

A Happy New Year to All.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 239.

### FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1926.

	Light on at
Jan. 2. Hooton (Hooton Hotel) .....	5-2 p.m.
.. 9. Annual General Meeting, 6-30 p.m., Halewood .....	5-10 p.m.
(Derby Arms)	
.. 11. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., Wellington Buildings, The Strand, Liverpool.	
.. 16. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	5-22 p.m.
.. 23. Warrington (Norton Arms).....	5-35 p.m.
.. 30. Northop (Red Lion) .....	5-43 p.m.
Feb. 6. Halewood (Derby Arms) .....	6-2 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

(Tea 5-30 p.m.)

Jan. 2. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks) .....	5-2 p.m.
.. 16. Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms) .....	5-22 p.m.
.. 30. Mobblerley (Roebuck) .....	5-48 p.m.
Feb. 6. Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks) .....	6-2 p.m.

Full Moon 30th inst.

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

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,  
Birkenhead.

A resolution of deepest sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr. C. Keizer was passed in silence, and the Hon. Secretary was instructed to convey to his son, on behalf of all the members, expressions of condolence.

Annual General Meeting.—A full and representative attendance is confidently expected. Please come along with practicable ideas for the tours and destination of the all-night ride. Tea will be on the table at 5-30 p.m.

Kindly note the change of hotel at Warrington.

The resignation of R. Warwick-Jones has been accepted.

I have for disposal a big number of old Circulars and Handbooks, chiefly of the years 1915 to date. If any member wishes to have copies and will let me know, I shall be pleased to fulfil his requirements.

Changes of Address.—A. G. Banks, 41a, Alma Road, Birkdale, Southport; C. Blackburn, c/o Mr. Ivie Fulton, 11, The Weind, Lower Bebington, Cheshire; F. E. Dolamore, "Wayland," Rosebery Avenue, Leighton Buzzard; J. A. Grimshaw Bowling Green Hotel, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

Application for Membership.—Mr. Urban Taylor, Killside Bungalow, Shaw, near Oldham, proposed by E. Buckley, seconded by F. H. Koenen.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. General Secretary.

#### Hot-Pot Supper and Social Evening.

The above gathering will take place on Friday, 5th February next, at the Stork Hotel, Queen's Square, Liverpool. Will all who are coming please report at 6-30 p.m. There will be an extension till 11-0 p.m. Cost for the meal will be 5/- per head plus a contribution to "Kitty" for incidental expenses.

Judging by the names already received, the function is an assured success, but I feel there are many more who intend to come but have not notified me. Please let me know at once if you intend to be present, as I must be as accurate as possible in estimating the number.

HUBERT ROSKELL.

Neason writes:—I was extremely sorry to hear of the death of our old friend Charlie Keizer. It was about 1887 that I first met him with my brother at Knotty Ash for our weekly run on "Ordinaries," our destination usually being Winwick. He was a very enthusiastic rider and thoroughly enjoyed club life. Since leaving Liverpool I have, unfortunately, 'lost sight of him, but I always appreciated his early friendship and his kind counsel and advice, and feel sure I am only expressing the feelings of all who knew him in saying that we have lost a true friend.

#### Bath Road Club Dinner

When I received Austin's letter asking me to represent the club at the Bath Road Annual Dinner and to advise him if I could do so, I immediately replied in the affirmative "What-oh." I could not miss such an opportunity, as from previous ones I have had the honour of attending on behalf of the club, I knew I was in for a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

I duly presented myself at the Holborn Restaurant and soon found myself among a very jolly and representative crowd. Our old friends Bright and A. G. White, of ours, were there, the last-named as youthful and noisy as ever. P.C.B., officially known as "Pursey," shortly afterwards put in a appearance, accompanied by two friends whom I knew well. From their appearance and late arrival I soon discovered they had already started the ball rolling nicely.

We duly got on our marks and did full justice to the excellent fare provided. The prize giving was interesting, and several prominent speedmen of the day were presented with trophies won during the season. The club possesses a lot of promising young riders who have put up some very good rides and will be heard of in the future.

The toasts were dealt with in the usual manner, in spite of a certain amount of leg pulling, "Purse," as usual, coming in for a fair share of it.

The singing of Auld-lang-Syne brought one of the most enjoyable evenings to a close all too soon, and I look forward in being fortunate enough to have the honour to attend in the future.

W. J. NEASON.

#### ITEMS.

In October Lusty made attacks on the Midland R.R.A. record from Birmingham to Manchester and back, but the weather was so bad, he only succeeded in breaking himself. He is very anxious to emphasise his thanks to G. B. Orrell and Grimmy "for their splendid and spontaneous sporting actions" under purely fortuitous circumstances. Grimmy seeing Lusty on the job immediately turned and acted as follower while Orrell went to any amount of trouble at Siddington to help him recover after he had given it best.

A correspondent in the "Liverpool Echo" recently commented as follows: "I write from experience and have a vivid recollection of the stimulus derived from just one bottle of a well-known brand of old ale . . . . I was on a bicycle and felt I had the power of a fire engine." Can anyone guess the brand? We would like to recommend it to some of our feeble ones. No doubt Tommy Royden knows it. Robbie would doubtless find it better than buttermilk in helping him to avoid having to complain of being expected to do wonders on a borrowed machine on the morning after the night before, as he does in the C.T.C. Gazette.

Brazil Barnum along with Jack and Jill are now on their way to the Roman Wall in the columns of "Cycling," and rumour has it that the Master is frothing with excitement for fear his theories there anent will be attacked. We can see quite an interesting controversy brewing in the offing.

Ashton-under-Lyne has decided to revive the ancient appointment of Ale Taster, which fell into desuetude through the War or came under the Geddes Axe; we forget which. The duties and emoluments of the office are most intriguing, and we strongly recommend Boardman to apply. Now that he has ceased to be an active cyclist, he will have plenty of time to attend to the job properly, and it would be more lucrative than the 19th hole at golf.

Swearfairer has bestowed his benison on competitive cycling by females. Rule 38 of the R.R.A. and Rule 47 of the N.R.R.A. must now be deleted.

With reference to the proposed informal Hot Pot Supper to be held on February 5th next, as mentioned in the last Circular, we understand very few cycling members have responded. Up to now the total number of acceptances received is about thirty, and this note is to remind those who intend coming to advise Hubert as early as possible to enable him to make the best arrangements in plenty of time.

Carpenter, who has apparently cycled to Nice for the Xmas holidays, sent a p.c. conveying his "best wishes to all" to the Bettws party, but it arrived too late and was re-directed to the Presider.

## RUNS

Halewood, December: 5th, 1925.

(With apologies to Longfellow).

Gather round, O Black Anfielders,  
Listen to a tale of wonder,  
Of the journeyings of Grandad  
And two others, who attended  
At the stable door to meet him  
On the fifth day of December  
At the hour of 10 ack emma,  
They who thus were seeking  
trouble

(One on trike and one on single,  
Were thus yclept: Frank, the  
Hardware  
Merchant, and the other, Hefty,  
Loudly roared the strong South-  
Easter

And the passage unto Chester  
Was **HARD WORK**: the O  
Gent being  
Very fit, was sent in front to  
Make the pace, the which he did  
so

Excellently, that our speed was  
Twice that of a snail whose  
licence

Has been recently endorséd,  
At the paper shop in Deva,  
(For our cornmen watch the  
markets)

Stood a lady with six coats on,  
She opined that, without ques-  
tion,

It was v— v— very co—ld,  
President, in answer, pulled out  
Large red hanky with white spots  
on,

(Like night-watchmen tie their  
grub in)

Mopped his streaming brow and  
thundered,

"Such as you should go a-cycling,  
For in weather cold as this is,  
It keeps up the circulation,

Which is what all paper-vendors  
Much desire": we then proceeded  
Unto Kelsall, where the hill is,  
Thence to Sandiway, the "Blue-  
cap"

(Not so fine as Cook's Blue-Black  
one

With the tassel, neatly fashioned)  
Gazing often, 'mid our striving,  
At the labyrinthine patterns  
Which some icy fairy fingers  
Traceried out among the dark  
woods,

So, through Oxo, into North-  
wich,

(Sinking town and "sinking feel-  
ing").

In the "Crown and Anchor,"  
Chandler

Got through, with but little  
effort,

Such a mighty meal as surely  
Never was by man aforetime

Finished at a single sitting,  
While the President and Hefty,  
(Well content with also-ran-ness)

Talked of John o' Groats and  
"sleepers,"

Where the wild "Hooh, aye"  
arouses

Startled, from its lair, the  
**HAGGIS**,

Thence the lounge, and thence  
the roadway,

"Smoker," Plumbley, there and  
High Legh

(Save us from such road improve-  
ments

As are evidenced near Plumbley)  
Now the gale had moved behind  
us

So we put the Old Gent foremost  
And a fearsome rate he pedalled  
So that, save for one short halt-  
ing

At a Warringtonian tea-shop,  
Where the tea comes round in  
cups the

Size of buckets, priced at two-  
pence,

(Lorry-Drivers Union's Quarters).  
There was nought to stay our pro-  
gress,

And the twinkling lights of Hale-  
wood

Welcomed us about the time that  
Bars are opened: some did enter,  
But the wiser hurried upstairs  
To secure a seat at table,

Where the Bolshevistic candles  
Capped in red, gleamed on the  
silver.

Duck or beef was now the ques-  
tion,  
And the viands quickly vanished,  
Ven. (whose ancestors and his-  
tory



Last month's "rag" did give  
so fully.)

Told the story of his downfall  
On some leaves and slipp'ry blue  
setts

Whereat much commiseration  
Was extended by the Clubmen,  
Mac, talked on electric subjects,  
Hardware Merchant said but  
little

"Deeds, not words," is still his  
motto,  
Fell, allotmenteer, and Royden  
Talked together of great marrows  
And of beans the size of houses,  
Whereat Cook and Knipe the  
bearded

(First in anger, last in envy)  
Tried to turn the conversation;  
J. C. Band and his near neigh-  
bour

Spoke of ducks: and we all lis-  
tened,

For our Johnny has of ducklings  
Knowledge vast: did he not keep  
them

On the flat roof of his warehouse  
During war-time?: there was  
yet a

Fresh surprise in store, for Con-  
way,

(First and best of photographers)  
Patronised the Sefton Meadows,  
Cutting circles, squares and  
rhomboids.

He informed us there were many  
Who on Sunday would be tricked  
out

In the true Anfieldian colours  
("Black and blue" with many  
tumbles).

So downstairs we all departed,  
Conversation only broken

By the quiet voice of Sarah,  
Who, in answer to T. Mandall's  
Bell control, came in like clock-  
work,

Taylor told us of his sliding  
From Llandegla to Coed Talon,  
Cook departed unto Acton  
Bridge, where dwells a Mrs.  
Milton,

"Paradise Regained," he called  
it

On arrival, after pushing  
So much wind that barred his  
progress,

While the hardy Liverpudlians  
Some by train and some by cycle,  
Reaching soon their destinations,  
Fell into the arms of Morpheus.

**Bollington, Decembr 5th, 1925.**

Upon arriving at our usual rendezvous an hour late, we found the spot deserted. Could the other members of the faithful little band of hardy riders have already left, or stay—perhaps they had not yet arrived. We decided that the latter view was more in keeping with their little idiosyncrasies, so to pass the time we paid a visit to our Manchester exile, Schofield.

Upon entering his allotment we were astounded by the sight of such a profusion of fruit and flowers as is only to be met with in a tropical isle. On our right lay a wealth of herbaceous borders and flowering shrubs lovingly entwined around bits of bicycle and old iron, whilst on our left sat Schofield meditating on the "fruits" of his labours. All our efforts to arouse him; once more to the joys of cycling being of no avail, we tore ourselves away, and arrived at the Swan after an uneventful ride, quite ready for the excellent fare always provided by this house.

The day being fine, a goodly company had gathered round the festive board, and after partaking of tea, we repaired to the inner chamber, where strange noises and gurglings were heard far into the night.

**Northop, December 12th, 1925.**

The weather being fine for once, this fixture was quite successful and attracted twenty-three members.

The Presider and Hawkes had been off all day, having lunched at Ruthin and then had reached the Red Lion by way of the lanes to Bodfari, Afonwen and over the Halkin Mountains. As early as 5 p.m. saw the first arrivals, they being Teddy Edwards, Lizzie Buck and George Mercer per car, who had been as far as Pentre Voelas for lunch. Then Cook and Hawkes arrived and soon after Tommy Royden looking younger than ever, followed by Dave Rowatt who had walked up from Eliut Station. Taylor was the next and as soon as he found a chair he dropped off to sleep. After 5-30 they arrived in bunches. A medal is deserved by Pugh who having ridden all the way from Salop had the long journey of round 40 miles to do over again on his own. Banks, too, made one of his rare visits and didn't appear much the worse for his accident. By 6 p.m. we were all ready for tea and a move was made for upstairs. The feed was all right, but the room was slightly on the cool side. There were no representatives of the Wayfarer C.C. present, so I presume there was an alternative run to either Noman's Heath or Alford. Selkirk we were sorry to hear was off ill with pleurisy, but as he was spotted out walking this afternoon, "all dressed up and nowhere to go," with Nurse Telford in attendance, we presume he's recovered.

Cook and Austin were the only week-enders who made for Llanfair-Talhaiarn, and the rest of us made for home, leaving the others to follow.

#### Alderley Edge, December 12th, 1925 - Musical Evening.

I arrived in Alderley early in the afternoon, and was at once dragged off for an enjoyable but strenuous walk over the Edge. Returning to the Trafford Arms, I found a large company assembled in the billiard room, but a move was soon made to the dining room, where 25 members and two friends sat down to a satisfactory meal.

We then adjourned to the lounge, and the artistes warming up to their work, a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent. The Master in particular was in great form and entertained us with recitations both grave and gay. J. E. Austin gave good measure and succeeded in persuading the gathering to join lustily in his choruses. It was noticeable that such was the power of his voice that members had to cling tightly to their glasses, as these were in grave danger of being blown away. The Mullah described his experience of babies, and Aldridge warbled very sweetly. How he managed to crowd about 300 words in the minute during his last song was a standing marvel to us all.

Rothwell gave us two dialect recitals, but many of us were surprised to find complete phrases which we could understand. Albert Davies sang "Asleep in the Deep," and the General proved that road racing was not his only talent, singing "Glorious Devon" in fine style.

Unfortunately the piano was not tuned to a pitch suitable for the Kinders to perform satisfactorily on the "to's and from's." They made several brave attempts, but all in vain. However, John told us a few stories instead. Tiny Gilmour officiated at the piano in his best style, which all who know him will agree is very good indeed. I heard with regret that his work will take him to London in the near future, but we hope to see him on many more club runs both before and after that event.

I have left mention of the star turn of the evening until the last—our worthy host Tom Mead. His droll stories had the assembly

convulsed with mirth and his method of telling a yarn and at once retiring from the room for further inspiration was the funniest thing I have seen for years. His stories of the tenor whose voice broke and of the barmaid's lily will be remembered by all of us. His example stimulated others and Bick, Ann Rawlinson and Morton all weighed in with yarns.

**Pulford, December 19th.**

According to the Air Ministry, anything in the way of weather could have been expected on the day of this run, so that it is possible that some of the "real cyclists" reading this decided to stay at home and only twenty-three sat down to tea. The weather just to prove that the Air Ministry, like all Government Departments, doesn't know "the first thing about anything" came the next day.

All the usuals were there, with the addition of Dave Rowatt, Walker, Pugh, one of the Walters (don't ask me which) and "the Mayor." Owing to the Mayor not being at the last Pulford run, I had thought that he must have been thrown out like any common or garden Mayor in November, and that being a shy and retiring man he was frightened to face the jeers of his envious club mates now that he had become an ordinary mortal: I was wrong, hopelessly wrong, but I shall never be mistaken again, for I hear on the very best authority that his good work (?) has earned for him the honour of becoming the first "life member" of any Mayoralty in the country, yea even in the world.

Did I say before that all the usuals were present? If so, I've made yet another mistake, for our "dishonourable" secretary wasn't there, having stayed at home to prepare his speech for the A.G.M. I hear on indisputable authority that he has to pay S Threlfall a shilling for every run he misses and as this was the second this year I can see the aforesaid Threlfall retiring at an early age, that is providing he does not die earlier as he has started pushing Hawkes about on a tandem.

We all left early and arrived home safely—at least I did, and that's the main thing. Phew! I'm glad that's finished.

**Mobberley, December 19th, 1925.**

After an important or a largely attended fixture, it is usual to have a small attendance, and this run was no exception to that rule. Perhaps the Musical Evening at Alderley had sapped the energy of the participants, but whether that was the case or not only thirteen (the A.B.C. lucky number) sat down to tea at the "Roebuck."

W. E. Taylor came from Liverpool to grace the proceedings, but his reasons for doing so are unknown to the writer. Maybe he prefers Mobberley to Pulford; perhaps he would sooner be with the Manchester members than the Liverpool members, or again there may be a lady in the case. One never knows.

The conditions for riding were fair, the weather being propitious and the main roads good, but some of the lanes, being untarred, had got into a very bad state. The frost had got into the road and disintegrated it whilst the thaw had followed, making a soft heavy mess to ride through. These are conditions that our older members are quite conversant with because even main roads in the pre-motor days were the same. Whatever our views may be as to tarred roads in summer, there is no doubt that they are a great blessing in winter.

### Christmas at Bettws-y-Coed.

With the Manchester D.A. of the C.T.C. scheduling a Christmas tour to Cheddar, our affair to Bettws-y-Coed seems very small potatoes; but it was at least carried out. Cook and Chandler were the advance guard on Christmas Day, and never regretted their decision to employ trikes. The snow zone was struck at Marford, but Ruabon was easily reached for lunch, and it was not until after passing Llangollen that any depth was encountered and beyond Glyndyfrwyd it was all well flattened out to the Devil's Punch Bowl. Thence to Cerrig-y-Druidion was somewhat heavy in places, but after tea with Tegid Owen, the going steadily improved and down from Pentre Voelas was very fast, the Glan Aber being reached in good time after a most enjoyable ride. During the evening a rapid thaw, accompanied by rain, set in; so that Boxing Day disclosed a great transformation. Beddgelert was decided on for lunch, but from the Miners' Bridge to Dolgam was all sheet ice, which would have been highly dangerous for bicycles, if not impossible, and caused a good deal of wheel spinning, from which Cook suffered the most. However, the thaw was continuing its good work, and, as there had been no snow a mile beyond Pen-y-Gwryd, Plas Colwyn was "won" and an excellent lunch enjoyed along with the warm welcome always extended to us by the Williams family. The return journey, with its call at Tyn-y-Coed, was a sleigh ride, as the roads were quite clear, and when the Glan Aber was reached it was found that Dave Rowatt had arrived in the morning, while in the afternoon, three cars which had met at Corwen for lunch had unloaded Hubert Roskell, Skinner, the Brothers Newall, the Brothers Kinder, The Master and Mr. Joseph Andrews; so that our total muster was eleven, and after an excellent dinner of seasonable comestibles, we had an equally excellent musical evening with the good fortune of being favoured by the presence of Mr. Evans, the organist of the Parish Church, who proved himself to be an accomplished musician and brilliant pianist. From these present it does not involve any tax on the imagination to picture the two hours unalloyed enjoyment—suffice to say that *all* rose to the occasion, while F.H. excelled himself. Sunday morning saw the departure of the cars for England and the two trikists spent the day riding round the Bangor-Conway triangle, with lunch at Penmaenmawr and a sight of the appalling havoc at Dolgarrog. Naturally the evening was somewhat quieter, and David was lured by Frank into playing chess, but Mr. Evans again joined us after dinner, and we had a rare treat with his piano solos, interspersed with songs by Chandler. Monday morning Rowatt returned home and the trikists decided on the Llanfairtalhaiarn-Denbigh route, and, although it was a very wet ride as far as the County Town, it was easy enough with the wind behind, and in due course, after tea at Willaston, goodbyes were said at the Hydro, and both agreed that it had been a most enjoyable holiday with a rare fine breath of the country.

L. C. Price sent a P.P.C. inscribed "All the very best of wishes to you all for a jolly Christmas and a prosperous 1926. I look towards ye—Lionel C. Price," while Everbright, whom we are sorry to learn has been under the weather as a sequel to his strenuous work on the occasion of the N.R. 24, wrote "Just a line of greeting to you and all the good A.B.C. men at Bettws and wishing you fair skies and happy days."

What fine "copy" our cyclo-journalistic members would have made out of this thrust into the heart of Wild Wales.

Kibble of the Speedwell was at Beddgelert, and had "smashed through" on Christmas Eve.

The Presider was very lucky—he had his pump purloined at Corwen and on Pont-alt-Goch his gloves blew away into the Elwy.

The Coast road near Aber is being widened to thrice its width. When finished cars will no longer have to proceed in single file, but can dash along in echelon, like a Roman chariot race.

#### Nantwich, Boxing Day.

"Fair smiles the morn, and soft the zephyr blows." That's how it felt like when I made an early start at 9 a.m., for a west wind and a warm rain had cleared away all vestiges of snow from round Liverpool, and the morning sun shone brightly.

I met Bailey and Lucas at the Transporter, and we took the Northwich road from Runcorn. We soon discovered there were three classes of road surface—1st, the ordinary wet road; 2nd, a thick layer of frozen snow, rutty and churned up by passing motors; and 3rd, hard-beaten frozen snow, polished smooth, with a wet glassy surface and a film of water in parts to improve its slippery qualities.

We found this third variety on a steep dip a few miles out, and Bailey and Lucas attempted the descent by means of a "glissade" on their backs, a favourite way of getting down Alpine slopes. Unfortunately, just as they were getting up speed, some clay on the road half way down stopped their progress, and they regained their feet, very wet, very dirty and very sore. Besides, they had to walk back for their bicycles which had stopped at the top. They refused to avail themselves of several further opportunities of trying this means of progression, and remembering the scriptural injunction: "See that ye fall not off the way," they preferred to walk. The main road was better, but from Cuddington to Tarporley the second class of road was constant, with the result that cycling developed an added charm. No more monotonous plugging—not a dull moment in a mile. We rode in "w's," cut figure eights, worked snakes-and-ladders, and performed sundry other gyrations. It must have been very entertaining for an onlooker, but I was in front and too busily engaged to look round to see what the others were doing. When at last I reached terra firma and looked back it was too late—or too soon—the others were not in sight. After a 10 minutes wait, Cody came along from the Fishpool Inn, reporting a nightmare of a ride. As it was now 12-40 we decided to get on with it, and went over the top through Tarporley, still finding cycling a very exciting pastime.

However, the Nantwich road was much better, and we made good progress until the last mile, when a class 3 road made a series of balancing feats necessary.

At the Lamb we found about three dozen Anfielders all with their feet in the trough and going strong. The grub was excellent and plentiful and the service good—one of the best Boxing Day dinners in my recollection—and we had earned it.

Both Liverpool and Manchester were well represented, but I missed the advent of our "exiles" from Birmingham, Bristol and Stafford. The only exile present I think was W. G. Parry, who came out with his father by car (shades of Robby!). We were glad to welcome him among us once more, and also F. R. Hinde whose business exiles him from all but our Boxing Day runs.

The fun was fast and furious, jokes and crackers were cracked and wonderful crowns adorned our brows. The absence of the Bettws party did NOT cast a gloom over the festivities.

A phone came through from Dave Fell that he was unable to reach Nantwich, and then a waitress brought another cryptic message "Lucas and Bailey have got to — and are unable to proceed farther!!" Alas! we've heard before of people going to —, but not fellows like Lucas and Bailey. They are both such good young men. Well, the waitress either didn't know or wouldn't say what the missing word was, so we just had to mourn their loss. R.I.P.

About 2-45, Rothwell jazzed in from Oldham, and said he had ridden all the way without a spill. Grummy's disbebet and disapproval were most marked. He had had some. Three of them in fact.

By 3 p.m., all Liverpool men had made a start, so I followed fast, so fast indeed that I was able to pass it clean through the Hawkes-Threfall and the Austin-Selkirk tandems. They were giving an exhibition of figure-skating at the time.

Then the Skipper and I had a very easy uneventful ride to Hinderton, collecting Tommy Royden in the last mile, and settling down to tea and cackle till about 8 p.m.

I hope that all who were out had as easy and pleasant a journey home, and all who were absent spent as enjoyable a day.

And now I wish you all a real Puncture-proof New Year, good going, and plenty of stamina to stay the course.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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.. 20. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) .....	6-22 p.m.
.. 27. Rufford (Fermor Arms) .....	6-32 p.m.
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(Lantern Lecture and Musical Evening.)	

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N.B.—Please note the change of house at Allstock on Feb. 13th.

Full Moon 27th inst.

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Committee Notes.

13, Withert Avenue,

Rock Ferry,

Cheshire.

The resignations of Messrs. R. F. Gilmour, J. H. Parry and R. T. Davies have been accepted with regret.

Messrs. E. Green, Senr., P. Morris and S. J. Buck have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Messrs. J. D. Cranshaw, C. E. Dean, H. M. Horrocks, T. V. Schofield, C. Selkirk, J. E. F. Sheppard, and G. H. Welfare have been transferred from Junior to Full Membership.

Messrs. C. Blackburn, D. B. Rogers, and J. W. Rogers have been struck off the list of members for non-payment of subscription.

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

The following Club Delegates have been appointed: R.R.C.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood; R.R.A.—Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and E. Bright; N.R.R.A.—Messrs. H. Austin, A. Davies, W. H. Kettle, J. Kinder.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping and Course Committee: Messrs. R. J. Austin, E. Buckley, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. H. Kettle.

The date of the All Night Ride has been provisionally fixed for July 10th/11th.

Changes of Address:—E. J. Reade, 8, Sedgeley Avenue, Sedgeley Park, Prestwich, Manchester; J. Hodges, 4, Ayton Grove, Longford Place, Manchester; H. S. Barratt, The Nills, Broken Cross, Macclesfield.

Mr. Urban Taylor has been elected to Active Membership.

Application for Membership.—Arthur Wild, 38, Roxburgh Avenue, Hr. Tranmere, Birkenhead, proposed by G. F. Hawkes, seconded by N. Turvey.

Members who have finished their meals and who wish to leave the tea rooms before the money has been collected, are earnestly requested to hand their cash to the Sub-Captains before passing out, thus enabling these gentlemen to keep both eyes on their plates instead of, as at present, one on the door for thoughtless truants, and the other on the job in front of them.

N. TURVEY,

Hon. General Secretary.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As the Editor will be absent from this country for a little time (for the country's good), will contributors kindly note that matter intended for publication in the Circular must be addressed, until further notice, to the Hon. Secretary, N. Turvey, 13 Withert Avenue, Roek Ferry, who will see that it reaches the proper quarter.

#### Treasury Notes.

“The Hon. Treasurer wishes to remind all and sundry that February is the BEST month for paying subscriptions. Though he cannot offer quite the same advantageous terms as last year, he can assure his clients that all who send remittances this month will have very good reason to feel thankful before the close of the year.”

### For Consultation.

The discovery by Percy Charles, that in older and happier (if riskier) days his Christian name, that has proved such a trial to him through life, would probably have been writ: "Perkin-a-Beardwood or Baerd Wode," has set him wondering in how far his fame and family will permit him to change it even now, but for the moment he will adopt it in his other and owlish existence, and already signs himself: Perkin-a-Archowl. But here must we Hold and Halt, for we must ask: Is this spelling euphonic, and if not it must be amended. Should it perhaps be Perkin-an-Archowl, or under Gallic influence Perkin-a-l'Archowl?

### ITEMS.

The idea that spokes break as a result of a machine being stored in a cool place for a few weeks is quite new to us; but we live and learn.

Two of the Club's stalwarts reached the Boxing Day run at Nantwich by train. We won't mention names, but what a song and dance there will be when the O.G. arrives at a Club Run without a machine!

If you have not already purchased your ticket for the Kuklos lecture "Through Wildest Britain," in Liverpool on Feb. 3rd, and in Manchester, February 4th, you are advised to do so at once, as a rare treat is in store for you. The only fly in the ointment is that the Presider takes the chair in Liverpool.

At Christmas and since, the presence of so much snow on the roads has placed motorists in a terrible predicament by obliterating the white lines and other signs painted on the road for their guidance and which we have the highest authority for stating are most useful. How could they keep to their own half of the road round corners and tell when to SLOW for cross roads under such circumstances?

At the Halewood session, on January 9th, George Mercer and Dave Fell were found guilty and condemned for life (membership). Both were charged on two different indictments of having attended 1,000 runs and rendering eminent services to the Club, and the jury had no difficulty in arriving at their verdict.

The Presider desires to thank all those who have participated in the Golden Wedding presentation to Mr. A. J. Urry, who has rendered such wonderful services to the sport and pastime of cycling for half a century, and is the proud possession of the whole cycling world. Many of the donations were accompanied by charming letters which it was impossible to reply to but which were none the less appreciated.

W. J. Finn's mileage chart for 1925 shows the magnificent total of 12,815 miles. To those who know Irish roads this is remarkable, and we heartily congratulate him.

Mr. Van Hooydonk is coming to Halewood on March 6th to give us his lantern "talk" in which he was baulked by a failure of the gas last year. Those who were present on that memorable occasion do not need reminding to book the date, and a big crowd is confidently expected. Van Hooydonk is bringing with him J. M. James for certain, and most likely Messrs. F. T. Bidlake and Mentor Mott. The

opportunity of seeing Jim Jams is not to be missed on any account. Musical members are requested to bring their doings with them. Wayfarer (himself) will be on the platform and propose the vote of thanks.

#### The Old Harrogate Annual.

(One-third of a Century backward)

Presider Cook's introduction into the Anfield Halls of Symphony (Philharmonic and otherwise) of the Stanzas that were once sung by the Harrogate Cycle Campers and now revived at the Old-Timers' Dinners, is a valuable addition to our musical education and to our knowledge of ancient Biblical History with which these poetical lines deal. The selection of this Item at Bettws, during the X<sup>m</sup>as Festivities was most appropriate, and George Newall's rendering was highly artistic and reverend. One of our Elder Back-Benchers is said to be deeply intrigued by the adoption of this Item into the Anfield Curriculum, and is supposed to have scratched his head. In the event that his soul is tormented, I am able at once to reassure him by citing here that all important events at the Harrogate Camp received the Seal of Approval—thus The Cachet—from its Honorary Chaplain, The Reverend Rawdon-Briggs, who not only made regular circuits of the Camp surrounded by a Guard of Figure Heads, such as Lacy Hillier, but said Prayers at Dinner in the Marquee and occupied a Seat of Unction during the Grand Concert in the same tent. The brilliant idea of the Chaplain's Halo was a stroke of Genius on the part of its Secretary the present Lord Illingworth.

The Rev. Rawdon Briggs was no ordinary clerk in Holy Orders—Heaven forbid—but a magnificent specimen of the highest type of a High Churchman. Attired in the height of fashion, with only his aft-fore clerical collar to denote his sacred calling, crowned by a very high and shiny topper, a frockcoat of the most stylish cut, clean shaven, handsome, suave and debonair, he never failed to tell us of his friendship with the then Bishop of Ripon in whose Diocese these sedate revels took place.

Although direct trace of the Composer is lost, the Laurel Wreath must probably be cast around the neck of some member of the Leeds Potternewton C.C., which latter from the vantage ground of their Lounge Tent at the head of the Camp were chiefly responsible for the Mirth and Music provided. This Tent was well stocked with Musical Instruments, such as Pianos, Lady Visitors, Champagne, Composers, Singers and Reciters! W. Hall, a well-known backmarker on the Safety, was a frontmarker in the revels.

Little doubt remains that we are treading on hallowed ground in this revival, and that we are doing good work.

#### A CAMPSTORMER.

Bill and Basil.

A curious but fruitful episode is reported from somewhere in London at the termination of a lecture on Roadside Antiquities by the Cycling Journalist, Basil Barham.

After the final applause, there leaped on to the platform from the auditorium a sturdy figure with the vigour of youth and the determination of the seasoned campstormer. A glance sufficed: *An Anfielder to the Life*.

He grasped Basil by the wrist, clenched and shook it. "Steady," gasped B.B., "Who can this be? Hawkshaw, the Detective?"

"Not quite," said the Anfielder, "I am Bill, Cheadle Bill, Anfield Bill, W. A. Lowcock, at your service."

"Ah, Hah," and a light dawned on B.B., "WAL of Maidon, of Sarum, of Bradbury, of Cadbury, of Basing, Eggardon and Hembury, of Hod, Ham and Hamilton . . . What is your pleasure?"

Said WAL: "Lead you Jack and Jill to the Roman Wall, and give us their version of the Roman PONS, VALLUM, MUROS, FOSSE, VIA MILLITARI, FORUM, VILLA, and above all of the Sieta or Seat of Ease at Cilurnum, and of the Scalloped-out Seats around the strange watertanks at Borcovicus, that nonplussed even Cook.

"Let Jill explain the latter and Jack the former."

And so, after many moons of waiting, we shall read in the columns of *Cycling* the long promised journey of the Basil family to Chollerford, where they will stay at the George, explore Cilurnum and the Roman Bridge, and then proceed up the hill along the northern military road to visit the camps on the sky line.

What fibs have they in store for us? With Basil getting older, the precocious pair now do most of the talking. But why have they sent Harold home just when he is needed most to keep Jill in countenance?

#### In the Wake of the Anfield.

Hard on the heels of the A.B.C. Gazette, and perhaps purloined therefrom, comes a serial story in the *Stockport Advertiser*—that remarkable "courier" that appears weekly in different corners of the County under different aliases—in which the characters are the 14th century bearers of those very names with which we made so free in December. There goes Mathilda The Fair, the Maid of Stoke-Port pursued and wooed by two rivals: De Dutton and De Arderne, the true and the false lover. Between them Mathilda must have spent some merry evenings.

A little dishevelled she slips home through the Postern Gate or across the Bridge into the Castle, where her guardian De Masci (from Dunham, of course) awaits her. The latter is maturing a plan of attack on the ancient Scotch or Scots (possibly the well stocked cellars). As the Castle stood in the present Market Place, the Bridge must have been, as now, across Hill Gate, and the Postern was probably the ever steep Bridge-Street-Brow.

All this may not mean much to you, Liverpool and Birkenhead readers, but to us in East Cheshire the glory of our ancient city is the very salt of the atmosphere.

In the same numbers of our famous contemporary there awaits us more refreshing fruit. A Cheadle Antiquarian: one Bradley of Schools Hill, has made a discovery in matters Roman that leaves Stokeporters gasping and Mamcestrians prostrate. After explaining that it was from Stokeport that the dear old Romans poured into the hills of Staly in their first attack on the Brigantes, he proves

that the first Roman Road to the northwest from Derby to the Wall was by Mancunium THAT IS STOCKPORT, and via Coccium THAT IS COCKY MOOR to Ribchester and so on to the Maiden Way, where by the way he places at Alston another long lost Roman Station. For mind you, Manchester was not yet Roman then.

Think what this means to those poor Manchester Scholars who call themselves Mancunians. Manchester that has long had the impudence to claim two Roman Stations: Mamucium as well as Mancunium, as hers (one at Knott Mill and one on the Cathedral site). Poor Manchester must now be content to be only Mamucium and be glad of it.

What does all this mean to the Anfield? Hard work for our Pioneers this coming spring. Cook already has his eye on a Rochdale packhorse trail. Cocky Moor awaits him on the return.

## RUNS.

Hooton, January 2nd.

Three reasons combined to induce me to attend this run, (1) I had not previously attended a run this year. (2) Hooton is such a nice short run. (3) It was not raining at 4-15 p.m. (I always make a point of starting early!) Of course, being a true Anfielder (guaranteed black) I should have been at Hooton in any case, reasons or no reasons. Anyway, I was there. Otherwise I wouldn't be doing this blessed job. There were, I believe, 31 present, and by the time all had arrived we realised that we were participating in not merely an Anfield fixture, but an inter-club meet. Tommy Royden was in high glee over a full attendance of the Rough and Readies; the Wayfarer C.C. had a good percentage of members present; the Vagabond Club was well represented; the Cheshire B.B.'s were in full force, and the A.B.C. had 30 members and one friend out. (Aforesaid friend had been pushing Geoff. Hawkes about on his tandem, so he's probably a friend no longer). We regret to have to report that the W.W.W.'s were totally unrepresented. As is usual at the Hooton Hotel, the feed was up to standard, but that of course is as it should be, this being one of the few of our feeding stations which charge on the higher scale. I shall not attempt to enumerate all who were present. The usuals, as usual, must suffer their usual fate. Their attendance is taken "as read." Most of them were present. They usually are. Others, not so usual owing to various reasons, were Charlie Conway, George Newall, "Brother-in-law," Ven., Zam Buck, and—I was going to add George Mercer, but he doesn't deserve it. He's too usual! This is not intended as a complete list, my memory's weak. Wilf, Orrell and Albert Davies had (oh! Horrors!) ridden all the way from Manchester, only to be pounced upon by the Presider as likely victims for the week-end. Whether they fell into his clutches or not I don't know, but if they didn't that wouldn't deter the O.G. Gregg had been to look at the floods round Bangor-on-Dee. Judging by the state of his footwear I imagine he found them. The attendance chart, which Austin had brought out, was the subject of much perusal and comment. Having satisfied myself that I had been credited with the correct number of attendances, (t'was only just right), I sadly relinquished all thought of life-membership for at least another twenty years. Doubtless many others did the same. And so home. (With the air slowly fizzling out of my back tyre. Another puncture to mend. What a life!)



**Bollington, January 2nd.**

The weather during the afternoon not being exactly of the finest, I decided to make a quick dash, and after thrusting at my treddles for several hours, I succeeded in arriving at the "Swan" in a rather damp state, and on entering the inner sanctum found the Muller and Pa Cranshaw indulging in a little lubrication.

One by one the members rolled in and an adjournment was made to play off the monthly bagatelle championship, Hubert playing wonderfully for his opponents until tea put a stop to the game.

The discussions after tea were rather varied, Bert Green giving excellent advice on how to boil your chain in tallow, incidentally making yourself very popular with the family.

The Sub was the first to make a move (but not before the blighter had pushed the writing of this run on me) and this seemed to be the signal for a general break-up, Mullah dashing off to put some fresh tubing on his valves.

Altrincham was reached with all the party together, but suddenly Bert Green flew into the darkness, leaving huge pools of tallow along the road, Hawker and myself continuing at a pace in keeping with all decent cyclists, and I arrived home early to the great astonishment of the family.

**Halewood, January 9th—A.G.M.**

I fear that I have lost my Editorial cunning, as I have been, willy nilly, owing to lack of foresight, forced to work myself. Arriving late in a state of flurried excitement, it was not until the meeting was well under weigh that I suddenly bethought me I had not nominated any victim to hash up the doings. This was the more galling in that sitting within a couple of spaces was a real live professional Editor doing nothing, and if there is anything I hate to see it is an Editor doing nothing—what is he paid for? However, à nos moutons. A crowd of well over 60 sat down to the usual sumptuous repast which was served in one of the outside tents (the other being reserved for the meeting), and the mountains of food gradually melted away under the determined onslaught. A considerable number had come from Manchester, several of whom were returning that night, while others were week-ending at Acton and elsewhere. By 7 o'clock all the members were in their places for the

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.**

This was presided over by Mr. President Cook, and the first thing that struck me was that the keynote of our meetings is Politeness. No matter what heat may be engendered during the sitting, it is an unwritten law, but one which must be observed with meticulous care, that all members shall be addressed as "Mr." This gives a tone, a je ne sais quoi of distinction which is highly edifying. After the Minutes of the last General Meeting had been read and confirmed, the Presider called upon Mr. Austin to read his Report. Our genial and modest Secretary had evidently burned copious quantities of mid-night oil on this illuminating document, for it was a little masterpiece and covered the whole of the ground. His resumé of the week-end tours and other fixtures recalled to memory very pleasant

recollections, while his statistics were most interesting. Unfortunately, the sting was in the tail, as he informed us that owing to business reasons (which all agreed were very valid) he would be unable to continue in his office for the current year. Both the President and Mr. H. Green voiced the feelings of the meeting when they expressed the keen sorrow we all felt, and the deep appreciation we all had for the excellent work he had done.

The next item was Mr. Kettle's report on the past year's racing. On the whole, this was quite satisfactory, more especially in regard to the part taken by some of our members in invitation fixtures, where our individual and team work had been admirable. I do not propose to give the several instances referred to, as full particulars have already appeared in the CIRCULAR, but as the excellent performances were recapitulated enthusiastic applause was the order of the evening. It is to be hoped that even better things are in store for us during the current year, as there is no doubt whatever that we have now got in the Club a little coterie of riders who, if they like, are capable of giving a good run to the best class in the country. What a triumph it would be if one of "ours" got fastest time next Whit Monday in the "100"! So mote it be! There had been no record attempt during the year, which was a cause for regret as there are one or two which have not yet been placed where the flies can't get at them, and it is to be hoped that the present year will see these nailed to the Anfield colours. Another matter for regret was the slackening of interest in the long-distance events. This, of course, in a Club like ours, which has made its name famous in the past for this class of work, is all wrong, and attention having been drawn to the matter it will be surprising if considerably more enthusiasm is not shewn this season. The Hon. Racing Secretary's report was received with applause, and confirmed with thanks.

Mr. Knipe then read his report dealing with the frenzied finances of the Club. Our Hon. Treasurer is a bit of a wag. After going through the items seriatim, and buoying us up with the refreshing statement that we had umpteen thousands of pounds in the bank or Consols or Real Estate or Summut, and causing us all to have that cosy feeling that I can imagine (I've a vivid imagination) permeates denizens of, say, the Corn Market after a good day, he brought us back with a jerk to the bitterness of our impecuniosity by revealing the fact that he had been simply indulging in high finance as done by all the best bucket shops. However, out of an apparently inextricable maze of faked figures one consoling fact emerged: we were not yet within measurable reach of the workhouse—not by a jugful. It is unfortunate that on this, as on every other similar occasion, the Hon. Treasurer is compelled, ad nauseum, to exhort members to pay their subscriptions promptly. The saving to the Club in expense, and the elimination of unnecessary trouble to the poor harassed Treasurer if this were done, are so obvious that really it is astounding that there are still many members who apparently make a fetish of postponing payment of their subscriptions until they have been literally "bummed" into it. VERB SAP.

Mr. Turnor then enunciated his ideas on the subject of life-membership. It is common knowledge that he is the next recipient to qualify under the existing rule, but he places such importance on this, the highest honour that the Club can give, that he thought the mere fact of a member having done a paltry 1,000 runs was not

sufficient to entitle him to the honour unless this performance had been accompanied by the most valuable services. As, at my own present rate of progress in this direction, I shall have to wear out the glands of several generations yet unborn of monkey brand, I think I am entitled to say that anybody who has come through this nerve racking process unscathed without doing valuable service to the Club must be a phenomenon unknown in club annals. He was careful to point out that the present life members were eminently entitled to the honour, but apparently his own well known modesty stood in his way. All his reasons in favour of an amendment of the rule were gently but with devastating firmness wiped out by Messrs. Koenen, Mercer, and others, and I think he now sees the error of his ways, and will be a good lad in future.

Mr. Cook then had a most pleasing duty to perform. He and Mr. Austin had delved into the archives of the Club, and from the earliest records, and erudite deductions from records which were not, they had come to a common denominator of between 1,007 and 1,011 runs as the total that Mr. D. R. Fell must have put in as an active member from the year after the Club was formed. He thought it only right in these circumstances, and as a mark of the highest esteem and affection with which the Club regarded him, that Mr. Fell should be offered life membership. This proposition was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Edwards pointed out that there was a still older member of the Club, Mr. Mercer, who was also entitled to the honour. It appeared Mr. Mercer's claim had also been gone into at the same time, but owing to the lost records there was some doubt as to whether the necessary runs had in fact been accomplished. A rapid bit of Peelmanism on the part of the genial prospective and others was, however, quite sufficient to shew that he could not have avoided getting in this deadly work, and the Presider in a voice choked with manly emotion, having recapitulated scenes of his early boyhood associated with Mr. Mercer, and stated that nothing on earth could give him greater pleasure than pass this sentence on him, put the joint nomination to the meeting and it was passed with acclamation. A worthy deed well done. As Mr. Fell was that evening dining with some fellow leading lights of the banking world, it devolved on Mr. Mercer to tell us what he thought about us all, and about the dear old club, and in a few most interesting reminiscences he informed us that he was one of the Founders and one of the first Treasurers. Of course, the latter might be accounted for by the fact that the subscription in those days was only 10/-, so there was not much risk. At the same time the Club had no banking account, and from time to time he had some horrible temptations. We were left to surmise whether these had been successfully resisted or otherwise. In a pathetic peroration which caused the salt tears to hurtle down our more or less rugged cheeks, he declared that the name "Anfield" would be found inscribed on his pumping apparatus when his last run was done.

Mr. R. J. Austin then spoke in support of his motion regarding dual membership, but after the Presider had quoted the opinions of leading legal luminaries on the rule involved which placed a different construction on it from that he (Mr. Austin) had formed, the motion was lost by an overwhelming majority. It was also decided that although four members had inadvertently joined another club owing to the same misconception of the rule, no exception could be made in their favour as it would be unfair to the general body of members.

Mr. Kettle's motion was the subject of considerable discussion, and on an amendment it was agreed that all words after "Sunday" in the first sentence of Rule 10 should be deleted.

The next business was the election of officers, and the Presider promptly handed over the chair to Vice-President Venables. After a general and thorough clearing of air had taken place (let us hope the new air will prove pure and invigorating) Mr. Horrocks proposed and Mr. Taylor seconded the re-election of Mr. Cook, and this was carried with acclamation, Mr. Venables, being gently removed and put into his proper place much to his chagrin, as one could see, as he evidently thought he'd got the job for life.

A scene of exquisite old world courtesy now took place refreshing in its courtly simplicity. Mr. John Kinder proposed Mr. Buckley, Senior, as Vice-President. The Presider, with infinite and ingratiating tact, delicately hinted that it was customary for the Liverpool nominee to be mentioned first. "Perhaps Mr. Kinder wouldn't mind . . ." Mr. Kinder not only did not mind but on the contrary would be delighted seeing it was ze coostom. Mr. Buckley, not to be outdone in politeness, declared in polished Cheadle that he didn't care a dam one way or the other, and of course Mr. Venables, like the little gentleman he is, speaking excellent Wallasey and waving a deprecatory hand, also disclaimed any pretension to precedence. It was a scene of infinite sweetness and immediately caused an atmosphere of unruffled serenity to pervade the chamber. Messrs. Venables and Buckley were then elected with enthusiasm as Vice-Presidents. Mr. Turvey, who had very kindly volunteered for the Secretaryship (poor lad, he knoweth not what he doeth) was firmly hoisted into that position, and a very special vote of thanks was given to the retiring Secretary, Mr. Austin, which he richly deserved. Mr. Kettle was persuaded that his job could not be in better hands, and Mr. Knipe was given another year in which to make ducks and drakes of the Club's financial resources. Messrs. S. Threlfall and R. J. Austin were elected as Sub-Captains. The voting for the Committee then took place, and the following were elected:—John Kinder, H. Austin, E. Edwards, F. L. Edwards, J. Long, C. Selkirk, Egar, W. E. Taylor, and S. J. Buck; E. O. Morris and W. E. Cotter being appointed Auditors. A similar racing programme to that of last year was agreed upon, it being left at the discretion of the Committee whether three or four "50's" should be run. George Mercer, on behalf of Charlie Conway (whom we were very sorry to hear was laid up—he is now all right again), proposed Bettws. for Easter, which was carried with enthusiasm, while Antrim or mid-Wales will provide the venue for the August tour, and the All Night Ride will be in a Northern direction. A cordial vote of thanks to the Presider closed the proceedings.

(I trust, in giving this necessarily curtailed account of the proceedings, that I have, as far as possible, maintained the high standard of politeness already mentioned—I don't think I've missed a single mister—(Shush!))

Pulford, January 16th.

Barely a week has elapsed since my successor, the new scribe relieved me of my duties, and here he has "turned the tables" on me by deputing—nay commanding—me to write up this run. I was

the occupant of the would-be-record-breaking tandem with Selkirk as my partner (in distress) and we had an uneventful ride to Wrexham. At Rhosnesney, the Greyhound provided us with the cup that cheers, and the "sweet young thing" who attended to our wants so charmed Selkirk that it was three-quarters of an hour before we got moving again. Of course I could not set off without him! We arrived at the "Grosvenor" on the tick of 6 o'clock, and eventually 25 sat down to tea. The Presider and "snub-captain" had been out all day, and had lunch at Ruthin. Dave Rowatt and Horrocks were out while Geoff Hawkes had brought a young prospective member, Mr. Wild. I believe, along with him. Kettle and Cook (on tricycles) were bound for Llanarman O.L. for the night and no doubt they found it hard work in the snow on the following day. What a pity that on the occasion of these short distance runs nearly everybody starts back immediately after tea, when obviously an 8 o'clock departure would still leave ample time for everyone to arrive home at a normal hour. On this fixture there were only 5 people left at the venue at 7-15 p.m.

#### Alderley, De Trafford, January 16th.

When asked to write the account of this run, it occurred to me to reply in the fashionable manner, that is the negative.

Our sub, however, had a friend in the enemy's camp in the form of my conscience, which pricked me severely, so no doubt my seemingly easy capitulation came as a surprise.

I had not taken on an easy thing, for as I was one of the first to leave I know little about the run, therefore I tender my apologies to those members present if I unwittingly omit important happenings.

The afternoon was an admirable one for cycling and a small detour of twenty miles or so derived for me the full benefits of the open road, charming scenery and a healthy appetite. I was not the first to arrive at the meet, and as I was ushered into a private room by my host I realised a company consisting of Buckleys, Orrells, Craushaws, Rawlinsons, C. H. Turnor, A. E. Morton, Taylor our new member from Shaw, Aldridge and Jones gathered round the fire drinking to Mullah's very good health.

Tea was served in the dining room and was of the usual good class associated with the De Trafford.

After tea a move was made into the lounge, every one gathering sociably round the fire; so the evening wore on, the party dwindling by two's and threes until all had disappeared on their respective ways.

#### Warrington, January 23rd.

"Ah! Woe is me." Shakespeare or Dickens, or was it one Robbie after a certain buttermilk campaign said that? I do not know. But I am groaning those few words now.

There are only two ways of doing this job (Properly and like this, Ed.), but the better, shorter, and sweeter, as far as I am concerned, would be written in "agony column" style as follows:—

23.1.26. WRNGTN. NRTN ARMS.  
 ABT 43 OR 15 PRSNT. NW HSE.  
 FNE DY. SME RN. WNDY. GD TA.  
 ALL STSD. FNS.  
 XYZ.

This I am sure would save me much bother, and also afford a little amusement to train parties doing crossword-puzzles.

But to commence the business

*First Scene.*—Entrance to Clatterbridge Workhouse.

Two cyclists are seen struggling, writhing, and perspiring over an obstinate bicycle chain. Not having any "copy" of sweet words said, I regret my inability to improve your vocabulary, but I append what I gathered from observations.

The Old Gent with Chandler in close attendance, was proceeding towards Chester, when his rear wheel was seized with an attack of toothache. He decided there and then to drop those offending members in the dust, with the inevitable result that the O.G.'s gear was raised about ten inches. What is more, that wheel had the nerve to tell him that if it was ridden many more miles the gear would be raised by about eighty inches. The O.G. being loath to part with his own false molars, for the purpose of propelling himself, promptly retired, and was later seen on a different mount.

*Second Scene.*—*The Norton Arms.*

From where I was sitting I could just dimly discern the President on the horizon; he seemed about five miles away. (No, I am T.T.).

The Opera Merchant gave us a pennorth of moosick, produced by a box of tricks. Oh, Horrors! Mercy! I can still hear that dirge drilling through my head. But we should be thankful for small mercies; the Most Illustrious Grand Master, and Chief Rabbi of Opera is slightly deaf—otherwise—well—er, I can't say what might have happened, but there may have been a case for "battery and assault."

H. Austin was seen with a book entitled "Heart's thoughts, or how to love," by T. Chem Young, and was informed by the O.G. that it was quite fit for him to read, being uninitiated. But this book episode might be coupled with an event in H.A.'s life, which took place in a certain village near Wrexham. A similar solution will be found in Wilf Taylor's case, to say nothing as to the cause of Randall's absence from the runs of late.

*Third Scene.*—Warrington to Liverpool Road.

Six cyclists are proceeding towards Liverpool, one of them, Perkins punctures, and instructs Wylde, or Wyld, or Wilde, or Wild (G. Hawkes' new inspiration) as to proceedings and precautions to be taken in case of rain, storm, hurricane and subterranean fire.

*Fourth Scene.*—Same road, two miles further on.

Perkins punctures again. As the poet said "The air was balmy," so it was for "'twas a lovely moonlight night," and incidentally Perk's air was also balmy.

*Fifth Scene.*—The Ferry Boat.

It had been a hard pull into the wind coming home, and five very tired and very dirty cyclists (one faded away near the "Dog's Home" in Liverpool) were discussing the merits of cycling, and also



the fact that it was not worth the candle, when one of them asked where we all intended going on the morrow, and to my surprise (I don't think) no one seemed keen on staying at home. All the same it had been a hard ride home, and it was consoling that the worst was over.

Oh! It is so now, too. Thank goodness that's that. If I got paid by the hour for doing this, I'd have a large bank balance now.

Northop, January 30th.

The feature of this run would make a splendid title for a Penny Dreadful: "The Mystery of H. O. Tine." Powell, Hotine and Cook started off in the morning for Ruabon for lunch and all was well until after a call at the Greyhound, Farndon, in the interests of Captain Charlton and the Club, it being agreed that it would make a good place for a run. From Farndon, Hotine suggested the Bowling Bank—Cock Bank lane route, which proved to be in a terrible state, mostly resembling a ploughed field. The O.G. appeared to make light of it and sailed away, but when terra cotta was reached at Cock Bank, found himself on his own and waited for the other two. In ten minutes Powell arrived and explained that he had had to stop twice to dig out his front mudguard, but did not know what had happened to Hotine, and, as the blood and thunder stories say: "From that day to this, the mysterious disappearance of H. O. Tine has not been elucidated."

Proceeding to Ruabon, they ordered lunch for three and had to demolish it all themselves, having come to the conclusion that Hotine had got sick of the mud plugging and made for dry land and Northop direct; but on arrival at Northop the mystery was deeper than ever, and, as there are such things as telephones, the only conclusion possible was that Hotine had blown up into bits, which made the O.G. particularly sad as Hotine was booked for the week-end at Llanfairtalhaiarn. The muster at the Red Lion was 26 and the meal of excellent quality. Rowatt represented our North Wales contingent, but where was Professor Rockandtappit who used to delight in these visits of the Club to his own doorstep? George Mercer had Ven and Charlie Conway with him and we learned that Charlie's absence from the A.G.M. was caused by an attack of "flu," from which he has only just recovered—and yet we were assured at the meeting that Charlie was all right and consequently no enquiries were made. Chandler and Kettle were on trikes and Diapason and Hefty on a tandem, and talked mysteriously of the hills en route. Weflare made a welcome re-appearance and Wild (a prospective) seemed to be enduring the ordeal of "getting to know us" very well. The rest comprised Turvey, Telford, Taylor, Egar, Royden, Lucas, Cody, Hawkes, Knipe, J.C.B., Threlfall, Long and Austin, and the usual cross-table badinage was indulged in, the only sad-eyed one being the Presider, evidently worrying about his lost sheep and the bed he would have on his hands in the heart of Wales, which probably explains his early departure, more in sorrow than in anger! Taylor departed to week-end at Rhydtalog and the rest of us in groups made for England and sought sanctuary in our various domiciles.

**STOP PRESS:** From information received, we learn that Hotine was not disintegrated—he merely "Klapsed" in the mud with the human engine "conked out." He sought temporary repairs in a low



pub. and stealthily crawled home. Ichabod! Not the first to have "engine" trouble (we remember Bob Hsley's "tight chain"! ) when with the wily bird!

Mobberley, January 30th.

Quite a compact little room filled with Anfielders was the sight that met me as I arrived at the Roebuck as dusk was falling. The proceedings were evidently of more than passing interest, for Bick could be heard sternly adjuring one or two members to be silent whilst one of the company carried on with his oration. As the climax was reached amidst loud applause, tea was announced. After the customary satisfactory repast, conversation was very divided except when the interest became centred in the suggested raffle of a member's refractory gas lamp. This diverting business disposed of the company gradually broke up, and another pleasant evening became a memory of the past.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 241.

### FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1926.

	Light up at
Mar. 6. Halewood (Derby Arms) Lantern Lecture and Musical Evening (Tea, 5-30 p.m.) .....	6-27 p.m.
„ 8. Committee Meeting (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.) .....	
„ 13. Kelsall (Royal Oak) .....	7-10 p.m.
„ 20. Wrexham (Wynnstay Arms) .....	7-23 p.m.
„ 27. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) .....	7-36 p.m.
April 2/5 Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) .....	7-48 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Mar. 6. Bollington (Swan) .....	6-27 p.m.
„ 20. Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms), Musical Evening (Tea at 5-30 p.m.) .....	7-23 p.m.

Full Moon 29th 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.

13, Withert Avenue,  
Rock Ferry,  
Cheshire.

- Mr. A. Wild has been elected a Junior Active Member.  
Mr. J. Fowler has been re-elected as an Honorary Member.  
Mr. J. Smith's resignation has been accepted.  
Mr. T. Hilton Hesketh has been transferred to the Honorary list.

Mr. W. E. Taylor has been appointed to take over the duties of Editor of the CIRCULAR during Mr. A. T. Simpson's temporary absence from home. Communications should therefore be sent to him c/o Mr. W. P. Cook, 15, Brunswick Street, Liverpool, until further notice.

The terms for accommodation at the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-Coed, over Easter, are: 12/- for a single bed and 10/6 for those sharing beds; this includes dinner, bed and breakfast. All members and friends who require beds should let me have their names not later than Saturday, March 27th, and should at the same time say for what nights they will be there and whether they want a single bed or are willing to double up. This year no beds will be allocated to those who have not booked in advance until all names appearing on the list have been accommodated.

Day runs for the Easter tour have been arranged as follows:— Good Friday, Llanfairtalhaiarn (Black Lion); Easter Saturday, Bala (White Lion); Easter Sunday, Portmadoc (Sportsmans Arms); Easter Monday, Ruthin (Castle). Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

A Musical Evening has been arranged for March 20th, at the Manchester alternative run to Alderley Edge.

As announced in last month's Circular, Mr. J. Van Hooydonk and party are coming to Halewood, on March 6th, to give us the lantern lecture interrupted last year. Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Copies of the new R.R.A. Handbook will be on sale as soon as published. I shall be glad if those desiring a copy will let me have their names.

The name of S. J. Buck appearing in last month's Circular as having been transferred to the Honorary list was incorrect. It should have been H. M. Buck.

N. TURVEY,

Hon. General Secretary;

### Racing Programme for 1926.

The Committee have arranged the list of races and dates as follows: 1st "50," 24th April; 2nd "50," 8th May; Invitation "100," 24th May; Club "100," 26th June; Invitation "24," 23rd/24th July; Club 12 Hours, 14th August; 3rd "50," 4th September; 4th "50," 25th September (at the discretion of the Committee). It is to be hoped that all will book the dates to ride or assist with checking, etc., as the case may be.

### Open Events, 1926.

The following are some of the chief Open Events in which "ours" are likely to be interested: Etna "50," 4th/5th April; Manchester Wheelers "50," 19th June; Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers "50," 3rd July; East Liverpool Wheelers "50," Bath Road "100," and Speedwell "100," 2nd August.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

Even editors must have holidays occasionally, and the late editor of this journal is no exception to the rule. It is unfortunate. Unfortunate for the Club, the prestige of the Circular, and *most* unfortunate for me. As some mitigation of this wholesale misfortune, may I ask all our numerous contributors, subscribers and critics for a continuance of that generous help which has been so freely given in the past (Particularly by the last-named class.—Sub. Ed.) (Shut up! You're mucking this up.—Ed.) and, in addition to this, a fair measure of kindly tolerance, of which my predecessor stood in no need, so that when A. T. S. returns to the land of his fathers he shall not find the Old Rag too disappointingly below the high level at which he has held it for so many years.

W.E.T.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Arthur, Our Arthur, The Great Pendragon of Anfield has departed from amongst us. The happy hunting grounds of Cheshire, the speedways of Shropshire, the Glauber at Bettws, and the Cafe Conclave know him no more.

"Then murmured Arthur: 'Place me in the barge,  
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens  
Put forth their hands, and took Arthur, and wept.  
(Enough to make 'em.—Ed.)  
Then slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new'  
'I am going a long way with these thou seest'  
(So *this* is the holiday.—Ed.)

And so we are Arthurless. But Merlin sware that Arthur should come again. May it be so! Vive Arthur!

## NOTICE.

The Editor, Staff, and Printing Department of this Journal would be very grateful if all contributors would endeavour to send in their copy at the earliest possible moment. As all will realise, the publishing and getting out to date of a Rag like ours is an undertaking of considerable magnitude, of leviathan proportions in fact, but prompt receipt of copy goes a very long way towards ensuring that this enormous task shall be handled in a fit and proper manner. En passant: all the best people use only one side of the paper, and, as our Printers decline to accept copy from other than contributors of unquestioned status, receipt of matter in which both sides of the paper has been utilised is apt to lead to little domestic unpleasantnesses. Shall we leave it at that?

## ITEMS.

A terrible thing has happened. P.C.B. has infringed the anti-advertising clause and now joins Wayfarer and Cook in being barred from competitive work other than record attempts. His fulsome praise of the Sunbeam, with its little mud bath that ensures the chain running perfectly for millions of miles, was signed "Archowl," but this thinly disguised non-de-plume will not serve as a defence and it is very sad to think that so prominent a member of the R.R.C. should try to run a coach and four through one of its recommendations which every club has adopted.

We are glad to welcome Jack Fowler back into the fold as "one of us" again. In the 90's, Fowler was a speedman of no mean calibre, and in May, 1894, with T. G. Steer and riding as Macclesfield C.C., broke the Northern 50 Tandem record with 2.27.2. In June, 1896, he, as an Anfielder, broke the 50 miles Tricycle Record, both N.R.R.A. and R.R.A., with 2.19.46, by going through behind Hellier and Decker on their Tandem Tricycle Record ride. In recent years Jack has always joined us Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide, and we are delighted at his resumption of membership after a lapse of 24 years; which just goes to show that affection for the Club may slumber but can never die in the hearts of real Anfielders.

It was bound to occur. Another Wayfarer C. C. has blossomed forth in the cycling firmament—this time at Heywood, Lanes. We hope it lasts longer than its predecessor. This reminds us that Wayfarer (himself) is now in one of Chem's predicaments; for, at his Nottingham lecture, he was presented with a "jazz pull-over," and he has declared that, as he rides till bedtime, he has "no use for pull-overs." We suggest a raffle as a way out of the difficulty.

We are asked to state that the lurid article in the "Sunday Chronicle," entitled "Sunday nights in Sheffield," was not written by either Kettle, Shaw, or Johnny Baud, all of whom repudiate the suggestion that they have any knowledge of night life in Sheffield, or any other town.

Woe is us! The weary weeks drag on into many months and yearning years, and still no sign of easement can be detected. Our great-grandfathers remembered how the ancients of their childhood's days hung bravely on to life "in the hope of seeing the B.O.B. bust"; but it was not to be, and now it seems that we, in turn, shall merely pass the torch of hope on to our children and children's children, and the Cook of our ancestors be visited on our successors, even unto the third and fourth generation. Opinions *had* been expressed that we were at last holding our own with the O.G., but his recent flying raid on London has blasted even that modest optimism and we must perforce totter, broken in spirit, to the grave, whilst Cook ever pounds and heaves with fiendish glee o'er hill and dale, leaving a trail of broken cranks, pedals, sprockets, and other odd items of ironmongery in his wake.

Mr. C. P. Scott, of the "Manchester Guardian," seems to have discarded the Twin Rear Lamps from his bicycle and has now decorated it with a REFLEX GLASS of unusually large proportions. As he, a most striking figure on a cycle, with white flowing beard and locks unsullied by a hat or cap, in which respect he resembles our President, we wonder if Cook can possibly have written him a few letters on the subject of rear-lights and headgear, and that the deadly work is beginning to tell.

#### The Odd Essay on The Wall.

*The Barham Wheels Grind Slowly And their "Ground"'s exceeding small, So methinks the Local Library is "out-of" Roman Walls.*

In the last Gazette I urged our club Romans to look out for something solid from that Pennan in Cycling, and, after being kept on tenter-hooks for four weeks in the hope of revelations by Jill on Roman Ease to rival Chem's legendary Arthurian Aqueducts, I stand before our Editor, naked and ashamed.

For weeks, nay months, our friends have masqueraded in Cycling as riding three abreast—Basil perhaps a little in arrear but still game and willing—to the North. A little delay here and there was permissible for they had to work their passage, and as they went along, sidelights on imaginary Roman Stations en route were welcome to those who, like your reporter, have climbed many a grassbank by the side of modern roads below where the Roman foundations lie hidden, and need help to stir the flagging imagination. For days The Barhamites have been hanging about Abbey Gates and Church Doors, until, to meet this palpable anachronism in their quest, B.B. told his followers that "*within easy riding distance*" he could lead them round to 29 Saxon Churches for the asking; and the Saxon Church is of course hard on the heels of the Roman Temple. Those who have travelled ten times 29 Miles to see one single Church of undoubted Saxon origin gasped, but began to feel respect for the Trio's easy riding capacities, and yet the rate of progress remained strangely at variance with this boast. Hull, Sutton and Beverley are so far the northern limit of their stride to the Wall, and at this rate some of us fear we won't last out.

Then came a week of utter silence, suggesting complete exhaustion, and we eager students had to fall back on the more rapid riding reports of other Wayfarers. And now the Roman Wall, nay the Roman name, has disappeared from Basil's Illustrated Headlines and we are left to infer or to fear that they are trusting to time to let us forget their high sounding aim.

And so W.A.L. and D. R. Fell are left in sole possession of the latest records of the Wall, along with their friends, Mr. Potts of Twice Brewed, and Mr. Thompson of the wooden Hut at Borcovicus.

By Basil's methods of exploration not even in 20 years time are we likely to learn what it took David to spot in 20 seconds, how the Roman Forum Flagg bear evidence in the Stonemason's art that, as quoted in Harry Buck's golden details, even the noblest Romans shared the mortal sins we are still heir to.

(EDITORIAL NOTE:—Our contributor is unduly pessimistic. All the best Odysseys last about seven years and it little profits that an idle Basil should hurry back to his cold hearth. With our usual enterprise, initiative, and disregard of expense, we have accordingly given our reporter a contract, at double his previous salary, for seven years or the duration of The Wall, and will thus be able to keep our readers posted with red-hot, trustworthy news of the expedition in a manner never previously approached by any journal.)

#### Informal Hot-Pot Supper, February 5th.

(Editorial Note.—We, personally, were unable to attend this *levee*, but that it was a most enjoyable affair we *can* vouch for—as it has been impossible to find anyone capable of giving a clear account of the festivities of the evening; the following being all a most urgent S.O.S. elicited from one of our most faithful, highly salaried and trusted contributors.)

I am sorry, but must declare myself incapable of giving a sustained account of the Informal Hot-Pot Dinner organized by the Hubert party. I am totally unfamiliar with the names and Colleges of the Star turns of the evening, the men who—present as guests, and qualifying as Hubert's

own little crowd of non-members—did so much to enliven the evening. That was to my mind the outstanding feature, apart from the presence of Percy Beardwood in his role of Arch-Owl.

Were I able to write the report I would make so bold as to criticise the unfortunate delay in "raising the covers" (or lids) which prevented us from sitting down to Pot until the Hour of Seven. This curtailed the hours of Mirth considerably, in fact to a minimum, and lengthened the hours of cocktail to a maximum, owing to which part of the remaining period was of necessity spent in marching and counter-marching along the corridors.

This is intended as a plea for consideration in the years to come.

It can do no harm also to dwell on the next day's *Dejeuner a la Fourchette* held under the same roof by those from other cities who had stayed overnight.

Only . . . don't expect me to do it.

## RUNS.

### Halewood, February 6th.

Oh! dear us! A new terror has just been added to life. Till recently, I considered it axiomatic that to write up a run one must necessarily have attended that run; but our new Secretary-Person is not of that opinion at all, at all. Therefore, I find myself in the position of the Israelites under Pharaoh's edict—Bricks without straw.

Under the circumstances it will be necessary to use imagination. Wm. Blake wrote "Fair Spring is approaching," and so it is, once again, in all its accustomed severity. The first liar will soon be writing to the papers to say he has heard the cuckoo, and handkerchiefs will close firm. Our tame poet feels the sap rising in his veins, and in a literary training spin has produced the following:

"Attend all ye who list to hear our noble Anfield's praise,  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she did in bygone days,  
And of the greater deeds she'll do in seasons yet to be,  
When gin and beer are done away, and all the Club drinks tea."

Now "point of view" counts for a great deal, and so I propose to write a few brief accounts of this run in well-known Anfield styles.

#### 1. *As Robbie would write it. (Gothic style).*

On the penultimate (all but two) Saturday of February, I pressed on the left pedal, the road slid behind me, and I was away on the Great Gay Road, that leads to Ireland (via Halewood). The afternoon was moist; but what of that? Happy are those who forsake the "Buoyant" armchair, the cosy fire, go forth to battle with the elements to conquer and achieve. Chester, Frodsham, Runcorn and Halewood: every mile a little piece of pleasure. Ever as I strode along, now falling riotously into the valley of the Gowy, now "climbing" sharply over Rock Savage Mountain, I thought of the glorious heritage that is ours in this incomparable England. Ever before me rose the vision of the duck and roast pork of Halewood (a vision which was realised) and the running water which lulled me to sleep when I sought sanctuary at the journey's end, was from a tap in the bathroom which needed a washer.

#### 2. *As Cook would write it. (Early English style).*

The attendance at this fixture was quite good, though, but for the counter attraction of social evenings, birthdays and wireless sets, it could



have been very much better. Some of the young fellows these days are not the men they used to be, or their predecessors were. The Old Gent. had started early to make sure of getting there, and inveighed one or two others into his net. When, however, they made the pace too hot, he dived into a maze of Cheshire lanes, and then, as they were lost, they had to go slow. Teddy Edwards had been round by Llandegla; Johnny Band was as cheerful as ever; and Hubert carved with great satisfaction. The inveterate week-enders departed in good time, and the rest of us wended our way to our secluded and virtuous couches.

3. *As Arthur Simpson would write it. (Norman style.)*

Voila! The deep-bosomed clouds piled their serried ranks on high, and the gentle dew from heaven cascaded vertically downward. Not for this ego the mighty muscular exertion involved in accomplishing the journey to the delightful inn per bicyclette. *Je nuit se pas!* The beguiling smoothness of Woolton highways tempts us not, and to indulge in vehicular locomotion with the highways filled with carriages all assaulting our auricular vehemently and vociferously savours to us of preposterous and unmitigated rashness. On the return portion, the effulgence of our radiant globe might be shrouded in unrelieved oblivion, necessitating a protracted appearance at Dale Street. Rather for us, the chic appearance and *au fait bonhomme* of long trousers. Thus attired, we patronise the purveyors of transport at 1½d. per mile, reaching our destination as a perfect little gentleman.

4. *As F. H. Koenen would write it. (Renaissance style.)*

Halewood, content now to bask in its obscurity, throve and flourished mightily in the days of the Venator Abilis. There was brewed ALE of a potency that, in its present form, NONE but the hardy flight of ANFIELD dare partake. Rumour hath it that ONE Hale, a TINSMITH, journeyed to the "OLD DERBY ARMES," full many TIMES, for a potion named "arfe a piute of H'ale." The LOCAL inhabitants, conscious of the indignity of the MISPLACED ASPIRATE, predicted that Hale's "H'ale" would Become Famous, and They were Right, as the Yellow Stained Documents found Beneath a Demolished Fragment of Roman Wall Nearby Amply prove.

**Bollington, February 6th.**

I sit down to write with a feeling of one doing his duty; or at least doing that "little" which is proverbally supposed to help. At a moment like this one wonders whether it is best to get stuck into it immediately on arriving home after the Club run, or, as in my case, a fortnight later, when all idea of that run has been blotted out by intervening ones.

All Club runs are alike, and yet not alike. For instance, look at the tea last Saturday, if you can see it all at one glance (but that's another tale), and if any one can beat "Mrs. Swan with Two Nicks" at preparing real Anfield feeds they are yet to be discovered and undoubtedly are treats in store. You pull out the same old iron; throw your leg over the same hard saddle and rush off; and then in comes, or rather out you go into, the difference. Some weeks wet, some dry, others hot or cold, windy or dusty.

This one was decidedly wet, but all the same the usual jolly crowd put in appearance. Green, for ever; Mullah, sparkling with wit;

Albert, having a day after the night before; Buckley, bless his cheery-soul; Cranshaw, Orrell and a host of youngsters.

Down in the tank, conversation rolls from operations, with Frank Jones, as centre, himself present and heading the discussion (since operated upon and on the highway to recovery) to bridges and cubic capacity of canals, notably the M.S.C. (gently) and that little of the Bridgewater Canal confined to Barton Aquaduct; all this with some little liquid refreshment.

My pipe has gone out, and with it my inspiration, leaving me to record duly that all arrived home safely, rendered authentic by eye witness last week.

#### Pulford, February 13th.

Dame Rumour was ever a lying jade, and her latest efforts regarding a well-known Anfield 24-hour crack were definitely disproved at this run. We refer to the reappearance of Randall, whose premature demise is not, as was feared, a *fait accompli*. Acting on that well-known axiom that change is the best form of rest, he has, instead of pedalling all night, been dancing all night (almost). We leave it at that, having, we hope, set at rest the minds of all those who evinced such well-simulated concern for the well-being of friend Randall, and we can now turn to the run proper. The attendance was good, 31 being present, this number including two visitors: Mr. Roberts, of Wrexham, who, despite his antiquity (he's nearly as old as the Old Gent.), made such a good showing in our two last "24's," and a friend whom he brought with him to see the animals—pardon, Anfield—feeding. A truly awe-inspiring sight; for was not Chandler present, and did not Dickman, rolling up late with Gregg, commence on cakes whilst waiting for something to eat? And before we forget! If you want a list of those who attended; see the Sec. We do not believe in duplicating the attendance records. After tea, conversation amongst a group of racing-men-in-a-small-way centred chiefly upon the suggested alteration of the "50" course. Opinion was divided until the Presider, coming along to see fair play, satisfied everybody with a really brilliant solution. We are not at liberty to disclose the Presider's brain-wave, as it has not yet passed the Committee. (Strictly between ourselves, it will never reach them!) There were only two week-enders. Cook, of course, was one, and Taylor, almost equally of course, was the other. Not having seen enough of each other all week, they set off, each intent on doing the other over, for Llanarmon, O.L. Knowing them as we do, we have no doubt whatever that they arrived there. It was nearly 8 o'clock when the fast pack (swank!) departed, leaving the Wayfarer C. C. contingent to keep the fire warm a little longer. Headed by a red-hot tandem, a course was set for civilisation once more. After sundry wild scraps, interspersed with complaints of cold feet from one member who finds it difficult to keep such an immense area adequately warm at this period of the year, the party, minus three who "also ran," finally reached the City of the (distant) Future comparatively early. And so to bed; the training season having now commenced.

Contributor's Note.—The use of the plural "we" in this report (?) is not to be taken as meaning that our *pro tem* editor takes such a conscientious view of his duties as to report the runs himself. Not he! It means that, being, as we are, of a Bolshevistic tendency, we repudiate the so-called sole prerogative of kings and editors, and claim the right to use the majestic editorial "we" as and when we please. So there! we mean—we have spoken!

### Allostock (Three Greyhounds), February 13th.

The first visit to a new house is always something of an adventure, especially for the poor Sub-Captain who gets all the blame should the experiment be unsuccessful, but seems to miss the praise when all is well. In fact, he gets "all kicks and no ha'pence." It was, therefore, with feelings of trepidation that I approached the Three Greyhounds after a most enjoyable ride: the roads being, for once, dry. After stabling the steed I entered the house, where sounds of merriment led me to a bar parlour. I anxiously counted the members. Through the smoke haze, I managed to discern sixteen and mentally adding Bert Green (our never punctual) to the number, I found that I had guessed correctly for once. Amongst the crowd I saw Pritchard of Eccles, and the remaining sixteen were the usuals.

A hurried confab with the lady of the house and I led my flock upstairs. The table looked all right, and when the meal appeared it was also all right. All were apparently satisfied; in fact, this house is a distinct acquisition and can be recommended to any member who may be in the neighbourhood.

We heard with regret of Frank Jones illness, which necessitates an operation, and a message of sympathy was sent by the members present. (Later—Frank's operation has been quite successful and he will be with us again some time in March.) After a few minutes conversation many left for home; the Rawlinson tandem pair making the pace a distinctly hot one.

If I may, I should like to address a few words to those members, both young and old, whom we so rarely see on Club runs. We want you with us any time you can possibly come. Our catering arrangements are elastic, and your unexpected appearances will not upset our arrangements. When you have been once, you will soon come again, and the more you come, the more you will want to. We specially want you all at Alderley, on March 20th. This is our last musical evening of the Winter, and I want it to be a fitting wind-up to a successful Winter Season. Amongst the artistes are Tomlin, Jack Austin, the Kinders, Poy (of the Cheadle Hulme), and others; whilst we expect a strong contingent from Liverpool, including the Presider. I shall be glad to offers of further turns, but in any case, *please* all come.

### Acton Bridge, February 20th.

Winter relaxed a little and we were favoured with dry roads, soft breezes, and other welcome indications of Spring. With a light heart I hurried from the noisy streets of Liverpool and after a tedious passage through the Runcorn-Widnes area I emerged on to the pleasant road via Frodsham, Delamere and Tarporley. The quiet and pleasant lanes near Cotebrook brought me out of the saddle, but my meditations were soon disturbed by a boisterous youth on a green trike who demanded to know what was wrong with cycling. He dashed past and I, going in pursuit, discovered our energetic Chief Consul, who was descending upon Cotebrook in an official capacity. Subsequently I joined him in the pleasant but stuffy little parlour of the prospective house and took part in the ceremony of tea tasting, etc. When these proceedings were satisfactorily concluded we sped before the wind for Leigh Arms. It was close on six when we gave the prefatory rumble on the bridge and drew up at the portals to find a good crowd of members already assembled. By keeping a close watch on Chandler's movements I managed to secure

a seat in the familiar old kitchen, with its immense fire and gleaming range, and forthwith we were plied with an endless variety of steaming dishes.

There were 40 odd members out; both Liverpool and Manchester being very well represented. The motorists included Mercer, Teddy Edwards and Dave Fell. Walker came up from the Crewe district and Horrocks appeared in the guise of a pedestrian, having walked !!! from the environs of Warrington. The evergreens were represented by Tommy Royden and J.C.B.

The President moved off in good time, en route for Stone for the night and thence on to London for the R.R.A. Meeting on Monday. I admired this splendid example of cycling enthusiasm, and the attractiveness of such a long ride through so many interesting counties filled me with a great longing to join him. There is solid satisfaction in a ride of this nature, infinitely more, to be sure, than our weekly gyrations on the outskirts of Liverpool and Manchester.

Knipe, Lucas and I returned via Runcorn, and, as a change from the tedium of the Transporter, and incidentally to save time, we crossed by the Railway Bridge. In spite of having to carry our machines up countless steps and then being pelted with red hot cinders from a passing train, the view of Widnes from this altitude was very interesting and well worth the trouble.

#### Rufford, February 27th.

"Write up the run and let me have it on Monday morning at the latest." Ye Gods, what a shock! That was the order I received just as I was beginning to think I was really going to enjoy the run, although personally, Rufford does not appeal to me. The Captain and Long picked me up on the Landing Stage and we had a regular joy ride all the way with a good strong wind behind. Taylor and Molyneux overtook us just beyond Ormskirk. I say *overtook* us, the fact being the Captain had got off to light his pipe, but the real truth was he wanted to watch a football match but would not admit it.

The sets through Burscough were too much for Taylor's machine. The lamp decided to part company, doing a series of tricks and leaping into the air with double somersault. However, we eventually arrived in good time to find quite a goodly muster.

I understand there were 22 members present and we had the usual good meal for which the Fermor Arms is noted. I could not hear all that was going on as we were being entertained with a personally conducted Tour through Scotland by Chandler.

But who was there. Oh, yes, I'm just coming to that. The Presider and Chandler, who I understand had been out all day, Dave Fell on his new box of tricks, G. Mercer, Hubert and Skinner in Cars, and Teddy Edwards and Buck representing Home Rails. Molyneux made a welcome re-appearance and we also had Friend Roberts who had ridden from Wrexham. Knipe, Lucas, Stevie, Hotine, Cody and sundry others who will have to be included as also ran. The Presider was the first to leave, being bound for somewhere North, and it was not long before there was a general exodus.

A lot of rain seemed to have fallen while we had been having tea and the wind had got round a bit which made the ride home not so bad as we expected.

### Mobberley, February 27th.

Why should I have to write up a Manchester run? What do I know about Manchester? (Where is Manchester?) Anyhow R.J. ought to have known that after such a long ride, with passenger, to the "Roebuck" and back I'd be exhausted for the next few days. I'm sure I don't know how to write up a Liverpool run, let alone one to the wilds of Manchester. Talking of Liverpool runs; why do we have runs like Rufford when the majority of real riders, with a few exceptions, hail from the Birkenhead side of the River? Surely Halewood is sufficient for each month? From the foregoing you will perhaps understand why I took this long trek to Mobberley, accompanied by victim, namely Samuel T.T. (the surname belies these initials). But to get back to the run: we started just before 3 p.m., and the victim pushed; I rang the bell; he pushed again and I applied the brake; then, by careful steering and further application of the brake, I got him to Mobberley. Randall and Turvey, also bound for Mobberley, had started early but having stopped en route arrived just as we had garaged the bus in the yard of the "Roebuck."

We found the Cranshaws very engrossed over a tyre repair. Cranshaw the younger had ventured out on three wheels, so by careful deduction I came to the conclusion that it was Father who'd run over the Hedgehog.

The total muster was 20, and I noticed, beside those already mentioned, the following:—Turner, Buckley (twice), Green, Orrell (twice), Rawlinson (once only), Yank Edwards, Moorby, Davies, Aldridge (who I hear is secretly training for the attendance prize), Taylor (not Wilf), Rothwell Junr., and the cause of all this scrawl, R. J. Austin. Luckily for him he had to leave early or I might have——. It was a good meal on a large table, which we saw dismantled and made into a small one when the things had been cleared away. But enough of this! All that needs to be said is that we didn't let the Mullah persuade us into doing the washing up or we'd have been there still.

The wind was hard home, and the rain wet. Randall we left at Chester, and, still hard at it, we only stopped at Willaston for a few minutes to enquire the time. So ended an enjoyable run and its good to find 86 miles to your credit and no aches and pains resulting. Poor Samuel!

W. E. TAYLOR,

Acting Editor.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 242.

### FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1926.

	Light up at
April 25. Easter Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) .....	7-48 p.m.
„ 10. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	8-3 p.m.
„ 17. Tarporley (Swan) .....	8-16 p.m.
„ 24. 1st "50" Miles Handicap .....	9-29 p.m.
May 1. Malpas (Red Lion) .....	9-41 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

April 10. Allstock (Three Greyhounds) .....	8-3 p.m.
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Full Moon, 28th April.

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

13, WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY.

#### COMMITTEE NOTES.

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed timekeeper for the Club races during 1926.

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

J. M. James, 80, Ampthill Road, Bedford.

J. S. Blackburn, "Arundel," Banks Road, Heswall, Ches.

N. TURVEY,  
Hon. General Secretary.

#### RACING NOTES.—1st "50," 24th April.

Entries for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, 17th April. The race will be run over a new course, as follows:—Start at 5th M.S., Chester-Whitchurch road, Nomans Heath, Ridley Green,



Acton Lane Corner, here turn left through lane to Nantwich-Chester road, turn left and follow road to Highwayside, turning at Bunbury road junction, and back to Acton Lane Corner, Cholmondeley Schools and Nomans Heath, to Finish about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Chester.

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

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We would like to express our thanks to the many friends who have said such nice things about the last issue of the "Circular." We value very highly these spontaneous tokens of genuine appreciation, but would point out that all credit is due to those contributors who have given so wholeheartedly of their best. The Editorial Department is merely a compiling bureau, and the "Circular" but the collated efforts of our contributors, to whom alone are due all honour and thanks.

It is not our usual custom to thank our contributors or disclose their identity, but this month one exception to the rule we *must* make. "Halewood—March 6th" was a noteworthy event in the annals of the Club, and, in securing from Mr. F. T. Bidlake, one of our guests of honour, the promise that he would write up the run for us, we have ensured that the record shall be one worthy of the occasion. To F.T.B. we tender our thanks, and welcome to the pages of the "Rag" a stylist and artist of outstanding ability at either cycling practice or precept.

The endeavour to get out the "Circular" to our subscribers before Easter has resulted in a somewhat hectic hurry, in which the usual elaborate and highly scientific precautions against errors of omission and commission have, perforce, had to be partly jettisoned. If, therefore, we have blundered in any way, we offer an advance apology and crave our readers' indulgence. We *mean* well.

### ITEMS.

The Presider has received from Mr. J. van Hooydonk, who entertained us so well at Halewood with his box of tricks, a letter expressing the warmest appreciation of Anfield hospitality and dwelling on the enjoyment the Southrons obtained from their brief visit to our Northern Wilds. We can only lay our hands on our hearts; bow with the stately courtesy of a bygone age; and give the sincere assurance that the pleasure was indeed ours.

What a versatile and talented lot we, and those whom we are fortunate enough to receive as guests from time to time, are! To those who were at Halewood on the 6th, such names as Mott, Andrews, Kelly, Davies, and Newall will always signify something extra good, and when to these were added Turnor, raking up people's past lives in a most spiteful manner, J. E. Austin in tongue-twisting tantrums, John Kinder on the To-and-From, and Our Friend Mr. Wright at the piano, it will readily be understood by the unfortunate absentees that "things happened" that night.

Look to your laurels, ye youthful speedmen. The Mad March Mullah traineth secretly. Seen was he at an Ancient Inn, wolfing speedfood in monstrous quantities. Wherefore we rede that this year shall men strive mightily; many records be broken; and there be much wailing and gnashing of teeth. (Not by me: they are too dam' sore—C.H.T.)

Since Fell's epoch making discovery at Cilurnum, his rival, Chem, has had his back to the Wall, so to speak, and some of us have been on tip-toe awaiting developments. The sequel came on the last day of February, in the capital of the Tanat. Chem was on his way to the Pistyll Rhaiadr, and on dismounting opposite the re-decorated Wynnstay Hotel, discovered, at the corner of the lane leading to the disused ford across the river Rhaiadr, an eight feet high Roman Milestone, with Latin Inscription which our linguistic member hopes to decipher ere long. His first act was to dedicate it to the Club under the Title of Miltir-Cerig-Anfieldum. After the Basilham fiasco, here we have again something tangible, and, as soon as a week-day visit can be arranged, a celebration will be held to perform the christening formality and the conferring upon Chem the rank of Chemus Superbus Maximus. The President will take a day off for it. H.M.B. and F.H.K. were witnesses and will vouch for the facts.

Dickman will not be seen among us for some little time, as he has sailed on the "Doric" for a business trip to Canada and the United States. At great expense we have appointed "Diapason" our Minister Plenipotentiary and he will in due course be paying our devoirs to Sir Arthur Newsholme and Baron Fulton.

There is doubtless a goldmine of hidden talent in the club that would make one wonder why the possessors were so modest. At the musical evening at Alderley, the party staying over-night at the Trafford Arms started a "second house," and before they knew where they were, Hotine sat down at the piano and disclosed the fact that he is an accompanist of real quality and rare taste. He is now booked for life and will lighten the burden that has fallen on Arthur's shoulders for so many years. We are sure there must be others who have joined us in recent years who could help in the entertaining line if they did not hide their lights under bushels.

Del Strother, in a letter to Chandler, states that he is intending this summer to put in a fortnight's tour in the French Alps, and would be glad to hear of anyone who would like to join him. This is another excellent chance for us to acquaint ourselves with French life, with all the advantages of an interpreter and a low rate of exchange, and we trust that those who feel at all keen will not let the opportunity slip by.

Chandler has planned out a week's tour in the Highlands, commencing June 19th. Anybody desirous of joining the party had better communicate with him. Numbers will be limited.

#### **Rear Sight for the Invisible Cyclist.**

A new aspect of the Invisible Cyclist now appears in the Daily Press from a correspondent who credits the Invisible One with the rare gift of a vision behind. He suggests that the Rider carry an electric bulb on the backstays, worked from a small battery or generator, which the cyclist must switch on the moment his rear vision spies the approaching lights of the Midnight Motor Monster. *A blinking brilliant idea.*

And yet, is not this expecting rather much from one who, invisible himself, must now possess all the powers of light and darkness? Is the harmless cyclist perhaps being mistaken for Lucifer himself; that Prince of the morning who came a heavy cropper and then took to dark ways? Already through the agency of the Motor Hog a few cyclists have hit the earth ere now as forcefully as did Lucifer.

Now about this Title of "*The Invisible Cyclist*." How does it go down with our members? Is the Black Anfielder content to become known as the Invisible Rider? Do our Cooks and Kettles altogether relish it? Can Bikley's bulk truthfully be said to be ever quite invisible? We all know our Riders' modesty; but I also know Cook as a week-ender and have never noticed that he, on arrival at his hostelry, wishes to remain Invisible. On the contrary, he rightly believes in being recognised and received with a certain amount of approbation, instead of slinking about unnoticed and unseen.

Is it not time for us to take a stand in the matter?

### The N.R.R.A. Brotherhood.

The last A.G.M. of the N.R.R.A. took us back to the dim and distant past; days before controversies arose. Causes that shook our very souls to the roots all but yesterday are to-day regarded as so many instances of a changed world, in which once more we can "*Brothers Be For A' That*." Well might the Peace Conference take a leaf out of Mr. Secretary Bikley's Year Book. One Delegate, unprepared for the change, had come armed with distress signals which he began to unfurl; only to be told that he was out of order; that there were no rocks, eddies, storms, or whirlpools around any longer, and that he stood on dry land.

He alone seemed dejected at the news.

And then those Private Members! Whose heart has not bled for these distressed persons who had first to run the gauntlet of the Black-ballers, and then, if elected, had to complain that they had no powers, no voice, and no means to elect their own plenipotentiary or instruct him. All this is changed too: no more Black Balls; but instead, a special meeting of their own is now held prior to the A.G.M., to elect their spokesman; discuss the coming Agenda; and instruct the great P.P. in detail; so that when the controversial matters arise at the A.G.M. their man is the only one fully armed to address and sway the multitude. And who was the spokesman of the Wild Men whose wrongs have at last been redressed? *Bert Green*, of course!

Then let us pray that come what may, the course of this happy gathering will continue to run smoothly in the new safe harbour of the Thatched House of ancient fame; while I cannot help connecting the happy change with the fact that, prior to the meeting, the Anfield Party dined to music in the vast dancing hall of the Manchester Limited, seated on the very brink of the Arena. The congestion at the last meeting place was bound to produce dread consequences to the Councillors' counsel. The new era recalls the happy early days of the Association at the Crown Hotel, then famed for its Brew.

### From A Far Land.

*And the Editorial One said unto Jimjams: "From you must I have a Writing; a True Travel Tale; for this is required of me by those who were, and shall be for all time, your friends." And this is the tale of Jimjams the son of Anfield, who dwelleth exiled in the Tents of North Road.*

It is quite impossible to express the pleasure it gave me to attend an Anfield run after twenty years absence; to meet so many of my old friends; and to make the acquaintance of the newer members whom I knew only by their names in the "Circular." It carried my memory back to the "good old days" when I was a more or less active member of the Club, and I could not help thinking of some who are

no longer with us; Hellier and Teddy Worth in particular, as with "Pa" White and Cook these formed the nucleus of a week-end party which thoroughly explored the wilds of Shropshire and North Wales every week-end.

I missed also some of the old friends who luckily are still with us, such as F. H., Chem, H. M. Buck, and Venables, but shall look forward to meeting them at the next Anfield run I attend: which I hope this time will *not* be twenty years hence.

We had a most enjoyable evening at Halewood, and I think the Club is distinctly to be congratulated on the large amount of talent available for Social evenings and also upon the magnificent attendances obtained. It seems to me that the active support from the Senior members like Billy Toft, Geo. Mercer, Dave Fell, and Buckley goes a long way to encourage the younger men to turn out (I decline to consider Billy Cook as a Senior member: he is, and always will be, "one of the lads.")

We heard a good deal of the "North Road" during the evening and the Star Comedian's remarks were distinctly entertaining, but unfortunately we do not get the support from the Senior members (with a few notable exceptions) that the Anfield do—more's the pity!

We had a very enjoyable run down and an equally enjoyable run back, and I shall be pleased to assure any intending visitors to the Sunnyside Hydro that the establishment fully maintains its ancient and honourable reputation as a "home from home."

Gentlemen all, the Toast is "THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB,"—No Heel Taps.

### Hic et Ubique.

One of our most entertaining guests at Halewood, on the evening of the 6th, told us many funny stories, and one of these concerned a relation of Knipe's who cannily preferred the solid satisfaction of good gold to more ethereal and doubtful delights. The tale made a great impression on my mind and this, on top of the hilarious celebrations, must constitute the explanation of a rather curious dream which troubled my slumbers that night. Recollection of the details is somewhat hazy and uncertain, but the fantasy being perhaps of passing interest to readers of the "Circular," I will make some endeavour to set down my impressions in writing.

Scene - - - Hades.

LUCIFER (*to doorkeeper armed with pitchfork*):

"Say, watchman: what arrivals?"

DOORKEEPER:

"Nary one, your majesty. But stay! What comes here?"

(*Cook dashes up on tricycle, ringing his bell furiously. One pedal is missing and the differential retains only two teeth; so that his progress is somewhat jerky. One of his side wheels runs over doorkeeper's tail, the barbed end of which punctures the tyre.*)

COOK (*ringing bell more violently than ever*):

"Why don't you stand on the footpath or put a rearlight on your tail? Out of my way, fellow. I go to an Anfield Run and may not be hindered."

(*Lashes past; punctured wheel hammering horribly and bell still ringing. From the lower regions comes a loud explosion.*)

LUCIFER: "Ho! Ho! Ho! My trusty forkmen have him all right."

DOORKEEPER (*sucking his tail sulkily*):

"Um!"

(A faint hum in the distance quickly swells into a whirring whistle of bodies hurtling through space at terrific speed. Hawkes-Threlfall, O'vrell-Edwards and Kinder Bros. tandems flash into view; bowl over both Lucifer and doorkeeper; and vanish. Lucifer springs for speaking tube to instruct stokers to turn up gas, but is too late. Frightful shrieks from Firing Dept. Up dashes envoy, gasping.)

ENVOY: "Your majesty. Latest arrivals played not the game. They knocked the chief stoker on to his own pitchfork and rode straight out through the back door."

LUCIFER (grinding his asbestos teeth):

"Oh! let me but have one more of that accursed tribe."

(Enter Hubert Roskell, with slow and ponderous tread.)

HUBERT (to Lucifer):

"Say sonny; have any Anfielders passed this way?"

LUCIFER (Eyeing Hubert's robust form somewhat nervously):

"Yea, m'lord. Pass on, an' it please you."

(Grabs hold of speaking tube as Hubert departs.)

"Ho! Varlets! Full blast with the gas and double crews to man the grids." (Musingly): "Wonder whether they will fry him on one side only, or turn him over."

Here my dream began to fade, but in a semi-conscious state I seemed to see something of Hubert raging back through the entrance hall; the battle light of the De Roskells in his eyes and a limp and dragged stoker whirling in either hand. Vaguely I visualise him striking down Lucifer with one swing of his right hand stoker and crumpling up the doorkeeper with a back-heeled kick—but the vision fades and I fear that the one and only Club Run to the nether regions must remain thus imperfectly recorded.

### Halewood, March 6th.

No one who has ever heard Jo. van Hooydonk discourse would easily credit that there was a time when he did not know a word of English, or that when he did first come to this country that he was self-taught and picked up what was to him a foreign language by careful study of the two line jokes on the front page of "Tit-Bits." Yet we none of us care a jot whether he was once a Dutchman or a Belgian or any other kind of invader, for he has long ago become one of the truest sort of English sportsmen, and though no longer able to cycle, he is just that sort of motor man who is at heart a cyclist; one who merely uses his car to carry food to checking places in a 24, or his fellow clubmen of advancing years and retreating powers to inter-club runs in distant parts. So to him and his petrol-cart, and incidentally to the fact that he ran out of gas a year ago, we owe the trip to Halewood on the sixth of March last.

It hardly needs the Einstein refinement of Newtonian mechanics to discover that Halewood is not exactly half-way from North Road headquarters to Liverpool, and it must be the fact that our trip was 190 miles, according to a speedometer that cannot lie, and Halewood is a dozen miles on the Anfield card (which, of course, is accurate to the furlong, if not to the foot, or Master E. Buckley would rise in wrath, as honorary secretary of the Northern Road Records Association, and want to know the reason why); it must, I say, be these facts which account for our crowd being only four, and the Anfield muster fully fifteen times as great. No matter! We enjoyed ourselves (we can always do that), but what is more, we enjoyed the hospitality of the Northern brethren; we were gladdened by the sight of real veterans

of the Toft, Fell, and Roskell brand, and seriously impressed by the splendid rally of new men of the right sort; proving that the Anfield tradition is in for perpetuation—*ad infinitum*—or at any rate for another generation, which shall in turn hand on the old-time spirit of loyal sportsmanship.

We were glad to have Jimmy James on the car, as it enabled us to lend him for the night to the Anfielders (of whom he rightly became one in his days of exile), but of course he was only on loan, for he is an N.R. possession of non-transferable value. He may be regarded as a cherished antique, lent to various provincial museums occasionally as a show-piece, but carefully restored to his proper niche in the N.R. gallery. He is one of the favoured few who wear the black and blue as well as the yellow oval, and I think we will allow him to be delicately minded when he diplomatically wears the two badges side-by-side. There are, of course, strange examples of how famous pluralists nail their colours to their coats and vests. Does not your own Old Timer, Owl, and President wear a C.T.C. badge upside down on the bottom lapel of his waistcoat? I expect it is there as a warning to himself. As a speedman he displays his colours for all to see—and beware; but when he puts down his head and goes all out, he catches sight of the warning button and accepts the reminder that he is also a V.P. of the Touring Club, and he sits up and takes a breather, masquerading for a mile or two as a tolerable imitation of a tourist. Then the black and blue devils seize him again, and he's off; and so the cycle of events goes on.

But I wander from the run. How we got there and back cannot be interesting to muscle-men. How Jo, punctured and jacked up light-heartedly, and let the bus overrun the tiny jack, was a wayside interlude. Mentor Mott came to the rescue, finding allotments peg for use as packing, and with the zealous care of a scenery preserver collecting the fragments and replacing the stakes in the field where he had gathered them. He naturally respects a neighbour's land-marks, and I hope his replacements were accurate, and that he has not disturbed the rods, poles and perches of the onion merchants of Atherstone. On a note of gratitude I must end. The Birkenhead ferry people have very kindly increased the capacity of their cargo boats, and we were able to cross without cannoning the buckets in our deck manoeuvres, and Jo, this year, almost qualified for a gymkhana prize in entering the Sunnyside Hydro-pathic Garage.

### Bollington, March 6th.

These Liverpool Smoking Concerts are really a great invention. Without them, how could young stalwarts like Bren. and J. E. Rawlinson get enough tea?

I struggled out against a very hard wind (which seemed to blow from all points of the compass at the same time) as far as Altrincham, just in time to see Grimmy and Deacon go past on their way to Halewood. (Oh! These brave men! How do they do it?) Arriving at the Swan about 5-15 p.m., I was just in time to see the final of the World's Bagatelle Championship, in which the speed of scoring would have made Willie Smith green with envy. Aldridge is still favourite, and once scored *five in one break*. At tea, we were pleased to see Pritchard and Rothwell Junior. We are given to understand that R. Junr. is preparing for the first "50" by training over the sets up Oldham Road.

After the homers had left, we adjourned downstairs and were treated to an unofficial musical evening, in which "Ours" were quite the star performers; Aldridge giving a selection from "Aida," while Gerald, after having two attempts at "Glorious Devon," found the gear too high and got in some really fast pedalling on "There's a Tavern in the



Town," in which we all assisted ('Strewth! I'm glad I was at Halewood—Ed.) At 9-15 p.m. I decided I had better be home by 10 o'clock, and so ended another most enjoyable run.

### Kelsall, March 13th.

"You'll write up this run." This command from the Acting Editor on our arrival at Kelsall properly put a damper on my spirits, after a nice ride out. The fine weather and dry roads augured well for a big muster, and a total attendance of 47 was a pleasing result of the Committee's choice of a revisit to the Royal Oak after an absence of four years. The house being under new management, it was considered worthy of another trial; but whether the catering arrangements were much better is a moot point. The meal was not of a very high standard and the service painfully slow.

On arrival, I found the yard packed with tandems, tricycles, singles, and—Shush!—cars!; truly all modes of wheeling (except prams and scooters) were represented. The party comprised the usual attenders, including a fair sprinkling from Manchester. Teddy Edwards had come via Bettws-y-Coed, and Cook (off all day) from lunch at Llandegla. Green Senior admitted having been climbing (in the strict cycling sense of the word) all the hills, in training for the Bettws holiday. Turnor having paid a recent visit to the dental surgeon was unable to partake of the viands and was on bread and milk. I also observed Burgess, who found Kelsall within his reach; J. S. Roberts from Wrexham; and Walker, whom we see on so few occasions.

On my retreat downstairs, I found Long busy pumping air into his back tyre without effect; so that he had to seek the number of the inner tube for the third time that afternoon. The leakage was found to be near the valve and it was about 8-15 p.m. before we got away, but near Stamford Bridge we passed Dickman and Gregg who had started three-quarters-of-an-hour before. The run terminated with usual "scrap" home from Chester.

### Wrexham, March 20th.

Hello! everybody. John Willie calling. Oh! this is all wrong. You know that Editor person? Well, he came to me last week and he said: "John Willie, I want you to write up the Wrexham run; I won't be there." Well, I mean what would you do in a case like that? So of course I said "All right," and here we are; but I don't know what on earth I am going to write about. Anyhow, here goes!

The weather was quite good for cycling, although the wind being rather cold induced one to keep on the move. Wild, I understand, coming down from Llandegla, encountered rain intermingled with sleet and snow. We seem to be getting back to winter conditions again after the spell of mild weather.

The run was well attended in spite of the counter-attraction of a musical evening at Alderley Edge; 31 sitting down to tea; Cook and Taylor deserting us for the Manchester run. Roberts and his friend were again with us, also Ed. Morris. Tommy Royden, as young as ever, had come out via Hawarden and Caergwle; Ven, in his new car; Bailey and Chandler, after a fruitless expedition for Black Puddings; and the usual youngsters. But what of the Hon. Secretary? Not *dancing* again, surely?

After the meal and the usual chatter, a move was made for home. I did not hear of any one week-ending elsewhere. The writer, being one of the fast men (What! What!) started with the fast pack—and got severely left for his pains when he had gone about a hundred yards, so had a very quiet and peaceful ride home.



### Alderley, March 20th.

The usual way of commencing to write up a run seems to be by cursing the sub-captain for giving you the job. For two reasons, however, I cannot adopt this method: they are:—

- (1.) I volunteered.
- (2.) I daren't.

Thirty-five members and five friends sat down to tea, which was of the best. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining the usual extra "tuppence," as it was noticed that R.J. had already got his new suit.

When I arrived (in a brand-new Oxford hat) immediately after the repast, I was met in the bar by a party of so-called gentlemen who proceeded to ridicule my interesting form of headgear, and I have since been handed a verse on the subject by an anonymous poet. I include it here without apology. (No apology would suffice.—Ed.)

"And after tea he came by train;  
Upon his feet were spats;  
There blossomed fair, upon his hair,  
One of those Oxford hats."

In order to nip this sort of "leg-pull" in the bud, I take the liberty of adding a verse of my own. (—! —! —! Ed.)

"But do not dare to mock at him,  
Or plan your beastly rags;  
Perhaps some day, he'll come to stay,  
In a pair of Oxford bags."

We were all delighted to have with us so many of the Liverpool men; particularly the Presider. They all behaved themselves very well and drank as much beer as anybody.

The programme was opened by our old pal "Tiny," on the piano. Unfortunately he now ranks as a "friend," but we shall always be glad to see him. Mr. Davis, another friend, followed, and then I gave a political speech disparaging the capabilities of Messrs. Lloyd George, Churchill and Baldwin. This over (without any eggs), we had some very excellent singing from George Newall, which we all thoroughly enjoyed. Russ gave us a touching little monologue of the cotton famine period, and then Cecil Aldridge commenced a successful attempt to break his previous "word cramming record." At this point, we were startled by the appearance of an extra glass of beer, closely followed by Tomlin, who arrived just in time to hear Grimmy give us one of his excellent renderings. In no time, Johnnie's youthful form was transfigured into that of a decrepit old man, and he sang us that Anfield classic, "My Word! You do look queer." Following this, he gave us a barefaced admission of the disgraceful way in which he cheated the owner of a toy stall. The Master gave us a new number about Bluebeard, on which subject he spoke with confidence, followed by that ever new "Road from Sandbach to Crewe."

This order was repeated, with the addition of a number which we have long hoped to hear again—"John Peel." The Mullah and Bickley, Jr., conspired together, with the result that, confronted with both words and music at the same time, Buck was forced to perform.

Altogether, the evening was thoroughly successful, and as enjoyable as ever.

### Acton Bridge, March 27th.

A spring day tempted out a goodly number; for there were no less than 48 members and friends at the Leigh Arms. The air was balmy and a following wind was grateful and comforting to the Manchester

contingent. In front of the inn we found our old friend Ven. surrounded by a crowd of members who were admiring his new saloon. Whilst one regrets that he now finds it necessary to make use of such things to get about, we have now, let us hope, the assurance that we shall see him oftener on the runs. With him, on this occasion, he had brought the brothers Buck—it's a great treat to see Lizzie so far away from Liverpool.

The large turnout necessitated a division for the meal, and whilst some of us were in the kitchen, another party was installed in the dining-room upstairs—curiously enough, the upstairs party included all the "heads." (What about ME?—Ed.) and the petrol contingent. The talk at table was of Easter arrangements; one heard of trips down South and, of course, of various routes to Bettws. The meal proceeded somewhat slowly—in these days of machine-like precision in all things and of economy of labour, it is quite a relief to take a meal in a house like the Leigh Arms, where labour is superabundant, good humour abounds, and any kind of method quite unknown.

After tea, the party commenced to break up. As the present scribe was one who barged off early, he is unable to say anything of any later events at Acton Bridge, and must therefore close this inadequate account of a most enjoyable run by saying that he and those with him reached home without incident.

W. E. TAYLOR,  
Acting Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 243.

### FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1926.

	Light up at
May 1. Malpas (Red Lion) .....	9-41 p.m.
„ 8. 2nd "50" miles Handicap .....	9-55 p.m.
„ 10. Committee Meeting (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.)	
„ 15. Chester (Bull and Stirrup) .....	10-8 p.m.
„ 22/24. Week-end in Shropshire for Invitation "100." Tea, Saturday, Raven Inn, Prees Heath. Saturday and Sunday night's Headquarters at Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury .....	10-19 p.m.
„ 29. Nantwich (Lamb) .....	10-28 p.m.
June 5. Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) .....	10-36 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE WEEK-END RUN :

May 29/30. Chirbury (Herbert Arms) .....	10-28 p.m.
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The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

**Committee Notes.**

13, WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESHIRE.

Application for Membership :—Mr. J. S. Roberts, 22, Hampden Road, Wrexham, proposed by S. T. Threlfall, seconded by H. Austin.

Change of Address :—E. Bolton, 89, Mount Hope Street, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

Whitsuntide.—Will those requiring beds booking for them at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, kindly let me have their names not later than Saturday, May 15th. The charge for evening meal, single bed, and breakfast, is 12/- a night.

Club Week-ends.—It has been decided to start official monthly Club week-end runs, alternative to, and separate from, the ordinary club run. This will enable week-end parties to break fresh ground, by not having to come back to the ordinary tea place. Members wishing to participate should let me have their names not later than the Saturday before the fixture, so that beds may be booked.

N. TURVEY,  
Hon. General Secretary.

**RACING NOTES.****2nd "50," May 8th.**

Entries for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, May 1st. It is to be hoped that it will be better supported than the 1st "50."

**Invitation "100," May 24th.**

This event will be run under the same conditions as last year. Members wishing to compete must let me have their names not later than Saturday, May 1st, such names being selected on a basis of merit in conjunction with those submitted by other Clubs.

The present method of running the "100," with three feeding stations, calls for a larger number of helpers than we required previously. I am now booking names for checking and feeding, etc. I hope that members will come forward with their offers of assistance and save me the time in having to write for same. Owing to business ties, the time I am able to devote to Club matters is very restricted at present.

**North Road Invitation "100," Saturday, June 5th.**

This event will be restricted to an entry of 50 and Competitors will be selected on merit. Members wishing to ride must let me have their names, along with their best performances at 50 and 100 miles, not later than Friday, May 21st. A fee of 5/- will be charged to cover feeding expenses.

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

With feelings of the deepest regret we have to record the sudden and tragic death of "Andy" Wilson, undoubtedly the most outstanding figure in road racing circles and beloved by the whole cycling world. While we were rejoicing over his remarkably fine York-Edinboro' record accomplished on Good Friday and looking forward to his duel with Southall on Whit Monday, came the almost unbelievable news of his death from pleurisy, and we feel a great sense of loss which will be shared universally. Andy Wilson was a chip of the old block, worthily following in the footsteps of his father and our ideal of a real sportsman in the truest sense of that much abused word. He had none of that bumptious swagger too often characteristic of the scratchman: no one could be more disregarding of the lime-light or more modest in his demeanour. There was no "Killing Kruger with your mouth" about Wilson, and his natural distaste for being hero-worshipped provided an example worthy of emulation. His behaviour in last year's "100," when he startled everyone with his extraordinary ride of 4-55-31, provides a typical example. After flashing past the timekeeper a long way ahead of the field, he did not even stop to ascertain his time, much less to hang about being fawned on; but carried on into Shrewsbury; changed; and cleared off into Shrewsbury to catch his train without knowing he was First and Fastest. He had done his ride and sought not the bubble reputation! He was not the man to bask in the glory of being over 13 minutes faster than anyone else and the first man to beat the late H. H. Gayler's record for our event.

Undoubtedly Wilson's name is inscribed imperishably in cycling history and he has left behind him a fragrant memory in the hearts of all who have been privileged to meet and know him. To his parents and brother our deepest and heartfelt sympathy has been extended officially by the President.

#### ITEMS.

Knipe reports that two of our Canadian exiles, to wit, Arthur Newsholme and Eric Bolton, send greetings. We reciprocate most heartily. Hail! to them and to all those far flung Button Bearers of the Club on which the sun never sets!

In a recent contribution to *Cycling*, Wayfarer tells us of a friend of his who, "starting out late in the evening to walk from Crewe to the Potteries, ultimately arrived at—Crewe! *The tendency to walk in a circle is common knowledge.*" The italics are ours and the statement may be true but we are surprised to find that Robbie has, any such friends. It is certainly not done on buttermilk. As the road from Crewe to the Potteries is so straightforward, we fancy Robbie was having his leg pulled.

With the advent of Summer Time, a lot of cycles are being dug out of wash-houses and one occasionally sees these butterfly riders

with *white* rear lights. The *Manchester Guardian* has indulged in a long debate over the question of the "Invisible Cyclist," from which we are left to assume that the poor wrtched cyclist becomes invisible the moment he mounts his machine, while all other road traffic can easily be seen. This evidently occurs in broad daylight as well and no doubt explains why poor "Mazzeppa," of the Bath Road Club, was run down head-on recently, and is now (we are happy to say) convalescing from a double fracture of his right arm.

The new R.R.A. Handbook, which can be obtained from Turvey (price 1/-) is of particular interest to all Anfielders, as it contains, *inter alia*, the photographs of all the Hon. Secs. since its formation in 1888, and the prominent part we took in the foundation is shown by the photo of Syd. Chalk, then an Anfield "exile," who was the first Hon. Sec. In the directory of Record breakers no less than 26 Anfielders appear as having been successful 54 times; which makes us all have good reason for pride and should serve as an inspiration to the present generation.

At Easter, Turnor, Hotine and Cook discovered the ideal "Pub. Ho." in a most delightfully sequestered village, "far from the madding crowd," and a real Sanctuary. You find the door open and the house empty, but the barrels of "necktie for the gods" are there with a jug and glasses all ready; so you merely slake your thirst (and it will be a ten-dollar-one when you arrive); place tuppence on the table; and depart in peace quite unmolested; declaring as the Bishop did: "Well! This is indeed hospitality!"

Congratulations to "Wayfarer." M. Andre Vassoura of the Touring Club Italiano recently sent a gold medal to the C.T.C. to be awarded to the British Cyclist who had done the best and most enthusiastic work as a propagandist for the C.T.C. in Great Britain, and the Council unanimously chose Robbie as the recipient.

This new idea, initiated by certain members, of buying beer on "Price to be fixed by purchaser" terms has great possibilities if extended. It appears that the buyer on these contracts judges each "case" (or barrel) on its merits and settles a price which he believes to be just and equitable. Imagine the Acting Editor's joy at being able to walk airily into a certain "bucket shop" in Bold Street; plank down tuppence; demand an "official stamped receipt"; and walk out with a Model Superb, Guaranteed-If-Never-Ridden, product of the Cycle Makers to His Majesty.

We hear that Johnny Band was recently over in Dublin and had the pleasure of lunching with our good friend Murphy, who asked to be remembered to us all. To forget the O'Tatur would be impossible, but, to put it in pure Erse (is that right?), though to forget him is impossible, we like to have him "remembered" to us. With traditional Anfield courtesy, we would wish to return the greeting—but how *does* one ask to be remembered to an unforgetting and unforgettable friend? (We forget.—Ed.)

#### On the Grand Tour.

(ED. NOTE:—This contribution was received last month but owing to special Easter arrangements was too late to be included in the April issue.)

Series of Picture Cards with messages terse and to the point continue to reach some of us from the pen of the member now travelling the

Italian Shores, ostensibly to compile his literary work on Roman Roads. He threatens to refute all old fashioned conceptions and expose their fallacies. The traveller is of course none other than our Editor-in-Chief. Information is lacking about the attempt at Breaking the Bank at Monte Carlo, which was believed to be the real aim of the tripper, yet much time was spent by him on the Riviera, for his communications are interlarded with a lot of French in such cryptic phrases as : *Prenez Garde ! Votre Numero est dessus ! à Toi ! à Dieu !* and of course, *au Diable ! !* He has now reached Venezia, where he is known to spend the nocturnal part of the natural day in Gondolas, surrounded by Guitars and Native Lady Guides. The Gondoliers take him for a wealthy English Milord, owing to the frequency of his generous query : "*Gondolieri ; Drink Ye Bieri ?*"

#### Wind Under Compression.

The special kind of wind I have in mind is that needed for the inflation of cycle tyres, and the latest invention in Cycling is the supply of this wind bottled in handy tubes with six inflations per tube. It is not yet too late for the Anfield—ever up to date—to get a supply of these for the coming "100." The Marshalls, now already carrying a red flag in the right hand, should then be armed with a windpipe for the left hand as well, and thereby become two-way links in the scheme. Is not the original aim of all flags to show which way the wind is blowing ?

#### Bedrock Facts of the Hawkstone Hills.

The Anfield Activities in Shropshire at this time of the year and the intimate concern with the Red Rock of Hawkstone render it urgent that our members know the latest news about the Hotel. Hotel and Golf Course, including the Red Castle, have been bought by a Limited Company chiefly in the hands of four Gentlemen : (two Birketts and two Whittinghams), and are run jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Whittingham.

The Cutlers have cut the painter since January 1st and are in London as proprietors of a private Bed and Breakfast Hotel, centrally placed. The food under the present management is said to be excellent and that epicure, Harry Buck, was more than satisfied during the hardships of a trial trip.

The Hall remains "For Sale," and is eminently suitable as a training centre. The ownership of the White Rock and Caves is in doubt, as the new management is insufficiently acquainted with the secret passages to know the full extent of their estate. Young Jones, the Hermit's Son (now calling himself OLD JONES and masquerading behind a white beard), alone knows the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ; in other words, THE SECRET ; and the Spirit of Lady Audley is trying to wrest it from him, while tobacco smoke arises from the Well. Hard by, "golfers" (hapless fools) play Fore's.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

*U. R. Chin (Holywell) :* Why does Mr. Chandler ride a green tricycle ?

*Answer :* He can't.

*Inquisitive (Birkenhead) :* How is it that Cook has run short of week-end victims ?

*Answer :* There used to be one born every minute but the birth rate has dropped.



*H. G. (Sale)* : What was Johnny Band's reply when asked by W.E.T. to kiss him ?

*Answer* : The Correspondence Editor, being a gentleman, cannot write it ; his typist, being a lady, would not type it if he did ; but our readers, being neither, will know what Johnny said.

## RUNS.

### Easter Tour, April 1st/5th.

A search of our records shows that we have not had so fine an Easter since 1848—which is before some of us started our cycling careers. The holiday did indeed provide "glorious weather" throughout, with the gentle breeze completely boxing the compass and being behind on both the outward and homeward journeys, which we do not think was the case in '48. On the Thursday night the arrivals at the Glan Aber were 11 members and 3 friends : Fell, Turnor, Hotine, Cook, Sunter, Williams, Chandler, H. Roskell, Webster, W. Orrell, Rowatt and Messrs. Andrews, Workman and Chilcott. Hotine and Cook had met at Ruthin for lunch. Hotine had worked out a route from Cyfylliog to Pont Alwen, entirely new in the annals of the club, which made Cook sorry he was on a trike ; unable to participate in the exploration and with no other alternative than the direct road to Cerrig-y-druidion (which is now in fairly good order) to meet Turnor and Fell. Chandler, unable to start until the afternoon, had "smashed through" with only one stop at Llanfairtalhaiarn, and Sunter had driven through from London with Mr. Chilcott helping to hold the car on the road in breathless fashion. A nice quiet evening made us all feel that the Tour had really commenced.

### GOOD FRIDAY.

Chandler and Orrell, armed to the teeth for mountaineering, left only the Presider, Turnor and Hotine to cycle to Llanfairtalhaiarn, and their route was by Capel Garmon, Nebo and Gwytherin (which "did in" the O.G.'s spares), but at the Black Lion we found the Brothers Kinder, Royden, Edwards, Newall, Ven and Charlie Conway bound for Bettws, and were also joined by Skinner, Long, Hawkes, Turvey, Egar, Austin, Selkirk, Perkins, Welfare, Telford, Randall and Montag "out for the day" ; so we sat down 32 to an excellent lunch, after which the usual camera fiends got busy on the bridge. The cyclists returned to Bettws via the Dulas Valley and Gofer, and felt much better when they found reinforcements, represented by the Buckleys and Cranshaws, Green, Kettle, Rothwell, U. Taylor, J. C. and H. R. Band, and last but not least, Beardwood and Mr. Carwithen of the Bath Road Club ; so that we were 31 in residence at the Glan Aber.

### SATURDAY.

George Mercer arrived at the "Glan Aber" about breakfast time and was consequently of the party who went to Bala.

As three cars were going to Cemmaes for the day, fears were entertained that the estimated number for Lunch would be badly out ; but with Walters and Pugh from Shropshire, and Long and Welfare from Liverpool, the figure was brought to twenty-five ; so it was not so bad as it might have been.

The President and Captain led most of the cyclists out from Bettws ; took them through Penmachno and thence to Eidda Wells ; the long

climb being, of course, walked. After an examination of the well, the cavalcade proceeded to Pont-ar-Afon-Gam; the final descent having to be taken with extreme care owing to the road surface. After the Pont, the road (if ever it was a road) ceased to be and became a nightmare as far as Rhyd-y-fen (at which place stone gingers were imbibed), whilst afterwards it left much to be desired through Frongoch to Bala, which was the meeting place for lunch. Several of the party suffered from tyre trouble, and Rothwell even had to purchase a new cover and tube in Bala, but everyone, even the victim from Shaw, was happy. The weather was GLORIOUS, the atmosphere clear, and the view of the Arenigs superb.

Hans Kinder had borrowed Vice-President Buckley's bicycle for the day; having relinquished his seat in the Corris Mowley so as to have the pleasure of a cycle ride. Hans did not tackle the Bwlch route mentioned above, but cycled to Bala on the "well-ironed" roads under the direction of Johnny Band, and it was owing to Johnny's "gentle nursing and his own brave little heart that he pulled him through."

Most of the cyclists returned via the "Druid," whilst Hans Kinder, who had now "frained on," escorted Rothwell (who again forgot the number of his inner tube) and the Mullah via Frongoch to the "White Lion" at Cerrig-y-Druidion; at which hostelry the whole party had scheduled afternoon tea prior to dropping down the hill to Bettws.

During the absence of the tourists, Jack Siddeley had called at the "Glan Aber," whilst Tom Conway and Billy Owen had arrived. The company of these exiles is always welcome; especially to the older members. Other members and friends who had either already arrived or else did so during the evening were:—A. Davies, T. Mandall, A. W. Skinner, Frank Wood and Mr. McNeill. P. Brazendale (who was stopping in Bettws with the Liverpool C.T.C.) came in to the concert during the evening. All that now remains to be said is that the service in the Chapel was a fitting termination to a splendid day.

#### SUNDAY.

Sunday morning saw the departure of Cranshaw Junr. for civilization and WORK (or perhaps we should say "profitable work": W-O-R-K in unlimited quantity being available on the spot); the remainder of the cyclists starting in various small parties up the climb to Capel Curig. Tommy Royden led the way but was overtaken between Swallow Falls and The Ugly House; Tommy being engaged in a little pedestrian exercise at the moment. Hotine (in the innocence of his heart) thought he would dismount and join in the walking match, but soon re-mounted; declaring it was easier to ride the hill than to endeavour to keep pace with the "Champion Walker."

The climb was uneventful and when we arrived at Pen-y-Gwryd we were met by Mark Haslam, who had been staying at Beddgelert and was going on to Carnarvon. I went down the Gwynant with the Presider, and, on calling at Plas Colwyn, we found we had been beaten by a short head by Mullah, who was already seated in the kitchen. After a brief stay here, we called at the Royal Goat (to ask Mr. Roberts the right time), and when we eventually arrived at The Sportsman, we found the paraffin burners already foregathered in the Tank, drinking OXO (Advt.) We were sorry to see strong men like Buckley and H. Band were unable to ride so far and had to buy Primus Stoves to get

to the Lunch Runs; while Johnny Band, who thought Portmadoc too far, packed up at Beddgelert, unable to go any further.

The afternoon ride over the Gardinan Pass was very pleasant and we were glad to have with us Randall, who had ridden out from Chester to Portmadoc that morning. At Elan's Castle we were met by Mr. Pritchard, who was touring in the district and made it his business to join us, and needless to say, we were very pleased to see him.

#### MONDAY.

Even the best of good times have to draw to a close, and all but seven lucky ones with "another day" (which they spent in a trip up Snowden) had to make back for England. The Manchester contingent, headed by Buckley, made for Ruabon for lunch, in order to keep to byways and avoid the appalling traffic on the main road from Chester; while the rest of us made for Ruthin, where we were joined by Morris, Wild, Austin, Long, Hinde, Telford and Selkirk, and twenty sat down to lunch; after which some made for home direct; some went to Rhydaltog for tea; and the remaining six foregathered again finally at Willaston; and thus another Easter passed into History as one of Golden Memory, with its record of sunshine, genial warmth and universal happiness.

#### Easter Eggs.

It would be idle to say that the gathering did not feel the loss of A.T.S. (not to mention Brother Walter), but we are sure that Arthur will be glad to know that the three musical evenings were a great success. Mr. Albert Workman bore the whole brunt of the accompanying in his well-known brilliant manner and also gave us some wonderful operatic introductions each evening. Mr. Chilcott was an inimitable humourist with songs both old and new, reaching a climax with his final "Dun Cow" turn, while Mr. Joe Andrews excelled himself in all his items. We were also favoured on Saturday night with some songs by Colonel Bowden, ex-M.P. for a division of Derbyshire, who volunteered to join us and displayed a voice of remarkable volume and range. Of our own members, George Newall sang more sweetly than ever many new songs, and also gave us "I like you in velvet" and "Megan," with that touch of artistry which is so irresistible, while Frank Chandler with a selection of more popular songs was never heard to better advantage. John Kinder, who deputised for Arthur, as *Entre Preneur* and M.C., also rose to a very high level with several instrumental interludes on his concertina; Frank Wood told dialect stories; Turnor gave us a Bab Ballad and "The Amateur Dram Ass"; and Russ Rothwell puzzled all but "Chilly" by his recitations in "Lanky tha knows." We received post-card greetings from Knipe (en route for the Teachers' Conference at Hull) and Freddie del Strother, and a telegram: "Love to all.—Arthur" from our wandering Editor, then in Paris.

Where was Everbright this Easter?

A cyclist called at the Glan Aber enquiring for Banks and seemed very surprised that he was not with us. We imagine he wanted to learn how to fit mudguards or adjust bearings by a practical demonstration.

Our exiles were represented by Tom Conway and Billy Owen; not to mention P.C.B.

The Master again made up his own tour and took Chem and Lizzie Buck with him; much to the Presider's grief.

Brazendale was in charge of the large C.T.C. party at Pont-y-pair, but came in to join us each evening. Teddie Edwards and Oliver Cooper, staying *en famille* at Capel Curig, both joined us for Sunday night's service; Teddie also walking both ways on the Saturday night.

Although the aggregate muster on the Tour was about 55, the maximum at Bettws was only 40, and a glance round the table gave the impression that it was a gathering of the Elder Brethren; Cranshaw and Buckley Juniors and Randall being the only representatives of the newer generation.

The Arm of the Club is very long; as Bob Knipe found out on his trip to Hull. Arriving in York and desiring to be directed to an Hotel suitable for a cyclist, the gentleman he enquired of proved to be the Acting Editor's brother-in-law!

The mountaineering party at Bettws wish to express their great appreciation of the kindness shown by the Motoring party, especially Tom Webster, Tommy Mandall, and Ven, in providing conveyance to and from the various places at which the climbs were started. Without this aid such a varied and enjoyable itinerary would never have been possible.

### Percy's Farthest North.

I was cycling one evening in the Thames Valley with Arch-Owl Percy Beardwood, when he broke a long silence with: "Carr 'ole man, will you come to Bettws with me at Easter and meet the Anfield Boys? You're looking run down and a change would do you good." His natural modesty prevented him from saying that what he really wanted was company and someone to repair his inevitable punctures; while he went "to have one." However, I accepted the invitation in the manner in which it was given (but not intended). It was policy to do so.

My troubles started at Paddington. "Carr, 'ole man, put the bikes in the van and I'll get a seat." HE did! One thing about Percy; he's jolly good company. He slept the whole way to Ruabon.

On arrival, he suddenly became like a streak of greased lightning. He ran down the platform like mad; snatched his (alleged) bicycle out of the guard's hands; said "Good night" (Guard said: "Thanks, you old—"); Percy vaulted (?) into the saddle and shouted "Come along, 'ole man." When I recovered my breath, I enquired, in my usual modest and unassuming way, what was the reason for the hurry. He replied: "You don't know those Anfield chaps. If you don't hurry there'll be no grub left."

He tore up the hills at six miles an hour; and down at ten. You can always gauge his speed by the following method:—

UPHILL: If clouds of perspiration are emitted from his ponderous body, and his shoulders drop alternately in a vain endeavour to reach the pedal to help his legs; then he's doing over 5 m.p.h.

DOWNHILL: He rides a "Moonshine" cycle—guaranteed to last a lifetime (they know him)—but "Moonshines" have the fault

of "whipping" at speed and becoming unsteerable. Therefore, if you view the machine from astern and the frame gradually assumes the shape of a worm in agony; then he's doing half "evens."

Knowing that he has a small wife and a large family (specially bred to keep him in his old age), I suggested that if he did not ride more carefully he might break his neck. "A blank good job too," he said. "What's the good of a neck if you've got no grub to put down it?" "Get 'em round you fool, or it'll all be gone; I know those Anfield chaps."

This distinctly annoyed me, and I decided to "learn him."

I got down to it and we shortly worked up to the (for him) terrific speed of 12 miles per hour.

He commenced to converse politely—I knew the pace was telling. He said: "How are you feeling, 'ole man?"

(More evidence of pace telling.)

He suggested my getting off and having a drink with him.

HE WAS KNACKERED!

If ever you are touring with him and he suggests:—

1. Getting off for a drink.
2. Enjoying a smoke for a few minutes.
3. Looking at some beautiful scenery.

you can bet your bottom dollar that he's come unstuck or bust his "G" string.

The remainder of the journey was like riding with a real old gentleman.

We stopped so many times that eventually it was not worth while (or possible) to get on again, and, as Percy suggested, "It was much *shafier* to walk through a crowded thoroughfare!" However, we arrived at the Hotel about ten minutes after all the others had closed, but the guffaw with which we were greeted by about fifty lusty lunged Anfielders rather lent colour to Percy's remark that they "had noticed things."

I was now to receive a nasty shock.

The President called me into a private room and explained that the real reason that I was asked down was not that I should derive any enjoyment or pleasure for myself, but rather that I should look after the Arch Owl during the tour, as lately he was in the habit of becoming somewhat peculiar after a "binge." This gave me a shock, and I was inclined to disbelieve it of my old friend, but when I found that the inevitable practice of allowing us to share the same room had been departed from and that they had allocated a somewhat more beefy individual than myself to act as his night attendant (*viz.*, Roskell), I knew it was true.

Nothing serious happened during the night except an outburst of most disgusting language by the Arch when he could not get his pyjamas on. Roskell told me that he had got the coat on his legs and was trying to get the legs on his body!

When I came down to breakfast about nine o'clock in the morning, the President met me with a serious face. "Your patient has gone,"

he said. "He swallowed his eggs and bacon; put his fish, sausages, and sweetbread into a piece of newspaper; and rushed out shouting: 'Tell 'ole Carr to catch me and say you don't know where I've gone.'"

I thought I could guess where he'd gone; but when I looked he wasn't there.

Not wishing to act the undignified role of chasing a lunatic, I accepted a kindly offer of a ride in a member's car.

It was a beautifully appointed car; complete with a lamp, cushion, hood-frame, bar, ash-tray, and rubber tyres.

We walked up the hills (to stretch our legs) and free-wheeled downhill.

When we arrived back at the Hotel, the Arch was waiting on the doorstep.

He fixed his bloodshot eye on me (the other was closed up) and subjected me to a terrible storm of abuse about giving up cycling for motoring—a pastime fit only for old men or men who had rendered themselves unfit for exercise by the wrong mode of living. When I told him we had a better lunch for 4d. than he had for 2/6d. he simply fumed. He vented his spite on my host by posting a notice on the Hotel Board that a half share in a motor could be purchased for 7/6d. Of course he is an expert on motors and should know the value, but personally I should have thought it was worth quite twice that sum; and when re-upholstered and painted, about four times as much.

However, a fine dinner put us all on good terms again.

The long evening had no dull moments.

Monday was a quiet day. My patient was not feeling very fit. He suggested a drink. I had two half-pints and he had two quarts. He's not so simple as those Anfield chaps would have you believe.

The evening was, as usual, fine. Good food, good music, good company.

There was one incident that may have escaped the notice of some of the party.

You will perhaps remember that in the sma' wee hours, the charming young lady, who for three days had worked hard to satisfy our powers of suction, came into the room and said: "Gentlemen, you have emptied an 18 gallon cask." I think I was the only one fortunate enough to, and capable of, hearing the remarks of the three men sitting next to me.

Percy (sleepily): "You're a liar: I haven't."

Joe (dozing): "No: I had half."

Mullah (also dozing): "Liars! I had it all."

Who was the gentleman who dramatically informed the Management that had he known the bar closed at 2 a.m. he would not have wasted his time playing billiards in a rotten little room not large enough to take a full sized man; so small in fact that you either knocked your elbow up against the fireplace or caught your foot in the carpet and went base over apex? His argument was that no guest in a respectable hotel should be allowed to go to bed thirsty. I agreed with him; but not in his language.

On the Tuesday we split up (all pretending to look horribly business-like), and, as friend Roskell said, a week at work would give them the



rest that was needed to pull them round from a strenuous but enjoyable and sporting long week-end.

#### **Pulford, April 10th.**

The Cycling season having really and truly arrived, I dug out my (push) cycle; oiled the chain; inflated the tyres; and hoped for the best. The weather was kind; the day perfect; and the ride through Eaton Park delightful; the show of primroses just after entering the Pulford Drive being exceptionally fine. The President was the first to arrive at the Iron Bridge and he continued some distance into Wales before turning for Pulford. By 5 o'clock there was quite a miniature run at the Iron Bridge: including the Skipper on three wheels, Lord Hawkes and Geoff on two (between them), Turvey (who was enthusiastically advocating an alteration in the course for the "24" as a result of personally sampling the suggested new road), H. Green, and Buckley and Cranshaw Juniors.

I saw little of the others at tea, as I was crowded out of the big room owing to the excellent muster of 33—who nearly had a free meal, as Threlfall was unable to get away from business until late and only just arrived in time to collect. I did not see Teddy, but knowing how many days he needs to make a week-end I supposed he was still in Wales. Mandall and Hans Kinder came out on bicycles; the latter evidently having found the Bettws Echo to be a successful advertising medium.

The return journey was uneventful. I was one of a fair crowd to Chester, where the majority left me to accompany Knipe and Lucas by the lower road; the others making for Willaston and home.

Cook, who was accompanied by Roberts as far as the Rock Cutting, week-ended at Shwabury; while Hotine, who had been exploring in Mid-Shropshire, was staying a few miles away at Wem.

#### **Allstock, April 10th.**

The contributor who should have written up this run has failed the editor, who has therefore promptly dumped the task into my incompetent hands.

The day was gloriously fine and a muster of somewhere around a score assembled at the Three Greyhounds. Wilf. Taylor rode over from Liverpool and in return we gave Liverpool Bert Green. Comments on the exchange are *not* required. Sufficient to say that W.E.T. reciprocated our hospitality by maltreating Wilf. Orrell's trike; W.O. being too cowed by his massive namesake to protest.

Conversation consisted largely of "Reminiscences of Bettws—1926," and I gathered that there were some people there this Easter who were very nice (but rather expensive) to know. Being one of those who cleared off early, I "know nowt"; so I'll pack up right now. Yah! Mr. Editor. (Boo! Mr. Contributor.—Ed.)

#### **Tarporley, April 17th.**

What are we coming to when a member who arrives at the Club meet per car is booked to write up the Run? What does a car driver know about the run, anyhow? All he sees is what is looming up 200 yards ahead; or he is wondering what he will find round the next bend.



After being waved on by one of "ours" on three wheels attended by two satellites condemned to balance on two wheels only, we merged into a hundred yards of cows which were "showing one another the way to go home," a cowherd (complete with staff and complacently smoking matches) bringing up the rear. We slowed down and conversed with the rearmost milk provider. She flicked her tail and nodded her head. We accelerated on a complete understanding that we would be allowed to slip through on the right; when along came the three-wheeler with loud alarms, violent gesticulations and a twirling of feet. We cannoned off the red cow; thus completely destroying confidence. "Poor thing!" exclaimed my passengers (meaning the cow). "What about my poor wing?" quoth the driver. Another car loomed up. We followed the three-wheeler. What cared we for rights of way? The other car was only a Rover anyhow, and as we had a cow on the bonnet we surely had the right of way through the herd. Still, I should not be surprised if that Rover driver suspected a *Bee* in someone's bonnet.

Eventually we slipped away to Mouldsworth and the Forest, where, cowless and guideless, we spent a peaceful hour before entering the Hotel yard at Tarporley and later joining a cheerful muster, who at six o'clock were making the best of what was provided at a price that was worth it. Tarporley may be the goods when the Hunt is out; or in; or about; or whatever they do besides dressing the part; and certain papers assure us that the Hunt Ball is IT; or something; or one of the few; but is Tarporley only merry and bright when the fox is hunted? Do they smile there only in the hunting season? Frosty faces, gas stoves (unlit), and tinned tongue do not appeal to me at any price. The only cheerful soul wielded the teapot. Even she implored us not to smoke and in solemn tones over the remnant of tongue from the Pampas announced that they were going to "lay for dinner." They laid for us all right.

There was a muster of forty-two, but out of these, less than a dozen could be persuaded to enter for the first "50" of the racing season, for which our young members are supposed to be eagerly waiting. Waiting to look on, I suppose. I did not envy the Skipper, who was intent on getting entries for the next Saturday's event. Well, he should not be short of checkers and marshalls; although I expect our "youths who must be served" will be too tired to take on a job and will leave it to older members.

A perfect and uneventful run home in the cool of the evening concluded for me a pleasant outing, and I trust that all the participants were equally satisfied on arriving at their various destinations.

(We are so glad that our contributor enjoyed himself.—Ed.)

#### First 50 Miles Handicap, April 24th.

This race, the first of the year, was run off under splendid weather conditions (acknowledged even by the riders themselves); the only regrets being the smallness of the entry and the absence of Selkirk, down with a bad cold. The alteration of the course appeared to be to everyone's satisfaction and one may assume from the excellent leading times that the new course is an improvement, although possibly the almost ideal weather accounted for the better performances.

Of the 13 men whose names appeared on the card, Poole despatched

12, and Orrell soon took the lead; his only serious rival for fastest time being Hawkes. Rounding Ridley Green corner, G.B. fell, but was able to continue, and he took first handicap and fastest time prizes with 2 hrs. 24 mins. 42 secs.; the best authenticated Club 50 miles ride since J. C. Band's record attempt of 1909, which was 2 secs. faster. Turvey rode steadily throughout and won second prize with 2 hrs. 39 mins. 51 secs.; this also being an improvement on his previous best. Geoff. Hawkes was third and showed a slightly improved Northern ride of 2 hrs. 30 mins. 1 sec.; having hard luck in missing the coveted "evens." Welfare would undoubtedly have figured in the prize list (presumably First.—Ed.) but for a puncture early on; but even so, did quite a good ride. Egar, Long and Randall all require some faster training spins. R. J. Austin and Pugh both slowed a great deal in the second half. H. Rothwell put up a good first performance and should be induced to further efforts. Walker suffered badly from cramp. Molyneux rode well early on, but was put out of the race by running into the hedge at Acton Corner and so damaging his tricycle that he was unable to continue.

The following table of the result shows intermediate times taken on watches synchronised with that of the timekeeper to within half a minute.

Name and Placing.	15½ miles.	31½ miles.	40 miles.	Actual finishing time.	H'cap	Handicap time.
	mins.	h.m.	h.m.	h. m. s.	mins.	h. m. s.
1. G. B. Orrell	43½	1.28	1.54	2.24.42	Sc.	2.24.42
2. N. Turvey ...	48½	1.37	2. 6	2.39.51	15	2.24.51
3. G. F. Hawkes	45½	1.32	1.59	2.30. 1	5	2.25. 1
4. G. H. Welfare	51	1.37	2. 5	2.40.15	14	2.26.15
5. J. Egar ...	50	1.39½	2.10	2.46.57	17	2.29.57
6. G. E. Pugh ...	47	1.34½	2. 3½	2.39.59	10	2.29.59
7. R. J. Austin ...	47	1.35	2. 4	2.39.26	9	2.30.26
8. J. Long ...	48½	1.38½	2. 9½	2.44.54	13	2.31.54
9. C. Randall ...	49	1.37½	2. 6½	2.40. 0	8	2.32. 0
10. H. Rothwell	49	1.40	2.11½	2.47.14	15	2.32.14
11. J. E. Walker	49½	1.40	2.15	2.58. 8	6	2.52. 8
12. G. Molyneux ... (tricycle)	49	—	—	—	27	—

Turvey wins Standard B. and H. Rothwell Standard C.

### "50" Items.

The Handicapping Committee are to be congratulated. Twenty seconds covering the first three places is good work.

As usual, our worthy Captain worked like a hero in the dressing room at the Black Dog after the finish of the first "50." What a pity it is that, of all those gathered at or near the finish, he alone thought (as last year) of coming to give a hand at rubbing down. Isn't his example worthy of emulation?

W. E. TAYLOR,  
ACTING EDITOR.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 244.

### FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1926.

		Light up at
June 5.	Tattenhall (Bear) .....	10.36 p.m.
„ 12.	Tarporley (Swan), Photo run .....	10-41 p.m.
„ 14.	Committee Meeting (Angel Hotel, Liverpool, 7 p.m.).....	
„ 19.	Wrexham (Talbot) and Manchester Wheelers "50" .....	10-44 p.m.
„ 26.	Club 100 miles Handicap .....	10-45 p.m.
July 3.	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells) .....	10-43 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE WEEK-END RIDE.

July 3. Bedford (Bridge Hotel) for F.O.T.C. Rally at Hatfield on July 4th..... 10-43 p.m.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneyeroff, 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.

13, WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESHIRE.

Mr. J. S. Roberts has been elected to Active Membership.

Owing to the uncertainty of his movements in the future, Mr. A. T. Simpson has resigned the Editorship of the CIRCULAR. The thanks of all members are due to him for his worthy services on our behalf. Mr. W. E. Taylor has been unanimously elected Editor in his place.

As decided by the A.C.M., the All Night ride will be run into North Lancs. and West Yorks. It will take place on July 10th and the following skeleton schedule is given this month. Full schedule will appear in the July CIRCULAR.

Start Liverpool Landing Stage, 4 p.m.; Supper, Lancaster (Royal King's Arms); Kirkby Lonsdale, Hawes and Buttertubs to Kirkby Stephen for Breakfast (King's Arms); Tebay and Kendal to Lancaster for Lunch; Tea at Rufford and home about 8 p.m. Distance approximately 214 miles.

Change of Address:—J. T. Preece, 17, Brunswick Street, Liverpool; H. S. Barrett, "Shawbury," Oxford Road, Macclesfield; T. E. Mandall, 133, Oakfield Road, Liverpool.

I shall be glad of A. E. Morton's correct address; the last Circular sent to the address which appears in the Handbook has been returned to me as "Not known."

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the Wrexham Run on June 19th. Owing to the Wynnstay being unable to attend to us satisfactorily on that date, arrangements have been made with the Talbot Hotel.

N. TURVEY,

Hon. Gen. Secretary.

#### RACING NOTES.

##### Club "100," 26th June.

Entries for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, 19th June. The course will be as last year, but making use of the present "50" course instead of the one used previously.

##### Invitation "24," 23rd/24th July.

I am now booking helpers for this event and shall be glad if members will come forward with their offers of assistance at an early date, as I shall probably be away sometime during July.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

This month sees the definite retiral of A.T.S. from the Editorial Chair. It is a custom and tradition of the Club to refrain from profuse and wordy thanks for services rendered by "our own," and Arthur would be the very last to wish that any deviation should be made in the present instance, so we will say only that his resignation of office leaves a gap that his successor feels has been merely partly patched by a very poor substitute and that to hold the CIRCULAR up to its previous high level for as many months as Arthur did years will be no mean feat. In this connection the following letter has been received:—

DEAR TAYLOR,

Will you embody the following par. in next month's CIRCULAR:—  
Owing to the uncertainty of my movements for some time to come,

the Committee have accepted my resignation of the Editorship of the CIRCULAR, and have appointed in my place a real live cyclist. This is a step in the right direction, and one I have advocated for years. I sincerely trust that the unfailing and ungrudging support, sympathy, encouragement and tolerance that I have received during my lengthy term of office will be extended to my successor, so that the "Rag" may go on from strength to strength.

It only remains for me to thank most warmly all those contributors who have so nobly rallied round, and without whose efforts, the CIRCULAR would have indeed been a sorry thing.

A. T. SIMPSON.

May we express the hope that Arthur, now freed from the weighty cares of office, will let us have the pleasure of his company at runs more frequently than he has been able to of late.

#### Correction.

We regret an oversight in proof reading which allowed a misprint in two instances in the May CIRCULAR. On Page 3 the name "Shawbury" thus became "Shrewsbury" and on page 12, "Shwabury."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

The Club has suffered another loss with the death of J. Lowell, who passed away rather unexpectedly on May 16th, and was cremated at Anfield on May 20th, when the Presider, Dave Fell and Ven, represented us. Joining us in 1902, "Lowey," as he was generally called, immediately displayed a keen interest in the club, and in the three following years won the attendance prizes with records of 49, 50 and 48 runs respectively, absorbing the true Anfield traditions and spirit to such an extent that his affection and membership continued to his death. Lowell was a "character" in many ways, but his idiosyncrasies were all human and lovable. On "tower," as he called it, he was vastly entertaining and many stories could be told of his exploits at Bettws, on the Coronation Tour, and all-night rides, when his sponge was in constant use. Lowell was not a young man when he joined us but he did start in the 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles distance ride of 1905 in an attempt to win a 12 Hours standard and was most amusing in recounting his experience, while for years he rendered yeoman services as a checker in our races, and was awarded a Solid Leather Medal for his success in a sporting Freewheeling Contest down Thurstaston Hill, when all sorts of theories were exploited and exploded. Up to 1910, Lowell continued an active cyclist, but his attendances gradually diminished until in 1912 zero was reached, but he kept fully in touch with the club at the Kafe Konklaves and never missed anything in the CIRCULARS. His was a personality that will never be forgotten, and to his widow and son our sympathies are extended.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The following communication has been received by the President. It is a matter for regret that the letter arrived too late for inclusion in our last issue, as the contents have additional interest when compared (or should we say "contrasted"?) with the contribution entitled "Percy's Farthest North," which appeared in the May CIRCULAR. :—

Portman House, S.W. 14.

23rd April, 1926.

DEAR COOK,

I am writing to thank you for the fine time Carwithen and I had at Easter, but am sorry to say that his subsequent behaviour makes me very dubious about inviting him again.

You will remember I chipped him about not being able to keep up with me, which of course I did not mean, as I know it is not really true. He seemed to derive some sort of low satisfaction by tucking it up me on the ride back to Ruabon. Of course, as all our men know, I am a fine cyclist downhill, owing to my entirely superfluous weight, but I must admit that he put it across me up-hill.

I am sufficient sportsman never to mind being beaten by a man nearly six months younger than myself, but what I did object to, was, that when he got to the top of the hill, he put his bike in the hedge; lit a cigarette; coolly walked down the hill to meet me; and said: "Shall I wheel your bike up 'ole man?" This annoyed me beyond endurance, and it was my full intention to have denied the whole incident *in toto*, but for the fact that on one hill, a member of the party—a beastly motorist—passed us half way up and grinned at me like a cross-breed between a hyena and a Cheshire cat. I believe he was one of the party who went on a motoring binge the day before—of which crowd Carwithen, of course, formed one.

When we eventually got into the train at Ruabon, it was packed. We were standing in the corridor of a first class carriage (with 3rd Class tickets) and I happened to mention that a seat would be acceptable. It is never safe to say anything in front of this man. He promptly went up to the prettiest girl in the carriage and said: "I wonder if you would mind my old man having your seat for a while? He's cycled nearly 20 miles and feels fagged." Imagine my disgust when she smiled at him; got up; and, in the hearing of a whole carriage full of people, said: "Won't you take my seat, old bean? You look knocked." Fancy referring to a man in my position as an "ancient vegetable." If I hadn't wanted the seat so badly I should have really retorted. He then offered her his arm (which the brazen faced hussey actually took); they walked into the corridor; and talked in whispers the whole way to Birmingham. All the old tabs in the carriage looked at me as much as to say: "That's a nice way to bring your son up"—and he was enjoying himself!!! Thank goodness she got out at Birmingham, and, after waving about umpteen fond farewells, he had the damned impertinence to offer to toss me for two dinners. He's only half my size but he's got twice my cheek.

I could hardly be civil to him, and I made up my mind to let you have this letter, with all the details, in order that you may publish it in the Club Monthly. This will be the means of warning all other members of the class of man they are like to meet if he ever again

disgraces one of our tours, to which we so kindly invited him. Perhaps all members who read this letter will write to me and tell me what they think of him. This might help to soothe the indignation that is burning in me at his disgraceful behaviour.

Yours sincerely,

P. C. BEARDWOOD.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that when the ticket Collector came round "my friend" put his head in the door and pointing at me said: "That man has got a third class ticket." I had to pay the difference. An old lady said to him: "How did you know that man had a third class ticket? That was clever of you." "Because it's the same colour as mine," he answered with a grin!

#### ITEMS.

A letter has been received from Elsie Price, in which he regrets that, owing to circumstances beyond his control, he will be unable to be among us this year, but is looking forward to next year, when he fully hopes to get a glimpse of the old country again. So mote it be!

Zambuck has received a most interesting letter from Gibson, who sends us his greetings from the wild and woolly West. It appears that he is quite happy dividing his time more or less equally between "plowing," providing free meat teas for mosquitoes, and reading CYCLING. We understand he has been experimenting with horses as a substitute for his bicycle (loud cries of "Shame!"), but so far has found the steering arrangements most unsatisfactory, the saddles too wide for an anatomy accustomed to a B17 Champion, and the brakes most erratic in their action. We think we'll stay at home a *little* longer anyway.

McCann is now a full blown Inspector in the Special Constabulary force and looks very fine in his posh uniform. Toft and Fell had been superannuated on pension, owing to the age limit, but during the National Emergency Toft found that he was 11 years younger than he thought and went back to duty, while Fell could be seen on the docks throwing boxes of bacon about as though they were feathers.

The Annual Rally of the F.O.T.C. will again take place at Hatfield, on July 4th, and, as the special alternative week-end run has been fixed for July 3rd, to Bedford, and our old friend W. F. Ball of the Speedwell is the President-elect, it is to be hoped we shall be well represented.

"Widelegs" has broken his head—of his bicycle! Is this the machine he experimented with on in the gas stove and is the "klapse" a sequel?

We congratulate Mr. F. Hancock, Cheshire Roads Club, on his successful attack on Fulton's 16 year old 12-Hours' Tricycle Record. Although he had some luck in the wind changing from an Easterly to a Westerly direction about the right time, it was a perishingly cold morning and his performance is a very fine one indeed. The distance will probably approximate 190 miles and also displace Hellier's 31 year old paced record of 188½ miles, while it compares more than favourably with



Tommy Hall's R.R.A. record of 197 miles straight away and wind assisted. It clearly shows that Hancock is a first-class tricyclist with plenty of records at his mercy and we are delighted that someone has started to modernise them. Our only regret is that our own youngsters are playing with tricycle riding instead of displaying a will to conquer. We have often given hints in this direction, but apparently a sledge hammer is required. Who will be the first to set about in serious fashion the easy job of Edinboro—Liverpool?

Dickman, whom we appointed as our Minister Plenipotentiary, having returned from his Canadian and American trip, appears to have nothing to report about Sir Arthur Newsholme and Baron Fulton. We thought he went on a mission for the Club, but it transpires that it was only a business trip and he was so well guarded by his associates that he was quite unable to call upon our "brethren over-seas." Fancy letting business interfere with cycling—particularly after training so hard on the "Doric" (as advertised in CYCLING) so as to be fit enough to give a display of "smashing through." It is a good thing we did not pay him his fee in advance.

As children we learned to recite :—

"How doth the Busy little Bee delight to bark and bite!  
It gathers honey all the day and eats it up at night."

But if you really want to understand the true meaning of this philosophy, Dave Fell is now studying the subject and can doubtless enlighten you. Interviewed by our tame reporter, David, paraphrasing "Eving's," said: "Bless you! Little bees don't bite me, mum."

#### Travel Notes by The Wanderer.

The Presider will be delighted to learn that not only are there rear lights on bicycles on the Continent, but that these are variously carried in every conceivable position—mostly in front—and consist of every colour in the rainbow, except black. (We should just *love* to see our contributor's rainbow.—ED.) They generally take the form of Chinese lanterns and are suspended from the teeth, the nostrils, the eyelashes or the ears, accordingly as the riders' proclivities and leanings dictate. Occasionally for a change a pure white light is hung from the back of the saddle, which must prove of great assistance to following fast-moving vehicles. The drivers of these from time to time are observed to indulge in animated conversation with the cyclists as they narrowly miss hurling them into eternity. By the way, cycles are very cheap in France, quite dainty little death traps in this line being procurable for 300 to 400 francs, or about £2 to £3 in our money.

The writer did not notice any speed limit while he was away. In the *very* crowded thoroughfares in France and Italy, the average motor speed appeared to be in the neighbourhood of 50, or it might have been 60, m.p.h., and a favourite and evidently very popular pastime with the taxi-men was to skim pedestrians and other useless excrescences on the road by about a sixteenth of an inch. This was a continual source of considerable diversion; the happy laughter of the pedestrian involved mingling with the shouts of joy of the taxi-man; while if you happened to be a passenger of the jolly humourist your heart was full of gladness; the humdrum element of taxi riding being in this way entirely eliminated. Of course, when it is considered that the expense of a taxi is about a

fourth or a fifth of that charged in this country, it is apparent that the daily mileage must be correspondingly greater. It was.

Life on board ship is not unpleasant providing *mal-de-mer* remains at a respectable distance. In my case the daily and tempestuous sea passages I have had to contend with for years in crossing and re-crossing the ferry have attuned my organs to withstand any oceanic onslaughts, and, not to put too fine a point on it, I think I can regard myself as a hard bitten Jack Tar. Not so with some landlubbers who were on board and who remained invisible to human ken until the fourth day out. This was the more unfortunate for me as I won the mileage sweep-stake for the *first* day—a miserably attenuated coup (owing to the absence of a third of the passengers) in comparison with that brought off by one of the said landlubbers, who just managed to crawl to the deck on the fourth day in time to grasp the winning number; the prize money amounting in his case to exactly twice the sum I had snaffled: *AND* he was a teetotaler—much to our bitter chagrin.

## RUNS.

### Malpas, May 1st.

As the rain seemed likely to keep on for the day, I made a start just after three, and, though it was raining, the day was good and everywhere the country seemed fresh and green.

I found Wilf. Taylor and Bailey at the Iron Bridge and joined them at afternoon tea by the river, until, our little party having been further augmented by Dickman (fresh from the wilds of Canada and the snares of New York), we set out for the Red Lion.

As usual, Taylor soon left the safety of the main highway for the intricacies and dangers of the lanes and fields. We floundered along in his wake, and, as he did condescend to wait for us, we were still with him when we reached the Broxton-Farndon road: then up the hill and through Carden and Tilston, and reached the tea place some few minutes late.

The muster was, even for such a damp day, a poor one, being only thirty, but Manchester men were the defaulters, sending only five members: these being—The Mullah, R. J. Austin, Rothwell Jr., Green, and Buckley Jr. All the rest were the usual attenders and a prospective member in Roberts, of Wrexham, whom we know well enough from his riding in the "24."

Most of the talk was on the next "50" and the result of the last: everyone thinking of Orrell's ride with a fall as being one of the best (Erse—English Dictionaries may be had on application to the Hon. Sec.—Ed.), but hoping for a bigger number of entries for May 8th. However, we all made a move off after 7 p.m., finding it still raining a little.

I kept with about eight others, and with such a crowd there was plenty of mud flying about, so we kept well apart.

Past the Iron Bridge in Eaton Park, Selkirk had the bad luck to break his chain, and, finding it impossible to repair, was towed by Threlfall into Chester, where another chain was bought and again we moved off: all glad to know that we couldn't push hard enough for such an accident to befall us.

Nothing of note happened on the run home through Willaston, except that Turvey started a fire, and we dropped the others with the exception of Telford and Egar, and then Austin went ahead and showed us how to sprint and also how to keep fit without riding in a fifty. And so home, after quite a fine run; the rain in no way interfering—only keeping the traffic away.

The only week-enders were, I think, Cook, Turnor, and R. J. Austin, bound for Loppington; the rest made for home and dry clothes; even the Editor didn't make one of his frequent visits to Manchester, which are all too many of late. (We can afford to ignore our contributor's childish jealousy. He has good reason for pique—and we for magnanimity.—ED.)

### Second 50 Miles Handicap, May 8th.

The Captain's appeal in the last CIRCULAR for better support than was given to the first "50" of the year, was responded to by an entry of 17 for this event. This number gave promise of a good race, but it was unhappily almost nullified, for the Labour Union chiefs decided on industrial strife early in the week, and, in consequence, there were 10 non-starters; which number included Hawkes, Eggar, and Turvey, who were strenuously engaged in work on the docks. Randall and Pugh were both unwell, while Long did not feel inclined towards racing (or had he not had any "faster training spins"?—ED.)

W.P.C. held the watch and started the seven remaining entrants on a cold and windy afternoon, which was certainly not conducive to speed. G. B. Orrell rode well and was fastest right from the start, and although he sustained a fall at the turn he just comfortably managed to beat "evens" with a fine ride (for the day) of 2 hrs. 29 mins. 26 secs. Welfare's was unquestionably the best effort, for, by steady riding, he easily took First Prize and was second fastest in 2 hrs. 34 mins. 58 secs., and was fastest over the last 12 miles. Second Prize was won by H. Rothwell, who, riding splendidly throughout, showed an improvement over his first ride of nearly 2 minutes, and his time of 2 hrs. 45 mins. 30 secs., was worth some minutes less on a good day. F. Perkins "came again" with 2 hrs. 40 mins. 57 secs., and took Third Prize. J. S. Roberts was a newcomer to these events and rode through with his customary cheerfulness. Molyneux rode well early on, but no doubt the wind proved troublesome in the later stages. Selkirk was very unfit but by more concentrated training he should be able to surpass his excellent times of last year.

The Manchester representatives did well, more particularly as both rode out to the start; a distance of something like 35 miles.

The following is the result in detail:—

Name and Placing	12 miles	26 miles	38 miles	Actual Finish'g time	H'cap	Handi-cap time
	mins.	h. m.	h. m.	h.m.s.	mins.	h.m.s.
1. G. H. Welfare	36½	1.20	1.57	2.34.58	12	2.22.58
2. H. Rothwell ...	38	?	2. 3	2.45.30	19	2.26.30
3. F. Perkins .....	36	1.20	1.58	2.40.57	14	2.26.57
4. G. B. Orrell ...	32	1.14	1.49	2.29.26	Sc.	2.29.26
5. J. S. Roberts ...	38	1.27	2.13	3.2.20	20	2.42.20
6. G. Molyneux (tricycle)	38½	1.27	2.15	3. 9.30	27	2.42.30
7. C. Selkirk .....	34	1.19	1.58	2.50.46	3	2.47.46

Welfare wins Standard C.

There were only a moderate number of members about the course.

## "50" Items.

We were all very sorry to learn that Telford was unable to ride, owing to a family bereavement, and we are sure he will understand that he has everyone's sincere sympathy.

R. J. Austin was unable to get away in time to ride, but rendered useful services at the finish.

Quite a few riders and helpers must have overcome difficulties (caused by the strike) in getting out; the two Manchester competitors being noteworthy cases in point; Orrell riding from Manchester, and Rothwell Jnr., from Shaw. Orrell returned home after the race and Rothwell week-ended at Siddington, his day's total mileage being in the neighbourhood of 135 miles.

## Chester, May 15th.

The Merrie Month would seem to be achieving its merriment this year at our expense. Certain it is, that on this, the middle Saturday of the month in which we expect to receive at least some slight fore-taste of summer warmth, the Clerk of the weather had seen fit to keep the temperature well below normal. This particular Wirralite set forth in brilliant sunshine, the warmth of which was effectually counter-acted and set at nought by a cold and strong breeze, fortunately travelling in the same direction as himself. By the time Eaton Park was reached, Old Sol had completely disappeared and a great chilliness descended. However, the rain which had threatened for some time did not materialise, although the Whitechurch road, when reached, bore unmistakable evidence of a recent downpour.

Arrived at Chester in good time for tea, I joined a small party who were obstructing the footpath outside the Bull and Stirrup, and there had the pleasure of participating in the welcome accorded to Teddy Edwards as he rolled up ON A BIKE! (What Ho! Things is looking up!) Furthermore, I learned that Charlie Conway had also arrived ON A BIKE! (Things is looking up!) A little later, up strolled J.C.B., masquerading as a tourist complete with camera. He gave us one contemptuous glance and went inside. It was then well past opening time and we were about to follow Johnnie's example (Yes. In every respect), when Taylor came dancing along, wearing (amongst other things) an exaggerated air of light-heartedness, assumed to hide his bitter disappointment at having been cheated of his promised tin-hat and half-a-pick-handle. It appears that he was sworn at by a Lady Magistrate (Eh! Sworn *in*, is it? Or-right! I'll go quiet.) Anyway there was some swearing between them, and then he was immediately promoted to the rank of Special Constable, Acting (the goat), Unpaid. Then someone in authority said: "Can't expect a delicate lad like Wilfy to handle a full sized Bobby's truncheon. Give him half-a-pick-handle." And he never got it after all! *or* his tin hat either! Poor lad! he bore up very well. I actually saw him smile once or twice.

There was a good muster present, but I don't know the exact number. Perhaps the Editor will tell you (Just here.....). (Shan't! —ED.). The Manchester men reported rain in large quantities, and Norman Higham encountered snow at Stretton. Despite transport difficulties, Dave Rowatt, cheery as ever, managed to join us. But he'll really have to take P.C.B.'s advice and get that Sunbeam.

'S better than travelling à la sardine in a railway train corridor. We were glad to see that Randall had almost recovered from his bad dose of 'flu, which unfortunately prevented him from riding in the previous week's "50," and, of course, has debarred him from getting up in the "100." Kettle immediately booked him to help on Whit-Monday, however, so he won't be wasted. The B. & S. did us (in the best sense of the term), quite nicely thank you, except that they forgot, or had not been apprised of, a certain member's partiality for—well put it this way: they had omitted to flavour the plum duff in the usual way. "In a pub, too!" as he himself remarked, sorrowfully. Conversation centred on two topics: the forthcoming "100," and the general Strike, but (whisper it) the latter seemed to predominate. Everyone had some strike experience to relate, and for once the "100" had to remain more or less in the background. It will not remain there for long, however. The strike was a nine days' wonder, but the Anfield "100" will still be an event of prime importance in the cycling world when we shall have to rack our brains to remember that there ever was a "great general strike." (Though we do say it ourselves as p'raps shouldn't).

There were, I believe, some week-enders (Cook is taken for granted as one, of course), but the majority of us made tracks for home. Personally, just as I was congratulating myself on having successfully dodged the rain all day, it came and met me on the threshold of the "old home town" and proceeded to "larn" me. It did it very thoroughly, too. Did I mention that this is the "Merrie Month?"

#### WHITSUNTIDE, May 22nd—24th.

With the idea of trying to find a tea place that all going down to Shropshire *would* patronise, the Committee fixed on the re-bushed Raven, Prees Heath, which is an ideal spot and where an excellent and *cheap* tea was provided for the 20 who foregathered there, but it is rather surprising to find that certain members of the executive encouraged others to boycott this part of the fixture. This year there were only Buckley and Bill Lowcock for Newport, the rest of the Chetwynd workers not getting down till Sunday, and Hodnet was patronised by only J. C. Band and two of the Green family. Shawbury undoubtedly attracted the biggest crowd, and how they all got packed away seems somewhat of a mystery—something akin to putting a quart into the proverbial pint pot. At our Shrewsbury Headquarters we had in residence Kettle, Cook, Turnor, H. Kinder, Fell, U. Taylor, Rowatt, G. and A. Newall, Fawcett and F. A. Smith, and it should be recorded that under the new management the Lion is now an excellent house and we were all most comfortable. On Sunday there was the usual party of tourists for Clun and Craven Arms, where we met Buckley and Lowcock putting in a strenuous 80 miles in exemplary fashion, while the new feeding arrangements enabled Kettle's party to "do" Wenlock Edge before making for Ercall, and in the evening visits were exchanged with the N.R. and B.R. men staying at the George. We had Mr. and Mrs. Stancer and W. F. Ball, President-Elect of the F.O.T.C., to see us; Mrs. Stancer drawing the sweep, in which Ned Haynes again was successful with both First and Fastest. The Presider got second prize and Grimmy the third.

#### THE HUNDRED.

It is no use disguising the fact that the strike had greatly perturbed us, and our arrangements went forward with many a qualm, but the

way the entries came in under such abnormal circumstances, when it was quite on the cards that competitors might have to come by road, showed conclusively that nothing short of an earthquake would disturb our "100" from its pedestal. Of course the recent sad death of "Andy" Wilson inevitably robbed the race of its intensest interest, but in the result history was made and the 1926 "100" will always be remembered for Southall's epoch making performance. Curiously enough there was exactly the same number of non-starters as last year—viz., seven—and Poole despatched the 93 in his usual imperturbable fashion. It is pleasing to be able to record that the crowds at both start and finish, while as large as ever, behaved in almost perfect fashion. The rope idea, as controlled by majestic men like Roskell, Fell, Skinner and Webster seems to appeal to the imagination most favourably and we have never previously been able to keep a clearer road. It is true that the crowd broke through with excitement when Southall finished in whirlwind fashion and it was rather hard lines on Gaskell of the Wigan Wheelers, who finished a minute later and had to thread his way through a howling mob shouting: "It's all over," but before the next man had finished, another 3½ minutes later, order out of chaos had been restored and things proceeded smoothly till the 60th and last man had crossed the chalk line. We even persuaded the crowd not to applaud until *after* the number had been given, and the only trouble we had in this respect was with Wager of the Manchester Wheelers, who failed to call out his number at all! No doubt Southall had greatly benefited by the experience he had gained last year, and, expecting this, the handicap had been framed on his doing five hours and worked out wonderfully well, as the table following shows; but even if the day was a better one (the wind was lighter and from the East, which certainly made a faster finish, and we understand Southall himself declares it was an easier day), no one expected Southall to shine so brilliantly. We knew he was "10 minutes inside at 50"; but could he stay the course without unduly flagging? The answer was "Yes," and, by clocking the sensational time of 4.55.10, Southall was deservedly First and Fastest and broke the record of Wilson's by 21 seconds! This wonderful ride of Southall's is apt to divert attention from the other really magnificent performance: that of Harbour, of the B.R., who enhanced his already high reputation by securing second Fastest with 5.5.11. In the handicap, Groves of the M.C.&A.C., was second, and Allen of the Speedwell, third. Three tricycles competed, and two completed the course; Cooper of the Gomersal actually being fifth in the handicap and Finn of the Irish Roads (and "ours") doing an excellent novice performance of 6.12.26. Of our own men, again Orrell delighted us with a ride good enough to figure in the Fastest Times Table and was ninth in the very close handicap. Hawkes rode disappointingly, most likely the natural sequel to his National Emergency work—unloading boxes of bacon in a lighter and putting in 36-hour shifts is hardly calculated to make one speedy. Lusty toured in to the finish quite comfortably and could apparently have gone on for another 18 hours, so we hope that he will shake things up a bit in the "24." Turvey had a nasty fall while feeding at Ercall and retired, while Selkirk and Pugh chucked it for reasons unknown.

#### FASTEST TIMES.

				H.M.S.
F. W. Southall	...	Norwood Paragon	...	4.55.10
A. R. M. Harbour	...	Bath Road	...	5. 5.11
W. B. Minards	...	Liverpool Unity	...	5.15. 9



				H.M.S.
L. J. Groves	...	M.C. & A.C.	...	5.15.12
F. Allen	...	Speedwell	...	5.17.21
L. F. Carton	...	Highgate	...	5.17.45
G. B. Orrell	...	Anfield	...	5.17.53
F. Stott	...	Century	...	5.18. 6
N R. King	...	Speedwell	...	5.19.10
C. Marshall	...	Vegetarian	...	5.19.53
A. R. West	...	Bath Road	...	5.19.57
F. L. Cleeve	...	Norwood Paragon	...	5.23. 7
A. Squire	...	M.C. & A.C.	...	5.26.59

The following table gives the Handicap result in full :—

			Actual time	H'cap	Handi- time
1.	F. W. Southall...	Norwood Paragon	4.55.10	Scr.	4.55.10
2.	L. J. Groves ...	M. C. & A. C. ...	5.15.12	15	5. 0.12
3.	F. Allen ...	Speedwell ...	5.17.21	16	5. 1.21
4.	N. R. King ...	Speedwell ...	5.19.10	17	5. 2.10
5.	W. Cooper (tricycle)	Gomersal O.R.	6. 2.14	60	5. 2.14
6.	W. B. Minards	L'pool Unity ...	5.15. 9	12	5. 3. 9
7.	A. Jones ...	E.L.W. ...	5.23.13	25	5. 3.13
8.	A. R. Wager ...	Manchester W. ...	5.33.49	30	5. 3.49
9.	G. B. Orrell ...	Anfield ...	5.17.53	14	5. 3.53
10.	A. R. M. Harbour	Bath Road ...	5. 5.11	1	5 4.11
11.	W. G. Luxton	Century ...	5.24.39	20	5. 4.39
12.	C. Marshall ...	Vegetarian ...	5.19.53	15	5. 4.53
13.	L. Cave ...	Vegetarian ...	5.24.59	20	5. 4.59
14.	A. Hancock ...	Manchester Gros'nor	5.35.28	30	5. 5.28
15.	J. McLardy ...	Leeds Kirkgate ...	5.33.24	26	5. 7.24
16.	N. O'Prey ...	E.L.W. ...	5.33.35	26	5. 7.35
17.	L. F. Carton ...	Highgate ...	5.17.45	10	5. 7.45
18.	A. Dixon ...	Birkenhead...	5.36. 7	28	5. 8. 7
	F. L. Cleeve ...	Norwood Paragon	5.23. 7	15	5. 8. 7
20.	A. J. Baylis ...	E.L.W. ...	5.38.35	30	5. 8.35
21.	L. Johnson ...	C.R.C. ...	5.37.33	26	5.11.33
22.	G. Pooley ...	Huddersfield ...	5.41.35	30	5.11.35
23.	M. Draisey ...	Century ...	5.36.46	25	5.11.46
24.	J. W. Brooke	Gomersal O.R.	5.27. 1	15	5.12. 1
25.	J. Carter ...	Norwood Paragon	5.31. 4	19	5.12. 4
26.	W. J. Finn (tricycle)	Irish R.C.	6.12.26	60	5.12.26
27.	A. Beckinsale ...	Gomersal O.R.	5.38. 1	25	5.13. 1
28.	F. Stott ...	Century ...	5.18. 6	5	5.13. 6
29.	C. H. Lane ...	Wessex R.C.	5.37.34	23	5.14.34
30.	A. West ...	Bath Road ...	5.19.57	5	5.14.57
31.	E. Chandler ...	Leicester R.C.	5.33. 3	18	5.15. 3
32.	T. D. Chapman	M. C. & A. C.	5.29.19	14	5.15.19
33.	W. L. Hayward	Fulham W. ...	5.44. 4	28	5.16. 4
34.	A. B. Smith ...	North Road ...	5.30.59	14	5.16.59
35.	A. Bone ...	Notts Castle ...	5.29.16	12	5.17.16
36.	C. T. Lawrence	Notts Castle ...	5.42.47	25	5.17.47
37.	A. Squire ...	M. C. & A. C.	5.26.59	8	5.18.59
38.	G. F. Hawkes ...	Anfield ...	5.43.11	24	5.19.11
39.	H. F. Robinson	Huddersfield R. C.	5.40.12	21	5.19.12
40.	H. L. Gaskell	Wigan W. ...	5.39.19	20	5.19.19
41.	C. A. Morris ...	Speedwell ...	5.30.20	10	5.20.20



				Actual time	H'cap	Handi- time
42.	J. Cragg	... Century	... ..	5.30.27	10	5.20.27
43.	E. Allen...	... Notts Castle	... ..	5.39.21	18	5.21.21
44.	A. Mitchell	... Numbrook W.	... ..	5.50.14	28	5.22.14
45.	S. R. Foley	... Walton C. & A. C.	... ..	5.53. 5	30	5.23. 5
46.	E. Hughes	... Wigan W.	... ..	5.52.15	28	5.24.15
47.	C. E. Snowden	... Notts Castle	... ..	5.35.22	9	5.26.22
48.	A. Lusty	... Anfield	... ..	5.56.52	30	5.26.52
49.	H. A. Wilkie	... Sheffield Century	... ..	5.56.59	30	5.26.59
50.	W. Quinn	... Walton C. & A. C.	... ..	5.55.10	28	5.27.10
51.	L. Lamouroax	... Bath Road	... ..	6 0.24	30	5.30.24
52.	W. Wood	... Phoenix	... ..	5.50.46	18	5.32.46
53.	H. Grove	... Sharrow	... ..	6. 3.55	30	5.33.53
54.	G. Boyd	... Palatine	... ..	6. 5.37	30	5.35.37
55.	J. A. Pierce	... Mersey Roads	... ..	5.59. 8	23	5.36. 8
56.	H. Lovett	... Leeds R.C.	... ..	6. 6.43	29	5.37.43
57.	A. Summers	... Rutland	... ..	6. 8.10	30	5.38.10
58.	G. Clode	... Cardiff 100	... ..	6. 7.12	29	5.38.12
59.	H. Greensmith	... Notts Castle	... ..	5.58.34	20	5.38.34
60.	S. H. Young	... Crouch Hill	... ..	6. 9.53	23	5.46.53

TEAM RACE:—1st. Norwood Paragon: Southall, Cleeve and Carter, 15.49.21. 2nd. Speedwell: Allen, King and Morris, 16.6.51. Unfortunately for the M.C. & A.C., Frank Greenwood was pursued by tyre trouble and at one time was seen scrapping valiantly on a lady's machine, but had to bow to the inevitable eventually.

### BRIEFLETS.

Of our "exiles," Beardwood, Pritchard, Bill, Bright and Carpenter all did their bit, but there was no sign of Wayfarer. The A.A. Scout at Tern Hill was very upset about it and told us in strict confidence that, had he known, he would have gone to Meriden the week before for his (Wayfarer's) autograph.

The Owls' Banquet was held as usual and proved a great success, with its fraternising of representatives of the leading Road Clubs. Hubert Roskell had all the arrangements in hand, which means that they were perfect, but as last year's humorous account of this function was misunderstood, we leave you to obtain a true account of it from Dave Fell and F. A. Smith, the latter of whom departed at midnight to ride home.

The "sponge" provided the comic element at Chetwynd; one competitor pocketing and absconding with it (amid the indignant howls of helpers) until confronted by our Great Big Buckley, when the would-be bottom-drawer collector decided that it would be healthier to try again somewhere else; while another rude racer, in returning the sponge, scored a most beautiful bull (absolutely dead centre) in a spectator's face—heightened effect being obtained by the said looker-on being in the act of drinking a cup of tea.

### Nantwich, May 29th.

First of all a protest. I haven't been to a run for 12 months and this new Secretary Bloke collars me to write up the run; its most discouraging. I'll vote for a reduction of his salary, or dash in and drink his beer.

Feeling that old age was close at hand I hired a young friend to pace me. However we fell into the hands (or feet) of Turvey and Chandler (green trike) on the top road and they very kindly did the pacing.

Chester was full of wild looking individuals who were holding all and sundry to ransom for the benefit of the local charities, but we, as cyclists, escaped. I should imagine bikes are popular in Aberdeen on a flag day!

A most enjoyable ride through the lanes to Beeston brought us to Bunbury, where we would fain have drunk tea. The landlady of the Crewe Arms was however said to be seriously ill and we continued with empty tanks, to Acton when we refilled.

Acton was *en fete* and a small boy demanded—but failed to get—3d each for stabling our machines.

Resuming, Ven. and car flashed past. 30 members and aforesaid friend sat down to a very excellent meal, and I was glad to see G.B. Orrell was able to sit up and take a little nourishment. Bert Green was out on his own, complaining of having to work himself. Tommy Royden came out via the Transporter. Geo. Mercer looked hearty and in fact the whole crowd were an advertisement for the benefits of cycling. There was a lamentable absence of big wigs. Cook and Kettle were said to be at Chirbury. The run doesn't seem quite right without the Presider.

Johnny Band beat Cody for the prize for the cleanest machine.

A feature of the run from a Birkenhead man's point of view was the wind which was helpful both out and home.

#### **Chirbury Week-end, May 29th/30th.**

According to Captain Kettle the title of this fixture should be "Two on a tower or Saint Joan," as Lord Birkenhead reached the Herbert Arms early after a three day's tour and enjoyed a very pleasant interlude in the Belfry with one of the Heavenly Twins—but that is another story as Kipling has remarked. The idea of alternative week-end fixtures originated with Hotine and it was most unfortunate that he was unable to participate in their genesis. Whether they will be continued remains to be seen. The argument for them is that week-enders should occasionally be given an opportunity of getting further afield without the limitation imposed by the ordinary club tea, and that it would cater for our motoring members who do not seem to care for being on the road after 7-0 p.m. We know of several members who never week-end from the Club run because they prefer to make longer straight away thrusts when they do so. Unfortunately Chirbury did not make the appeal expected, and may be was not considered far enough, as the chief interest it inspired was the question: "Where's Chirbury?" However, the four members and a friend who did avail themselves of the fixture had a right down good time, with excellent accommodation (no single beds for two, one pillow, a split towel and "a wretched night"), good feeding, real entertainment, and glorious scenery. The Captain and Presider (on trikes) were not able to start until fairly late and had to give a feeble imitation of Wayfarer and Diapason "smashing through," with only a short stop at Chirk for tea. The wind was a bit troublesome beyond

Chester, but by working three mile shifts they rode so fast (sic) that Rothwell on a tandem with his friend Diggle (amusingly mistaken for his son by Mr. White of the Herbert Arms) only overtook them entering Welshpool, and led them *a la* the Duke of Plaza Tora over the pimples to Chirbury, where Lord Birkenhead was found in possession in more senses than one. After an excellent supper we were entertained by a motoring party from Newtown, which was very busy with Bubbly and Cards. We hope they got home safely, but doubtless they are great believers in the virtues of rear lights, white lines and the ironing out of "dangerous" corners! On Sunday morning a visit was paid to the wonderful old Church (but *not* up the Belfry) and the splendid garden of the Hotel, and after Mr. White and Saint Joan had "ridden" Kettle's trike, with the usual result, the party had a fine ride through Church Stoke, Lydham, and by what we know as the Stiperstones route to Shrewsbury, up the delectable Ounby Valley, with a call at Pulverbach, where John Urry's name was taken not in vain. With the strong S.W. wind blowing us along it was, as Herbert Keizer used to say, "dangerously fast," and we quite comfortably reached Wem for lunch to learn that Mr. Mullins had been week-ending at Loppington and that Jim Reade had been in residence during the week. Here the party divided, the Rothwell-Diggle tandem pacing Smith home, while the two trikes dived off into the Whixall maze of lanes, making for Penns Bank, Higher Wych and Malpas for the Eaton Park route to Chester for tea, and eventually parted after a stirrup-cup at Willaston, feeling like the hero of a certain Dog Show, highly delighted.

W. E. TAYLOR,  
ACTING EDITOR

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 245.

### FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1926.

	Light up at
July 8 Darestury (Ring o'Bells) and week-end to Bedford for F.O.T.C. Rally at Hatfield .....	10-48 p.m.
„ 10 All Night Ride .....	10-38 p.m.
„ 12 Committee Meeting, (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.)	
„ 17 Chester (Bull and Stirrup) .....	10-30 p.m.
„ 23/24 Invitation " 24 Hours " .....	10-20 p.m.
„ 31/Aug. 2 Tour to Rhayader and Eilan Valley (Royal Lion)..... East Liverpool Wheelers' " 50." Bath Road " 100."	10-98 p.m.
Aug. 7 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest).....	9-55 p.m.

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

13, WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESHIRE.

#### Committee Notes.

Before commencing business at the last Committee Meeting, the President asked the Committee to rise and pass in silence a vote of deep sympathy with the relatives of Mr. J. Lowell, who passed away last month.

Mr. S. T. Threlfall has resigned the Sub-Captaincy owing to business ties and Mr. J. Long has been appointed in his place.

Mr. F. L. Edwards has also resigned from the Committee, as he finds himself unable to attend the meetings.

Will members intending to take part in the All Night Ride please let me have their names not later than Saturday, July 3rd, so that proper feeding arrangements can be made. The schedule for the trip is as follows:—

	Inter- mediate Mileage.	Total Mileage.	Time.
Liverpool Landing Stage ...	—	—	4-0 p.m.
Preston ... ..	31	31	7-0 p.m.
Garstang ... ..	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	41 $\frac{3}{4}$	8-15 p.m.
Lancaster ... ..	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	9-30 p.m.
Supper at Royal Kings Arms.			Depart 11-0 p.m.
Kirby Lonsdale ... ..	16 $\frac{3}{4}$	69 $\frac{1}{4}$	12-45 a.m.
Sedburgh ... ..	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	80	2-0 a.m.
Moorcock Inn ... ..	10	90	3-15 a.m.
Half-hour Snack			Depart 3-45 a.m.
Hawes ... ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	4-10 a.m.
Keld ... ..	11	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	6-10 a.m.
Nateby ... ..	9	115 $\frac{1}{2}$	7-40 a.m.
Kirby Stephen ... ..	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	116 $\frac{3}{4}$	7-45 a.m.
Breakfast at King's Arms			Depart 9-15 a.m.
Ravenstonedale ... ..	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	121 $\frac{1}{2}$	9-45 a.m.
Tebay ... ..	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	129	10-30 a.m.
Kendal ... ..	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	140 $\frac{1}{2}$	11-20 a.m.
Lancaster ... ..	21 $\frac{1}{4}$	161 $\frac{3}{4}$	1-10 p.m.
Lunch at Royal King's Arms			Depart 2-30 p.m.
Preston ... ..	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	183 $\frac{1}{4}$	4-20 p.m.
Rufford ... ..	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	195 $\frac{3}{4}$	5-30 p.m.
Tea at Fermor Arms			Depart 6-20 p.m.
Liverpool ... ..	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	214 $\frac{1}{4}$	8-0 p.m.

Manchester members join in at Preston.

This year's August Tour will be to the Elan Valley. Names of those intending to take part should reach me not later than Saturday, July 17th.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—J. M. James, 17 Kingsley Road, Russell Park, Bedford. R. J. Austin, 11th Bungalow, Albert Park Estate, Turves Road, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

N. TURVEY,

Hon. General Secretary.

### RACING NOTES.

#### Sharrow Open "50," 17th July.

We have received four invitations for this Event. Anyone wishing to ride can have an entry form on application; entires close, 7th July.

#### Invitation "24," 23rd/24th July.

Entries for this Event must reach me not later than Saturday, 17th July, such entries to be accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards the cost of feeding.

There are still many vacant checking and feeding jobs awaiting volunteers, particularly in Shropshire. I shall be glad if members able to assist will hand in their names as early as possible.

#### East Liverpool Wheelers' Invitation "50," 2nd August.

This event is restricted to those who have previously accomplished or beaten 2 hrs. 45 mins. 0 secs. for this distance. Members who wish to compete must let me have their names not later than Wednesday, 7th July.

#### Bath Road "100" and Speedwell "100," 2nd August.

Members intending to compete in either of these two events must hand in their names as early as possible.

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

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

In view of the high rate paid for all matter published in this paper, we think we may justifiably expect our contributors to conform to the little fads and fancies of which the Etiquette of Higher Journalism is composed. Three main points which it has been found necessary to emphasise are :—(1) All contributions should be sent in at the earliest possible moment—if not before ; (2) Only one side of the paper should be used ; (3) Never, *Never*, NEVER, write in pencil—it shocks us to our very soul.

#### ITEMS.

How are the mighty fallen ! A member of our staff prying, as is ever his wont, into places where his Press Card would prove a doubtful authority for intrusion, chanced one fine day recently to find his way into the more secret recesses of the Chateau Fearnlea De Vert, and, disregarding the frantic endeavours of the young Vicomte De Vert to divert (Help !—ED.) his attention to mere puerilities, he dived into a darksome dungeon and discovered a deadly secret. There in the bowels of the earth was the horrible truth revealed. The Comte De Verte (*Anglais*—Bert Green) HAD BOUGHT A CAR.

Without a doubt Arthur is a Senior Wangler. How does he manage it ? Just listen to this, which appeared in *Cycling* for June 11th :

"That ancient institution, the Anfield B.C., has many quaint old customs and cherished traditions. One of them is to give and take years of honorary service without repeated expressions, or expectations, of admiration every year. Those who work for the Club are satisfied that their work is appreciated and that the Club benefits, and even on retirement their officials are content for their services to be "taken as read." However, I am not an Anfielder, and therefore am not compelled to comply with their unwritten rules ; so I propose to say here and now that Mr. A. T. Simpson, who has just retired after 12 years' editorship of the ANFIELD CIRCULAR, has performed his work brilliantly and with the 'art that conceals art,' and the CIRCULAR for many years has been the most readable of the club gazettes. I know that professional journalists have not been above learning a thing or two from it."

This from the pen of "Loiterer" must have cost Arthur some of the Best. No wonder he has been seen hanging around the offices of the Blue Funnel Line and making enquiries about Trips to the East to hide his blushes.



You have to be jolly careful when them there journalists are about. A few weeks ago Jack Fowler was refreshing himself at Inkford Bridge, after a training spin, and after blowing the froth off and getting his pipe going, yarned with the locals as only cyclists can. A few days later the following appeared in *Sport and Play* :—

“ Later on, at Charlie Moss’s estaminet, I was having an interesting chat with a friend by name of Fowler, who occupied scratch mark in the Anfield 32 years ago. I enjoy these little confabs with old-time cyclists; there’s a breath of romance in the early days of cycling, and not a little education also.”

In the new dining room of The Lion, Shrewsbury, there is an old stone, which appears to be of Roman origin, with an indecipherable Latin inscription. We purpose sending our Archeological Experts, F.H. and Bill, to investigate and report.

Who says we are not popular in Shropshire? At Shawbury, on Whit Monday, appeared a notice advising the populace that owing to the Cycle Race the Empire Day Festivities would be postponed.

“ Motorist found senseless in Wirral ”—*Echo* placard. Great Scot! There’s nothing of news value in that. From our observations, senseless motorists can be found on every road.

The Arch Owl praffled to Cheltenham on Whit Tuesday and next day ticked off exactly 99 miles on his cyclometer. What a pity he did not employ Wayfarian arithmetic and call it 100.

L. J. Meyers, of the Southgate C.C., is tackling the End-to-End Tricycle Record the first week in August, and is scheduled to break G. P. Mills’s 33 year old paced record, so we are particularly interested. He is to be in our zone on Wednesday, August 4th, and anyone who can lend a hand is asked to communicate with the Presider, who is in charge of the feeding at The Raven, Prees Heath, and purposes following to Warrington.

Congratulations to W. J. Finn on winning the County of Dublin Cycling Championship at 50 miles in 2.35.19; which just missed him the I.R.C. “ Gold ” by the odd seconds.

Recently our friends of the Lancashire Road Club and Mersey Roads Club indulged in friendly rivalry over a 42 mile sporting course of moorland roads and mountain tracks, including the Trough of Bowland, when “ Mr. Mark Haslam, the popular Bolton Secretary, held the watch.” The event was called a Tourist Trial, and an account sent to the *Liverpool Post* was published under the heading “ Motor Rivalry,” while next day they tried to correct their mistake by giving a list of the times and explaining that “ push-bikes ” were used. Aren’t they hopeless!

It was bound to come! We knew it! The wonderful success of the Owls and Cheshire B.B.’s was certain to arouse jealousy and rival organisations. Hitherto we have had only the mysterious and moribund Klan that appears to do nothing but wear a badge in the form of a beer barrel, but now a much more serious competition has arisen with “ A new order, distinct from any organisation that has ever existed, entitled *Ye Ancient Order of Froth Flowers*,” whose popularity,

we are told, "is spreading like wildfire," with a membership of 6,000, headed by Sir Alfred Tripp, surgeon to the King. The sign manual consists of the tie and cuff links of the order, and the qualification is a refusal to wear Oxford Bags or Borstal Blazers and the ability to "gollop beer with zest and to be an adept in the noble art and gentle and healthy pastime of froth blowing." The novitiate becomes a "Blower," but there is the higher rank of "Blaster" for those who eat wheelks with a steel fork, chew the date of railway tickets, eat asparagus with boxing gloves on their hands, doff their hats to all pawnbrokers' signs and brewers' drays, and carry a corkscrew. The head of the order, corresponding to the Arch Owl, is the Grand Typhoon. Membership carries with it an insurance coupon which "covers everything except life, death, accident, burglary, disease, fire, third party risks, riots, acts of God, deluge and anything that happens during war time or peace," but does not insure against "baggy eyes or trousers, querimoniousness, winkle poisoning, hobnail liver, premature execution, baldness, miners' thirst, Eton crops, giggling, rotten bridge hands, or palsy." Altogether this is a most formidable opposition which the Owls will have to face with fortitude and aggression. We think a competition at Froth Blowing between the two organisations would speedily settle the question of superiority, and we would be prepared to back the Owls for all we are worth (about fourpence) to put the tin hat on Sir Alfred and his gang of upstarts. None of the 6,000 can teach the Owls anything at the game.

Verily the old order changeth! Here's our Sammy chucking up his job as Skipper's Mate, while Yank has also been compelled to resign his seat in The House. The cruel clutching claws of business have dragged Yank from our debates; but what of Sammy? Surely those mouldy, rust-corroded tramp steamers (whose sole *raison d'être* appears to be to sport an Anfield Black and Blue Funnel and obstruct our passage across the river as we hasten to the Run) could wait until Monday to be crossed off the list? That these traitors to their colours should rob us of a Secoud-in-Command is in sooth a dastardly deed. Lead forth this Holt! Off with his head! So much for Alfred!

As we go to press, we learn that the Mullah has received a most sporting offer from Newsholme. Upon hearing of the recent Tandem Trike record attempt, Sir Arthur immediately wrote to the effect that he wished it to be made known that his tandem trike (which would be re-bushed and re-upholstered for the occasion at his expense) was at the disposal of Turnor and any other Anfielder, or any two Anfielders, who cared to go for record, as he felt very strongly that this should not pass out of the Club. Now then! What about it, you speedmen? All enquiries regarding the matter should be addressed to Turnor.

### Further Travel Notes by The Wanderer.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

—Ulysses.

A quaint but ineradicable idea among the catering departments in ships is that the sea air creates an abnormal appetite which can be appeased only by continuous offerings of food. At 8-30 a.m., just as you are going to sleep, the "Get ready" signal is blarped out of the hefty lungs of the ship's bugler. Sleep after this being impossible, you make your weary way to the bathroom and indulge in a needle bath which stings you into a semblance of life, thence to breakfast which consists of anything you like or don't like, and the more you have of it the more does the milk of human kindness ooze out of your steward.

He simply loves to hear you eat, and nothing gives him more pleasure than for you to give him plenty of work. Having sated a somewhat anaemic appetite with fruit, porridge, fish, ham and eggs (or a variety of other dishes at choice), you feel you might possibly circumvent the hunger knock until lunch time. This view, however, is not shared by your steward, who is convinced about 11-0 a.m., that that sinking feeling is getting you down. Consequently, armed to the teeth with Oxo, Bovril, Beef Tea, and other life saving impedimenta, he emerges from the lower culinary regions to stalk his prey. Useless for you to wave him off with a casual gesture; this only serves to whet his ardour, and it is always better to give in the first time. You are thus strengthened to endure the strenuousness of resuming your game of skittles or shove ha'penny for an hour or so longer, when you are hounded into lunch. This is merely a light affair of perhaps half-a-dozen courses, but really quite sufficient to put you on until dinner time at 7-0 p.m. In blissful unconsciousness of any further designs on your gustatory resources you probably fall into a peaceful slumber; only to be ruthlessly awakened in what appears to be about ten minutes' time by your ubiquitous steward. You find it is 4-0 p.m., and in order to prevent your reaching the fainting stage, afternoon tea has been brought to help to sustain you until dinner time. No quarter is asked or given. On the stroke of 7-0 p.m., having just sufficient strength to crawl unto your more or less glad rags, you are confidently expected to attack the meal of the day with gusto. I used to think of poor Hubert and certain of the Owls with their baby appetites and wonder how they would fare among this plethora of food.

The best hotel we struck on the tour was naturally in Switzerland, at Lausanne. (This should cause a flush of pleasure to mantle the cheeks of Rockandtappit). When we arrived there one night about 11-30, we found the staff, including the propriétaire, waiting to receive us, and we were immediately deprived of our arms and legs. An endeavour to divest ourselves of overcoat and hat was deftly but firmly frustrated by a couple of stalwart viscounts in immaculate (or so it seemed at that late hour) evening dress, who insisted upon carrying out this fatiguing job of work themselves. We found we were domiciled on the first floor, but an attempt on our part to sneak up the dozen stairs leading to our apartments was promptly nipped in the bud by the watchful lift attendant (who had been on the *qui vive* for any such manoeuvre) ably assisted by the propriétaire, who himself shewed us to our rooms, which were exceedingly pleasant and scrupulously clean. This gentleman (himself a Swiss) was about four feet eleven inches in height, but adjusted this by the length of his whiskers, which reached the second button of his waistcoat. At meal times he would enter the dining room and slowly pirouette around the tables, casting a wan but penetrating eye on the occupants. If these were engaged in gastronomic enjoyment (which was usually the case) and ignored his presence, a smile of ineffable content would light up his pallid countenance and his whiskers would give a little tremor of delight as he gracefully pavlova'd to the next table. Should the guests here evince the slightest knowledge of his presence, his whiskers would assume a hopeful, hesitant expectancy, as who should say: "Am I welcome?" and, on a little further encouragement, he would be enquiring, with a throb in his throat, as to their enjoyment of the meal. Satisfied on this point, he would resume his terpsichorean exercises to the end. If, by any chance, you had declined any of his dishes, he would ask with wistful note if anything was the matter with it, and if you were kind-hearted you would tackle the despised dish with an assumed enthusiasm in case he was in peril of a mental and physical breakdown. A lovable personality.

## The Odyssey Beyond The Wall.

In proof that those dear mites Jack and Jill do not stand alone in discussing their travel and consulting their Papa with precocious and priggish prattle, or that their Papa is unsurpassed in pedantic pose, a growing youth from Wallasey, who accompanied that well-known Romano-Caledonian-Spanish explorer, Professor Cheminais, on his recent Scottish Tour, has recorded a few of the researches and conclusions of the learned scientist on Roman remains north of THE WALL: that same WALL, which the Barhamites *promise* to describe from week to week. The Professor's party got their information first-hand at the expense of much honest toil and sweat, so that the young Cheshire Buck's writings are both authoritative and authentic. A few brief extracts may be of interest and are given below:—

"The Professor led us direct to BORCOVICUS. 'This,' he tersely observed, 'is one of AGRICOLA'S fortresses. While it is not so thoroughly excavated as Chester's, it is perhaps more inspiring. You see the military road, the lofty wall capped with battlements, and the gates by which the chariots entered with oil and wine.'"

"We hurried by PROCOLITIA to CILURNUM. 'This,' said the Professor, 'is a very complete camp with Forum, Barracks, Praetorium, Hypocausts, Gates, Baths, and other public buildings, as discovered by Professor Fell last year.'"

"Still the learned Professor had something up his sleeve. 'Now,' he said, 'we will follow AGRICOLA through the Cheviots in his advance north in the year A.D. 81, from his camp at Chew Green. You will observe near Carter Bar a slight work, showing that he never halted for the night without fortifying his position. Now here at Eildon I will show you his more permanent camp, TRIMONTIUM.' So saying, the Professor turned up his trousers and rapidly climbed 700 feet to the saddle connecting the triple-peaked Eildons. Breathless, we followed to the shoulder of the eastward Peak. 'There,' he said, 'is AGRICOLA'S camp, dominating the whole valley of the Tweed and built in A.D. 81.' I remarked that it looked very old and faded. 'Pish!' said our scientist, 'Follow me.' He led us up a goat track which later developed into a broad and grassy terrace leading to a camp on the very pinnacle of the hill. 'Here,' he said, pointing to a circular depression in the ground, 'is a camp older than Stonehenge. Some 6,000 years B.C., a tribal chief lived here. Around, you see the houses and streets of a well planned town of perhaps 300 pit dwellings in all.'"

"The remainder of our learned Professor's researches into AGRICOLA'S march to Ardoch and Delvine, where he finally defeated the Caledonians in A.D. 85, together with his observations on Wick and the scarcity of Scotch Whisky in Scotland, are another story."

## The Latest and Greatest Record at John O'Groats.

Some of us have long wondered for what aim and purpose Anfielders in ages past have hastened from Lands End to John O'Groats: a never ending quest it seemed. No sooner had one succeeded than another oiled up to reach the distant north. What was it they tried to find, but never found? At last we know: thanks to the Antics of an Antiquarian Anfielder. Without intending to pry unduly into the private movements of our members in their moments of seclusion, we are justified in sharing in the harvest reaped ere it runs to seed or is usurped by strangers. Few words tell the tale.

An Anfielder from Anfield (and these are rare) was seen hurrying North of late on a mission that seemed to brook of no delay. Leaving the Lowlands of North Britain far behind and emerging after great privations from even the Highlands, he still was undismayed when reaching Wick. Here an almost fatal set-back took place at the well-reputed Station Hotel. His appropriate request was for A.I.F.-A-PINT, but th's met with a stony stare and a gurgle emanating from a dry throated official. It was not possible to make out his gasped warning, but a visitor from the South brought proof that the place was stricken with the plague of DRYNESS. A DRY ARFA The Anfielder cast its dust from his feet and fled on; succeeding to cover up his traces by choosing an abandoned and grass grown track in the direction of Thurso, the metropolis of the Arctic. Here he replenished his gasping throttle with South African Wines, which are the principal imports of this frozen North but can be obtained nowhere else. Refreshed by these, he commenced making enquiries about a foreign invader of bygone ages, and next we see him making for, and halting by, a lonesome kirk; the most Northern in Britain, lying on this barren shore surrounded by the graves of those gone before, some miles from the Hostelry which misguided riders for generations have been so anxious to reach. But this latest Anfield Pioneer, primed with his South African juice, ignores the Pub. for the Kirk (Shame!—Ed.), even though rain falls in torrents.

Chem of Anfield—for it is he; we can the secret no longer keep—leaps from Grave to Grave from Tomb to Sepulchre, muttering the while: "I shall have him bye and bye," and at length—at full length—casts himself prostrate on a great brown slab of enormous dimensions covered with strange hieroglyphics, he the while scanning, tracing, and finally interpreting, the Mystic Message from the Dead. Alack! His cry of triumph is mingled with pain, for in his zeal he had over-leapt his mortal hold on the cold granite and all but broken his wrist. But what of pain and agony alongside the coveted prize; for, in language engraved thereon 3½ centuries ago, he is told that this slab once covered the illustrious bones of that foreign Pirate, Potentate, Privateer and Pioneer JHONE DE GROTE.

### A Retrograde Advance.

Vernon Blake, the Detective or Cycling Observer who keeps a lynx eye on foreign cycling events and cycle evolution, now focusses our minds on the Retro-Direct, a French invention that has been on the market for nearly a quarter-of-a-century, has stood the test of time, worked wonders in mountain racing, but has seldom, if ever, been used in this country.

In this article he shows us by drawings the action of the muscles as they take place in the forward as well as in the backward movement of pedalling, and he adds that the learned men who recommend the Retro action for all touring and not only for steep climbs (thus continuous backward pedalling) argue that by pedalling backwards we use the muscles as in walking "forwards," and that by forward pedalling we use the muscles as in walking "backwards." This last statement is likely to make us blink, but there it is in cold print fresh from the mouth of the Professors. It is to be hoped that our own Wide-Legs can solve this conuundrum for us.

But talking is not everything, and it is deplorable that our Anfield Elder Statesmen: Our Cooks, Biks, Berts, Bobs, Mullahs and Chanteclers, are never in these movements, but remain content with

riding so-called racers to maintain themselves as almost flat racing men. In this way Anfield Touring never receives its due impetus from Head (or Hind.—ED.) Quarters. Our Aldermen remain scramblers for speed in a phantasy of sport, instead of ramblers for sport in a paroxysm of joy. Yet, what dignity could be gathered if this half-dozen were seen ascending the heights and Alt-y-Badys of all the Berwyns; majestically pedalling backwards; erect in perfect poise, coolly Stepping on the Gas!

It must be realized that to apply this back stepping pressure on the pedals a far higher and more leisured position is advisable as regards handlebars, and it seems that if both forward and backward gear are used in the same machine a double set of handles is required, as in the Dear Departed Dreadnought, and such as Teddy Hale used in his Hundred Miles. But it may well be argued that if such great pressure is attained in the Retro action then it may be suitable for the higher gears as well, so that forward pedalling and dropped bars can be dispensed with; whereby our dignatories may lead the pack, high-stepping out or home in elegant attitude and Southport altitude.

A new wheel world may open for our lady friends, wives and sweethearts; not those crouching *nouveau siecle* C.T.C. minxes, but the dear dames who sit bold straight up even now. Think what they could do with the Retro action—Why! bring their knitting, of course.

And our Editor; our new, young editor I mean. On his mountain Retro he could cross the Pass of Gatescarth into Mardale every weekend to descend on the Hotel and its unsuspecting Visitors.

## RUNS.

Tattenhall, June 5th.

The editor's job can be no sinecure; or perhaps I am worse than the majority of his contributors; my failure to produce the necessary script having already resulted in a letter and a personal call. Overcome by remorse at my behaviour, I feel that something must be done. Who knows what will happen next? Perhaps the editor is already taking drastic measures. What occurred on that memorable Saturday when the CIRCULAR told us that Tattenhall was the run? Why did I go? I really don't know.

Tattenhall seemed such a nice easy run. I was perfectly certain it was well within my powers, but I reckoned without the decrees of fate. How was I to know that just outside Birkenhead I should meet our late secretary and that he would lure me into Eaton Park, when it was my intention to take the direct route? Anyhow, Eaton Park was very nice. I rather envied those people who reclined in the numerous boats we saw at the Iron Bridge. Later, when it rained, I rather revised my opinion; for it is far from pleasant to wear saturated whites and row a boat.

When we arrived at Tattenhall, quite a crowd was there: how many I cannot really say; perhaps just over thirty, for we were in two rooms. There was the usual tea; the usual talk; the usual search by Kettle for victims and helpers in the forthcoming races—and I nearly forgot, the usual game of bowls.

Over the homeward journey I draw a veil. Sufficient to say I was extremely glad to see the portals of a certain building in Liverpool that supplies locomotion to the tired and weary cyclist.

### Tarporley, June 12th.

It was my privilege and pleasure to have extended to me an invitation to a seat on the Grand Stand at the Test Match, played at Nottingham, during this week-end, but owing to the combined claims of cycling and business I was quite unable to accept the offer, so consoled myself by attending the Club Run, and, instead of seeing Hobbs and Macartney wielding the bat, or Tate and Gregory slinging the ball, I went to see about fifty of "Ours" stand up to dear old Charlie and his Little Camera.

Of the run itself, there is not a great deal for me to report. There was the usual attendance of Real Cyclists and also some Not-so-Reals, among whom may be included the Mere Motorists. Anyway, all had come to see Charlie and reciprocate his kindness by doing their darndest to bust his camera. The shocks that that camera must have had during its lifetime!

Immediately after tea, our highly esteemed President (That's 'im : the B.O.B.) got up on his hind legs and said : "Gentlemen (That's us) will you . . . ." I don't know what he said, but we all did it and eventually found ourselves in the garden waiting to be photographed.

Two outstanding features were :—firstly, the re-appearance of our old pal Arthur ; and secondly, Grimmy's wonderful loquacity during the taking of the photograph(s). No wonder Charlie had to try six different snaps before he was satisfied ! I had the misfortune (No doubt Grimmy feels even more strongly on the juxtaposition,—ED.) to be sitting immediately behind Grimmy, and he seemed to regard me as a bally arm-chair, reclining in languid fashion with his head between my knees.

When all this was over and we were lounging around in the usual fashion, Kettle got busy booking up riders and helpers for the forthcoming "100." Unfortunately I failed to dodge him and so have got to do my bit like a man.

Chandler and partner (on tandem) appeared to be about the first to leave and were followed by several fellows on singles. I think the only week-ender was Cook - Wem, I believe. There appeared to be a little confusion in getting out Arthur's car ; then Ven's ; then Teddy's ; then Mandall's ; then . . . *Vive L'Anfield BICYCLE Club!* Dickman and partner then beat it, and the fast pack, having given everybody a fair start, lit out for home.

Fifty members attended. Where were the other one hundred and fifty?

### Wrexham, June 19th.

Wrexham is rather a long way from Manchester, but, in compensation, one can find quite a number of picturesque routes, so that the journey never becomes monotonous. There was some wind, and being myself somewhat in the "sere and yellow" stage, an early start was made. Past Beeston Castle, Peckforton, and Bickerton, and through Farndon, the country was at its best, and no feeling of loneliness assailed the solitary rider. After Farndon, I **OVERTOOK** (please put this in heavy type, Mr. Printer) three of our young bloods pushing



against the wind. The fact that the remarkable feat was accomplished by taking shelter behind a motorbus, I would like to conceal, but my conscience won't allow me.

Arrived at the Talbot, we found quite a nice party, but the numbers, owing to the counter-attraction in Shropshire, were naturally smaller than usual. We were 20 all told who sat down to a capital tea, served nicely and willingly; in fact, everything in the garden was lovely. It's quite a treat to be served by people who seem really glad to have you with them and look after your wants as assiduously as was the case at the Talbot. One of the party found the appeals from the ladies to "have a little more" quite irresistible, and disposed of the food in a way that made one gasp. Of course, he was going off for the week-end with the Old Gentleman, so that he would probably need all the strength that food could give him.

The party broke up early, some for home and some to various spots for the week-end, and so far as the Manchester men were concerned, had a sleigh-ride home before the wind.

### Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50," June 19th.

This Event was carried out, as is usual on this particular week-end, over the old Shropshire course.

Beyond the fact that there was a distinctly strong draught from the S.-W., the weather was perfect, although the heat and power of the sun no doubt tended to soften the tar and slow the going over portions of the course. Out of 74 Entries, some 67 were duly despatched at one minute intervals from 4 o'clock by Mr. F. T. Bidlake. When the riders began to come round to Shawbury Corner at 26½ miles, it was evident, in spite of the wind on the finishing stretch from Hodnet, that times would be good, and eventually this proved to be so.

C. A. Morris (Scratch), of the Speedwell, made the fastest time, 2 hrs. 20 mins. 32 secs. Other leading times were:—

W. Holland, M.C. & A.C.	...	...	...	2.21. 5
G. H. Ball, Walsall Roads Club	...	...	...	2.21.17
W. B. Minards, Liverpool Unity	...	...	...	2.22.12
G. B. Orrell, "Ours"	...	...	...	2.24.29
A. Squire, M.C. & A.C. (Scratch)	...	...	...	2.25.31
There were a number of others inside 2.30.				

Our own men, with the exception of Orrell, hardly showed up to the advantage we should have liked to have seen. Selkirk only managed to get round in 2.38.59., Pugh did 2.48.16., and Turvey 2.48.46., Hawkes and R. J. Austin failed to keep their engagement with Bidlake, although R. J. did materialise later at Shawbury.

(We understand Hawkes had to stand down owing to illness, which, though not serious, rendered him unfit for racing.—Ed.)

Handicap winners eventually turned up in G. B. Barnes, Walton C. & A. C., doing about evens off 14 mins., being first; B. H. Satchwell, M. C. & A. C., second; G. H. Ball, Walsall Roads, third; and J. S. Hartley, of the promoting Club, fourth.

There were not a great many retirements; that of H. J. Wild, of the Potteries C.C., who was the third Scratch man, being the most noticeable.

There were quite a good crowd of our boys on and about the course, and week-end parties at Shawbury and Wem stayed over after the race. Bill Lowcock was the life of the Wem party, which, though small in numbers, was exceedingly select; Ann Rawlinson meeting a gentleman who gave him a severe criticism of the ethics of banking, particularly as regards "accommodations."

A very easy ride home on Sunday, with a lunch at Tarporley, and tea at Goostrey, brought a jolly good week-end to a successful close.

### Club 100 Miles Unpaced Handicap, June 26th.

This Event proved very disappointing: only 12 of our Racing Men displayed sufficient interest to enter, and out of these only seven faced the starter. J. S. Roberts, whose mother is seriously ill, could of course not be expected to start; G. F. Hawkes, who is still suffering from a strain, decided it was more prudent to stand down; but it is difficult to account for the non-appearance of G. E. Pugh, H. Rothwell, and A. E. Walters, unless it was lack of railway transport.

The day was fine and a strong N.-W. wind blew the competitors to Chetwynd, but all reported it hard work on the return. The wind dropped slightly towards the evening, but on the whole it was not an easy day. Of the seven dispatched by H. Poole, F. Perkins and A. G. Banks failed to reach The Raven; Perkins retiring through knee trouble and Banks punctured. C. Selkirk, who has at last given us a glimpse of the form he showed in his first "50," quickly assumed the lead, and at 19 miles showed 53 mins., with C. Randall, second, in 56 mins., and Turvey, third, in 57 mins. On turning at Chetwynd, they had to face the wind. At 52 miles, Selkirk still maintained his lead with 2 hrs. 38 mins., Turvey with 2 hrs. 47 mins., and Welfare, 2 hrs. 48 mins. (both rode very consistently throughout), had displaced Randall, who had been slowed by an attack of cramp and only showed 2 hrs. 49 mins. At the Bunbury Lane turn, the positions were the same: Selkirk, 4 hrs. 1 min., Turvey, 4 hrs. 12 mins., and Welfare, 4 hrs. 13 mins., and Long, 4 hrs. 18 mins. displacing Randall. At 89 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles, the figures showed Selkirk still leading for fastest, with 4 hrs. 50 mins., but Welfare, with 5 hrs. 4 mins., was now leading Turvey by about one minute, and Long, who hadn't appeared to stretch himself at any time of the race, was doing 5 hrs. 10 mins. These positions were maintained to the Finish, the Handicap placings being as follows:—

1.	N. Turvey ...	5.41.50	20 mins.	5.21.50	First ...	Stand'd B
2.	J. Long... ..	5.45.41	22 "	5.23.41	Second ...	" A
3.	G. H. Welfare	5.40.50	15 "	5.25.50	Third ...	
4.	C. Selkirk ...	5.26.34	Scratch	5.26.34	Fastest ...	
5.	C. Randall	5.47.31	12 mins.	5.35.31	Standard	A

There was quite a Club Run at The Raven, Prees Heath: far more interest was taken in the Race by the members generally than by our Racing men; E. Edwards drove over from Llandrindod Wells, and A. P. James favoured us with one of his rare appearances.

W. E. TAYLOR,

Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 246.

### FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1926.

		Light up at
July 31	Tour to Rhayader (Royal Lion) .....	
to	Bath Road "100" .....	10-5 p.m.
Aug. 2	East Liverpool Wheelers' "50" .....	
" 7	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest).....	9-55 p.m.
" 9	Committee Meeting (Angel Hotel, Liverpool, 7 p.m.) .....	
" 14	12-Hours Handicap .....	9-41 p.m.
" 21	Nantwich (Lamb) .....	9-26 p.m.
" 28	Tattenhall (Bear) .....	9-9 p.m.
Sept. 4	3rd "50" Handicap .....	8-53 p.m.

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

#### Committee Notes.

13, WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESHIRE.

The resignation of W. E. Jones has been accepted.

Change of Address: J. E. Tomlin, 22 Avondale Road, Stockport.

N. TURVEY,  
Hon. General Secretary.

#### RACING NOTES.

##### Club 12 Hours Handicap.

This event will be run off on 14th August. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards cost of feeding, must reach me not later than Saturday, 7th August. I shall be glad to have offers of assistance for checking, feeding and following.

### North Road Invitation "24" Scratch Road Ride.

This event will be held on Friday and Saturday, 17th and 18th September. This year the N.R.C.C. will provide the feeding for competitors, for which there will be a charge of £1 for each entrant. *Members wishing to enter must let me have their names not later than Friday, 20th August.*

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

### ITEMS.

July has seen two more recruits to the ranks of Benedicts in W. Threlfall and J. H. Fawcett; both of whom had the knot tied at Woodchurch. We are sure they have the best wishes of all of us and we hope they won't entirely abandon their love of the wheel.

Observed on the exterior of our printer's premises, the sign: "Die Stamping." We think it only right and proper to mention the fact that The President has for years been the leading exponent of this doctrine, and suggest that the glazed letter sign which drew our attention might with advantage be replaced by a pictorial one depicting Cook (on trike) tackling the "S" bend of the Bwlch-y-Parc.

Seen on a structure in Brunswick Street, a notice: "KEEP OUT." Just that: neither more nor less. Brunswick Street has, during the last half-century, given to the Club men of character and action, learned professors of science and letters, divers Dock Board dignitaries and sundry shipping stalwarts, captains of industry and Napoleons of commerce. We hoped to die happy in the belief that all the Street's noblest were in that grand array; but age brings disillusion, and, bowed down with bitter disappointment, we must totter to the tomb; for where in our ranks shall we find one who could rise to such heights of superb and serenely stately imperiousness as the author of "KEEP OUT"?

Extract from the *Manchester Wheelers' Club Journal* for July regarding a recent unsuccessful attempt on the N.R.R.A. Tandem "50" Record:—"The occasion called for no explanations or excuses, and none were offered. The weather was perfect; the course was as good as anything available in Cheshire; and the ride was undelayed in any way. Dave Mair and D. S. McGregor just simply were not good enough by 14 seconds. But it was a splendid failure." Congratulations to our M.W. friends on both the fine sense of true sportsmanship displayed by the riders and the happy choice of a recorder with an equally tasteful appreciation of the fitness of things. When men have done their best, and failed, we think there should be no room in the game for either excuses or adverse criticism, and should like to see more of this "Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice."

A writer in *Cycling* says, "There were solid tired ladies' safeties long before this," and we wonder what solid tired ladies are like. (Probably similar to the Gold Ladies who so often advertise for lost watches.) We should imagine they are of the skin and grief breed, and if that be so, we prefer the better upholstered, pneumatic tired ladies.

An ex-member of the Club has recently passed away in the person of J. T. McKelkerick, who, although only in the Club for a few months, 23 years ago, will never be forgotten as the man who worried everyone about gears and cranks and put his foot in it by telling Bob Ilsley what

rotten machines the Blank Bicycles were, when Bob was travelling for the concern, and advising C. A. Hyde what stupid things were free-wheels.

Congratulations to W. Band on the brilliant achievement of his B.Sc. degree with Honours and appointment to the Staff of Liverpool University. Father and Uncles have every reason to be proud, and so are we all.

W. J. Finn has been reaping honours again by securing the I.R.C. championship with a 100 in 5.47.21.

Poor Dave Fell! At Whitsuntide he was constantly being mistaken for, and addressed as, "Knipe," and now *Cycling* has published a photo of someone who looks like the late D. R. France and labels it "D. R. Fell, Anfield B.C." Of course this further libel is somewhat mitigated by the article in which Dave is credited with *cycling* to the O.T. Rally at Hatfield with Cook, but there is no doubt that he ought to consult his solicitor.

"It only remains for some talented exponent of the three-wheeler to stiffen the 20 year old tricycle figures, and the Liverpool-Edinboro' route will then exhibit a very fine series of unpaced records."—*Cycling*. As none of our youngsters seem to have any enterprise in this direction and have allowed the tandem record over this route to be thoroughly modernised out of the Club, Molyneux has intimated his intention of stepping into the breach, and when the date is fixed it is hoped there will be plenty of help. Spare trikes will be specially useful.

Lusty put in quite a useful little jaunt of 140 miles or so in order to attend the Nantwich run on May 29th. What a pity he and Carpenter cannot pair up on a tandem! We should then expect them on our Rufford runs.

### Who's Who.

Our good friends of the *Barfode News* have been publishing some extremely interesting Personal Pars, and, the desire to see ourselves as others see us being fairly general, we unleashed our tame biographer; commanding him to get busy at once. The following are a few of his preliminary notes. More may perhaps (and perhaps not) be published in some future issue. Our own view is that our contributor was suffering more than a little from dyspepsia and that his thoughts are rather lacking in that sweet charity which covereth a multitude of sins—we leave our readers to judge, but, should anyone feel a sudden, urgent desire for a personal interview with him, it will be *quite* useless to call round at the Editorial Office; he will be out:—

W. P. COOK.—Corn merchant. Gets them trodden on pretty frequently by impertinent young puppies, but never protests; being naturally of a shy, self-effacing, patient disposition. Very soft hearted and has frequently been known to donate his best O.Eh. Ingersoll to the patrons of the Jug and Bottle Dept. Always keeps his bicycles in tip-top trim and consequently never suffers roadside trouble of any sort. Pays Leon Meredith a handsome yearly allowance and makes a good living out of motorists; his charges ranging from 150 for allowing himself to be bowled over, down to 10/- for the privilege of biffing each other in his presence.

E. EDWARDS.—Owns a cigar, a frilled button, and never takes a holiday. Used to buy soft drinks for junior members at Irby but found it too expensive and had the pub. shut. Owns a car and walks

out to the runs with it. Refers to The President disrespectfully as "Will Cook," and is disliked intensely by everybody.

D. R. PELL.—One of the Old Guard. Drives about on a fire engine, sings "Razors," and has his photo published in *Cycling* twice weekly.

L. FLETCHER.—One of the remoter dieties. Holds very strict views regarding record classifications and has always held that the artificial and unfair so-called "Paced" classes should be utterly and ruthlessly expunged from the R.R.A. books.

G. B. MERCER.—Senior member of the Old Guard. Enrolled 1889 and still going strong. ANFIELDERS: ATTENTION!

W. R. TOFT.—Favourite pastime: spreading his internal organs all over the place. Frequently misplaces some but carries on better than ever when he's not all there.

J. C. BAND.—A hilarious soul. Is possessed of wireless sets, cameras, and a fiery restlessness that finds constant outlet in hard riding and mountain climbing. Kissed Wilf. Taylor and contracted blood poisoning. Can make a permanent repair of a shattered tubular with an inch and a half of cotton thread and a cough lozenge.

P. C. BEARDWOOD.—A deceitful fellow who robs the Barfrode coffers to pay his Anfield sub. and makes good the deficit from the pickings which come his way as High Priest of the Night Birds. Invites his friends on the Bettws Tour and then writes spiteful letters about them when they aren't looking.

F. CHANDLER.—A pale, anaemic, listless youth. In perpetual search of a tandem partner. Puts in one night every week chasing Tom Hinde round Circular Road for this purpose. Has done some very fast laps but is not in the same class as Tommy. Plays chess at Pluffyville and sings in the village choir.

## RUNS.

### Daresbury, July 3rd.

A recent nine days' tour with Chandler had left me with a keener appreciation of the cushioned and leisured ways of life; or it may have been that I scorned the simple delights of Cheshire after the sumptuous fare of the tour. The run, however, could not lightly be abandoned, so in due time I climbed aboard the "Moonbeam" and we set off against a stiffish wind for the Transporter. We "smashed through" Walnes and Runcorn in record time, for with memories of Glen Trool and the delightful moorland and coastal roads of South West Scotland, this district was particularly irksome. Prodsham was gladly set behind and we climbed out for Norley, Crowton and Acton Bridge. We loitered rather too long in the pleasant lanes around Norley and consequently had to get fiercely busy for the last seven or eight miles to Daresbury.

I arrived at the Ring O' Bells in a very moist and weary condition, and staggered into the smoke-room in no fit mood to discuss anything in the nature of work. Turvey, however, was busy rounding-up victims for the All Night Ride, and, with no energy left to protest, I was soon roped in. Happily Chandler is starting on Friday night to arrange for a special battalion of porridge experts, so that there will be an ample supply of the real stuff on our arrival at Kirby Stephen. We shall need some.

Captain Kettle seemed unusually worried and muttered fiercely to himself as he wrestled with pencil and paper. I gathered he was in the toils of collecting material for the "24." In response to his challenge I murmured my willingness to serve him. Quickly I was caught up and squeezed dry—a lonely outpost in some ungodly corner of Shropshire—"You start at midnight on the Friday."

Taylor then came along with a woebegone look and a sorry tale, and despite my protests forthwith slung about my neck another millstone.

Some twenty members sat down to an excellent meal, the small number being due to the week-end to Hatfield for the F.O.T.C. and to the Grosvenor "50" in which some of our men were riding.

### O.T. Rally, Hatfield, July 3rd. Among the Viellies Gloires.

To Anfielders the chief interest of this year's meet was the election of W. F. Ball of the Speedwell as President. We may almost wonder why he stood so low on the Rota, for Ball is one of the most representative of those for whom the Fellowship was created: Champions on the Ordinary in the Eighties. Of all the prominent Old Timers only G. L. Hillier had a prior claim to Ball. And yet this is at one and the same time the same Freddy Ball who was a scratchman in the mid-eighties and came on an Anfield Tour in the mid-twenties, after a 40 years interval. When next year he lays down the Presidency he will be able to celebrate his 40 years' retirement from the Path. It makes one's brain reel. After Hillier and Turner had complimented Ball on his reputation in those '80's, the latter drily but deliciously remarked that "High coloured tho' these eulogies were—yet possibly there might be something in it."

Trying to find contemporaries of the Ordinary among his immediate entourage at table, he mentioned, and turned to, Shorland and Adams; but this courtesy was somewhat straining the facts. These old times become meaningless if we lose sight of dates. The Heroes of the Early Nineties are not shy in pressing their claims to fame among the O.T.'s, but the Rule of Birthright, Birthmark, or Birthday, now strictly enforced, emphasizes the fact that the offsprings of the Franco-German War are the Puplings of the Fellowship.

Ball's last great year was '87, when Illston was Mile champion and before Osmond and Synyer had commenced their rivalry as Champions on the Ordinary; when Fenlon and Furnivall were famous on the Ordinary and when Ball came to the Manchester Exhibition races and defeated Kiderlen. (Synyer became Mile Champion in '88; Lehr in '89; and Adams in '90.) In '87 Adams performed his great "24" on the Ung geared Facile, but was not yet famous on the Ordinary, and Shorland could only be a Champion in boys' races.

President Ball is still as keen a real rider as our own Presider Cook, although he is much more of a Potterer; and we would not think any the less of the Pagan if he potted a bit more and flogged the willing horse a bit less. Ball did not forget to raise a few words of lamentation at the number of O.T.'s that came by Motor Car as compared with those that came by cycle, and did the fixtures allow it he would doubtless like to call a Meet somewhere where Motors cease from throbbing. When it was time for him to turn home for Brum, the heavenly flood-gates opened wider than ever and our hearts bled to see Ball on the steps, looking disconsolate at the skies for rifts in the clouds. We felt that those of us on Motors had an unfair advantage.



### The Meet.

Without dwelling unduly on this habit of motoring to the Meet, we must admit that it assured the Anfield a magnificent week-end at beautiful Bedford. Two well filled teams from the Wallasey Seabank, and one from the Holmes of Cheadle, Fell on his Never-a-Car, Cook and Randall by forced marches from Birkenhead, and John Melville James from Bedfordshire on a Raleigh with upturned bars, which so captivated a local thief, that while Jimjams was interviewing the bewitching Lady clerk at the Bridge Hotel on the subject of our Beds, the thing was run away with (the cycle—not the Lady). And so it came about that this hard old rider arrived at Hatfield by Motor Car. Here our party was swelled by Edmunds, by road from Birkenhead in easy stages, and by our old friend Captain Edgar Allen, but this time with his arm in a sling. Imagine our disappointment on learning that he had not fallen out of a ballon but owed his breakage to a commonplace motor accident.

Cook and Edmunds arrived in good time, but nearly failed to catch the eye of President Turner when he rose to welcome those that had cycled from distant shores. It happened like this: As mentioned last year, there is one Hughes from Wigan who also rides to the Meet, and not only is he a cyclist in tip-top condition, bronzed and sunbaked, but he is also his own very efficient agent-in-advance who sees that he is entered on the President's Agenda, with the result that the claims of Riders from Edinburgh, Riders from Birkenhead, and Riders from Manchester were overlooked and that all the laurels were appropriated by Wigan. Fortunately the matter was redressed after Wigan had basked in glory, and Edinburgh and Birkenhead got belated applause, while poor Oscar Taylor sat too far away to press the claims of Manchester. We must keep an eye on Wigan or that City will yet nominate a President elect.

### The Greybeards.

To most of us Dave Fell is known by his Beard, as only few remember him without that Hairsuite. In dark ages past Dave would have SWORN BY HIS BEARD. But that is no good reason why others with other Beards should call themselves Fell or imagine themselves Davids. Yet such a thing has come to pass. In *Cycling*, of the 9th July, there appears a picture showing two veterans at the Old Timers' Meet, one on a Boneshaker in the Costume of the period, with leggings (as in the '70's), but no Beard, and the other on a common cycle of to-day, in the costume of the present century plus a Beard. There is nothing to distinguish him from others thus accoutred, but to secure him distinction he is styled: "D. R. FELL, A.B.C., who rode from Liverpool."

It is true that our David rode from Liverpool, but not on the machine seen in the picture. Knowing David as I do—"Prat David," as I call him—I maintain that this is not Fell. Can it be that this usurper envied the reception given to our D. R. Fell on the last occasion when he was raised to the Dais? There is only one genuine Dave Fell, and all others are spurious imitations.

### The Pre-Historic Cup.

As recorded in these columns a year ago, Sydney Lee, on laying down the Presidency, brought to the Table a Wonderful Cup, found in a lost safe and dating back to Pre-N.C.F. days, when it was competed for by Champions of the Cortis period. He was trying to secure it for the Old Timers in their Old Age.

Who, we thought, could refuse the smiling Sydney anything? but, to our deep dismay, our suave friend had nothing to say on the subject, and leaves us wondering. Terrible to be left guessing whether this trophy, that had a right to a shelf in Kensington Museum among the Old Ordinaries there displayed, may not be straying into some unsavoury Sale Room, or put up for a Motor Cycle Race in years to come!

### All Night Ride, July 10th 11th.

The start of this ride was reminiscent of our ride to Shap three years ago. Then, as this year, 4 p.m. saw the main body of the All-Nighters—consisting this time of Cook, Turvey, Hinde, Welfare and Long—donning capes at the Liverpool Landing Stage. Moreover, the resemblance continued, inasmuch as the rain—which was but a gentle drizzle—ceased before Ormskirk was reached, and, Bailey having been added to the party soon after Aintree, when we picked up Banks and Cody on the Ormskirk slip road the capes were returned to their proper places—the saddle bags. Some miles short of Preston, tea became the question of the moment. Banks lured us up a lane to a tea place which he knew, but at the end of the lane, where it rejoined the main road, we dismounted, for we had no Banks. A few seconds later, up he dashed, dismounted, and calmly entered a tea place which blazoned its *Temperance* for all the world to see. A place which we had just decided could hardly be the one of which he had spoken. Anyway, in we went, and having ordered tea, he (Banks) proceeded to demonstrate to his own satisfaction and our indifference, that there was *nothing* the matter with his right pedal, what time Cook told us how he earned 10/- by telling a lady motorist that she wasn't fit to drive a pram, much less a car. As the procedure appears to involve getting one's front wheel under the bonnet of a car or motor-lorry (I don't know which, but probably either will do), we decided that—(1) There are less risky ways of earning ten bob, and (2) That particular ten bob had to be spent. (It was—later.) Cody, homeward bound, left us after tea, and seven strong, we proceeded through Preston, where to our surprise (?) we did not find any Manchester members awaiting us. After a chat at the roadside with the crew of the Liverpool-Edinburgh record tandem, when some arrangements were made for following Meyers on his End-to-End trike record attempt on August 4th, and after another stop further on, when a preliminary attack was made on that ten bob, we arrived at the (Royal) King's Arms, Lancaster, to find Kettle and Hubert Buckley awaiting us. Kettle had made an early start (probably he wanted to get in a fast ride), and Hubert also had been very early and so had not waited at Preston.

We experienced no difficulty in getting outside the substantial feed provided by the King's Arms, and after some members had provided themselves with bottled food for the wee sma' hours (Cook, at enormous expense, had his carried for him by a teetotaller with a big bag), we left Lancaster exactly on schedule. With what wind there was dead astern, we made an easy passage to Hornby, where the two policemen we encountered on the bridge were quite insufficiently impressed by our itinerary. (They must be getting used to all-night riders.) One of them had an enormous gas lamp and was travelling our way to Kirkby Lonsdale. He rattled along in our wake, making a row like a motor bus, his umpteen e.p. lamp enhancing the impression, until after some few miles he "made his effort" and passed us with a tremendous rattle, only to disappear down a side road a few yards ahead. Still over-running the schedule, and travelling very easily,

Devil's Bridge (Kirkby Lonsdale) saw us again dismounted, while pipes, and one or two lamps, were lit, (or relit). (A feature of the all-night ride is the quantity of tobacco consumed. In this respect it is a very close second to helping during the night in the "24.") And now a great thirst descended upon us, whereat, with Turvey as lantern-bearer (he had a gas lamp) and Banks as guide (he having been there before), half-a-dozen of us descended to the river bank in quest of water. I am still convinced that we reached the river bed, and that the river, like us, was dry. Anyway, we scrambled for hundreds of yards over huge, wet, slimy, rocks; Turvey in front with his lamp, and the rest of us behind in outer darkness, scraping shins and elbows, twisting ankles, and narrowly missing falling into black, sinister looking pools. But we didn't find the river. So we scrambled back; followed the path which the guide assured us led down to the river; fell down a miniature precipice; and walked some more hundreds of yards over the shingle: but still we got no drink. And then a voice from on high assailed our ears with the injunction to "Come on you fellows, there's a fountain at Sedbergh where you can get a drink." 'Twas the Presider, high up on the bridge above us, anxious as ever to get on with it. Still thirsty, we staggered back to the road, helpless with cruel merriment at the antics of two stragglers, who, calling for a light, got it and vainly tried to find a way up the afore-mentioned miniature precipice, whilst blinded by the glare of the gas lamp. Remounted, we learned with dismay that Sedbergh was still ten miles off, but the Presider remained unmoved by our muttered threats of lynching if the fountain did not materialise. It was on this stretch that some of us donned capes, preferring to sweat rather than have wet knees from the mist which we now encountered. At Sedbergh, "on the right, by the church," just as Cook had predicted, the fountain was discovered; at which we rejoiced exceedingly and did our best to deprive the inhabitants of their supply of "the stuff they give sions." Then, Alas! The wise old owl fell from his high estate. After the episode of the fountain we were ready to believe his every word; but where the road forks just outside Sedbergh, the signpost flatly contradicted his oracular utterance, and so once more he was merely one of us. He had descended to our level; for had he not made a mistake? And so, with the course set truly, we climbed steadily, riders all, on an easy gradient with a following wind, and at ten minutes to three brought up all standing to find that the light which had exercised our conjectures for the last mile or so came from the Moorcock itself, where an invitingly open door displayed a glorious array of cups and saucers and a table laden with food. A hurried consultation: "If they're expecting a party, we're the party." In we went. *We were the party.* Chandler had been there before us, and forthwith it was unanimously decided to confer upon Chandler Life Membership of the club, with all previous subscriptions returned. (The decision was rescinded later, but that is to anticipate). The lady of the house must be used to cyclists' appetites, and as we all had large quantities of food with us, she may have been disappointed that we did not eat more of what she had provided. But the tea was the *pièce de résistance*, and we did full justice to it! Turvey, indeed, would not eat, could not even keep still, until he had a cup of tea in his hand; and when he found it too hot to drink right away his disappointment was pitiful to behold. Such is the effect of tea at 3 o'clock in the morning on an all-night ride. *Vive Chandler!*

After that tea nothing could daunt us; not even the stories of the terrible surface over the Buttertubs, and the miles and miles of walking we should have to do. And so we fell hell-for-leather down the hill,

turned left just before Hawes, and started the climb to the Buttertubs. There was very little walking to do after all, most of it (and that not much) being on the descent before and after passing the Buttertubs, which excited a good deal of interest. Some little time was spent in viewing them, and the optimist of the party took what he hopes will be a photograph. Thereafter we dropped down to Thwaite, and, walking the sharp rise towards Keld, found that Banks and Bailey were not with us. However, after waiting some minutes, we sighted them speeding down the hill into Thwaite, so we mounted and rode on. After Keld, we had quite a long walk up past Birkdale Tarn, and then a fast drop on the other side over a terribly loose, stony, bumpy road to Nateby, then a fierce scrap amongst the leaders over the last mile or so, and we had arrived at the King's Arms, Kirkby Stephen. Here we found Chandler, up bright and early, having had his all night ride on the Friday night. He was all smiles when we told him of the success of his efforts on our behalf at the Moorcock. Then who should appear but Bob Knipe, looking as fresh as a daisy after his 120 miles ride over the all night course on the previous day. It's a good job for some of us that Bob doesn't ride in "24's" nowadays. During breakfast, Banks told us about the beautiful view he and Bailey had stopped to look at. Surprisingly enough, none of the rest of us had seen it.

Breakfast demolished, Chandler led us away before time to inspect the church at Ravenstonedale. This done to his satisfaction, we debouched from the lane on to the main road to find Banks sitting at the roadside changing his stockings over. Right to left and *vice versa*. Why, I don't know. That was the last we saw of him, but I have since heard that he completed the course, even going to Rufford for tea, but he must have been a long way behind time, and what made him so late, I don't know. (An attack of stomach trouble, we understand.—ED.) After a very undulating ride, culminating in a long walk just after Tebay, we were brought to a standstill a few miles from Kendal by the magic word "Drinks" uttered by Tommy Mandall and Hans Kinder, and there up the road was the car, with A. P. James and the Mullah (the compleat invalid) officiating at the bar, dishing out very welcome thirst quenchers. From Kendal, at Chandler's suggestion we eschewed the main road and went through Burton-in-Kendal, and this cost Chandler his newly acquired life membership. Besides going all over the earth, that road had more traffic, and more hills to the square inch, than any road has a right to have; so Chandler will have to pay his sub. after all. The advance guard arrived at Lancaster just 15 minutes outside schedule; the others, not satisfied with one drink, stopped at Burton (appropriate name), where the motorists had a further supply awaiting at the local inn. They rolled up about 40 minutes behind schedule to find the early birds (including Bert Green, who, unable to come on the all-night ride, had ridden out for lunch) busily tucking into a well-earned meal.

Leaving Lancaster, some took the Cockerham road (Chandler again) and a small, select party kept to the main road. At Preston we said good-bye to Hubert Buckley, who intended buying a piece of railway to take him home, knowing which Bert Green came on to Rufford. But Hubert found there were no trains for sale that day, so he made a ride of it after all. The solitary Manchester representative to take part in the ride proper, he deserves special commendation. Preston to Manchester, without company, after an all night ride, is no joke. Well done! Hubert. A blazing red hot sun, a tarred road, and a stop for the purpose of imbibing tea, slowed the pace during the afternoon:

Rufford being reached about 6 o'clock, half-an-hour outside schedule. As, however, 6 o'clock is our usual tea-time, it follows that we were *not* late for tea. (That's what is called Logic.)

We sat down, B (the Anfield lucky number) to tea, Cody, Tommy Royden, Hotine and Molyneux having come out to meet us; Moly. with the news that he purposes going for the Edinburgh—Liverpool Trike Record sometime in September. Here's luck to him! Bailey did not stop at Rufford, but went straight through for home, and the Mandall car had taken the Mullah to Bollington for tea. Bert Green, with escort, left us at Burscough, the remainder of us reaching Liverpool on schedule time—8 p.m. And so ended the latest and perhaps the best of the series of all-night rides since the Saturday afternoon start was instituted.

### Chester, July 17th.

This 'ere new Editor of ours is a blinkin' nuisance. 'E's not 'ardly been Editor two minutes and 'ere 'e is, allus slingin' 'is orders round. Bossin' me! 'E allus falls back on me when 'e's got 'isself into a 'ole. I'm fed up with 'im, I am. Expect I'll 'ave to write right proper careful an' well-off or 'e'll start a-slingin' of 'is weight about and swankin' with 'is new blue pencil. Aw well, 'ere goes.

It appears that the Editor booked one of the High Ones, a member of the Sacred Inner Circle, to write up this run—and the following is what he received:—

"It was a splendid day and a splendid crowd gathered at the Bull and Stirrup. The ride of the writer was quite uneventful and calls for no comment; in fact more than half of it was done in solitary state, and the whole of it on main roads. Before, during, and after tea, the conversation seemed to be chiefly about the All-Night Ride of the previous week-end and the 24 hours race scheduled for the subsequent week-end. The members who had used motor transport on the All-Night Ride had a certain amount of chaff to put up with, but as three of the four had turned up on bicycles at Chester it would appear that they had seen the error of their ways and forsworn petrol. The week-enders (Cook and Turnor) went to Llanarmon, where they found the village *en 'ete*."

Now we are all aware that brevity is the soul of wit, and that space in the CIRCULAR is treasured and doled out jealously, but the Editor 'e come to me and says: "This 'ere's the ——" Sorry. I forgot for a moment. The Editor expressed to me a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with this as a write-up for a very enjoyable, well-attended, and generally successful Run, and of course, roped me in to supply a few of the missing details. Having made no notes and the scanty notice given finding me entirely unprepared, I am afraid my additions will be, like the rides of a certain type of alleged "cyclist" very scrappy and brief.

I have a hazy recollection of seeing W. Band speeding down the top road: of my arrival at the B. & S.; the jumbled medley of greetings in the yard and tea-table chaff and repartee; Geoff Hawkes, whom we are sorry to learn may be unable to race again this season owing to what is believed to be a strained ligament (Hard lines, Geoff.), and such old and ever more than welcome figures as Dave Rowatt, George Mercer, Teddy Edwards, H. Green, Mullah, and I believe, Bik and Charlie Conway. One or two Kinders were there, Mandall, and quite a rally of the faces which we see too rarely; but I fear that increasing poverty, age, and general decrepitude are paralysing my once nimble

pen and this is really the best I can do. Like the Page Boy in a certain Christmas Carol, "I can go no further."

#### 24 Hours Invitation Ride, July 23rd-24th.

Owing to exigencies caused by the necessity of getting this copy to the printers in great haste, and the impossibility of anyone accurately knowing everything that transpires in the course of a "24" without time to pick up the fragments of news that trickle through afterwards, this account must perforce be brief and probably very incomplete. For a comment on the event, you are asked to turn up your CIRCULAR for August, last year, when you will find the first paragraph of the "24" report, which could very appropriately be repeated again. It will suffice to add that Grimshaw, quite untrained and practically a retired veteran, entered and merely rode as an example to the younger generation, which we hope they will take to heart.

The entry was rather small at 20, but all were sent off on their long journey by Poole in very breezy weather, and all through the night there was some rare scrapping between Sutton (Cheadle Hulme), Hancock (Grosvenor), Butterworth (Oldham Century) and Shaw ("Ours"), with Randall ("Ours"), Fairnie (Oldham Century), and Cathro (Forfarshire R.C.) not far behind, and the rest riding steadily to more modest schedules. Hancock was in the lead and it was generally thought that he and Sutton, who had got together on the road, would crack each other up, and this is apparently what happened. Both of them desisted at Chester the last time, but Kettle persuaded Sutton to resume again, with a result that was startling, provided an example to those who "pack" when a bad time comes, and made History (with a capital "H"). We imagine Hancock was afterwards sorry he retired. Others to retire for various reasons were: Coates (Cheadle Hulme), Roberts ("Ours"), Pilling (Gomersall), Stephenson (Walton), Cooper (Liverpool Century), and Turvey ("Ours"); so that only 13 came down into Shropshire, and the following table of 12 hour distances tells its own story:—

E. Sutton ...	Cheadle Hulme ...	196 miles.
L. Butterworth ...	Oldham Century ...	193½ "
J. G. Shaw ...	" Ours " ...	191 "
C. Randall ...	" Ours " ...	188½ "
L. W. Fairnie ...	Oldham Century ...	188 "
J. W. Cathro ...	Forfarshire R.C. ...	186 "
J. Long ...	" Ours " ...	185 "
J. A. Grimshaw ...	" Ours " ...	185 "
L. Bibby ...	Liverpool Century ...	182½ "
A. Hughes ...	Manchester Wheelers ...	182½ "
V. J. Heeley ...	Cheadle Hulme ...	182 "

These distances were all below last year's for the leaders, and serve to accentuate the fact that the wonderful final result came from splendid riding during the second "12", despite the severe rainstorms that were encountered in East Cheshire: Sutton actually riding 192½.

E. G. Pullan (Mersey Roads), being an hour behind the others, was instructed to cut out the 42½ miles triangle from Newport, and got somewhere into Cheshire but apparently retired, and Walters also retired at Newport, first time. At Newport, 231 miles, Sutton, Butterworth, Shaw, and Randall were leading in that order, but Hughes had retired at 218 miles, and before the Raven was reached Randall



cracked and retired, while Bibby had a nasty fall on Lee Brockhurst bridge; so that only eight were left in.

Riding like one possessed, Sutton kept piling on the miles in a perfectly wonderful fashion, and as he was over-running the course, it became necessary to extend it for him, and he finally ran out time (with G. B. Orrell sweating behind him) with the fine total of 388 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles, or nearly 20 miles more than the winning distance last year and 9 miles more than has ever been accomplished on Northern roads. This super-ride is apt to distract attention from the other fine performances, but those of Butterworth, Shaw and Fairnie were all good enough to have provided a win, and Shaw was very unfortunate in going off the course accidentally and riding over 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles that could not be allowed, as it covered a piece of road for the third time. It was undoubtedly the greatest ride of Shaw's long career, and we are proud of him.

Cathro's performance was excellent for a complete novice at the game; Heeley added nearly 20 miles to his last year's distance; and Long in the later stages rode as though he had made up his mind not to finish out Chelford way. Still he was always merry and bright, and we were all very pleased with our new sub-captain. Grimshaw was ahead of Heeley, and if he had ridden out time would certainly have topped 340, but feeling that the honour of the Club had been well and truly upheld by Shaw, he fell to the temptation provided by the presence of his helping car at Holmes Chapel.

The Final Result in full is:—

E. Sutton ...	Cheadle Hulme ...	388 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.
L. Butterworth ...	Oldham Century ...	376 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
J. G. Shaw ...	" Ours " ...	369 "
L. W. Fairnie ...	Oldham Century ...	365 "
J. W. Cathro ...	Porfarshire R.C. ...	354 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
V. J. Heeley ...	Cheadle Hulme ...	337 "
J. Long ...	" Ours " ...	332 "
J. A. Grimshaw ...	" Ours " ...	320 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

#### Notes.

Kettle got frightfully fed up arranging for checkers, and some of those who refused falsified their reasons by week-ending in Shropshire and elsewhere.

Buckley and Turnor sold their bicycles at the Raven and went off in the Master's car to Hay. Fancy such dyed-in-the-wool cyclists falling that way!

Chandler was Head Cook and Bottle Washer at Chester during the night, and looked very fine in his apron.

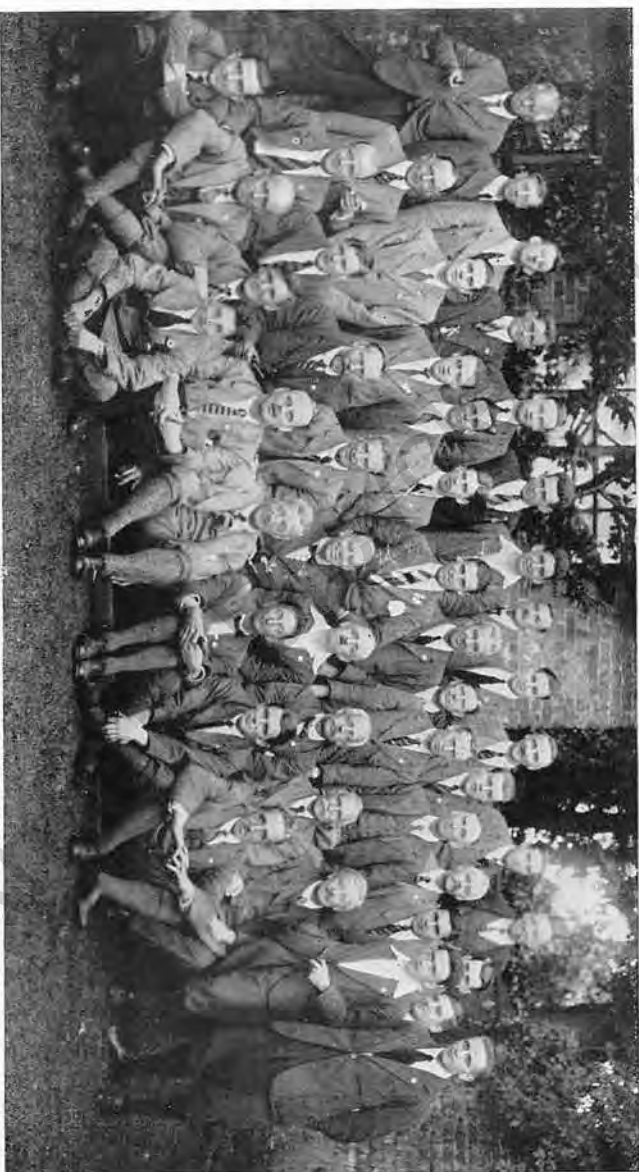
Harley interrupted a tour in North Wales to come to Newport and render valuable assistance, while Pritchard got to the Cock Inn to help Dave Fell.

Skinner, Webster, O. Cooper and Simpson kindly promised to transport the baggage from Chester to Knutsford, but each of them had such generous ideas as to their share that when A.T.S. reached the Bull and Stirrup he found himself in the position of Old Mother Hubbard. Skinner and Webster detoured via the Raven, and very kindly squeezed the injured Bibby into their car and took him over to Knutsford.

W. E. TAYLOR,

Editor.





*Top Row (Left to Right)*—H. M. Buck, N. M. Higham, H. Kinder, T. E. Mandall, T. A. Telford, H. G. Buckley, W. Orell, A. Davies,  
 C. Sekirk, E. J. Cody, J. E. Rawlinson, C. H. Turner.  
*Second Row*—A. T. Simpson, H. Austin, G. H. Welfare, G. E. Pugh, A. Wild, A. N. Rawlinson, J. C. Brand, E. O. Morris, W. H. Kettle,  
 G. F. Hawkes, J. H. Williams, A. Innes, C. Randall, J. Long, F. Jones, C. Moorby, F. Perkins.  
*Third Row*—A. Dickman, H. Rothwell, R. L. Kirby, D. M. Kaye, F. Chandler, J. S. Roberts, W. P. Cook, G. B. Burgess, W. T. Venables.  
*Front Row*—F. A. Smith, J. A. Grimshaw, U. Taylor, Friend, H. Green, E. Edwards, F. Holme, N. Turvey, T. Royden.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 247.

### FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1926.

		Light up at
Sept. 4	3rd 50 Miles Handicap .....	8-53 p.m.
" 11	Highwayside (Traveller's Rest) .....	8-36 p.m.
" 13	Committee Meeting (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.)	
" 18	Little Budworth (Red Lion) .....	8-19 p.m.
" 25	4th 50 Miles Handicap .....	8-2 p.m.
Oct. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms). .....	7-44 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Oct. 2	Bollington (Swan). Tea at 5-30 p.m. ....	7-44 p.m.
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The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stonycroft, 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.

13, WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESHIRE.

Application for Membership :—Mr. T. H. Davies, 1, St. Clements Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. Proposed by J. A. Grimshaw, seconded by C. H. Turnor.

Messrs. G. B. Mercer and A. Lucas have been unanimously elected to fill the vacancies on the Committee.

The Autumnal Tints Tour will this year be held on October 16th and 17th; the destination for the night being Bala. Further details will be given next month.

N. TURVEY,  
Hon. General Secretary.

### Racing Notes.

4th "50," September 25th.

This is the concluding event of our racing programme. Entries must reach me not later than SATURDAY, SEPT. 18th.

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

### EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

In this issue a contributor raises (in his report of the Rhayader week-end) the question of the selection of venues for Club holiday fixtures. Whether or not his criticisms are justified cannot be gone into here, but we think it will be all to the good if, during the next few months, the subject is thoroughly discussed by the main body of members, young and old, so that opinion may be sounded and ventilated, and all of us can go to the next A.G.M. knowing something of what is wanted and why. Get busy, ye wranglers.

### ITEMS.

Our good friends, Miss Beeston and Miss Belcher, were at their usual "action station" for the "12." The Club is favoured of the gods in the possession of a wide circle of friends, who, year after year, give generous and ungrudging help in many directions; and in this connection, we think there can be none to whom the Club as a body, and many of us individually, are more deeply indebted than to Mistress Mamie and "Bill."

On the Shepherd-Hughes successful attack on the Liverpool-London Tandem Record, Kettle, Cook, Buckley, H. Austin, J. and H. Kinder, Mandall, Knipe and Cotter were all assisting in various capacities, and in returning thanks for these services, Tom Hughes, Jr., writes: "Let me say here and now that I always held the Anfield Bicycle Club in high esteem, and they showed their genuine sportsmanship in a thoroughly practical manner last Sunday to a pair who are far removed from top class in racing circles. *I would like to see some of the Anfield youngsters take up the reins where the old brigade left off and get some of the R.R.A. records.* Again thanking you and your club for your valuable help." The italics are ours.

It does not take a very vivid imagination to visualize the scene portrayed in the following extract from *Sport and Play*:—"A pleasant half-hour was spent in the company of four or five Anfielders, one of whom was C. H. Turuor, the holder of several Northern records and a genial soul into the bargain. He was staying at Charlie Moss's en route to the Bath Road "100," and as he and Charlie have been pals since the night when both were chasing each other round the streets of a Southern town looking for a bed to sleep in. I imagine it was a pleasant reunion. In fact I saw every evidence that it was." And as Jack Fowler was there, the party was no doubt a complete success.

In the July CIRCULAR appeared a par regarding the Meyers End-to-End tricycle record attempt, asking "anyone who can lend a hand to communicate with the Presider," but although we know of several who were on holiday that week, only Banks, Justy, W. Band, and A. E. Walters responded. Draisley of the Century was at the Raven and had booked himself to follow to Perth.

Finn's absence from the "24" is explained by the fact that it clashed with the I.R.C. "12"; in which Finn did the excellent performance of 188 miles.

Mac has taken to motor-cycling. He must have read the letter in the *Irish Cyclist*, in which a frothy correspondent wrote "the most cultured of all other outdoor sports—motor cycling."

The mystery appertaining to J. E. Walker is now solved. He has recently been married; but he was out as a follower in the "24," and assures us of his intention to resume racing again.

Congratulations to Lusty on his win in the Speedwell "100" with probably the best ride of his career: viz., 5.31.18, which gave him the useful handicap time of 4.48.18 and made a mess of things.

We have read with great interest Gregg's excellent article "The Cyclist as a Collector" in the *C.T.C. Gazette*, but we would suggest that instead of collecting roads and memories by spreading out "a sheet of Bart's English road map, when the novel palls and atmospherics spoil the wireless," which is after all only theoretical "collecting," it is much better to be practical and collect one's roads and memories in actuality. What a gold mine of new roads and memories were provided by the All-Night ride and the Bank Holiday Tour, for instance, and even the regular club runner and week-ender is constantly adding to his collection.

Yet another Anfielder attains his "1,000" this month: C. H. Turnor being the latest recruit to the ranks of the four-figure brigade. Congratulations, Mullah.

Sammy's come back and brought the sunshine too. It appears that, being with us in the spirit, he went and crossed the wrong ship off the list—and then the poor captains didn't know *what* to do; their gyrations in the river causing such a flurry among the Mersey Ferry Flotilla that poor Sammy was fired instanter from his post of Crosser-Off-in-Chief and sent back to his little kennel, where he may be seen cracking nuts and growling any day during the week on payment of a nominal fee.

These Black and Blue Funnel people *have* got their knife into us. No sooner did Sammy Threlfall regain his freedom than they decided that Frank Chandler was in the wrong hemisphere—a misplacement which they are proceeding to remedy by exiling our Pro-Consul to Singapore for six months (approx.). We don't know where Singapore is, and Chandler didn't seem able to enlighten us; merely mumbling something about "straight" and "settlement," from which we could only surmise that the route thither is not intricate and the place is some primitive collection of huts of quite inadequate dignity to house an Anfielder. Anyway, good luck and a speedy return, Frank.

Oh dear! Jim Reade's been and gone and got married. Such a nice lad he was too. Well! Well! We wish you all the best, Jim.

#### Committee Notes (Unofficial).

Meeting duly prostrated by the chairman.

Minutes of previous meeting unduly held up at 7 p.m., read and disputed.

Bob Knipe *pays out* cash.

Chairman is frightfully polite to younger members. Younger members rise in a body and bow acknowledgement.

Bob Knipe sagely pronounces that the members who stop upstairs after tea at Halewood are those who prefer not to go down. (Thunderous applause.)

Jim Long protests against Southall being paid 2/- a mile prize money while he (J.L.) gets only  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. (Calculations by H. Austin).

Meeting duly liquidated.

SAXON TOPSY,

Horrible Secretary.

### Correspondence.

The following letter has been received by the President, who has passed it on to us. To say that its contents amazed and shocked us is merely to demonstrate the futility of language to give adequate expression of our pain and horror at such hateful behaviour on the part of those who profess to be Anfielders and Gentlemen. We have carefully examined the photographic evidence submitted (the gods forbid that we should reproduce the prints in the pure pages of our CIRCULAR!) and have broken-heartedly had to admit that they bear out our correspondent's charges. It will little profit us to reproach these foul besmirchers of our fair escutcheon, or disclose their names; their sins will find them out:—

14th August, 1926.

DEAR COOK,

There is a little matter I have intended mentioning to you for some time, and I think as "Janitor" of the Anfield it is my duty to do so.

You may have heard of the alleged little "quiet bread and cheese lunch" a certain party had at Cemwys Bay at Easter, which they allege cost them 4d. each. It was nothing of the sort—it was simply a beery binge.

The ringleader demanded 2/6 from each of twelve of us, which according to his reckoning came to 27/6. This was put into a tray and 4d. each allocated by the ringleader to food and the balance to wash it down. The biggest men got most; and incidentally got most blotto.

Two members of the party—the fattest and thinnest—started doing "dags" for pints. One was that they could not crawl under the car on their backs. The thin one managed it, but the fat one got jammed and we had to jack the car up and use a stomach pump before we could get him out.

I know you will hardly believe it, and, but for the fact that I was able to get undeniable photographic evidence, I can understand your doubts.

I enclose copies of these photographs, which prove my statements beyond contradiction.

In the first photo, you will notice my drink in the foreground—three-parts full. The big man on the right has emptied his; as he did everybody else's. The leer on his face proves this. The man at the back you will see has no drink, and he and I were the only two really capable of looking after the party.

The other photograph proves my before-mentioned statement up to the hilt. There the fat man is; jammed hard and fast, choc-a-bloc.

Even the thin man who is watching him—although he got under himself (a truly remarkable feat.—ED.)—had to cross his legs and hold on to the mudguard to keep himself up straight.

You will naturally ask whether any other member of the party can corroborate my statements. They, unfortunately, cannot. They were under the table in the first photograph.

If it were not so expensive, it would serve these men right to publish these photos in your Journal. I shall be pleased to give you the negatives if any of your members think they are faked.

Yours sincerely,

W. M. CARWITHEN.

### More Antics By Our Antiques.

The small but alert band of Anfield explorers is daily gaining adherents and threatens to play a part in our destinies. Already their labours have had to be sub-divided:—Chemicus Franco: Roman Amphitheatres. Fellius: Links with Pompeii. Arribucola: Dwelling Pits. Lowcius Billio: Phantastic Gods. Bicklius Edouin: Easements and Ginnels. At Colchester, Crowcius Croft joined the Sacred Circle through the Roman Balkerne Gate; but he still turns up his nose at Ginnels. Unabashed, Bicklius disclosed further finds in the Norman Castle Walls, which are adorned with Gritstone Ginnel Mouths placed boldly in the centre of each Wall. A magnificent conception! Now comes news from Rome that our own Archowlius Perkin has got inside the Tempio di Vesta; probably the home of Vestal Maidens. Of his finds at Pompeii he promises word pictures, and, while blinking an owlish optic, tells us that he is storing knowledge. This is hardly fair to Fell, who broadcast his finds. It is not unlikely that, on his next visit to Italy, Perkin Archowlius will take with him the whole gang, as Valets, Couriers, Interpreters (Simpsonius) and hangers on; in short as Licitors. Well may Coclius Caesar stare amazed at the infant he has helped to rear.

(We fear that the sight of this crowd, headed by THE MASTER—of the Knights—and complete with choppers, parading thro' the streets of Rome, might, despite Arthur's professional services, be open to misinterpretation.—ED.)

### Brighter Cycling.

Extract from an advertisement in the *Liverpool Post*, of August 18th:—"Carry music with you on your holidays by taking a portable gramophone. For picnics, river parties, cycling, etc., etc." We think this is a great idea. The record should of course be selected to suit prevailing circumstances, and in this connection the following table of suggestions might be found useful:—

Climbing the Sportsman: Leaving Deubigh: "*Here we suffer grief and pain.*" Bylehan: *Chopin's Funeral March (1st movement)*.

Last spasm: "*Peer Gynt (Death of Ase).*"

Caught in the rain: "*Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket.*"

Arrival of the Smart Set at the Run: "*Who are these in bright array?*"

After Committee meetings: "*There's a tavern in the town.*"

Dropping down the Horseshoe: "*William Tell (Grand Finale)*"

Announcement—"Tea's ready": "*Come ye thankful people come.*"

All Night Ride: Night:—"The night is dark and we are far from home." Morning:—"When the great red dawn is shining."

Drinks:—"Where my caravan has rested." Liverpool again:—"Home sweet home."



Bettws : After dinner :—" Come let us sing while we may." Burial of F.H. after a wild night :—" Down among the dead men let him lie." An hour later ; Cook's room :—" William Tell (Storm)"; every other room :—" Traumerei." Next morning : " Christians awake."

Horribly knocked : " The Lorelei " (" Oh ! what can it be that ails me ? ")

H. Green submerged in flood under bridge at Halewood : Song from " The Tempest " (" Full fathom five thy father lies.")

## Our Dramatic Corner.

### PLAY I.

Scene - EDITORIAL OFFICE.

(A loud crash ; door flies open ; office boy turns in his sleep and murmur : " Oh, Lor ! Another one." Sunburnt Gent with exaggerated calve and a large club storms in. Office Boy awakes.)

S.G. : (Flourishing club and rolling his eyes balefully) :

" Is the Editor in, boy ? "

O.B. (Well trained) : " No sir, he's 'inst gone out for a quick one."

(S.G. foams at the mouth, lies on his back and kicks, flings his club through the window, and finally, reproachful sorrow over-coming hot anger, addresses the O.B., who, quite accustomed to such displays, has been a rather bored spectator.)

S.G. (In a tremulous voice) : " Boy : I am Ball of Speedwell, W.F.B. of F.O.T.C. Tell your Editor that this new President of the Old Timers is no Pa Potterer, but a Rider Hard and Valiant, who rode 900 miles (including four centuries), in July, and, tho' now by no means a Champion, yet still keeps moving fast and far enough to entitle him to kiss the hem of the Really Good Riders' garments."

(His voice breaks, he bursts into tears, and departs.)

### PLAY II.

Scene - EXTERIOR OF THE EGERTON ARMS, BROXTON.

(A group of low, ruffianly-looking fellows have alighted from a motor car and are busily engaged drinking themselves to death. A dignified, bald-headed old gentleman approaches on a tricycle, averts his face from the haunt of vice, and makes as though to pass by on the other side, but is coarsely hailed by one of the ruffians and compelled to dismount.)

RUFFIAN : " You owes me an' me pals a bob. We put you in for t'Barfrode Sweep, see ? "

DIGNIFIED OLD GENT (A bit scared) : " Certainly, my good fellow. Here you are." (Hands R the shilling.)

R. : " Well, we're pleased to tell you as 'ow you won t'sweep."

D.O.G. (All smiles and holding out his hand) : " Oh ! I say. Really, y'know. What ! "

R. (Placing three pennies in D.O.G.'s outstretched hand) : " Well, y'see, we knew ye'd like us to do the right thing, so we've just celebrated it properly and 'ere's t'balance ! ! ! "

### PLAY III.

Scene : A sanctuary in the foothills of the Cotswolds where the wife and young hopeful of a well-known cycling journalist are staying. A Visitor (a cyclist) has just arrived.

VISITOR (Addressing young hopeful) : " I suppose you intend to be a Great Cyclist like your father when you grow up ? "

WIFE OF G.C. (Interrupting) : " Indeed ! I hope not." (Collapse of Visitor.)

## RUNS.

## Rhayader, July 31st-August 2nd.

At the last A.G.M. the Committee were left to decide between the Antrim Coast and the Wye Valley. In due course they decided in favour of Wales; and when we asked for reasons, we were informed that the Wye Valley was selected on grounds of expense, as the younger members of the Club could not afford the Belfast return fare. As events turned out, only one young member of the Club was seen at Rhayader, so that those who really preferred to tour on less familiar (or unknown) ground had to put themselves to the inconvenience of attending a tour for the special benefit of the young men, all except one of whom failed to give any support. It is to be hoped that in future the Committee will take some interest in having the Club flag planted in new country; remembering that the Bath Road "100" and E.L.W. "50" provide ample scope for those who feel that a more extensive tour is beyond the reach of their exchequer.

The first person to commence the tour was Hotine, who started on the Friday for Shrewsbury and proceeded via Craven Arms, Clun, Knighton, Bleddfa, and Penybont. The Knipe family (father and son, on tandem) were on the road on Saturday morning in front of Cook and Welfare, but they ultimately met at Oswestry at lunch time, continuing on to Llanidloes for tea and getting to Rhayader about 8 o'clock. Ven and Arthur Newall had started about one o'clock per car, and Billy Owen had travelled per car from Llanfair Caereinion, whilst Chandler left at 12-15 p.m., had lunch at Chester, and tea at Welshpool, arriving at Rhayader about 9-45 p.m. After supper an investigation was carried out of Robinson's Rhayader Retreat, to wit, the "Butcher's Arms," but the party were not impressed with the general surroundings, including the patrons, and it was generally felt those who preferred well aired beds and an intact purse had better return to the "Lion Royal."

The following day found the party riding up the Elan Valley, with its reservoirs and magnificent views of the surrounding country; the colouring being very fine and the road in splendid order. The party had been augmented by Kinnear of the Birmingham D.A., and Harold Rae and better half on a tandem, also from Birmingham. After leaving the reservoirs, the road somewhat degenerated, but was all rideable until just before the direct Rhayader-Devil's Bridge road was reached. Following this old direct route, three fords and a number of minor water splashes had to be crossed, and the last one found the Knipe tandem aground with the family standing in the water; the spectacle causing some merriment. Half-way, and before the track coming in from Llangurig is reached, the road is very rough and covered with slag, but afterwards down the Ystwyth Valley it improves. At Pentrebriantant we were treated to several glasses of Eiffel Tower Lemonade by the Rae party, and then all proceeded to inspect Hafod Church, which contains a fine monument by Chantrey and some Dutch Glass. The monument is in memory of the last scion of the ancient family of the Johnes of Hafod: viz., their only daughter, Mary, who died young, after a few days' illness, in 1811. "The monument is of pure marble and represents a truly affecting scene; a lady and gentleman are standing over a dying girl of angelic beauty, who is extended on a couch, and from whose hand a volume, the Book of Life, is falling. The lady is weeping . . . (Borroan.) The sculptor had omitted

to include the wedding ring on the lady's finger, and we were told at Rhayader that he had committed suicide in consequence, but this tale has since been disposed of by George Mercer and Cook, who have been on a special pilgrimage in search of *Archivae Municipis* for the purpose; their finding being that Chantrey had died 30 years afterwards. "The Church is known as Eglwys Newydd—New Church. The memorial was designed by Stothard and executed by Chantrey and regarded as his masterpiece. Col. Johnes was the translator of Froissart, which makes Hafod a place to which Koenen and Chem ought to make a pilgrimage." (*Cook*.) Climbing over the hill and passing under the arch, which was erected by Col. Johnes to commemorate the Jubilee of George III's accession, we dropped down to the Hafod Arms at the Devil's Bridge, which supplied us with an excellent lunch—loganberry tart *ad lib*. Afterwards we inspected the three storied bridge and Mynaca Falls, and then, saying good bye to our friends, we made for Ponterwyd and thence to the Glan Severn Arms for afternoon tea. We bade farewell to Billy Owen at Llangurig and then rode on to our headquarters for the night.

We found that the Lion Royal had a very poor idea of the needs of cyclists, and that there was no oatmeal in the house—that essential food of all cyclists, porridge, was therefore wanting. It also transpired that such a thing as dinner on a Sunday night was unheard of, and that all they could do was to fix up a scratch meal, which although satisfactory as it turned out, was very far off Bettws standard, for instance, or even anything that might have been procured by adequate arrangement. That night we all went to bed and left Cook in the bar parlour correcting a person, who appeared to us to be a tonsorial artist, on the subject of the appellation "pushbikes."

The return journey on the Monday was made via Crossgates and the Ithon Valley to Newtown. We found that, after successfully steering our bodies clear of the wheels of the Birmingham—Aberystwith speedy death dealers on the Crossgates road, that the ride up the Ithon Valley was exceedingly delightful and free from stinks and smells. Those who had never been on it before were amazed that they had been to a height of 1,200 ft., so gradual had been the incline, whilst the descent was beautifully graded. After liquid refreshment at Newtown, we rode on to Welshpool, where a satisfactory lunch was obtained. Here Ven and Arthur Newall reported having been round by Llandrindod, but on being questioned were unable to state which route they had pursued; it afterwards being evident to the party that they had been down the Wye towards Newbridge, although if you were to ask them now I don't suppose they could be quite sure. They returned to Crossgates and had to go back to Rhayader, as Ven found he'd left his pyjamas behind him. After lunch Hotine made another of his sensational disappearances and was apparently blown back along the road. He, however, appeared dashing up the hill into Oswestry, whilst Welfare and Chandler were helping Cook to repair a burst tyre. This was the last we saw of him, as he didn't turn up at the tea place at Farndon, and it afterwards transpired at the meeting of the C.B.B. on Wednesday that Mr. Hotine had purchased a small temporary interest in G.W.R. The Knipe family also gave the party some anxiety, as at Farndon they left their tandem outside one pub, and went and had tea at another; but the tale of Knipe's bundle must be left for Cook to tell. A call at Willaston for boiler water brought a very enjoyable tour to a close.

### To the B.R. "100" and Back.

A representative party from Manchester and Liverpool supported this event, a start being made on the Saturday, and the two contingents joining forces at Charlie Moss's House, Inkford Brook; the car party being Mandall, W. Kinder, James, and Winstanley, and the cyclists Turner and friend and the two Rawlinsons.

An enjoyable evening passed all too soon, and an early start on the morrow enabled us to reach Long Compton comfortably for lunch. The route from here lay through Woodstock and Oxford to Abingdon, the Lion Hotel there being but a poor substitute for the Lamb, Wallingford, where we were unfortunately unable to find accommodation.

Monday saw us early on the road to enable us to assist at the "100." Two of "Ours" figured on the card and it is regrettable that G. B. Orrell was unable to ride, especially after his fine performance last year, as the added advantage of being familiar with the course would have stood him in good stead. Selkirk was unlucky in being attacked with cramp after covering a considerable distance, and he decided to "pack."

Lunch was partaken at Newbury with P. C. B. and several Bath Roaders, and later we proceeded through Hungerford and so to Pewsey, where was held the Annual Banquet, presided over by the Arch-Owl with his usual imperturbability. It would be useless to endeavour to mention all the many old friends present—names like Maden, Westaway, etcetra, spring readily to the mind—but suffice it to say we were once again accorded the very heartiest of welcomes from our old comrades, the Bath Roaders.

On Tuesday we made for home, carrying with us recollections of still another superb long week-end.

### East Liverpool Wheelers' Invitation "50." August 2nd.

In this Shropshire event we were poorly represented; only two electing to enter and ride; namely, R. J. Austin with an allowance of 14 minutes, and Turvey on an 18 minutes mark.

The morning was fine, but very warm, with a trying wind when Norman Higham despatched 76 of the 87 entrants. Austin packed when having once completed the triangle, while our Secretary continued to finish in 2 hrs. 48 mins. 42 secs.; so we were well out of the picture. In all, 48 finished, and W. Holland (M.C. & A.C.), scratch, made fastest time with 2 hrs. 23 mins. 22 secs., while second fastest time by G. H. Ball (Walsall Roads), also on scratch, was only 1 second slower. The handicap prizes went to (1) C. H. McKail, Cheadle Hulme (9½ mins.), 2 hrs. 27 mins. 24 secs.; (2) H. Brewer, Manchester Grosvenor (14 mins.), 2 hrs. 31 mins. 55 secs.; (3) J. Berry, Manchester Grosvenor (9½ mins.), 2 hrs. 28 mins. 11 secs. The promoting club took the 1st Team Prize from the Mersey Roads C.C.

We had a nice number about the course; Johnny Band, Green senior, and Tommy Royden, being at Hodnet corner; Morton, H. Austin, and Moorby stayed at Shawbury; while Captain Kettle fraternised with the E.L.W. at Shrewsbury.

## Highwayside, August 7th.

Motto for this run :—" Out of the fulness of the mouth, the heart speaketh."

There were 42 at this run. There or thereabouts.

A rather dull morning gave place to a bright afternoon, and was followed by a golden evening, which made Cook turn to Stone—I beg your pardon; towards Stone. Glorious weather for "collecting"; whether one collects stamps, or eggs, or black puddings (*a la* Chandler), or roads, or perspiration. Kettle started "collecting" also, i.e., helpers and followers for the "12". He scored a bull right away by bagging me; but what does one do when the competitor one is told off to follow is much too fast for one? Send out an S.O.S. for a fast tandem, I suppose.

The Rhayader party (of the previous week-end) had quite a lot to say. Welfare exhibited some excellent photographs of the tourlet; but they were all about a foot square. His camera must have a 26-inch frame! Bob Knipe was greatly concerned re the inability of the inhabitants of Rhayader to pronounce the name of their home town correctly. He suggests that the Anfield experts should teach the Welsh how to speak their own language. Cook went exploring Rhayader to find the "Butcher's Arms" (where he had been told the beer was cheap and good), but a coalition of Cook and Bartholomew failed to locate the building. Appealing to a local for assistance, said local reeled off all the hotels and pubs. she knew (i.e., "Swan, Bear, Lamb, Mint Sauce, Miners' Arms," etc., *sotto voce, ad lib.*), but nothing in the meat-purveying line. Eventually, the Old Gent found it (personally, I'd sooner collect roads than pubs.) and went in, and speedily came out, saying that he hadn't enjoyed his drink, and that the place was full of men of the "Declare a vendetta, grasp my stiletto, and stab him so that he'll never forget-a" type.

Sub-Captain Long caught the craze for "collecting" just after this, but showed no originality; merely muttering "2/8d." Gregg tried to turn Long's attention off the money side of the business by showing him a photograph of Loch Long, but Sub-Captain wasn't having any, and replied that he had toured up there and they named the Loch after him not long after.

Animated discussion took place re touring on 10/- a day. The two representatives of the Wayfarer C.C. were outflanked, out-marshalled, and out-generalled without their leader, and wisely took refuge in eating.

When railway signals change from red to green, it's a good sign; but I was quite alarmed when Knipe's healthy colour changed suddenly (chameleon-like) to a delicate shade of green. I was on the point of going to borrow the Presider's iodine for his relief, but the explanation was quite simple; one of the helpers had just placed opposite Knipe a huge green jelly! I'm a bit of an artist myself, and to get a tint like that on jelly means that someone had been pretty liberal with the arsenic!

It was rather an unusual experience to be served entirely by men. They were quite efficient; almost too pressing, in fact.

The Anfield speed-men made for home by fast main roads, but we, not being the backbone of the Club, and having this craze for "collecting," must needs wander round Beeston, and pause for a while on that little railway bridge which gives so magnificent a prospect of the old castle and the Peckfortons. Let me picture it for you:—Above, a sky of the softest Italian blue; around, the silence and peace of pastoral Cheshire; all about, the gentle wind laden with clover and hay and many another scent; ahead, the great tree-shrouded bluff (crowned with its castle ruins) rising grandly to where the rooks circle and swing in air. Into this Elysian vale of delight, there burst suddenly a cycling party, Girl Guides, if you please, with a most attractive leader—who was lost. With that quick and accurate perception which characterises all true leaders, she besought our guidance, and, after a pleasant chat, was sent, with her brood, on her way rejoicing. This road is now added to my collection. Verily, virtue is its own reward.

### 12 Hours Unpaced Handicap, August 14th.

Without a doubt this event was remarkable for the high standard of the performances by all those who finished, and the winning distances are probably without parallel in the history of the Club's half-day races. Only 15 competitors' names (14 single bicycles and 1 tricycle), rather fewer than in recent years, appeared on the card, with G. B. Orrell on scratch giving everyone else double figures in miles.

Poole started everybody promptly on a fairly fine morning, with a gusty wind blowing from the West. To the check at Newport, 53½ miles, the ride was greatly wind assisted, but the times returned varied by anything up to 47 minutes. Here Orrell had secured a comfortable lead, and with 2.41 was just a shade outside "evens." Selkirk came second with 2.52, although he had punctured and changed a tyre. The majority of the remainder clocked about 3 hours, but Pugh doing 3.28 was obviously whacked. He retired some two miles further on and returned through Newport *without reporting*.

Meanwhile, the competitors were having a tough fight into a strong westerly wind; the 18½ miles to the "Old Bell" occupying quite a few men an hour-and-a-half; but the fittest began to assert themselves by the time Newport, 96 miles, was reached, and here the leading times gave good indication of the result. Orrell, doing 5.3, was riding very strongly and seemed certain of doing greatest distance, while Selkirk still retained second position on time with 5.28. Welfare, who was lying sixth on the first visit, had now climbed up into third place, and showed 5.41, and appeared certain of being amongst the prize-winners. Randall and Lusty tied with 5.45, and Moorby and Urban Taylor with 6.5, while Schofield, on a tricycle, riding steadily, clocked 6.20.

On the return journey into Cheshire, Selkirk inadvertently turned at Shawbirch and so missed the Crudgington check, and in consequence his finishing distance was subject to a deduction of approximately 1 mile (we shall have to have direction arrows similar to those used in motor trials for Selkirk in future events). Back at home-quarters, at Vicars Cross, 155 miles, saw Orrell clocking the splendid time of 8-39 against Selkirk's 9.16, Randall's 9.37, Welfare's 9.39, Lusty's 9.45, and R. J. Austin's 10.3. Randall had here pulled up a little on Welfare, but he ultimately lost it in the closing stages.



Orrell now covered the 33½ miles back to V.C. in 1.55, and we began to conjecture the distance by which he would exceed Northern 12 hours Record. He arrived back at V.C. for the third time having 20 minutes in hand, and finished on the Parndon extension with the magnificent total of 213½ miles, which gave him second place in the handicap. Selkirk, who took third place, was fortunate in finishing with a following wind and he put up a splendid ride of 199 miles, but a puncture earlier in the day, and later an attack of cramp, probably lost him the coveted double century. Welfare just nicely took first prize with an excellent total of 194 miles: an improvement of 21½ miles on his previous best. Randall in the second half gained on Lusty and did well, covering 193¾ miles, but if he had cut his feeding stops to a minimum he would most likely have run Selkirk close for third place. Lusty seemed comfortable throughout and finished with less than three-quarters of a mile short of 190; while Austin, who started fairly fast, settled down after the first 50 miles and rode through steadily, finally beating his previous best by 2½ miles. Roberts rode wonderfully well for a veteran of over 50 years, and Taylor astonished us with a tip-top veteran-novice performance of 176¾ miles, and on "steels" too! These two were just beaten by Moorby with 178½ miles—good for a first attempt. Banks (a veteran), and Schofield (on a trike) each did excellent rides of about the same distance. Turvey "packed" after a big share of tyre trouble, while H. G. Buckley, apparently over-gearred, failed to find his speed legs and retired at 114½ miles. (We understand Hubert attributes his poor form to a seaside holiday with an overdose of bathing just prior to the race. Rothwell fell whilst negotiating a hill into Newport, and although badly cut, he sportily continued, but his injuries stiffened his limbs and he retired at 82¾ miles. (Bravo! H.K.—and better it—

The following is the result:—

		ACTUAL DISTANCE	H'CA-	HANDI- DISTANCE	
1.	G. H. Welfare ...	194	20	214	Standard C
2.	G. B. Orrell ...	213½	Scr.	213½	Greatest Dis- tance & Std. F.
3.	C. Selkirk ...	199	10	209	Standard C.
4.	C. Randall ...	193¾	12	205¾	
5.	U. Taylor ...	176¾	28	204¾	Standard B.
6.	R. J. Austin ...	187½	17	204½	" B
7.	A. Lusty ...	189½	15	204½	" B
	T. V. Schofield (t'cycle)	172½	32	204½	" C
8.	J. S. Roberts ...	177	27	204	" B
9.	A. G. Banks ...	172½	30	202½	" A
10.	C. Moorby ...	178½	22	200½	" B

#### Odds and Ends.

Orrell's fine ride compares very favourably with the result of the Anerley event run off on the same day, and exceeds Buckley's N.R.R.A. 12 hour record by 4¾ miles. After about 40 miles Orrell led the field, so that his ride was almost wholly strictly unpaired. Well done G.B.!

We were fortunate in striking a fine day amidst so much unsettled weather, but the wind at times must have been extremely trying.



The feeding arrangements were voted excellent throughout, thanks to the Skipper's splendid organisation.

It was pleasing to see Frank Jones on the course, convalescing after his recent mishap; no doubt wishing he were competing to repeat his win of last year.

We are indebted to Miss Beeston for her valuable help at Newport; without which the writer could not have had the Presider's 101 notes.

#### Nantwich, August 21st.

Having spent the earlier part of the day on Llandegla Moors, now looking their best, but with the moorland road in bad order, the Club Meet called us to the rural scenes and better roads of Cheshire. Avoiding the main North Wales routes, we were soon where motors almost ceased from troubling, until entering Nantwich, which seemed mildly excited over something or other which evidently necessitated the dressing up of various youths and maidens in fancy costumes.

We numbered about thirty-seven at "The Lamb," and found excellent provision for our needs promptly and well served; after which, being caught in good humour, we were invited to support a good cause and invest in a Postcard Photo Souvenir of the "100", printed by a Wigan expert, and freely taken up by the company. Last week's "12" was a general topic of conversation and satisfaction was expressed at the good results; also reasons given why some had not achieved their mileage expectations.

One or two regular attenders were missing, possibly on holidays, but a feeling has been voiced more than once that less distant rendezvous would be welcomed.

An early start was made for home by Liverpool and Wirral members, and I understand there were also week-end parties for Maclesfield, Loppington and/or Wem.

#### Tattenhall, August 28th.

After a ride round Eaton Park with the Editorial One, I arrived at The Bear just in time to see Bert Green drive away in a petrol pushed prambulator, bound for Prestatyn. It appears that he is too shy to meet cyclists now he buys his power in a green tin, so comes to the tea place before the common pedallers arrive.

How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in the streets of Anfield, lest the sons of Liverpool and Manchester rejoice and turn out to the runs in Lizzies. All the elders seem to be reverting to petrol these days. Who will be the next? Perhaps the Mullah, or Johnny Band; or what about W.P.?; surely he's eligible? Perhaps it is best not to say; as in any case, time is the best judge and time alone can tell.

Thirty-seven sat down to tea; one or two more rolling up a little late; Sammy Threlfall being one of these. Yes, Sammy did look strange, didn't he? Several didn't even recognise him; and no wonder; he was disguised in a brand new pair of giglamps (never been unpacked). You know the sort—"Look me over, kid, look me over, kid, I come from God's own country."

A certain scribe, by name, "Swear-Fairer," paid us one of his few (positively) appearances, while one heard such names as, Winstanley, George Newall, Oliver Cooper, Jimmie Williams, and Dave Rowatt mentioned, which goes to show that the several persons of those names were present.

After tea quite a number of us went to the finish of the East Liverpool *versus* Manchester Wheelers match, where we found the O.C. seated in state at the side of the road, surrounded by his subjects. Hotine was one of 'em, and from what I saw, he appeared to be shuffling a pack of cards, although he subsequently pleaded guilty to aiding and abetting the Old Man in timing the Wheelers.

Liverpool (of course) knocked the stuffing out of Manchester by a wide margin—of 58 seconds.

Banks had been riding in a private 100 mile time trial for a Standard Medal, and did six, eight, something. No doubt Widelegs's "hundred" accounted for the absence from the run of so many "usuals," who were probably helping him

For company home I chose Johnny Band, and for so doing, received a dissertation on rearlamps and motorists in general; with the net result that I have taken the oath never to ride a bicycle with a rearlight (day or night), or degenerate to a car driver, as long as J.B. is able to pedal either a sewing machine or a bicycle.

W. E. TAYLOR,

Editor.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 248.

### FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1926.

					Light up at
Oct.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	...	...	7-44 p.m.
"	9	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	...	...	6-28 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).			
"	16/17	Autumnal Tints Tour to Bala (White Lion) with lunch on Sunday at Llanarmon. D.C. (West Arms)	...	...	6-12 p.m.
"		Kelsall (Royal Oak)	...	...	6-12 p.m.
"	23	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	...	...	5-56 p.m.
"	30	Sankey (Chapel House)	...	...	5-42 p.m.
Nov.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms).	...	...	5-28 p.m.

Tea at 6 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Oct.	2	Bollington (Swan)	...	...	7-44 p.m.
"	23	Allstock (Three Greyhounds)	...	...	5-56 p.m.
Nov.	6	Mobberley (Roebuck).	...	...	5-28 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Full Moon ... 21st inst.

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

13 WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESHIRE.

#### COMMITTEE NOTES.

Mr. T. H. Davies has been elected to Active Membership.

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS—

E. J. Reade, 22 Lowther Road, Prestwich Park, Manchester.

W. Threlfall, Suncroft, Acre Lane, Heswall Hills, Cheshire.

F. Chandler, c/o. Mansfield & Co., Ltd., Singapore.

Will those intending to join in the Autumnal Tints Tour to Bala on the 16th October, kindly let me have their names not later than the 9th,  
N. TURVEY.

Hon. General Secretary.

**RACING NOTES.**

Members wishing to obtain a Certificate for any of their performances can have same on payment of One Shilling.

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

**H. L. PRITCHARD**

## An Appreciation by a Friend.

One of the most painful and difficult duties that I have ever been called upon to attempt is to record the loss, through death, of one of "Ours," as a result of the terrible and tragic accident which occurred in Waterloo Road, New Brighton, on the 21st September; a tragedy which robbed the Club of one of its oldest and most devoted admirers, and myself of one of my oldest and dearest friends. Harry Pritchard, of Eccles, and I came together 27 years ago through our mutual love of cycling and formed a close and lasting friendship which has ever been of the warmest description. From the earliest of cycling days, Pritchard took the greatest interest in our Club and the doings of our members; hardly ever failing to attend our "24's" and always turning out somewhere on our "100" course on Whit Monday. He was always keen and willing to lend a hand at checking and feeding on Record Attempts, as many of our older members know to their satisfaction. After he became interested in motors and the motor trade he was often able to render good service for the benefit of various riders by the use of his car. For many years it was his great ambition to become a member of the Club, but his natural diffidence and retiring nature seemed to keep him back. He always used to say that he feared his riding capabilities were not good enough for him to join a club like the Anfield, much as he would have liked to have done so. Of later years he found himself able to enjoy a little more leisure, particularly on Saturdays, and the increased use of motors by our members brought it about that he gave me his permission to propose him as a member in 1925. To many of our older members his election gave complete satisfaction and pleasure, and to myself great joy; our only regret being that, after delaying his entry into the Club so long, he should be taken from us so soon and so suddenly. His sudden death is a great loss to the Club and an even greater loss to some of us who were more intimately attached to him. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his wife and sisters in their terrible loss.

E.B.

## ITEMS.

In *Cycling*, of September 3rd, our good friend F.T.B. had something to say on "The Right Sort of Motorist." To no club can his comments be more appositely applicable than to ours. We are particularly fortunate in the possession of a "noble army of retired riders keen on helping with their cars," and we don't forget it. Some of us are very fond of pulling the legs of our Fire Brigade, but all know that they come in uncommonly useful at times. Personally, we would like to cut out and paste in our hat, F.T.B.'s words—but, as we are frequently reminded by sundry street urchins, we ain't got no 'at.

How utterly feeble to our ears sound the slogans of the Coalistic Cook when we realise that they are but variants of the lifelong mottoes and principles of our own Paganistic Cook. "Not a penny off the pay: not a minute on the day," is sheer plagiarism of W.P.'s time honoured "Not a furlong off the way; yet an hour on my play." And who has not heard that broth of a boy, W.P., sing, "Leave the rain in *Status Quo*; yet a-Biking we will go." After that how lame and halting sounds: "To work we will go on the *Status Quo*." No: these minor Cooks spoil the broth.

*Punch* and other illustrated mediums of study have indicated that no cyclist, motorist, or tourist of any kind is suitably accoutred at this time of day without THE BERET, and it must interest all our members to know that these are now on the market in club colours to meet the tremendous demand that has sprung up from up-to-date Anfielders. The pioneers who have worn the skull cap with such distinction these last few years will find no inconvenience in adopting the fashionable wear. In Wallasey—the West Cheshire City by the Sea that has adopted French ways—an Anfielder from East Cheshire, when admitted to the exclusive Warren Club, disported himself quite recently in the Anfield Beret and met with vogue, if not approval.

John Urry has been spending some holidays at Tenby at the same time that J. C. Band was rusticated there, and in a *Sport and Play* article describes the place as "a first-class cycling centre." What a pity Johnny left his bicycle at home.

Chandler has taken his tricycle out to Singapore, chartering a special ship for the purpose, and in due course we expect to hear that he has broken the "Singapore to Java and back Trike Record."

Many of us have very vivid and delightful memories of the year spent amongst us by Ellis M. Dawson of the N.R. when he was most welcome guest at our fixtures. On his return to London he became "Velox" of *Cycling* and then joined the staff of "Faed" Wilson. We were therefore inexpressibly shocked when we read of his tragic death through the overturning of his car in the New Forest, and desire to record our deep sympathy with the bereaved family and the N.R. Dawson never lost his interest in cycling and only last year when travelling in the district came specially over to Liverpool to accompany the Presider on a tandem for his usual Wednesday evening circuit to Saughall Massie; and those who were out that night were charmed with his company and vastly entertained by his reminiscences.

The Master has made a notable addition to the Art Gallery at 15 Brunswick Street in the form of a picture by George Moore depict-

ing the start of the N.R. "24" in 1891, entitled "Each flier rode the best machine. Each man was trained to stay." In an accompanying letter P.H. bursts into song as follows:—

Each rider rode the best machine : each man was trained to stay.  
 There's Cook among the leaders, and he leads them all the way.  
 There's Hellier lying handy on a Humber as you see.  
 There's Toft upon a Rational : the make is R. and P.  
 And so the Anfield holds the road and on the road holds sway :  
 Each member has the best of clubs : the Anfield's trained to stay.  
 This is not historically accurate but the sentiment is excellent.

In recording the breaking of the London to Brighton and back record by Marshall, the *Irish Cyclist* sneers at the margin of 39 seconds and comments : "We sincerely hope the next speedman will accomplish the ride at least a minute quicker—*nothing less will scarcely be worth reporting.*" The italics are ours. The succeeding paragraph reports a London to Yarmouth and back motor cycling event known as "The Bloater Trial," and says : "On the return journey every competitor's machine carried a 'bLOATER' suspended from the handlebar by a piece of string, an ornament that aroused considerable hilarity among spectators along the route." This wonderful exhibition of prowess is of course much more worth reporting than any miserable breaking of the Brighton record by less than a minute. It is quite evident the O'Fatur is away on holiday.

We have been asked by both Molyneux and Schofield to express their thanks for, and appreciation of, the help rendered by various members in connection with the Liverpool—Edinburgh tricycle record attempts on the 17th and 19th respectively.

Yet another gap has been made in our ranks by the death, as a result of accident, of H. L. Pritchard, of Eccles. Owing to the self-starter refusing to function and some mistake on his own part over the gear and braking arrangements, Pritchard was run over and dragged along by his own car whilst endeavouring to effect a start by means of the starting handle—his wife sitting in the car being unable to do anything to avert the tragedy or stop the car beyond turning it into the side of the road. Pritchard received severe internal injuries, never recovered consciousness, and died shortly after admission to hospital. An abler pen has elsewhere in this issue sketched briefly his connection with the Club, so we will refrain from comment beyond saying that the sentiments there expressed are indeed those of us all. These lines are written before the funeral, which is to take place at Peel Green Cemetery, Patricroft, at 2-30 p.m., on Friday, September 24th, but we are assured that the Club will be fittingly represented.

### The Djinn.

We Anfielders are justly proud of our history and traditions ; the Club name is emblazoned on almost every page of cycling annals and its flag planted in the farthest corners of the earth ; so that at Whitsuntide we are wont to swagger down Wyle Cop with jaunty step and swinging shoulders, fancying the whole town of old Salop pricked out in Black and Blue tints. There are, so we have heard, quite a few other clubs in the country who also do a little cycling in their way ; but these we regard with a kindly and amused tolerance, leaving them to scramble happily amongst themselves, unless, indeed, in their playful gambols, our corns should suffer slight impressment ; then do we

freeze into cold hauteur, from which the prankish ones may well quail and shrink abashed.

It will, therefore, come as a shock to most of us to realise that our exclusive ranks harbour one who, it is not too much to say, is the most violently hated and anathematised person in town; a man whom thousands would gaily hang with their own hands (and a suitable rope); one who is the cause of men falling asleep o' nights praying for the day when they may get in just one swipe at him with the wife's meat chopper; because of whom motorists annually slay thousands of innocents (*a la Pharo*) in the vain hope that, among so many, they may perchance get *him*.

Never a minute of the day passes that does not witness curses on this man and his minions; curses loud and deep, shrill and piercing; curses spit, hissed, shrieked and bellowed, rising vainly to the high heavens. Hour by hour, day by day, month by month, and year by year, countless scores of nerve-wracked, despairing units of humanity reason with this man's hired servants; plead with them, cajole, argue, threaten and bluster; all to no purpose.

The victims employ every resource of modern civilization driven to the absolute limits of desperation. They devise cunning schemes, concoct plans plain and simple and plans elaborate; they rise in wrath, and sit down again and pen vitriolic letters to the newspapers; they attempt to ignore, and profess to rise superior to, the machinations of this monster; but never, nowhere, can his toils and his imperious summoning be escaped.

And HE sits there: calm, unapproachable, unflurried; far removed from, and unmoved by, the execrations of the multitude. In his secluded *sanctum sanctorum*, guarded jealously at all points by trusted bond-slaves, broods this arch-daemon, this serpent, this vile object of universal hate. Like a great spider he waits at the centre of his web, from which the threads radiate outwards to the very limits of the land.

And who, you ask, is this man; if man he be?

Why! Who other than our old friend Oliver Cooper? O.C. *Telephones, y'know.*

### Cook Takes to Motoring.

It came to pass that, following a night of meditation spent among the tombs of his ancestors in the Wilds of Wigan, the Pagan hied himself and trike up the Road to Scotland, with purpose and intent to keep an assignation with A Young Man In A Hurry; but events proceeded Not According To Plan and the wrath of the Infuriated Infidel was blood-curdling to behold. So rabid was his rage that he fell upon his beloved bassinet, and, with horrible howls, wierd wails, and sickening snarls of foiled fury, rent the brave beast to ribbons; flung the fragments into the Captain's car; climbed in after them; and drove home with the sad, slow-state and gloomy pomp of a funeral cortege.

### For Archaeologists Only.

*F.H. writes:—*

The articles on Roman Footprints in the *D.M.* have now come to an end and it behoves us to see where they assist Anfielders in their wheel-work. . . . The case of Manchester is a peculiar one, for here we deal with the rival claims to the names of two Roman Stations and continual efforts to harmonise them. Roman *Mamucium* on the road from West to East did become the Mame-Ceaster of the Middle Ages and a piece of the wall still stands at Knott Mill. Roman *Mancunium* on the road from the South to Ribchester is completely in



the air, but Manchester enthusiasts would dig it up from under the Cathedral. Riper brains have found a home for it on the banks of the Mersey at Stockport. But what says Weigall? With supreme audacity he has coined a new Latin name that appears nowhere in any record but which aims at combining the two names. He has forged upon Manchester the name of MAMNUCIUM OR MAMCUNIUM without a word of explanation. What are the Manchester professors going to do about it? Thus far no word of protest, or even query, has appeared. . . . No; Weigall is neither a cyclist nor a tourist. . . . He does not linger over that terrible road from Ribchester to Overborough. . . . He has never studied the crossing of Cross Fell by means of the Maiden Way; a task that awaits Harry Buck and partner, and to which all week-enders are invited.

#### Correspondence.

THE EDITOR,  
*Anfield Monthly Circular.*

Kingston-on-Thames,  
21st August, 1926.

SIR,

I am commanded by the Arch Owl to advert to a paragraph published in Vol. XXI., No. 245 of your *Monthly Circular* having regard to the recent formation of an organisation entitled "Ye Ancient Order of Froth Blowers."

His Eminence gathers, from the particulars at present before Him, that the primary aims of this association are in some way connected with the consumption of alcoholic beverages, and that capacity in this pursuit and status in the society under discussion are more or less coincident. He is at a loss, therefore, to appreciate the process by which the ring-leader of this union is designated "Grand Typhoon," an office the tenure of which would appear to indicate outstanding ability in the exercise from which the movement derives its name. In the Order of which His Eminence has the honour to be Primate, the waste of froth, or, indeed, of any similar by-product, is sternly discouraged on both Bacchanalian and economical grounds, and His Eminence is unable to reconcile Himself with a cult which apparently assesses the abilities of its votaries on the basis of their capacity to squander such by-products by blowing, blasting, typhooning or any other methods.

I am further to state that the Arch Owl, while not prepared to countenance the entering by any of His Brood into a competition of such questionable expediency as the blowing of froth, is at all times ready to consider favourably any proposals, emanating from the Froth Blowers or from any kindred sect, as to a match of any number not exceeding twelve a side to settle the purely ingurgitative supremacy of one or other of the two competing parties.

In conclusion, I am to convey to you the appreciation of the Arch Owl of your very generous offer to back His Order, to the approximate extent of fourpence, in any such contest.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

R. S. MADEN,  
Junior Owl.

#### Brieflets By Mail and Otherwise.

From F. D. McCann:—

The paragraph appearing in last month's *Circular* stating that I had taken to motorcycling is a base calumny. I have not "taken to" motorcycling and the more I do the more I am convinced I never shall. (We quite understand.—ED.)

From J. Long :—

I deny complaining about Southall's taking an unfair share from the prize fund. I have made careful investigations and satisfied myself that the *Unofficial Committee Notes* published in the *September Circular* are a mass of misrepresentation and falsehood. (Don't say that, Jimmy.—ED.)

From W. P. Cook :—

Some of the statements in the *Circular* are extremely slipshod and inaccurate nowadays. Arthur Simpson used to do things much better. Fancy giving Banks's time as "Six-eight-something" ! Dammit ! It's a reflection on ME ! I shall consult my solicitor. (And his fee will be : Six-eight-something.—ED.)

From W. M. Robinson :—

At times the *Circular* expresses itself very unfortunately. May I say that since I last visited the Butchers' Arms, at Rhayader (" Robinson's Retreat ") the house has changed hands. Whatever may be the condition of affairs now, I am satisfied that under the previous tenancy it was an excellent inn, providing well-aired beds and guaranteeing an intact purse. (Thanks so much, Robbie. You have lifted a tremendous load from our mind.—ED.)

## RUNS.

### Third 50 Miles Handicap, September 4th.

In many respects this penultimate event in our Racing Programme was most gratifying. The entry of 15 was not such as we have a right to expect in a Club like ours, and one has only to go through the list of members to note the number of P.Y.N.'s who have made but fugitive attempts at the game, never got really fit by taking things seriously, done themselves justice, or "made good." Mediocre performances are all right to start with but should be the stepping stone to better things and not a discouragement. The progress of Welfare as a racing man provides a text book example, and he has reaped the reward of his seriousness and persistency by winning the "12" and this "50," although brought back to a single figure handicap. But we are anticipating.

All but Randall were despatched by Poole under fine but rather too breezy conditions. Before Nomans Heath was reached Hubert Buckley was put out of the race by a beautiful gash right across a new tyre, and later on Walters retired for reasons no one knew at the finish. Of course Orrell was fastest from the start, but Welfare was riding very confidently and always looked like the ultimate winner, while Selkirk in the early stages promised to come up to expectations, only to fade away again—evidently fitness with Selkirk is elusive. Moorby also was really racing for the first time and showed us a glimpse of the speed we know he possesses, and Taylor was riding remarkably well for one who is not identically a youth and making a maiden attempt.

In the end Welfare, with an improvement of over 3 minutes, was the winner, with Moorby second and Taylor third, while Orrell was sixth and Fastest with the fine ride for the day of 2.26.56. Of the other finishers, H. Austin made a most welcome reappearance and only missed third prize by 23 seconds, and "R.J." rode well and was only a further 27 seconds behind on handicap. Schofield, on trike, was about 5 minutes slower than his previous best, but has hardly had time to train on again for speed. We were particularly glad to have "J.E." resuming the game again and are confident that with continued applica-

tion he will in due course get down to "evens." Molyneux, on a bicycle this time, showed excellent form for a veteran, and Roberts, another veteran, beat his previous best but did not manage to get inside 3 hours. Long never looked comfortable from the start and it was undoubtedly one of his off days.

The following is the result :—

		ACTUAL TIME.	HANDI- CAP.	HANDICAP TIME.
1	G. H. Welfare ... ..	2.31.43	9	2.22.43
2	C. Moorby ... ..	2.47.41	23	2.24.41
3	U. Taylor ... ..	2.45.20	20	2.25.20
4	H. Austin ... ..	2.36.53	11	2.25.53
5	R. J. Austin ... ..	2.38.20	12	2.26.20
6	G. B. Orrell ... ..	2.26.56	Scr.	2.26.56
7	T. V. Schofield (Tricycle) ...	2.53.50	23	2.30.50
8	J. E. Rawlinson ... ..	2.45.14	13	2.32.14
9	C. Selkirk ... ..	2.37.51	5	2.32.51
10	G. Molyneux ... ..	2.49.58	17	2.32.58
11	J. S. Roberts ... ..	3. 1.38	28	2.33.38
12	J. Long ... ..	2.50.42	14	2.36.42

Pastest :—G. B. Orrell, 2.26.56.

C. Moorby and U. Taylor qualify for Standard A.

Now if you will take the six fastest times and do a little sum in arithmetic, you will find they add up to 15.37.3, as compared with the aggregate of 15.48.10 which enabled the East Liverpool Wheelers to beat the Manchester Wheelers by 58 seconds a week earlier, on the same roads under conditions that were quite as good, if not better; so that in this respect we do not suffer by comparison.

There did not appear to be the usual quota about the course doing their bit, but a striking example was furnished by Tommy Royden, who got up in the middle of the night to return from the Isle of Man to do something.

#### Highwayside, September 11th.

Commencing my ride for the Travellers' Rest in the rain, I soon ran into bright, sunny weather in Eaton Park, where the trees were showing a little of their autumn colouring. I halted at the Iron Bridge and stayed some little time; afterwards ambling in very leisurely fashion via Beeston Castle and Bunbury to the rendezvous, where my early arrival made me an easy victim for the Editor, who pounced upon me and commanded me to write up the run.

Ven's car offered comfortable accommodation for anyone of luxurious inclinations who wished to watch arrivals, so I esconced myself cosily. Anfielders rolled up singly and in groups. Anfielders on bicycles; Anfielders on tricycles (quite a rally of them); and Anfielders in cars. I didn't notice any tandems.

By six o'clock there were about thirty-four present and we all got off our mark very promptly. When the first keen edge had been taken off our appetites, a little conversation could be heard. Hans Kinder reported having been mixed up in some destroyer manoeuvres—"The chance rencontre and sudden adventure where road crosses road,"

as *Punch* pithily puts it. Hans said it was a fool game and he wouldn't have played if he had known the other man would be so rude and rough. Zambuck related with obvious zest, "How I Dropped W.E.T.," while of course the subject of the previous week's "50" dominated all smaller matters. Kettle was a notable absentee; being way up in the North Country in connection with the Edinburgh-Liverpool Tricycle Record attempt to be made by Molyneux. At least that is what we understood—but others at other times have made the border trip, and you never know. A fine, dashing, slashing young captain like W.H.K. might well have Gretna for his objective when he absents himself from parade.

Cook and H. Austin went off for the week-end to WIGAN, where Cook was booked to settle the coal strike. For companions home I had the sub-captain and we were afterwards joined by Tommy Royden, George Newall and Zambuck. We called at Willaston for a little liquid refreshment; after which Tommy gave us a demonstration of how to ride up Evan's Hill on two wheels and three beers. And so home.

### Edinburgh-Liverpool R.R.A. Tricycle Record Attempt

By G. Molyneux, September 12th.

One has to go back many years to find one of "Ours" figuring in a Place-to-Place Record; the last being R. A. Fulton's Liverpool-London Tricycle Record in 1910.

Molyneux, who had trained very carefully for this attempt, was very unfortunate with the weather. He started from the P.O., Edinburgh, at 6 a.m. and soon had to contend with a stiff westerly wind. At Moffat heavy rainstorms were encountered and these continued more or less up to the afternoon. The Skipper, as an "Approved Observer," followed him in a car from Carlisle to where he abandoned the attempt; Banks was waiting for the rider at Kendal and followed him through to Preston; and Cook and H. Austin took up the following at Lancaster.

At Carlisle, Molyneux was very much outside his schedule, but still inside record. Notwithstanding the unfavourable conditions, he reduced his deficit considerably, and by the time he had reached Preston looked like beating record by about 15 minutes. Unfortunately, the evening turned bitterly cold, Molyneux, who had never got properly dry, found the adverse conditions too much for him and eventually abandoned the attempt near Rufford.

If there had been more co-operation between Molyneux and the rest of the members, he might have got through with the aid of hot drinks in the concluding stages. In any case the turn out was very disappointing, and if Molyneux should make a further attempt it is to be hoped there will be a greater keenness displayed by our younger members to assist the Rider and render a service to the Club.

### Tarporley, September 18th.

The destination of this day's run as announced in the *Circular* was Little Budworth. The Red Lion there, however, not being able to accommodate us, Tarporley was substituted. The change had been announced at the previous week's run and otherwise made known, so that pretty well all the regular attenders were aware of the alteration, but two or three odd riders went to Little Budworth and were under the necessity of covering the three or four miles "extension."

The day was sunny and fine with a warm Southerly wind which had a touch of "woolliness" in it, and the twenty or so members who sat down at the Swan had, one and all, thirsts which by means of one

beverage or another took a deal of quenching. The route followed by the small party which included the writer lay through some charming wooded lanes in the Delamere Forest district; Bailey acting as guide. We came back to main roads at Tarvin and were there picked up by two of the younger speedmen.

Several factors accounted for the unusually small attendance. Some (Kettle, Austin, Buckley, Cranshaw, to mention a few names overheard) had gone up North to be in readiness to help Schofield in his attempt the following day on the Liverpool-Edinburgh tricycle record; others, mostly Manchester members, were absent at the Cheadle Hulme "50" in which some of "Ours" were riding; and one or two were still away on belated holidays. The company present included, besides many of those we expect to see every Saturday, four or five Manchester members, Burgess and one or two of the younger local riders who have not been seen often of late, and a likely looking visitor from Whitchurch, named Ladds, who is understood to be an aspirant for membership. The meal does not call for any eloquent writing, and we wondered why hot potatoes were given to us instead of the usual (and, on a hot afternoon, much more acceptable) salad. The conversation, however, was fully up to the usual standard and much pleasant and interesting chit-chat was heard.

The ride home in the pleasant evening—the sun fading in a sky of great beauty, and the calm twilight gradually growing to darkness—was delightful.

#### Liverpool-Edinburgh R.R.A. Tricycle Record Attempt By T. V. Schofield, September 19th.

H. Austin and I started from Ambleside at 9-30 a.m. on the Sunday to do the needful for Schofield's Liverpool to Edinburgh tricycle record attempt by providing food and drink at Low Hesketh, 8 miles South of Carlisle.

The day turned out warm with a useful following wind, but trouble came early, as Schofield collided with a handcart when passing through Liverpool. He carried on to Aughton, where he stopped, complaining that his machine was running very stiffly, and on investigation a back wheel was found to be binding hard—a defect which was attended to by *jumping on the back axle* until the machine was rideable, although the wheel was never properly true. (Where was Hubert Roskell?—Ed.) Schofield passed Garstang at 8-40 (where Kettle picked him up and followed to Selside), Lancaster at 9-33, Kendal at 10-53, and Selside just about on time at 11-25. Thereafter the climb over Shap commenced a very bad time for him and he reached us at 110 miles at 2-20, or about 35 minutes behind schedule. Here he had a large audience, including a Scottish motoring party of "Beret" Bloods who were much impressed at the idea of record breaking on a "push tricycle." After feeding he pushed off, but his condition did not leave us much hope for his success. Mandall and A. P. James soon trundled after him in the car. From here onwards he rode slower and slower until the end came at Beattock, where, finding he would have to beat evens to get the record, he packed up. His disappointment must have been great and it is shared by us all. We are glad, however, to hear that he intends going again, after getting properly fit, next year.

Austin and I then started at a quarter-to-three on a little jaunt of 110 miles into the wind to Liverpool, after having done 40 miles in the morning. Shap was steadily climbed and Kendal reached 3 hours later. There we really struck oil in the way of tea at Mrs. Braithwaite's place, where we had tongue, tomatoes, apricots, bread and butter, jam,

apple tart, cake, and tea, all *ad lib* and *a la* Chandler for 2/3. The absence of cream was apologized for, but we were told Banks and *famille* had earlier scoffed it all. Mrs. Braithwaite and daughter gave us such a welcome as cyclists and as Anfielders that Austin and I are going every Sunday for the Liverpool to Kendal and back record on a "push" tandem. We left Kendal at 6-45 p.m. and by steady riding, diluted with two stops for drinks on what was a very thirsty night, we docked at Liverpool at 11-45 p.m.

Captain Kettle returned from Selside to Hoylake with a useful day's trike total of 125 miles.

Mandall and A. P. James carried on to Edinburgh for the night.

#### Fourth 50 Miles Handicap, September 25th.

Again the question arises as to whether a fourth "50" is really called for. At A.G.M.'s it is always advocated and a compromise agreed to that it shall be left to the discretion of the Committee. When the time comes to decide, the Executive, guided by its racing members, exercises the discretion and the fixture is billed; with the result that only a beggarly entry of a dozen is received—not a baker's dozen at that, and four of them non-starters. Would it not be better to leave the last half of September clear for record attempts?

However, if the competitors were few, there were two performances that give us much satisfaction, namely that of H. Austin, who won with a fine ride of 2.33.14, which is only 41 seconds slower than his previous best, and that of Selkirk, who showed a distinct return to form with his Fastest of 2.30.22. Of the non-starters, Orrell was reported to be suffering with a bad foot, and Roberts, Banks and Long could not get out in time, but rendered useful service on the course. The weather was pretty bad, for it was icy cold with a stiff wind nearly boxing the compass and the roads were swimming, as there has been torrential rain and hail storms until within a few minutes of the start. Cook deputised with the watch for Poole.

Molyneux (tricycle) did not go 5 yards, as his chain broke with his first thrust, so it immediately became a case of: "We are seven." Up to 30 miles it looked as though it was going to be a duel between the Austins for first, and a fight for Fastest between Selkirk, Welfare and H. Austin; but the cold and wet settled both problems. "Arjay" and Welfare both got benumbed and fell away badly on the last 10 miles, and it was the same trouble that caused U. Taylor to tour to the finish something outside 3 hours. The others, apparently not so badly affected, all did excellent rides, and the following Result Table speaks for itself:—

		ACTUAL TIME.	HANDI- CAP.	HANDICA- TIME.
1	H. Austin ... ..	2.33.14	10	2.23.14
2	C. Selkirk ... ..	2.30.22	5	2.25.22
3	C. Moorby ... ..	2.47.35	20	2.27.35
4	N. Turvey ... ..	2.43.20	13	2.30.20
5	R. J. Austin ... ..	2.44. 2	12	2.32. 2
6	G. H. Welfare ... ..	2.37. 8	4	2.33. 8

Fastest:—C. Selkirk, 2.30.22.

Moorby beat his previous best by 6 seconds.



## N.R.R.A. 24 Hour Record Attempts

By J. G. Shaw and A. Hancock, September 24th-26th.

(Editorial Note:—Owing to the impossibility of obtaining anything approaching a detailed account of Shaw's record-breaking ride before going to press, we regret being unable to give much more than a bare statement of the result. Our congratulations are, however, none the less hearty and sincere.)

After the "50," Higham's telegram advised us that J. G. Shaw had succeeded in beating Turnor's 15 years' old 24-hour Single Bicycle Record with a total of 358½ miles, despite a succession of icy cold rain storms and a strong wind after the first 10 hours, Shaw completed 194½ miles in the first "12," but after that it was only his "will to conquer" that got him through under adverse circumstances, and it is probably the best ride of Shaw's long career. With this news, a goodly number proceeded to Vicar's Cross to see the Presider despatch Hancock of the Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers on an attempt to wrest the newly acquired record from Shaw, and as the wind had dropped almost entirely and the night was fine, there was every prospect of success. Kettle was in charge of the checking at Chester, and Eddie Morris, H. Austin, Turvey, Randall, Roberts, and Threlfall took the extension checks, while Hotine, U. Taylor, Rothwell, Turnor, J. E. Rawlinson, and the Buckleys rendered assistance in Shropshire, and Norman Higham joined forces with Kettle and Cook for the finish round Knutsford. Hancock had better weather conditions than Shaw, although they were had enough in all conscience for the last eight hours, and the course is undoubtedly a harder one; but Hancock rode magnificently through out and gave a fine display of pluck and endurance in riding to schedule that reminded us of Buckley and Turnor in this respect. He never showed more than a few minutes variation, mostly ahead, and must have ridden about 200 in the first 12. Up to 270½ miles he was on schedule, and then the torrential rain storms told their tale and he gradually fell away to 20 minutes behind at 348½. With the new record broken, he lost another 10 minutes, but riding strongly to the finish he ran out time with the splendid total of approximately 374½ miles. We are certain that among all the congratulations he receives none will be more genuine than those of the Anfield in general and Shaw in particular.

W. E. TAYLOR,

Editor.



# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 249.

### FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1926.

						Light up at
Nov.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Musical Evening. Tea at 5-30 p.m.	...	...	5-30 p.m.
"	8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m.	(Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).			
			Tea at 6 p.m.			
"	13	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	...	...	...	5-18 p.m.
"	20	Rufford (Fermor Arms)	...	...	...	5-7 p.m.
"	27	Northop (Red Lion)	...	...	...	4-59 p.m.
Dec.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	...	...	...	4-53 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

			Tea at 5-30 p.m.			
Nov.	6	Mobberly (Roebuck)	...	...	...	5-30 p.m.
"	20	Goosetrey (Red Lion)	...	...	...	5-7 p.m.
"	27	Alderley (Trafford Arms)	Musical Evening	...	...	4-59 p.m.
Dec.	4	Bollington (Swan)	...	...	...	4-53 p.m.

Full Moon ... 19th inst.

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

13 WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESTIRE.

### COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the last meeting the Committee rose and passed in silence a vote of deep sympathy with Mrs. Pritchard in the loss of her husband, and the Club's condolences have been suitably conveyed to her.

Musical evenings have been arranged for November 6th. at Halewood, and for November 27th. at Alderley; so roll up and make them go.

At the October Acton Bridge run only 16 members turned up, instead of the 40 ordered for; stress of weather undoubtedly preventing many barques from undocking. Another run has purposely been fixed for the Leigh Arms on November 13th, which it is hoped members will make a special effort to attend as some recompense to Mrs. Milton for her loss in October.

Application for membership:—Mr. H. Ladds, 21 Richmond Terrace, Whitchurch, Salop; proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. P. Cook.

N. TURVEY,

Hon. General Secretary.

### RACING NOTES.

#### Club 12 Hours Handicap, 14th. August.

The placings and distances, as reported in the *Circular* for September, have been amended by the Committee as follows:—

C. Selkirk, who failed to check at Crudington the second time, is now credited for handicap purposes with 194½ miles, which brackets him with A. Lusty for 6th place, but his distance for Standard is 199½ miles. Third place in the Handicap goes to C. Randall, with U. Taylor and R. J. Austin 4th and 5th respectively. T. V. Schofield, who failed to check at the 2nd M.S., Christleton, is now credited with 171½ miles.

#### Certificates.

Any member may obtain a Certificate for any ride passed by the Committee; such applications to be made to the Hon. Racing Secretary and accompanied by one shilling.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

### TREASURY NOTES.

Treasury notes have for some time been conspicuous by their absence in the *Circular*, and this same horrid void appears to have been prevalent also in the wallets of several of our members, if we may judge by the number of outstanding subs.

But some men are merely forgetful or procrastinating, and to these the little warm-tinted slips issued by your Treasurer this month should make an immediate appeal. A quick response will considerably lighten his work. See notice on front page and DO IT NOW.

### NOTICE.

Special attention is drawn to the fixing of tea at Halewood on the 6th inst. for 5-30 p.m., in order that, so far as possible, none of the available talent shall be crowded out of the programme. Will everyone, therefore, please endeavour to roll up promptly.

### ITEMS.

We are sure everyone will be sorry to hear that our Hon. General Secretary will be leaving us at the end of the current year to dwell in the wilds of Yorkshire, to wit, at Pontefract. Secretary birds are rare birds, and we greatly fear that even the princely emoluments of

office will prove a doubtful bait wherewith to tempt a successor; but quite apart from this, we shall be sorry to lose our Norman. *En passant*, should any Anfielder be looking for a (*vide* house agents' advertisements) "highly desirable dwelling house," we believe that Turvey, if treated to a free beer or two, might be found able to deliver the required goods.

We cull the following from the pages of the *Irish Cyclist* :—

"W. J. Finn and D. O'Brien, of the Irish Road Club, are at present enjoying an extended tour in England. They started from Holyhead and turned up unexpectedly at Bala, where the Anfield B.C. had assembled on their annual 'Autumn Tints' run. It goes without saying they were heartily welcomed by the members of the Liverpool Club, whose relations with the Irish Road Club have been so long and happy, and that they thoroughly enjoyed that lively evening at the White Lion."

A. Hancock of the Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers is very grateful for all the Anfield help he received in his successful attack on the N.R.R.A. 24 Hours Bicycle record, and has written the Presider as follows :—"Will you please convey my best thanks to all the members of your club who so ably helped me, particularly during the night."

Our late Editor, A.T.S., has been caught napping. Some little time ago he emphatically denied a statement that *white* rear lights were not uncommon on motor vehicles, and yet he himself drove away from Halewood, on October 2nd, with a brilliant white rear light which greatly puzzled Dave Fell who followed him. Arthur would not admit the soft impeachment, but an examination of his car at Bala disclosed the fact that he had no glass of any kind in his rear lamp.

Talking of Bala, we have heard it said that it was "too far" for Manchester cycling members in October—hence their conspicuous absence—but the answer is supplied by Bert Green, who can hardly be regarded as in the first flush of youth able to revel in hard riding fast and far. Green did not even jib at Sunday's "over the top" stunt; had lunch at Llanaarmon and tea at Chester with the Liverpool boys; and then set off, rejoicing by himself, for Manchester in the brilliant moonlight.

As the *Circular* is actually in press we learn with the deepest regret that the Rawlinsons have suffered a severe loss in the death of their father. We are sure they will understand that they have the sympathy of all of us in their bereavement.

The F.O.T.C. annual dinner is fixed for Wednesday, December 15th, at the Holborn Restaurant, when the Presider hopes to be well supported by our Old Timers who are now asked to book the date and try to fit it in.

A Triennial Dinner of the R.R.A. falls due on Friday, February 11th next, (the venue being the Trocadero Restaurant) and promises to be unusually interesting after such a busy record year. We hope as many as possible will rally round P.C.B. when the time comes.

Congratulations to Albert Lusty on his excellent Midland R.R.A. 24 Hours Bicycle record of 355 miles. Lusty had a good day and A. E. Walters and Parton were among his helpers.

The Rufford run on November 20th will provide an opportunity for a Garstang-Trough of Bowland week-end. Cook and Hubert Buckley are going and will be glad to welcome any others who will notify their intention a few days beforehand.

### Who's Who.

A. G. BANKS.—Great authority on cycle destruction. Gets cross and bends his bicycle on the gas stove. One of the saddest tragedies of modern times is that his demonstrations of scientific cycle design, perfect pedalling, and high-speed free-wheeling are rarely appreciated at their true value—his audience usually having gone on ahead.

C. J. CONWAY.—Has been known not to propose "Bettws at Easter" at an A.G.M.; has a pair of stockings; owns a SUPERB VILLA, fitted with a garden, magnificent view of Snowdon, and all other modern inconveniences; and provides members with free photos of themselves and each other annually.

F. I. EDWARDS.—Used to ride tandem with G. B. Orrell, and had a childlike belief in Einstein's theories regarding the indestructibility of matter, until (with G.B.) he attempted the 12-hour Tandem Record—after which he is reported to have sent Mr. Einstein his tights, inviting him to explain where the seat had gone to, and consigning him to the same place.

R. A. FULTON.—Plays "Gowf" in the U.S.A. and knocks the little ball into the little hole (after the man's taken the little flag out) with one bang of his little stick.

E. W. HARLEY.—Author of "Types of Welsh Beauty," "The Road to Llandegla," "Saye Me From My Friends," and other romances. Founder member of the now defunct Llandegla C.C. Has retired to pass the remainder of his days in the quiet seclusion of East Ham.

H. KINDER.—Brother to John.

J. KINDER.—Brother to Hans.

} Partners in misfortune.

C. H. TURNOR.—Can be rude most politely. Tutor and general mentor to, and successor to the title (owner having no further use for same) of the late lamented Mad Mullah. Spent a considerable portion of his life collecting 24-hour records and now has piles.

### Hotel Passports.

The new list of A.A. Hotels willing to provide a simple meal of ham and eggs for the modest sum of 2/- is a much needed measure of self protection, and we may recall that member Simpson, the author of the Arthurian Legends, when out on Clubrun frequently insists on this delicacy and obtains it by waiting till the rush is over. That such a movement comes none too soon is apparent from the latest Continental touring news, illustrating the growing pretensions of hotel keepers in great touring centres.

The secret has leaked out of an impudent attempt on the part of certain Associated Hotel Keepers to establish a system whereby travellers must carry an Identification Album, into which every hotel shall paste

its receipt label (which shall be coloured according to its class, after the manner of postage stamps). This album must be tendered by the guest when applying for rooms. A glance at its pages will reveal what class of houses the guest is in the habit of staying at, and the object is to boycott visitors of lower grade hotels, or, as they put it, to protect their rich and titled guests from mixing with undesirable travellers. Further, it will enable the cheaper hotel to raise its charges for visitors in the habit of staying at dearer hotels. In other words, the plan is to get a strangle hold on the travelling public.

Preposterous and audacious as the scheme is, it shows that Continental hotels realize the grip they have on the ever increasing number of tourists. Here in England and Scotland our numbers have increased so rapidly of late that the certainty of a bed grows more precarious every year, and already many hotels admit openly that they will not act on telegrams or letters applying for rooms unless the visit is of some duration.

The A.B.C. are great tourists, but their visits are ever of short duration. How will such attempts affect our week-enders and mid-weekers, I ask you? In plain language: where does Cook and his party stand, fall, or sleep after this? A year ago, Dave Fell found a hearty welcome at the Marine, North Berwick, by the side of Lady de Trafford; but this year Harry Buck was twice refused at this same house while Lord Balfour was a guest. We know that both men are tactful.

It is the cloven hoof, and we shudder at the thought. Our President is one of those who divide their favours equally between the Palace and the Cot. He is just one of those whom they try to lay by the heel. He enjoys the rugged simplicity and wholesome flavour of the Roadside Inn; but on occasion he likes to grant his ever-active limbs their well earned ease on the divan of some *caravanserai*. Most of us remember his famous article written for C.T.C. riders, setting out the joy and satisfaction of the cyclist claiming for the athlete the comforts usually reserved for the enfeebled and inactive leisure-tourist or usurped by the boiled-shirt motorist. How, by the aid of a somewhat ambiguously worded telegram, he prepares the book-keeper and boots for the arrival of some elegant party; how, by a swift movement, he "gets his foot inside the lounge"; how, with his ingratiating manner, he gets his number from the smiling but wondering queen of the register; and how then there follows the comedy of handing over to the gold-braided hall porter the trusty tricycle, to the outraged Boots the modest satchel, and to the gaping Buttons the steaming underwear on its way to the drying cellars.

Is all this to cease? May we no longer move, according to our humour, from the Farmers' Arms to the County Hotel? Are we to be shepherded like Ticket-of-Leavees? Shall we no longer be Free-From-Brewer? Arise Ye Riders All and Glut Your Ire!

### The Spirit Of The Anfield.

*T. W. M. writes:—*

It is many years since the late R. J. Meeredy, in summarising his experience of a Bank Holiday tour with the Anfield B.C., gave it as his opinion that a week-end amongst them "renewed his youth." I have had many opportunities of realising how true was "Arjay's" summary of his experience, and when a chance presented itself of taking part in the Autumn Tints run I had little difficulty in persuading myself that I owed it as a duty to myself to embrace it.

It was an altogether delightful experience, and made one regret that the haunts of the Anfield are so far removed from Dublin.

The story of the week-end is told in another part of the *Circular*, and I do not propose to write of my very pleasant journey to Bala with "Teddy" Edwards, or of my not less enjoyable return with John Kinder and Oliver Cooper. Every hour of the time and every mile of the road was a pure delight. What I would like to say is that the experience prompted me to think, as similar experiences have caused me to think before, that the Anfield is singularly fortunate in retaining the interest and enthusiasm of so many of its older members.

It is more years than I care to remember since I first took part in an Anfield outing, but many of those whom I met in Shropshire, away back in the nineties of the last century, are still as regular attenders of the Anfield fixtures as they were in that period—and with many of them I renewed acquaintance at Bala.

It may be that, coming from a country where we are not as constant in our affections to old institutions, and particularly sporting institutions, the presence of so many of the older members of the club impressed me; but I seemed to find in it an explanation of the wonderful vitality of the club. There is a great deal in tradition; but unless the traditions of a club are handed down from generation to generation they are apt to be lost. The younger generation of Anfielders are inheritors of great traditions—traditions which have remained unbroken from the days of George Mills, George Mercer, and Laurence Fletcher; of "Billy" Toft and "Jack" Siddeley—and as long as they are able to retain the interest, enthusiasm, and active support of the older generations of members, the future of the club is safe.

#### Anfielders At Bala Join The Mustard Club.

It would be idle to subscribe the success of this second Bala Autumnal venture entirely to the Civic Week Spirit already imbibed by Manchester and now on tap in Liverpool. If we probe deeper, the fact emerges that it is due to the synchronizing of our function with the launching of the Mustard Club. The inspiring prospectus that has occupied such enormous space in even the most staid of our Dailies, from the *M.G.* to the *D.M.*, had been followed by the photographic display of the Ringleaders that has won distinction in the Holiday Photo Competition; but on scanning those features, we felt that the time had come for the Anfield to step in, and that Bala was our opportunity. It was Now or Never.

Impressive as are the faces; convincing as is the wagging chin of the Baron de Beef; it pales in comparison with the purple jaw of our own Tom Webster; while Lord Bacon looks commonplace alongside our Arthur Pale-Skinner, and Spaghetti's baldness is no match for the skull of our dear Chem. Moreover, the *pro tem* committee seems to lack a Toastmaster, which we have in readiness in our Mr. Roskell, whose absence from Bala was due to his applying for the job at Mustard H.Q.

While deliberating on our course of action, the President recalled that the flotation of that other world-wide Brotherhood, the Ancient Froth Blowers, with their Blowers, Blasters and Typhoons, had not been officially recognized by the A.B.C.; but this was explained, and even upheld, because the Frothers were started in opposition to our own more sober Owls, whose badge of sobriety was initiated by the Frothers' Cuff Links for display when bending the elbow.



To cut a long story short, our Touring Section responded to the cry, "Join the Mustard Club," by affiliating *en bloc*, and our Heavy Traffic Sub-section was authorised to fill any vacant offices. Jo. Andrews was returned unopposed as Banquet-Minstrel (another oversight of De Beef and Bacon), and Ven as Butler, chosen for his modesty of mien combined with his pride of lineage. Harry Buck, armed with a sheaf of picnic testimonials, became *ipso facto* Condiment-Mixer. The meeting concluded with a rendering of the Passwords, "Pass Ye Round The Mustard, Please," sung in harmony by the Simpson Quartet, who will act as Buttons.

All this was not accomplished without some opposition from the Light Traffic, or Real Riding, section, who mustered 50% of the Bala-ites; but Presider Cook, remaining absolutely neutral, as is his wont in any violent controversy, observed that the Anfield had ever taken a foremost place in all great advances, and he recalled what we owe to men like Mullah for their work in Concism and Einsteinerei, and to himself for prevailing in Retro-Direct motion, and so carried the meeting.

Mention has been made elsewhere to the presence of the Irish Murphy. Bob Knipe—always a man to see both sides of any question—pointed to the doubtful etiquette of mixing Murphies and Mustard. In a speech full of fervour, Murphy set forth that he merely held a watching brief for the Free State, who regards this purely British move with sort of suspicion. The cooler stomachs in Ireland fear that Mustard may inflame those bodies already full of ginger. Forty years sooner, he said, it might have come in time to hasten the pace of the leisured Ohne Hast Cycling Club that is now (alack!) past Mustard. And so ended the memorable 1926 Bala Autumnal Week-end, and left us full of good cheer for the coming winter blast.

### Murphy's Mission.

The old saying, "Weigh well your Tatures ere you buy them," is a maxim that we have long applied to our Messenger from Ireland. How to account for his presence at Bala? What was his aim? Here we have a man who aims not at political convulsions, but one whose quiet and unswerving object lies in the interchange of national commodities between the Sister Isles. On the occasion of the Club's last visit to Dublin, he succeeded, by means of a seemingly harmless raffle, in unloading vast quantities of Dublin's staple trade (Atkinson's Poplin Ties) on to the A.B.C. men: not one of whom but shouldered his appointed load.

On this return visit of his into our midst, he carefully scanned our necks: only to find that but a few of those Irish Ties survived—the writer being one of the few. Murphy at once introduced the subject of their cheapness and lasting qualities if we are wise enough to follow his directions. These are:—Return all the ties to Atkinson (thus swelling the Irish Imports), remitting one shilling each (and thereby swelling the Deposits of the Bank of Ireland); after which he assures us that Atkinson will again send them into England (and once more swell the Irish Exports) after a simple process of renovation consisting of unfolding, TURNING, refolding, restitching and relining with waste products, all in the idle moments of the surplus staff (thus finding work for Irish Toilers). Such is the praiseworthy purpose of that patriot and politician, Murphy O'Tatur. Such is the man of whose friendship we are so justly proud.



It is hoped that his visit has not been in vain and that no one who has a share in these ties with the Emerald Isle will fail to respond; least of all Lucky Lucas, who was the medium through whose chance fortune in winning the raffle we all became entwined in The Irish Tie. Remember! Even Napoleon the Great turned his coat, grown green with age, while at St. Helena.

### RUNS.

Halewood, October 2nd.

Time brings its own revenges. Little did I think, as I used to wield the editorial authority with such ruthless brutality, that the time would come when, boomerang-like in its intensity, the hurlements thrown out with utter disregard for other people's feelings would recoil with merciless force. No sooner had I arrived in the yard of the D.A., after doing one of the best rides of my career, than I was confronted by a fair-haired, blue-eyed, dishatted stripling in the guise of a cyclist. A cynical glint in his eye, a *je ne sais quoi* of supercilious defiance about the teeth, prepared me for the worst. I glared round wildly for escape, but he had me covered. At that moment, and not until that moment, did I envisage the feelings of unutterable loathing I must have inspired, under similar circumstances, in the dark past. I can understand now the whole-hearted way in which my resignation as Editor was acclaimed: I can visualise some of the members of the Committee (previous victims), a fendish glee in their hearts as they hissed through clenched teeth the hypocritical "with regret": I could understand—I could not before—the furtive edging away from my baleful presence, the sickening unpopularity (almost as marked as Knipe's as the financial year begins to wane) of my rare attendances, and the unspeakable horror that passed over anybody I tried to speak to. I shudder as I think of it. Thank heaven the nightmare is over and I can now look my fellow cyclist in the face and find thereon a semblance at least of the milk (or other beverage) of human kindness! Little does poor W.E.T. reckon of what the future has in store. I overheard one sinister group closely associating his untimely end with boiling oil; and as if this were not enough, a monster in cycling shape made the ghastly suggestion that he should be presented with a heret and be compelled (by means to be determined) to wear it between the hours of 2-0 and 4-0 on alternate Tuesdays. This indecent suggestion was hailed with blatant, raucous laughter, and I turned away appalled. However, he still has youth on his side and may win through, and not emerge from his awful position such another shattered wreck as his predecessor.

There was a crowd of about thirty at the Derby Arms and two rooms were necessary to park them. The larger room was, as usual, rushed by the select set—the cyclists—while the *hai polloi*, consisting mostly of road hogs and other animalculae, were hounded into the other. Lizzie Buck rapidly dug himself in the carver's seat, so as to be on terms of the closest intimacy with the meats, and proceeded to hack his way through what appeared to be half a hundredweight of pig. All present comported themselves, as usual, like perfect little gentlemen, and after their third helping stood down in favour of the carver, while they prepared to further and more thoroughly and exhaustively (Chem, Hubert, and F.H., please copy) sate their tender appetites with dainty morsels of chicken—about half-a-pound each apiece. Lizzie on these occasions is a little gustatory poem. Serenely and with unruffled mien he performs his allotted task. The frequent demands for more leave him

tranquil, as, one by one, he subtly disentangles the choicest tit-bits, and conceals them with disarming insouciance against the time his hungry hordes have been appeased. Then it is that a look of ineffable ecstasy steals into his eyes, as, with leisurely abandon, he woos the food on to his plate, and with loving hands (and other weapons), bit by bit, arranges his little snack—about a pound of everything. This he proceeds slowly and methodically to cause to diminish with an almost religious devotion, during which time he loses entirely the faculty of speech. Arrived at the "sweets" stage, signs of returning consciousness appear as he gurgles a faint but unmistakable "Fank you," when silence once more engulfs him until the end, which is heralded by a fat, succulent "Ah!" as he beams upon the assembly. Without doubt the viands at this hostelry become more and more delicious, and make me regret my own anaemic appetite; as apart from two or three helpings of chicken, a few vegetables, sweets, cheese, etc., I could scarcely eat anything.

When we had finished, a fresh blow awaited me in the chapel. Hitherto my annual sub. had automatically paid itself out of the emoluments of my office, but now I am in the humiliating position of an ordinary member. Our genial (!) Treasurer was not long in making me grasp this nettle, and I was forced to weigh out *real* money.

Owing to the feminine influence which has been firmly established in the chapel in the guise of Miss Kitty, the erstwhile highly trained choral society is now called upon only at the initiation, and this lack of incentive probably accounted for a slight falling off in the ensemble; though Tommy Royden did his loudest.

The role of taximan was forced on me on the journey home, and I must have made a wistful, pathetic spectacle as I sat in the car in the outer darkness while my passengers slaked an apparently interminable thirst from time to time. A sight to make angels weep, and the unkindest cut of all! However, the day was a beautiful one and the run via Warrington fully compensated for everything.

### **Bollington, October 2nd.**

This was the first alternative run for Manchester members, and, being so near home, a good turnout was expected. Unfortunately it was found that those present were chiefly the regular Manchester attenders, with Turvey and Harry Austin to represent Liverpool.

G. B. Orrell created a mild sensation by arriving about 40 minutes late: his excuse that he mistook the time being accepted with reserve. Tea over and the collection taken, the meeting adjourned to drink a temporary farewell to Vice-President Buckley, leaving on Monday for his usual Autumn picnic of about six weeks.

As mentioned elsewhere in this number, the run to Alderley on November 27th is to be a musical evening. Offers of help should be made to the Manchester Sub-Captain, at Turves Road, Cheadle Hulme. It is hoped that a number of Liverpool members will be present, and also a number of those old Manchester stalwarts who appear so seldom nowadays. Sleeping accommodation can be arranged if a few days' notice is given to R.J.

### **Acton Bridge, October 9th.**

In childhood's bright and sunny day I was much intrigued by the saying: "It's the early bird that catches the first worm"; and when these words were used as an incentive for me to rise early, I thought,

even if I did not dare to say so, "Am I a bird or a worm?" I was the first arrival at Acton and the Editor was the second arrival. I was the worm and he was the bird. I hope you've all got that.

The Black Anfielders had a real black day at Acton, and had an attendance that was, I think, a low record for the period since the war. The scribe had ordered for about forty and the turnout was only sixteen. The following eleven were from Liverpool:—H. Austin, Cody, Cook, A. P. James, Kettle, Knipe, Long, Mandall, Perkins, Royden, and W. E. Taylor, and the following five from Manchester:—H. Green, F. Jones, Moorby, W. Orrell, and Turnor.

As Hesperus was working at high pressure I thought that was what made the journey from Manchester seem like *work*, but, after converse with the Skipper, I discovered that I was in error. The Skipper's theory is, that, when cycling with a following wind blowing at approximately the same speed as the rider, an easy journey is the result; but, if the rider's pace is about fifteen miles an hour and the following wind about seventy miles an hour (as on the day in question), then the wind passes the rider and he runs into it from behind and has a frightful job boring through it. Well you can imagine what a dreadful journey it was back to Manchester with that awful following wind. How we did it I don't know. It was very satisfactory to know that the Liverpool gentlemen would have a nice easy ride home against the wind.

#### Autumnal Tints Week-end To Bala, October 16th-17th.

A perfect autumnal week-end. Bidston and other weather authorities should make a note of the fact that the third week-end in October has been for many years of the bright, crisp, and enjoyable touring brand beloved of cyclists in North Wales. It may be of course a special favour from the gods to the Hard Riding Anfielders and other members who tread on the juice in order to be with, listen to, and admire the pedalling enthusiasts who, after a hard morning's work (perhaps), leave Manchester, Wigan, Old Ireland, Liverpool, Wallasey, Hoylake, and nearest but dourest, the mighty contingent from the City of Undiscovered Crime, Birkenhead.

But to the run. Turvey and Welfare were first sighted getting into their stride in Wirrall; Turnor, Green, and Zambuck probably in, or just out of, Ruabon as we passed through for Chirk; Knipe and Royden were supposed to be patronising the Llandegla-Druid route, but the well ironed road via Llangollen-Druid bore them, and also, we believe, The Skipper-Sub. and Perkins. The President, on the job early, made Denbigh for lunch, joining Teddy Edwards, who was taking The O'Tatur down to Bala to meet the Club. After negotiating the Sportsman Climb without dismounting, the Presider must again take to the hills and moors through Ysppyty-Ifan, Eidda Wells and Pont-arafon-gam to Rhyd-y-fen for late afternoon tea and a chat with the hospitable providers, who informed him that two real cyclists had just passed. Sure enough, he overtook a couple lighting their lamps, and one of them inquired: "Could Mr. Cook tell them if they were on the right road to Bala?" The speaker was Finn, of Ours, with Mr. O'Brien, of the Irish Roads. Needless to say, the trio soon found the White Lion, when we learned that our welcome Irish visitors had crossed on Friday night and galloped up with the wind from Holyhead via Llanberis Pass and Festiniog to join us and carry on to the Valley of the Wye, etc.

Kaye was the whipper in at Bala; evidently pleased with himself when he heard that supper was a movable feast and still calling. The Real Club Riders now numbered our lucky "13," with Mr. O'Brien to swell the pedalling total, and they were inclined to be sarcastic at the expense of the petrolisers, who, hurrying down before dark, had escaped the risk of losing their way, and also got their feet into the trough earlier; which accounted for the placid, "carry-me-about-but-don't-spill-me," appearance of these rotund scenery skimmers, as they toyed with the baked meats, pewter, and something of everything. A jolly evening followed the bringing back to normal of those who had feared the hungry knock, or thirsty gasp, o'er hill and dale. Arthur at the piano was himself, and also surprised us with an extra extempore turn, with his pleading eloquence, affectionate regard, and pathetic advice to Mr. Preston, which drove some to frenzy, others to tears, or beers, and almost lost us one of the best turns of the evening in "The Curate and the Maid, Amen," quaintly rendered by Mr. Preston. The talent was not as plentiful as last year but the quality was of a very high and willing standard. On Messrs. Walter Simpson and Joe Andrews fell the task of keeping the ball rolling, and right nobly they responded, ably assisted by The Mullah, who gave us of his best. The Master and Bob Knipe gave way to insistent demands, and, taxing their memories severely, did their bit. Chem was under the weather and retired early, much to his sorrow and our regret. Lizzie brought the news that the old athlete was tucked away in bed, and when Liz. immediately retired himself we knew that this reckless motoring had got them down. Where is the sense in running about in open cars at the fall of the leaf, with the rime on the heath, and a nip in the air, unless they are fully equipped for the job? Sewer suits, helmets, pastiles and muffs should now take the place of berets, olives and blazers; or try a Saloon; ask Morris and Ven; or a bicycle; ask Tommy Royden.

Sunday morn, bright and sunny, found us all eager for breakfast and away; Mullah on his lonesome in the lead, with Kettle and Zambuck in pursuit; these three were not for over the top to Llanarmon, D.C., and were apparently homing for their loft without detour, but eleven hard riders, walking where necessary, joined by Walters and Pugh, who had ridden up this morn from Shrewsbury, made the crossing and brought the number again to lucky "13." What the mountaineers went through on the crossing we know not. Our bus refused to be led off the main road, but brought us via Chirk to the West Arms in good time to greet the "Top Stormers," who straggled in by twos and threes, with a subdued expression and wet shoes. They lingered not to view the outward surroundings, but moved in to the great fire places for warmth and comfort as one man; and again as one man, when lunch was announced, fell to and cleared the board, assisted by Oatine and two C.T.C. friends who had ridden out from Wallasey to join us at lunch and return. Cooper also arrived, with the assistance of his experienced and fascinating lady driver and son, commissioned to convey the O'Tatur to Sunnyside. Turvey, whose knee had given out coming down and was not improved crossing over, booked a seat in Kinder's car with his speed iron on the carrier. Alas! that his first week-end with the Anfield should have had an assisted termination! He had our sympathy and maybe was envied by some who treadled stiffly on the home stretch, via Chester, where an excellent meal was provided at The Bull and Stirrup.

Our honoured guest, Mr. Murphy, who refused to sing to us, had a varied experience; being transported to Bala by Teddy Edwards;

thence, by John Kinder, to Llanarmon, with detour to the Border—popular at 12-30 on the Sabbath day, but hardly welcome to a T.T. disciple). Our other motoring members and friends made Bettws for lunch, Skinner having exchanged Webster with John for Joe, and they may have discovered why Jimmy, Tommy and Hans had not given us the pleasure of their company at Bala. Were the tints more brilliant at Bettws? We found them very beautiful passing from Bala and in the Ceriog Valley: no doubt there will be more colouring later, but would we get our ideal weather which ensured us such an enjoyable outing under very pleasant conditions?

### Over The Top.

Three of the fourteen cyclists at the White Lion, not being push cyclists, decided to cut out the "over-the-top" expedition to Llanarmon O.L. and make for home direct; keeping to the 'ard and 'igh road. Of these three, the Mullah, filled with an overwhelming desire to lunch at Chester, departed alone and early; whilst Kettle and Zambuck went off together a little later, via the "Boot." The "Storming Party," which got away a few minutes before 10 a.m., comprised our visitors, Finn and O'Brien, of the Irish Road Club, on tour, and (in alphabetical order) Cook, Bert Green, Kaye, Knipe, Long, Perkins, Tommy Royden, Turvey, and Welfare. Our numbers were increased soon after leaving Bala by the addition of Walters and Pugh, who had ridden out from Shrewsbury to meet us, and it seems to me (being good at arithmetic) that there must have been 13 of us. Now, like everyone else, when asked, I'm not superstitious, but—well, look here. On my one and only previous trip "over-the-top," we numbered 13 and Cook kindly informed us that 13 is the Anfield lucky number. H'm! On that occasion we did the Bwlch Maen Gwyneth, which is the hardest and highest crossing. That not being sufficient, I broke both mudguards, waded up to the ankles in innumerable slimy morasses, and finally was stung in the ear by a ferocious wasp. Somehow, I'm glad that, on this second venture, I didn't know at the time that I was one of thirteen; otherwise, apprehensiveness might have rendered the trip less enjoyable than it was. Mind you, I'm not superstitious. In fact I can't understand a man like Cook talking about 13 being the Anfield lucky number. It's silly. By the way, Bob Knipe broke his lamp spring, and Finn and Kaye both punctured a mile or so from Llanarmon.

But to resume. Leaving Llandrillo, the track rises very steeply almost immediately, and we were soon walking. Once on top, however, we did quite a lot of riding, whereat I was exceedingly glad, for the heavy rains of the previous week had not been without effect and I dislike paddling with shoes and stockings on. As for the scenery; well, I'm no good at descriptive writing, but if you insist, here goes. There's quite a number of mountains up there (though they only look like hills when you're 1,500 ft. up), a few sheep, some heather, a fair amount of grass, plenty of stones and water, and—and—Oh! Hang it! Go and see for yourself. Anyway, there's simply *lots* of fresh air and it doesn't obscure the scenery a bit. It's the most invisible fresh air I ever saw. (That's my Irish blood asserting itself). At Llanarmon we found awaiting us: Hotine and two prospectives (Del Banco and Nevitt), Ven, Eddie Morris, and Oliver Cooper. Soon after, Murphy—no, bedad, The O'Tatur I mane—Tom Webster, and John Kinder arrived in the latter's car.

After an excellent lunch at the West Arms we said good bye to The O'Tatur, who went off in Oliver Cooper's car, bound for Sunnyside, Turvey, who, with a badly crooked knee, had gamely struggled through to Llanarmon practically on one leg, packed up and departed in John Kinder's glittering chariot. The rest of us sped down the valley; paid a flying visit to the caves near Glyn; and then, near Chirk, bade farewell to Finn and O'Brien, who, escorted by Walters and Pugh, set off for Shrewsbury and the continuation of their tour. Followed an uneventful ride to Chester (the O.G. punctured, but we wont call that an event, shall we?) and tea at the B. and S. After this Bert Green hit the lone trail for Manchester; Kaye accompanied Bob Knipe to Liverpool, where he (Kaye) was entraining for Wigan; while the remainder of the party ambled home along the top road in the moonlight.

And now, if you read your Wayfarer, you will join with me in asking: "What went ye out for to see?" To which the answer is—no, it isn't what you were going to say. The answer, I say, is, "The Tints"; but the excessive rains of the previous weeks had kept the leaves soft and green, and there wasn't a tint worth seeing; which is one way of leading up to the conclusion that the Tints Tours must be continued; for when there are no Tints, we simply must keep on going until there are; and equally when there is a superabundance of Tints, they are worth seeing again and again.

#### **Kelsall, October 16th.**

Turning my wheel towards Kelsall on an afternoon when everything was merry and bright, I had not proceeded far before I was picked up by the Editor. As we meandered along, he entertained me with some lurid accounts of "Travels on a Motor Cycle"—now I have an awful attack of nerves whenever I see one of these horrible contraptions.

Having left the Editor to search for some colza, linseed, or whatever he burns in that foul lamp of his, I arrived at the Royal Oak and found a small but select group of members of the Anfield Bicycle Club. One knew that it was a bicycle club, for there was not a single tricycle—though there was one car—present. The car was George Mercer's, I believe. He at any rate has earned an honourable retirement from the ranks of the Pedallers. Long may he wave! It was good to note that Powell is hopping about and getting 'em round again in the good old style after his recent argument with—Ugh!—a motor cycle. There seemed to be no end of Bands around. One could hardly take a step without tumbling over either H.R. or J.C. Sixteen sat down to a tea, which unfortunately did not reach the usual standard. Tea-table conversation mainly centred round the Bala tour. "What perfect weather for week-ending," etc., etc.

After having being relieved of sundry loose cash, I decided to trek homewards, and consequently cannot comment on the happenings following tea; for myself, an uneventful journey in fitful moonlight brought me home by 8-30.

#### **Pulford, October 23rd.**

The day was bright and invigorating and there was an assembly of about thirty members and friends. Among the former were our President, Messrs. Rowatt, Edwards, Venables, Morris (E.O.), Newall, J. C. and H. R. Band, Cody, Royden (who had met Lady Ursula and was greatly elated thereat) and other notables; whilst among the smaller fry the Mayor was forced into prominence—much against his will.



There was a small but select party at the early door, and they proceeded to show their appreciation of the local miners' efforts by crowding round the fire in the Billiard Room. One did not hear much of the tour of the previous week-end, but it appeared that most of those who took part in it had a good time. Slightly before six o'clock, Mrs. Dyke caused a stampede by announcing tea, and the roast beef and trimmings were duly disposed of in the time honoured fashion.

After the meal was ended there were several hurried departures: the President and two others going to Llanarmon to see if Teddy Morris had left any beer. (It is understood that all was found to be well). Steadily the party broke up and members drifted away in small groups. The writer cannot say how they progressed, as he did not follow in their wheel-marks; but from information since received, it would appear that some, at any rate, reached home safely.

It should be mentioned that Bob Knipe called at the Grosvenor Arms during the late afternoon, had tea, and departed early to keep an appointment.

#### **Allstock, October 23rd.**

The day was a typical Autumn one: sunny in places, with a cold snap in the air. I sallied forth to the rendezvous of "The Barrels," where I was later joined by "The Arch Hogshead" and a few of his satellites, and after a "Quick One" we pushed on to the Three Greyhounds. There we found Wilf. Orrell and Biek (who had journeyed the night previously from the South to be with his daughter, who, we were sorry to learn, was seriously ill). Our numbers were reinforced later by the welcome arrival of a Liverpool ear party: Tommy Mandall, Hans, Jimmy, and Winnie, who had been buying a duck, presumably to counteract any affects of Winnie's hunger on the way home.

The arrival of several stragglers brought the number up to 17, and promptly at 5-30 p.m. we adjourned to the dining-room; the attendants soon being well occupied catering for Winnie's colossal appetite, which we hope was eventually satisfied.

Back in the Tank, the thirsty ones regaled themselves. Here Winnie again became conspicuous; earnestly entreating everyone present to give him a tune; but he met with no success, and amid his imploring speeches the company dwindled, leaving the Old Contemptibles in possession. These stalwarts departed only when the fire was no more, and, seeking further warmth, then journeyed to The Lord Eldon, where the waning hours were spent spinning yarns and enjoying the reminiscences of the past.

#### **Sankey, October 30th.**

The day was coldish; a sharp bite in the air making cycling and walking exhilarating, but loitering none too comfortable. Teddy Edwards, two Buckleys, and the Editor were about the first to commence their devotions at the Chapel House; the President and R. J. Austin being close runners-up. Conversation for a time centred around the subject of Engineers and Estimates, and it was greatly regretted that Our Dockboard Representative, Lord Horrocks, was not present to give us the benefit of his knowledge and experience. Johnny Band (having a final flaunting flutter with his contract on its last day of validity) arrived, complete with poker, about this time. The room in which the troops mustered was rather on the small side, so that everyone could hear everyone else, but no one in particular; a state of affairs in which our Cotton and Corn (Corn and Cotton, *please*.—ED.) magnates



naturally felt quite at home. Every new arrival, on closing the door, drew down the chimney large chunks of smoke, so that the outlook soon became rather hazy. Fresh arrivals came on the scene at brief intervals, among whom was Tommy Royden, who had no difficulty in making himself heard (that's the best of having a man's voice).

The announcement that tea was served caused the usual stampede—and it may be said that the feed was one really worth stampeding for: the service, comfort and general amenities being all that could be desired: a state of affairs which must have been very pleasing to John Kinder, the Patron Saint of the Chapel to whom the credit for the introduction of this venue to the fixture list is due. The total muster at the final count must have been in the neighbourhood of thirty, of whom the big majority seemed to be Liverpool men: Manchester sent us quality if not quantity, and Southport contributed our Videlex. Whilst tea was in full swing a very select motoring party, consisting (apparently) of Hans Kinder, Winstanley, Mandall, and A. P. James arrived to do their little bit at the Pie and Mince Pasty. Altogether, tea was a most satisfactory and enjoyable affair.

The party gradually broke up after the usual smoke and yarn round the fire; some making a dash for Liverpool and arriving home quite early; others heading for the City of Perpetual Sunshine; and yet others week-ending. The night was beautifully clear and starlit, but still a shade chilly for the tootsies. However, so far as it has been possible to ascertain, everyone docked fit, safe, and happy.

W. E. TAYLOR,

Editor.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXI.

No. 250.

### FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1926.

	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Dec. 4 Halewood (Derby Arms) ... ..		4-53 p.m.
„ 11 Sankey (Chapel House) ... ..		4-51 p.m.
„ 13 Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).		
„ 18 Pultord (Grosvenor Arms)... ..		4-51 p.m.
„ 27 Nantwich (Lamb), Lunch at 1-30 p.m. ... ..		4-56 p.m.
„ 25/27 Alternative Week-End to Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber). 1927.		
Jan. 1 Wrexham (Talbot) ... ..		5-1 p.m.
„ 8 Halewood (Derby Arms), Annual General Meeting. Tea at 5-30 p.m.		5-6 p.m.
„ 10 Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).		

### ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
Dec. 4 Bollington (Swan) ... ..		4-53 p.m.
„ 18 Mobberley (Roebuck) ... ..		4-51 p.m.
Jan. 1 Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms) ... ..		5-1 p.m.
Full Moon ... 19th inst.		

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

13 WITHERT AVENUE,  
ROCK FERRY,  
CHESHIRE.

### COMMITTEE NOTES.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after tea at Halewood on January 8th. Any member having any matter which he wishes to

be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than December 10th, as my movements after that date will be uncertain. Will all please note that tea on January 8th will be at 5-30 p.m.

Members taking part in the alternative Christmas week-end to Bettws should let me have their names by December 10th, or else write to book their individual beds themselves.

Mr. H. Ladds has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

As mentioned in last month's *Circular*, the Triennial Dinner of the R.R.A. will be held on Friday, February 11th, and promises to be a specially brilliant affair. Tickets (price 10/- each) may be obtained from Mr. S. M. Vanheems, 47 Berners Street, London, W.1., and all who can possibly manage it are urged to swell the number of Anfield representatives.

Mr. W. J. Neason has kindly consented to represent us at the Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club on December 3rd.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS : E. Bolton (Apt. 6), 63 Frederick Street, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada ; C. J. Conway, Immensee, Carlaw Road, Prenton, Birkenhead ; T. V. Chester Jones, Warwick Cottage, New Brighton, Cheshire ; G. H. Winstanley, 29 Stanley Street, Fairfield, Liverpool ; G. Newall, "Stavros," Mount Road, Higher Bebington, Cheshire.

N. TURVEY,

Hon. General Secretary.

#### ITEMS.

Our Purser has received the following communication from W. E. S. Foster, which we know will be of interest to many readers of the *Circular*. We are sure that all will join in reciprocating our old Exile's good wishes :—

"I am paying my sub. to the Bank *to-day* and take this opportunity to wipe off the correspondence which has been so neglected for a year or two. Please excuse my apparent want of courtesy in not answering your kind enquiries of last year and the year before.

"You will be pleased and surprised to hear that the old grid is still running sweetly—the one bought in 1905—and the one inch Holophote lamp is still lighting me home every night. The bike runs about 30/40 miles every week and I am trying to keep fit, so that in the event of meeting the Club I shall be able to shew them that I have not lost the gentle art of pedalling.

"The garden is my second hobby and we have had a very good show of flowers this year. Even now, the pansies, snapdragons, and even mignonette, are blooming. Peas and dwarf beans have been a great success and the brussels sprouts are sprouting.

"The *Circular* is my monthly delight, and although so far from the boys, I follow the Club's doings with deep interest.

"With every kind wish to you and all members."

Our good Barfrode friend, Frank Smith, in a strictly private and highly confidential letter to the Editor anent a certain message entrusted to Hubert Roskell, writes : "Strictly *entre nous*, I was surprised that your Hubert had remembered my request. The night was well advanced when I expressed it ; but it only shows how one can misjudge another's capacity." Of course, as Hubert says, these effeminate Southrons don't understand the first principles of beer drinking.

Buckley writes: "Before I left home on Saturday last to come down here (Woodham Walter, Essex), I received a letter from Mrs. H. I. Pritchard, of Eccles. Among other things, she wished me to convey to the Committee and all other members of the Club her grateful thanks and deep sense of appreciation for the vote of condolence and kind expressions of sympathy she had received; she expressed regret at not having felt equal to making the necessary acknowledgments herself, as so many letters had been received and it seemed hard to know where to begin—it therefore seeming better to leave this reply in my hands."

The following extract from a letter sent by H. Green will be of general interest and we are particularly pleased to hear of the good progress of The Mullah (who has been on the sick list undergoing an operation):

"I saw our friend Turnor last night. He looks well and says he is getting on well; he has no pain and will leave the hospital this week-end. After spending another week at home he will go back to business. Cycling will not be possible this year, but he intends, nevertheless, to attend the runs whenever possible and sends his kindest regards to all Anfielders."

"Bush is leaving the 'Bear' at Hodnet shortly; the date is not yet fixed, but it will certainly be before March 25th next. He is taking over the 'Unicorn,' Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury. Mrs. Bush, in her letter advising me of the coming change, says that they expect to have about the same accommodation as at Hodnet."

Last New Year a party of four had a delightful time at Rhyd-y-fen. This New Year's Day falls on a Saturday and it is not too late for the Committee to fix an alternative week-end run to Rhyd-y-fen if a similar number desired it. If you are interested, please drop Turvey a line (before December 11th) for the guidance of the executive.

A rumour is being circulated that the Swiss Government is subsidising Charlie Conway to spread "*Immensee*" over the map of England, but Professor Rockandtapit says it is unlikely, as Swiss propaganda is mostly confined to the illustrated papers.

Copy of the concluding lines of the third paragraph of the Halewood run account as rendered in our printer's preliminary proof: "Knipe once more gave us 'Wee Cotter Hoose' muck, to the amazement of our friends who had not heard it before." Now we know that Bob does often drive his audience into frightful fits of frenzy, but Anfielders are always gentlemen and would never stigmatize so coarsely our Treasurer's elocutionary excursions into the tongue of his fathers—so needless to say we hastened to make the necessary trifling correction which resulted in the transcription of our contributor's calligraphy into the version which appears elsewhere in this issue.

### The Anfield and Mars.

During the recent proximity of Mars to Anfield our Broadcasters and Listeners-In were distinctly in touch. One Martian Query read: "Earth looks like small Red Blob against Yellow Sun. Means this an Earthly Rearlight? Is it compulsory? Have you no Cooks?" Our Broadcaster replied: "M.M.M. wrong conclusion. Red Blob is oscillation of Pemberton's Juggernaut Carlight. Yellow Sunlight is the bright White Light of Anfield Fore-Lamps lighting up reason in darkest motor world. Have no fear of collision. Earthly rear quite safe in the hand of our Cooks."

### Personal.

The versatile Mullah is now featuring in a delightful Art-Adv. of the Southern Railways. He is seen on a poster, several times life-size, in his happiest vein as Raconteur, Farceur and perhaps even Blagueur, as, with outstretched hand, pointing finger, and begoggled eyes, he arrests the passer by with the remark: "And what about you?" (Not spoken rudely, mind you, but as is his wont: "Oh, so gently.") Altogether a pleasant creation. Of course at the back of his mind he desires you to take your cycle with you "on that sweet South Eastern Line". It is in that very attitude that Mullah has persuaded many of us to accompany him both North and South, as well as East and West, for years past. We compliment the advertisers on their acumen and choice.

### Training Tips.

A rare invention has just come to light, which, if taken to heart by our real riders and fast pack, will lead them to the front and rivet the A.B.C. for all time at the apex of the pastime. It is a discovery of a startling nature and the first club to apply it must reap the benefit, even if the secret were to leak out. With the Winter Season at hand our riders have time on their side to emerge in 1927 with great energy. As our Gazette is Private and Confidential the secret will be safe, and so far it has only been bruited abroad in the obscure *Duly Mam*.

It is nothing less than the far reaching effects produced by DAILY BATHING IN MUSTARD BATHS.

Here, then, we find the way prepared for us by what occurred last month AT BALA: only then it was OUR BEEFEATERS, hot on the scent, who warmed their digestions at the Mustard Sideboard, while now it is OUR RECORDBEATERS (lookwarm erstwhile) who will throng congestion at the Altar of Mustard.

Is there another Club that so happily combines the Lighter and the Heavier Touring Element as this A.B.C.? Is there another Remedy—at once a Condiment to the Heavies and an Embrocation to the Lights—besides this all-conquering Mustard? Are there other men, that see so clearly where two seeming Opposites meet on Common Ground, than our Seers? Let us pay Homage to the Members who led us into this Mustard Council.

### Applying The Drage Way To The A.B.C.

We learn from the Drage Book that almost every civilized land now quotes Mr. and Mrs. Everyman in conversation with Mr. Drage, the man who claims to have revolutionized every home. Surely Anfield Homes have felt his influence. If we carefully scan our lives we feel that there is a power at work somewhere beneath the surface.

True, we have not a man named Drage in our ranks; not perhaps a Drage-man; but have we not a Dragoman who is more than the equal of any such persuasive Guide to Home Comforts? Our Dragoman, or Drage-un, is one Pag'un, and he is just as generous, just as accommodating, just as able to set one's mind at rest by smoothing over all our difficulties, and has just the same way of getting round charming Mrs. Every-Member.

Let us quote from the Drage Book, substituting Cycles for Settees, and we shall find trustful Mr. Every-Member and coy Mrs. Every-Member calling at No. 15 to set forth their doubts and ask for advice. Moreover, those who know their Drage Book by heart remember that on pages 33 and 39 Mrs. Everyman, in her sauciest hat, calls alone on Mr. Drage, so that likewise Mrs. Every-Member may call on Mr. Pagun

with the introduction : " My Husband said : ' Go to Pagun, our home is safe with him,' or : " My husband could not get away. Does it matter Mr. Pagun ? "

Easy to imagine some Mrs. Every-Member-to-be confiding to Mr. Pagun that she wants Hubby to join the Anfield, but needs a proposer ; and to let him come to Bettws, but fears that he'll lose his way in some morass or taking the wrong turning at " those cross roads," leaving her a grass widow. In Pagun's confessional all these doubts are set at rest.

*Mr. Pagun* : Would a first instalment of 25/- be too much, dear Mrs. E.M.T.B., plus a small fee for the Badge, to be refunded at death, minus a small charge for wear and tear ; and then payments after twelve months of 25 pence monthly, if that will suit your pocket. Hubby then becomes entitled at once to the Anfield Button (a trust inspiring talisman), to our Monthly Guardian Gazette, to our Annual Review, to access to the Anfield secret password RIDERS-ALL (an open sesame to the Cycling world), free seats at Dinners (2d. to the waitress), and free beds at week-ends (3d. to the chambermaid).

*Mrs. E.M.T.B.* : But what about references ? Gilbert sang : " Don't forget the References."

*Mr. Pagun* : A forbidden subject with me. We like people who have lost their references or mislaid their characters. But what is more : by our Cycling Life and Love Guarantee Policy, issued by the Owl, Moon and Week-end Domicile Insurance Company, we provide free cycling without income during grass widowhood, if it be proved that Hubby was mislaid on an Anfield Tour ; for no one is ever left behind " unless his machine collapses," and even then we reconstruct it under the Widelegs' system of Stresses and Stays.

*Mrs. E.M.T.B.* : Your ways are wonderful, Mr. Pagun, and so different. Your Pagun way seems to wriggle out of all difficulties and to forestall all risks. But my husband is so untidy and may mislay his cycle in the coal-house. What then ?

*Mr. Pagun* : A very likely event. Untidy men make the best husbands. Look at me : see that collar and tie. Yes, in such case I will lend him my original Yankee Bicycle, without rearlight but with its embossed American Bell Alarm.

*Mrs. E.M.T.B.* : Suppose his wage-earning prevents his taking a day off for your Tours. Does it matter ?

*Mr. Pagun* : Not a bit, for by starting at midnight without rearlight and riding all night he can catch us up at breakfast and find us fresh as paint, so that no time is wasted.

*Mrs. E.M.T.B.* : And is it true that your Anfield undertakes to re-deliver safe and sound every Monday morning hubbies that have gang agley on Saturday ?

*Mr. Pagun* : Yes, if you insist ; but of course minus a small charge for cartage and a small fee to advertise the new Pagun Way that is different.

*Mrs. E.M.T.B.* : Oh, what a way you have ! And suppose I need a little midweek on my own. Would that inconvenience you ?

*Mr. Pagun* : On the contrary, I will leave the choice of dates to you. Leave him at home working undisturbed while you and I make for Llanarmon O.L. Under the old way your reputation might have been in jeopardy, but not under the Anfield Pagun way of chaperoning. Even that is not all : by our Eye-Witnesses-System



we can swear you have been deserted for seven years and offer you a choice of partners from our Spare Husbands Reserve. And can I guarantee you an Anfield Alibi? Nothing easier. Yes, we give them in writing. We even prove condonement. Did not your husband say; "GO TO PAGUN. No Home is complete without him. His way is so different."?

*(Exit happy Mrs. E.M.T.B., comforted through and through.)*

## RUNS.

### Halewood, November 6th.

A well-known cycling journalist recently contributed to an equally well-known cycling weekly an article relative to social activities, and therein, reading between the lines, one recognised in "One of the most prominent and successful road clubs . . ." our own A.B.C. and our apathy towards dances and smoking concerts; our sole "frivolity" being "a bit of a musical evening." And here we were, once more gathered together for a bit of a musical evening, so much more enjoyable than the usual staid and stiff Annual Dinners and smoking concerts.

Tea was ordered for 5-30 p.m., but it was nearer 6 o'clock before we got started. The attendance of 47 included about 9 visitors, but only three of these entertained us, so that the remaining artistes were from amongst our own members. There were very few from Manchester, only three or four undertaking the trip, but Turnor's absence was explained by his entering a Nursing Home to undergo an operation, and "best wishes" were conveyed by everyone present on a post-card sent by the President. We also learned with deep regret of the death of Zambuck's father. Quite a fair number reached Halewood by various "round the earth" routes and among these voyagers was (of course) Cook, who had been off all day.

The musical programme opened with the introduction of Mr. Wright, whom we have had with us before, and who was to accompany at the piano, and the first item was community singing under the leadership of Mr. King. We were soon deep in the "Hymn Books," and "singing" with great gusto. Next, Mr. J. Andrews (our old friend "Joe" Andrews, as we like to know him) sang to us in his usual excellent style, and his selections, amongst which were "The Rebel" and "In Sympathy," were greatly enjoyed. Now came our own members, with Frank Wood to relate some of his nationality stories and later Boswell's opinion of Dr. Johnson in the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street. John Kinder was the next on turn, and his play on the "cheese-boxes" was novel to many and highly entertaining to us all. George Newell charmed us in his usual sweet style and "Down Vauxhall Way" gave general delight. Rothwell treated us to two yarns in Lancashire dialect, which the writer could not get the hang of, but they sounded very sad. Roberts from Wrexham splendidly upheld the Welsh reputation, and his songs, which included "The Deathless Army" and "Liberty Hall," were well rendered. Knipe once more gave us "Wee Cotter Hoose," much to the amazement of our friends who had not heard it before.

With sundry encores the evening's entertainment was concluded, and the President voiced our thanks to Messrs. Andrews, King, and Wright, "it not being the custom to thank our own members," etc., etc., and after "Jolly Good Fellows," "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem (bow-wow) we wended our several ways homewards.

### Mobberley, November 6th.

In this matter of run-writing it is some consolation to be told that facts are non-essentials, for a more complete absence of material than on

this occasion could hardly be wished for. Yet in spite of this, and in inverse proportion, I am commanded to supply copy for a clamouring Editor, so will endeavour to set down what little remains in my memory.

There were seven of us in all—one of the smallest musters recorded in recent years for a Manchester Alternative Run. True, there were counter attractions and deterrents, the former in the musical endeavours of our Liverpool friends at Halewood and the latter in the unfavourable weather conditions, but still, Mobberley is at no great distance and there are so many who could make an effort to attend.

All appeared to have travelled direct, as did our small party of three; the only incident of note being an encounter with a gent of the road who informed us that he had walked from Nottingham in two days. Finding his information without effect, he then proceeded to hang about, in a manner which must have played havoc with his schedule, until he discovered a more credulous individual willing to dispense the desired  $\frac{1}{2}$  s. d.

R. J., in an optimistic mood, had ordered for a dozen, with the result that the food was both plentiful and various, although I understand no complaint on account of absentees was made—nor were we called upon to pay twice. Several of us, however, felt the position keenly, and, as some slight compensation, refreshing beverages would appear at short intervals to the order of one or other of the party.

Thus several hours were pleasantly passed before a waning fire whose eventual demise was the signal for departure, and the original trio, preserved intact, were the last to leave, prepared for any adventure which might befall them.

#### Acton Bridge, November 13th.

There are several ways of reaching Acton Bridge. The best way is by L.M.S. from Lime Street. It is desirable to join a stopping train, as quite a number of expresses do not call there, and the art of leaving an express in "full cry" is difficult to acquire. Most people who try it fail to survive long enough to acquire the skill which comes with practice.

Failing Home Rails, there is another way which is much cheaper, and almost as comfortable. This is to be transported to the run in a member's private car. About Thursday you arrange to bump into some member whose car you admire. The unsuspecting car owner says: "Well, shall we see you on Saturday?" and you reply: "Well, I'm afraid not, as the bike is in dry-dock." He says, "Oh! my dear fellow, let me give you a ride in the car. Never mind what the People Who Know So Much Better say. Wrap up well and come." And, after protesting that you couldn't dream of troubling him, you go.

However, for those who can't afford the train fare, and haven't the moral courage to roll up in a car, there is only cycling left, and the problem is how to cycle so far with a minimum of exertion. The solution is obviously TANDEM, and this is the way in which I arrived at the Leigh Arms.

Two hours and ten minutes from Birkenhead to Acton Bridge isn't so bad for two fellows whose styles are as different as Robinson's and Cook's opinions about any subject except rear lamps and North Wales.

We started in a deluge, and round about Sunnyside Hydro it was wet exceedingly. Fortunately the rain soon ceased, and the rest of the passage was uneventful.

A good muster was confidently expected as a result of the appeal in the *Circular*, and 34 sat down to tea. The feed commenced with soup in bowls about a foot deep, and the usual procession of meat, vegetables,

apple sauce, boiled puddings, rice pudding, cheese, cream crackers, tea, etc., followed. There's no question Mrs. Milton does know how to cook. She could give any of these modern misses a long start and a beating at providing for 40 hungry men.

The quite usual experience of a glorious evening after a soaking afternoon was ours once again. A westerling moon gave sufficient light to permit (comparatively) high speed, and Mars overhead shone with a brilliance which made us think they must have some COAT, up there. Thus we journeyed; puncturing in the back tyre at Delamere, and in the front one in Oxton, but we were too whacked to care what happened by the time we reached Oxton.

Cook went off down Whitchurch way, but found time to give Dickman a long lecture before he went. I suppose A. D. has been attending too many runs.

I'm sorry this is such a poor account of the run, but what can one do with Acton Bridge? Highwayside is a much easier one to write up.

#### Rufford, November 20th.

I wish we could find a Fermor Arms in a spot more suitable for a ride. I'm not going to grouse about the 10 miles of sets, as on a previous occasion I have said all that there is to be said about them. The afternoon was decidedly wet; but Anfielders don't care (some of 'em). How the Preston Road has deteriorated since I was last over it! The heavy traffic seems to have worn in it deep ruts, which on a day such as this were inches deep in water. However, I eventually arrived—in rather a moist state.

It was pleasing to find two jolly good fires in spite of the Coal Strike; whereat most of the members present were busily engaged drying shoes, stockings, etc. The feeding at this House is always good, and on the present occasion everybody did full justice to the meal.

There were 24 members present (including Hubert Buckley who came over to do the Trough of Bowland with the week-end party). Horrocks gave us one of his flying visits, and the remainder consisted of those who always attend the runs. A select party came by train, but the majority were on bicycles. Johnny Band was there, and from him we learnt of Brother Billy's illness and operation. We were glad to hear that the invalid had weathered the affair well and was making satisfactory progress, and we hope to see him out at a run again in the not too distant future—if only to keep Johnny in order. Cook and Hotine came via Warrington, while Turvey looked as though he had been round the earth; he did not arrive until the meal was practically over.

I left rather early; in fact I think I stole a march on Cody. The rain had ceased and the ride home was quite enjoyable.

#### Goostrey, November 20th.

The rain was falling heavily, continuously, and dismally. However, duty called and I left port; the water being merely up to my knees. Through Handforth and Wilmslow; and the flood had reached my waist. Still intent on "smashing through," I pressed on through Alderley and past Chelford; the torrent being up to my neck. The last mile to Goostrey had to be swum owing to the depth of water, and I had serious misgivings as to the fate of the Red Lion. But all was well. This hostelry fortunately stands on a hill, and, surrounded as it was by water, appeared much as the Ark must have done upon Mount Ararat.

Entering the kitchen, I found three stalwarts already present and engaged in toe toasting operations. Bert Green and Moorby had seen no rain; in proof of which statement they exhibited dry shoes and stockings. The effect was however rather spoilt a little later by the landlady, who in a stage whisper assured Bert Green that his Cyclospats (Advt.) were in front of the fire and nearly dry. W. Orrell, fearful of the evil effects of wet trouser knees, had thoughtfully cut them off before leaving home. He assured me that they were perfectly dry.

A disturbance was heard without, and two exhausted cyclists entered. Scraping off the mud and applying artificial respiration, we found J. E. Rawlinson and "Wink" Schofield. They were at once revived in the manner customary amongst "Barrels," and tea was taken. The meal was of a satisfactory nature and was quickly disposed of.

After a time spent in discussing the affairs of the nation, accompanied, of course, by appropriate lubrication, a dove was sent forth. As it did not return we concluded that there must be dry land somewhere, and the two Non-Barrels, accompanied by the Secretary Barrel, set out for home. The remaining three, ardent Barrels all, were left behind, and throughout a long sitting kept up the best traditions of that noble order.

The dove had given us a true indication, and conditions on the return journey were much better than earlier. The moon and stars lighted our way, and except for the hollows, which we had to swim, the water was never more than waist deep. Thus ended the first Manchester members' long distance swim of the winter.

#### Northop, November 27th.

"I am glad I decided to go." This is invariably the conclusion one arrives at after having, perhaps with some little effort, decided on a dull winter's afternoon to resist indoor attractions and comforts, and take to the road and support the run.

The dulness of this particular afternoon was found to have become intensified on the river to quite a respectable fog; the Rock Ferry boat being suspended and the Woodside boats going as and when they could; consequently the writer and his companion found they had barely sufficient time to reach the Red Lion by six o'clock. The fog, though not so thick as over the river, was still in places sufficiently troublesome to call for cautious going, and by the time Queen's Ferry was reached we were decidedly late; so had no time to do more than admire, in passing over it, the fine new bridge opened on Wednesday last, but pressed on up the Ewloe gradient with never a pause, spurred by the picture of the others seated comfortably at the dining table, and, perhaps, leaving little for late comers.

However, all was well and we arrived (perspiring) just in time to get on our mark with the rest. We made up the total to 21: a small but select band, including those staunch and faithful pillars of the Club, Ven., George Mercer, Teddy Edwards, and Dave Rowatt. The absence of the President was at once noticeable, but we understood he had gone to the Manchester run, which included a musical evening. The meal was unusually good and ample, and a pleasant chat round the fire followed; the main topic being the routes over the Pennines from Yorkshire, their lengths, gradients, localities and surfaces—all for the benefit of Turvey, who still intends to turn out to runs when he has taken up his residence in Yorkshire. The local band was performing, as it usually does when we visit Northop, and one wonders whether

it is only a coincidence or whether they get the tip that we are coming.

The ride home was comfortable; the fog not being troublesome, except in one or two spots near Thornton Hough.

Our Honorary Treasurer has a brilliant and distinguished record as a speedman; but after riding behind him in a fog one comes to the conclusion that really to shew his mettle, and his uncanny sense of position and direction, his right job would be driving the Flying Scotsman in a fog when, if it could be done at all, he would bring it in on time.

#### Alderley Edge, November 27th.

The turn out for this occasion was extremely disappointing; only sixteen members showing sufficient interest to attend. We know that the fog was bad in places, but that was surely not the only reason which kept so many familiar figures away.

The tea, whilst not up to the usual standard which we expect for the price charged, was not too bad. This matter disposed of, we adjourned to the lounge and the real business of the evening began.

Miss Kitty was the first turn of the evening and was extremely well supported. In the unavoidable absence of Buckley (spending a holiday in the South of England), Bert Green took the chair, and the proceedings opened with a piano solo by a visitor, Mr. Poyser. Jack Austin followed, and producing the dog whip with which he had forced the sub-captain to attend, sang a song about Hussars or Lancers or something, and followed with an old favourite (Tripe). Mr. Unsworth, another friend, followed with "The Floral Dance," and Russ Rothwell gave a dialect recital which made many mouths water. He spoke of the days when good ale was twopence per pint, and tears of manly emotion rolled down his cheeks. We now had two songs from Mr. Foy, another visitor, but well known to us all as a member of the Cheadle Hulme Club. Then Jack Austin had an attempt at singing a song called "Charlie," and Mr. Winstanley and Grimmy sang two songs each. The Master gave us his experiences as a billiard player and followed with a masterly character study of the Curate.

The remainder of the programme was sustained by the same artistes; outstanding items being Foy's singing of the "Lute Player" and Jack Austin's surprise playing on the banjulele, on which instrument he accompanied Bert Morton's singing of a song about a "Gay Cavallero, who lived in Rio del Janeiro." The Master wound up the proceedings with that old favourite "From Sandbach into Crewe."

In addition to those mentioned above, we were glad to have with us the Presider, who was the only Liverpool member to arrive. We specially missed the Mullah, who we believe is making a good recovery from his recent operation. G. B. Orrell made an extremely efficient "Beer hound."

Owing to the haste with which this report has had to be written, we had perhaps better apologise in advance for any deficiencies.

W. E. TAYLOR,

Editor.