J.E.'s suggestion for a potter (?) round before tea I arrived at the Swan in a very bedraggled state to find our apprentice 'Benedict' (C. Aldridge) warming the fire. Tea was taken in the sanctum upstairs, and the very select party were looking forward to the sitting afterwards fully expecting that this would be 'on' Cranshaw (Jnr.) who was just about to attain his majority, but unfortunately this idea came 'unstuck' and we had to buy our own *milk*, whilst we listened to Hubert telling his 'tall' (very) stories.

If anything else happened I have forgotten it except that it was a wet ride home.

Pulford, 14th November.

The day was gloriously fine with just sufficient nip in the air to keep one on the move, and Eaton Park was looking grand with its feathery blanket of frost.

The gathering of 25, mainly consisting of the usual regulars, augmented by Dave Rowatt, whom we were pleased to see out again, (notable absentees being Knipe and Lucas) sat down to an excellent Hot Pot, and talk on various subjects, after which the party broke up, the majority for home, while the President with Hetine and Taylor, started off for a run quite free from fog to Llanarmon, which subsequently I heard proved to be a very enjoyable week-end.

We of the Liverpool party were not so fortunate, for we encountered dense banks of fog between Pulford and Chester, but after leaving Chester behind had a clear run home.

Unfortunately the run was marred by an accident to Kettle, who was knocked off his machine in Chester by a motor cyclist, but luckily was not hurt and was able to go home in Teddy's car.

Knutsford (Red Cow), November 14th.

Again we sampled the hospitality of this delectable spot.

The "Red Cow" we found under new management, and we must say the catering was excellent.

After the repast we assembled round the fireside, where "The Wizard" (who had paid us one of his periodical visitations, which we greatly appreciated) entertained us with many pleasing and interesting reminiscences. He brought along one of his friends (and convert) whom we hope to see again in our company, at no distant date.

Its a dry job talking, so we counteracted this by applications of "moisture." This form of lubrication may have stimulated "visions," but I certainly believe we were among the "spirits," for dark forms flitted by, doors opened and closed, and our amazement was at its height when a stentorian voice bade us "Drain our tankards."

We fled in haste.

Tarporley, November 21st.

As the Buckleys, H. Green, W. Orrell and Turnor about covered Manchester's representation at the Swan, one feels its about time that some concrete objection to the place was offered on behalf of the Manchester members. So cough it up some one and then we will know where we stand.

Apart from Manchester's aloofness, however, Liverpool hardly shone as only 17 or so turned up. If fear of fog kept any away they were bad judges as with the exception of the first three miles the gods allowed Liverpoolians at any rate a clear run home.

Kettle was curiously but decidedly reticent about his smash up the week before, but we were all pleased to know his person at any rate got off without damage. We noticed that this week Teddy was taking no risks, as he left his car at home and walked from Chester. Lest this should give rise to nasty rumours let it be said at once that he had nothing to do with bowling Kettle over. But Teddy, what's wrong with a bicycle?

In the absence of both subs, Austin capably (or fairly so) collected the dibs, with what personal success however I am unable to say as I did not stop at the Shrewsbury Arms on the way home. Randall hurried off and made a fast journey back to Chester, doubtless to keep some appointment. Johnnie Band was out for the second time running, and I heard he kept Tommy Royden in shrieks of laughter all the way home.

Rufford, November 28th.

Four miles of awful setts, after crossing over from Birkenhead to Liverpool, 15 more miles of uninteresting country, all done again in the reverse on the homeward run—such was my short ride on a bitterly cold afternoon, to partake of tea—oh what a repast!—in company with 24 others of my fellow members. Of the party only 16 were cyclists, and this coupled with the absence of Chandler (suffering from a cold) accounted for a big quantity of food being left. Train riding leaves one no appetite to get through the courses the people of the "Fermor Arms" provide. Among the party were Skinner and Webster, while Kaye (from Wigan) had taken the good opportunity of joining us. Soon after tea was over Buckley and Cranshaw Juniors arrived, having forsaken the Manchester alternative run to do the "Trough of Bowland" with Cook and Perkins. The quarters for the night were at Garstang, and it was rumoured that there were only two beds for four people—and Cook was one! Banks, a usual attender at the Rufford runs, was absent on this occasion, but an explanation came in a letter to the President. "Recently while touring Birkdale at high speed" he struck a cast-iron post without "visible means of subsistence." "Videlex" badly damaged his right hand and knee, which will necessitate his being away from work for a fortnight. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mobberley, November 28th.

November has various moods, but on this the last Saturday of the month, we were treated to an ideal winter's day, and it was good to be out and about on the hard frost-bound roads; more so, as our destination was the "Roebuck," and at the "Roebuck" one is always sure of a welcome, good food and best of all, at a Manchester run, good company.

The afternoon pleasantly spent along the lanes with their treacherous coating of ice, we were soon in the inn yard engaged in the task of stabling machines.

At last we were seated before a goodly array of eatables amid light-hearted chaff and banter, and yet one misses familiar faces. Hubert and Cranshaw junior are reported trekking north with the intention of "Troughing" on the morrow, but the absence of others is unexplained. However, we have Turvey from Birkenhead as compensation.

It is sad to think how some of us are influenced by other ties. Many appear not at all, and a few but briefly. Bert Green is never with us long these days, and on this occasion The Mullah departed early for an evening among his valves. Even the V.P. was soon away, and Albert Davies dragged off the Sub-Captain to week-end at Sidington, leaving only the faithful few to carry on and later to depart to reach home in good time for breakfast next morning.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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